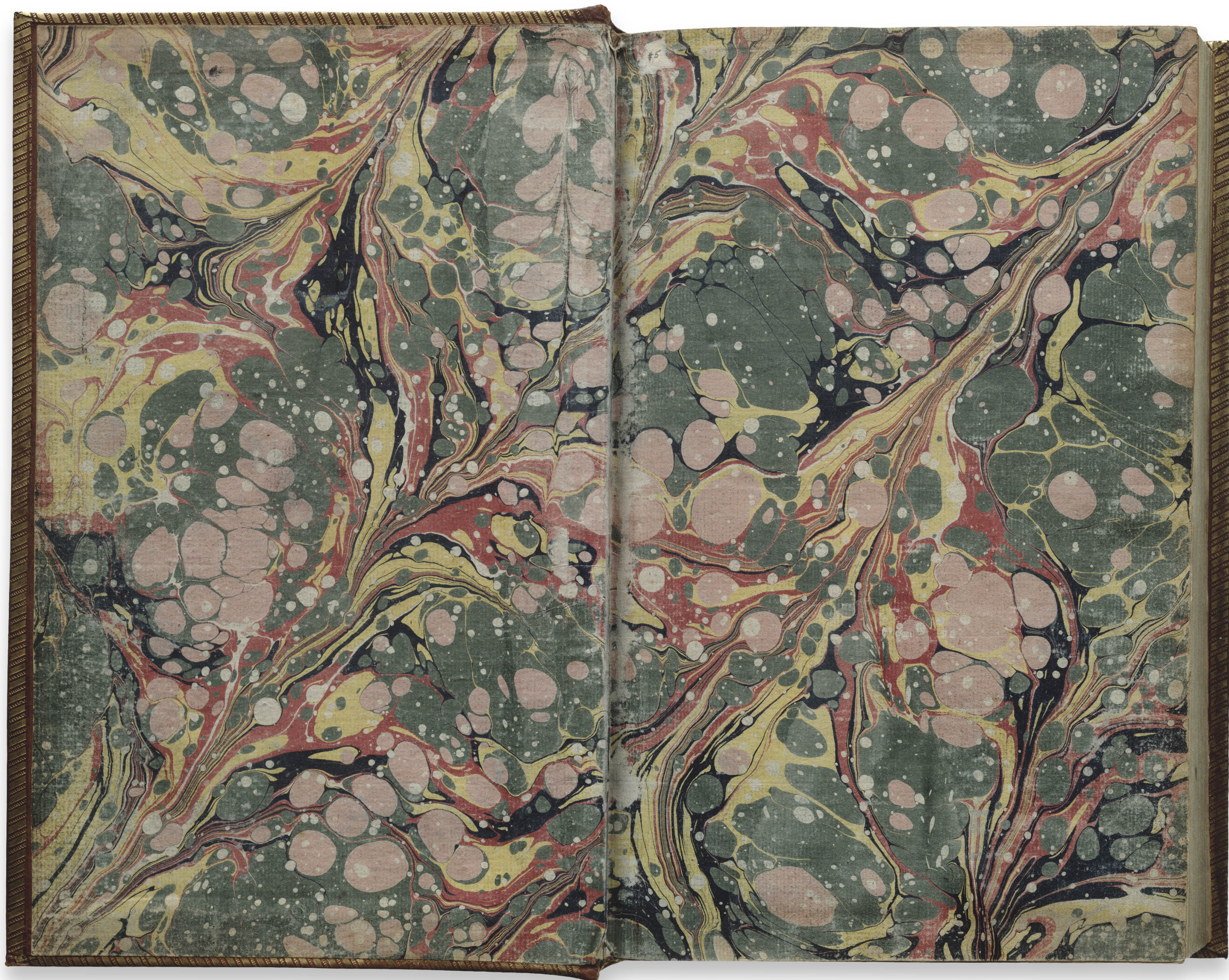


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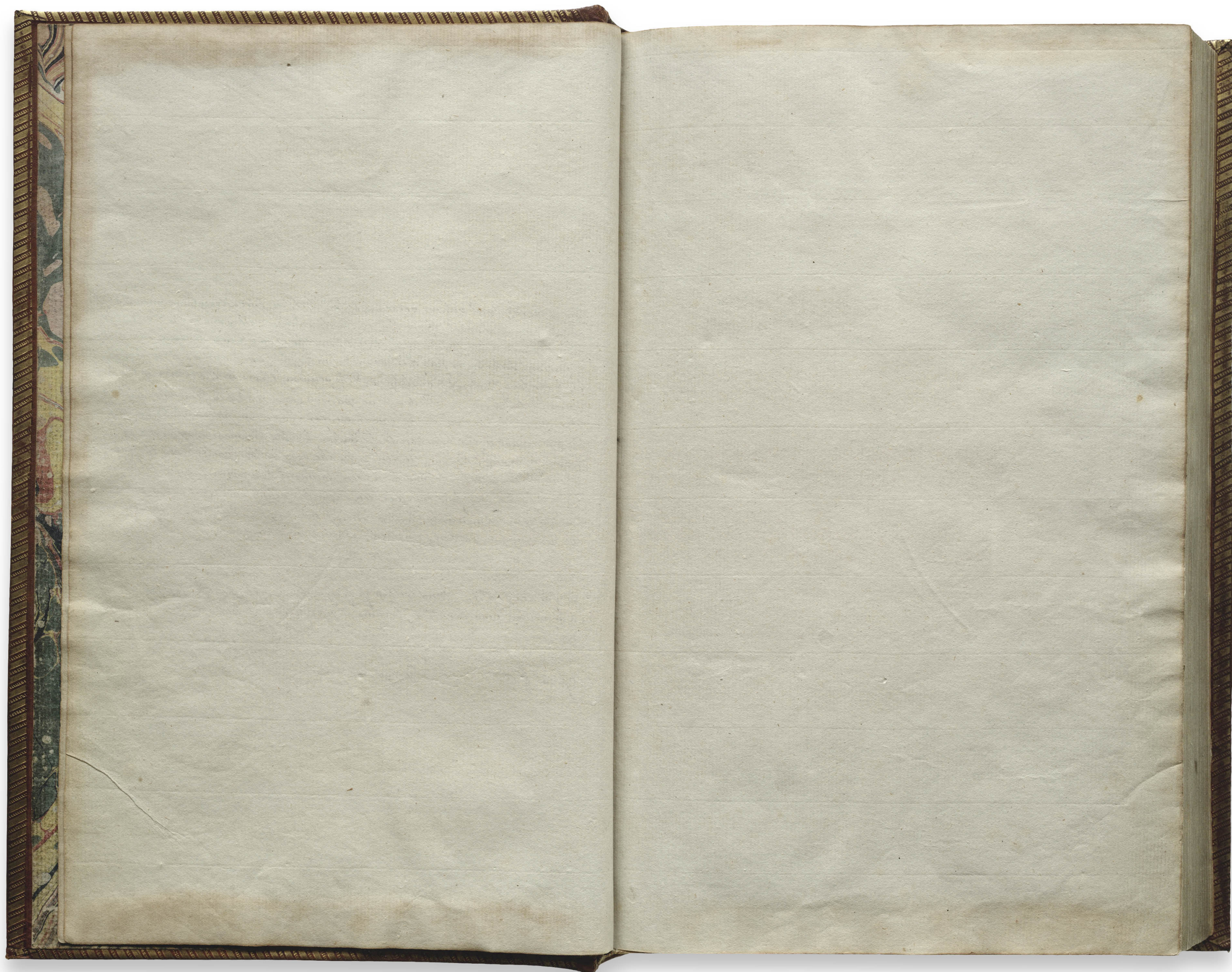
SHAKESPEARE

MDCXXIII



This is the identical volume recorded by Dr Dibdin (See Library Companion I. 817) as belonging to Daniel Moore Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. . . . It is one of the Four only placed by the Doctor (and very justly) among the First Class copies of this most important book: being full thirteen inches in height, eight and a half in width, with the true Portrait & Title page, & the genuine Verses in the centre of the leaf, facing the title page. . . . There are no spurious leaves picked in from other editions - it is sound to the end. . . . Of this particular Four the Present Copy is by far the best. That in the Cracherode Collection has the Commendatory Verses by Ben Jonson facing the title page, inlaid - In the copy in the Capel Closet the fore-copies of some of the latter leaves have been damaged by a worm - and Mr Grenville's copy - though a very fine one - has been in part washed and sized - and (though beautifully in red morocco by Charles Lewis) rebound. . . . This Copy is in the good old binding - unwashed, unsized, genuine and pure. . . .

It was privately purchased by Mr Pickering, Bookseller, Chancery Lane of John Sage Rokeby Esq. (to whom it descended from his relation Daniel Moore Esq.) in January 1841. . . . and within forty eight hours after that purchase, it, for a becoming "consideration," became my property. Mr Pickering shewed his newly-acquired treasure to nobody but myself; having promised that should he ever be fortunate enough to obtain a matchless copy I should have the refusal of it. . . . George Daniel. Cannonbury Square, May 1841.



To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seest, but
was for gentle Shakspeare cut:
Wherin the Carver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doe the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in death, as in the life:
His face, the Printer would the world
All that was ever writ in death.
But since he cannot Reader, looke
Not on his Figure, but his Booke.

To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
with Nature, to out-doo the life :
O, could he but haue dravne his vvrit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face ; the Print vvould then surpassse
All, that vvas euer vvrit in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



L O N D O N
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.



TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM
Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the
Kings most Excellent Maiesty.

AND
PHILIP
Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order
of the Garter, and our singular good
LORDS.

Right Honourable,

WHilst we studie to be thankful in our particular, for
the many fauors we haue receiued from your L.L.
we are false upon the ill fortune, to mingle
two the most diuerse things that can bee, feare,
and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and
feare of the succeffe. For, when we valew the places your H.H.
sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to
the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we haue
depruid our selues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your
L.L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heereto-
fore; and haue prosecuted both them, and their Authour liuing,
with so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not
hauing the fate, common with some, to be exequitor to his owne wri-
tings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you haue done

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: I his hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the severall parts, when they were asked, as before they were published, the Volume asked to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iustly obserued, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also craue our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations (we haue heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your seruant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be euer your L. L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.



To the great Variety of Readers.



From the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now publique, & you wil stand for your priuiledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde foeuer your braines be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Iudge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the iust rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Censure will not driue a Trade, or make the lacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes haue had their triall already, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liu'd to haue set forth, and ouerseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publish'd them, and so to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors, that expos'd them: euen those, are now offer'd to your view eur'd, and perfect of their limbes, and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiu'd the. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vttered with that easinesse, that wee haue scarce receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and giue them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to vnderstand him. And so we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selues, and others. And such Readers we wish him.



To the memory of my beloued,
The AVTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

AND

what he hath left vs.

NO draw no enuy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're aduance
The truth, but gropes, and wrgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proofe against them, and indeed
Aboue th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
And art aliue still, while thy Booke doth liue,
And we haue wits to read, and praise to giue.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses;
I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For, if I thought my iudgement were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didst out-shine
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to vs,
Paccuius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leaue thee alone, for the comparison

Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
 sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to shewe,
 To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When like Apollo he came forth to warne
 Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme!
 Nature her selfe was proud of his designs,
 And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
 Which were so richly spun, and wouen so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
 The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated, and deserted lye
 As they were not of Natures family.
 Yet must I not giue Nature all: Thy Art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enioy a part.
 For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
 His Art doth giue the fashion. And, that he,
 Who casts to write a liuing line, must sweate,
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Vpon the Muses anuile: turne the same,
 (And himselfe with it) that he thinks to frame;
 Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
 For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
 And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
 Lines in his issue, euen so, the race
 Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly shines
 In his well torned, and true filed lines:
 In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
 As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Auon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
 And make those flights vpon the bankes of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our Iames!
 But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
 Aduanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
 Which, since thy flight frō hence, hath mourn'd like night,
 And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN. IONSON.



Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous
 Scenicke Poet, Master WILLIAM
 SHAKESPEARE.

THose hands, which you so clapt, go now, and wring
 You Britaines braue; for done are Shakespeares dayes:
 His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
 Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
 Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the Thespian Spring,
 Turn'd all to teares, and Phabus clouds his rayes:
 That corp's, that coffin now besticke those bayes,
 Which crown'd him Poet first, then Poets King.
 If Tragedies might any Prologue haue,
 All those he made, would scarce make one to this:
 Where Fame, now that he gone is to the graue
 (Deaths publique tyring-house) the Nuncius is.
 For though his line of life went soone about,
 The life yet of his lines shall neuer out.

HUGH HOLLAND.



A CATALOGVE

of the feuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

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TO THE MEMORIE
of the deceased Authour Maister
W. SHAKESPEARE.

SHake-speare, at length thy pious fellowes giue
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-lie
Thy Tombe, thy name must when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolues thy Stratford Monument,
Here we aliuie shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-speares; eu'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once inuade.
Nor shall I e're beleene, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new straine t'out-do
Passions of Iuliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst neuer dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, liue eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memorie of M. W. Shake-speare.

WE wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soone
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and liue, to acte a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortalitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.



TO THE MEMORIE

of the deceased Author Master
W. Shakespeare

These are the names of the Principall Actors
in all these Playes.
William Shakespeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Augustine Phillips.
William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuell Crosse.
Alexander Cooke.

These are the names of the Principall Actors
in all these Playes.
Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Ostler.
Nathan Field.
John Underwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Ecclestone.
Joseph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Goughe.
Richard Robinson.
Iohn Shancke.
Iohn Rice.

The Workes of William Shakespeare,
containing all his Comedies, Histories, and
Tragedies: Truely set forth, according to their first
ORIGINALL.

The Names of the Principall Actors
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William Shakespeare.
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The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Plays.



THE
TEMPEST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-masster, and a Boatswaine.

Master.

Ore-swaine.

Boat. Heere Master: What cheere?

Mastr. Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our selues a ground, bestirre, bestirre. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boat. Heigh my hearts, cheereley, cheereley my hartes: yare, yare: Take in the toppes-saile: Tend to th' Masters whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if room be enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswaine haue care: where's the Master? Play the men.

Boat. I pray now keepe below.

Ant. Where is the Master, Boson?

Boat. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do asist the storme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boat. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roarrers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boat. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thanks you haue liu'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheereley good hearts: out of our way I say. *Exit.*

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallows: Stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.*

Enter Boatswaine.
Boat. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Mainie-course. A plague vpon this howling: they are lower then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to sinke?

Sebas. A poxe o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog.

Boat. Worke you then.

Ant. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse-maker, we are lesse afraid to be drowned, then thou art.

Gonz. Ile warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an vnstanchd wench.

Boat. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

Boat. What must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's asist them, for our case is as theirs.

Sebas. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards, This wide-chopt rascall, would thou mightst lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet.

Though euery drop of water sweare against it, And gape at widt to glut him. *A confused noise within. Mercy on vs.*

We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children, Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.

Ant. Let's all sinke with' King.

Seb. Let's take leaue of him. *Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firs, any thing: the wills about be done, but I would faine dye a dry death. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my dearest father) you haue Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them: The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch, But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins checke, Dashes the fire out. Oh! I haue suffered With those that I saw suffer: A braue vessel

A

(Who

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dashed all to peeces: O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perisht.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her.

Prof. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your pittous heart
there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Prof. No harme:

I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art: naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

Prof. 'Tis time

I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand:
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee:
I haue with such prouision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no foule
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Berid to any creature in the vessell
Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke: Sit
For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You haue often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
And left me to a bootlesse Inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet.

Prof. The howr's now come

The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentive: Canst thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three yeeres old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

Prof. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis farre off:

And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fowre, or fife women once, that tended me?

Prof. Thou hadst; and more *Miranda*: But how is it
That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els
In the dark backward and Abysme of Time?
Yf thou remembrest bought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou maist.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Prof. Twelue yere since (*Miranda*) twelue yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
A Prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prof. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
And Prince; no worse issued.

Mira. O the heavens,

What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blessed wast we did?

Prof. Both, both my Girle,
By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,
But blessedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedeth

To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Prof. My brother and thy vncke, call'd *Antonio*:

I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The mannage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in ficer studies, thy false vncke
(Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Prof. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
how to deny them: who t'aduance, and who
To trash for ouer-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th' state
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And suckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Prof. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglected worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being so retir'd
Ore-priz'd all popular rates; in my false brother

Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my reueneue yielded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleue
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
And executing th' outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogative: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'st thou heare?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafnesse.

Prof. To haue no Schisme between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(so drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. On the heavens!

Prof. Marke his condition, and th' euent, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sinne

To thinke but Noble of my Grand-mother,

Good

Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes.

Pro. Now the Condition.

This King of *Naples* being an Enemy

To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suite,

Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,

Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,

Should presently extirpate me and mine

Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*

With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon

A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night

Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open

The gates of *Millaine*, and i'th' dead of darknesse

The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence

Me, and thy crying selfe.

Mir. Alack, for pittie:

I not remembring how I ride out then

Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint

That wrings mine eyes too't.

Pro. Heare a little further,

And then Ile bring thee to the present businesse

Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story

Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not

That howe destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:

My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,

So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set

A marke so bloody on the businesse; but

With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.

In few, they hurried vs a-board a Barke,

Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared

A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,

Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats

Instinctiue haue quit it: There they hoyt vs

To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to sigh

To th' windes, whose pittie fighting backe againe

Did vs but louing wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you?

Pro. O, a Cherubin

Thou wast that did preferue me; Thou didst smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heauen,

When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,

Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me

An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp

Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we a shore?

Pro. By prouidence diuine,

Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that

A noble *Neapolitan* *Gonzalo*

Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed

Master of this designe) did giue vs, with

Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessities

Which since haue steeded much, so of his gentlenesse

Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnish'd me

From mine owne Librarie, with volumes, that

I prize aboue my Dukedome.

Mir. Would I might

But euer see that man.

Pro. Now I arise,

Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:

Heere in this Ile we arriu'd, and heere

Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit

Then other Princeesse can, that haue more time

For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so carefull.

Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,

For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason

For raising this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth,

By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*

(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies

Brought to this shore: And by my prescience

I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon

A most auspicious starre, whose influence

If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes

Will euer after droope: Heare cease more questions,

Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,

And giue it way: I know thou canst not chuse:

Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,

Approach my *Ariel*. Come. *Enter Ariel.*

Ari. All haile, great Master; graue Sir, haile: I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,

To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride

On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding, taske

Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,

Perform'd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ari. To every Article.

I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,

Now in the Wasse, the Decke, in every Cabyn,

I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd diuide

And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,

The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly,

Then meete, and ioyn. *Jones* Lightning, the precursors

O'th' dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie

And fight out running were not; the fire, and cracks

Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*

Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,

Yea, his dread Trident shake.

Pro. My braue Spirit,

Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle

Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a foule

But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid

Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners

lung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;

Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*

With haire vp-staring (then like reeds, not haire)

Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,

And all the Diuels are heere.

Pro. Why that's my spirit:

But was not this nye shore?

Ari. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (*Ariel*) safe?

Ari. Not a haire perisht:

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,

In troops I haue disperid them 'bout the Ile:

The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,

Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,

In an odde Angle of the Ile; and sitting

His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,

The Marriners, say how thou hast dispos'd,

And all the rest o'th' Fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour

Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once

Thou call'dst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe

From the still-vest *Bermoothes*, there she's hid;

The Marriners all vnder hatches stowed,

Who, with a Charme ioyn'd to their suffred labour

I haue left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet

(Which I dispers'd) they all haue met againe,
And are vpon the *Mediterranean* Flore
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wracke,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
What is the time o' th' day?

Ar. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now
Must by vs both be spent most preciously.

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since y^e doft giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more:
Ar. I prethee,

Remember I haue done thee worthy seruice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, ser'd
Without or grudge, or grumbings; thou did promise
To bate me a full yeere.

Pro. Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.

Pro. Thou do'st; & thinkst it much to tread y^e Ooze
Of the salt deepe;
To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me businesse in the veines o' th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I doe not Sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?

Ar. No Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:
Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so: I must

Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*,
For mischiefes manifold, and forceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*

Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They wold not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I, Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
And here was left by th' Saylor; thou my slaue, (child,
As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her seruant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To acher earthly, and abhor'd commands,

Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,

And in her most vnmitigable rage,
Into a clowen Pyne, within which rift

Imprison'd; thou didst painefully remaine,
A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,

And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
As fast as Mill-wheeles strike: Then was this Island

(Saue for the Son, that he did listour heere,
A fickleld whelp, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane shape.

Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her sonne.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in seruice, thou best know'st

What torment I did finde thee in; thy groanes
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breasts
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment

To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
And peg thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master,

I will be correspondent to command
And doe my spryting, gently.

Pro. Doe so: and after two daies
I will discharge thee.

Ar. That's my noble Master:

What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?

Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o' th' Sea,
Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine: inuisible
To euerie eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.

Mir. The strangenes of your story, put
Heauinesse in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll visit *Caliban*, my slaue, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde answere.

Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on,
Pro. But as 'tis

We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and seruies in Offices
That profit vs: What hoa: slaue: *Caliban*:

Thou Earth, thou: speake.

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortois, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-
Nymph.*

Fine apparition: my queint *Ariel*,
Hearke in thine eare,

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*

Pro. Thou poysonous slaue, got by y^e diuell himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore.

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charms
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subjects that you haue,
Which first was mine owne King: and here you sty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The rest o' th' Island.

Pro. Thou

Pro. Thou most lying slaue,
Whom stripes may moue, not kindness: I haue vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honor of my childe:

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didst preuent me, I had peopel'd else
This Ile with *Calibans*.

Mir. Abhorred Slaue,
Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didst not (*Sauage*)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deferu'dly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Deferu'd more then a prison.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.

Prof. Hag-seed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'r best
To answer other businesse: shrug't thou (*Malice*)
If thou neglect'st, or dost vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, pray thee.

I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god *Setebos*,
And make a vassale of him.

Pro. So slaue, hence. *Exit Cal.*

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & singing.
Ariel Song. Come vnto these yellow sands,
and then take hands:
Curt sed when you haue, and kist
the wilde waves whist:

Foot it featly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare
the burthen. Burthen disperdly.
*Harke, harke, bowgh wagh: the watch-Dogges barke,
bowgh-wagh.*

Ar. Hark, hark, I heare the straine of strutting Chanticleer
cry cockadiddle-dow.

Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I thaire, or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waytes vpon
Some God o' th' Island, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke,
This Musick crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.

Ariel Song. Full fadom fimo thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corall made:
Those are pearles that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich & strange:
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bells.

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my down'd father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no sound

That the earth owes: I heare it now about me.

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
And say what thou see'st yond.

Mir. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it looks about: Beleeue me sir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou see'st
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) y^e might 't call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
And strays about to finde 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer saw so Noble.

Pro. It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.

Fer. Most sure the Goddess
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction giue
How I may beare me heere: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (*O you wonder*)
If you be Mayd, or no?

Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

Fer. My Language? Heauens:
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of *Naples*: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my selfe am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer since at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.

Mir. Alacke, for mercy.

Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
And his braue sonne, being twaine.

Pro. The Duke of *Millaine*
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
Ile see thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haue done your selfe some wrong: A word.

Mir. Why speakes my father so vn gently? This
Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
That ere I sigh'd for: pittie moue my father
To be enclin'd my way.

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft sir, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this swift busines
I must vnease make, least too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere vsurpe
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man,
Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill-spirit haue so fayre a house,
Good things will striue to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

A:3

Pro.

Prof. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come, Ile manacle thy necke and feete toge ther: Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

Per. No, I will resist such entertainment, till Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He drawes, and is charmed from moving.

Mira. O deere Father, Make not too rash a triall of him, for Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.

Prof. What I say, My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor, Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strikethy conscience Is so posselt with guilt: Come, from thy ward, For I can heere disarme thee with this sticke, And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you Father.

Prof. Hence: hang not on my garments,

Mira. Sir haue pity, Ile be his surety.

Prof. Silence: One word more Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What, An aduocate for an Impostor? Hush: Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he, (Hauing seene but him and *Caliban*;) Foolish wench, To th'most of men, this is a *Caliban*, And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections Are then most humble: I haue no ambition To see a goodlier man.

Prof. Come on, obey: Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe, And haue no vigour in them.

Per. So they are: My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp: My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele, The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats, To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me, Might I but through my prison once a day Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th'Earth Let liberty make vse of: space enough Haue I in such a prison.

Prof. It workes: Come on. Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell*: follow me, Harke what thou else shalt do mee.

Mira. Be of comfort, My Fathers of a better nature (Sir) Then he appeares by speech: this is vnwonted Which now came from him.

Prof. Thou shalt be as free As mountaine windes: but then exactly do All points of my command.

Ariell. To th'syllable.

Prof. Come follow: speake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry; you haue cause, (So haue we all) of ioy; for our escape

Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe Is common, euery day, some Saylor's wife, The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant Haue iust our Theame of woe: But for the miracle, (I meane our preferuation) few in millions Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Alon. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Visitor will not giue him ore so.

Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit, By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One: Tell.

Gon. When euery greefe is entertain'd, That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue spoken truer then you purpos'd.

Seb. You haue taken it wiselier then I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

Alon. I pre-thee spare.

Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager, First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha,

Ant. So: you'r paid,

Adr. Vnhabitable, and almost inaccessible,

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not misse't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliuer'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.

Gon. Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.

Ant. True, saue meanes to liue.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks?

How Greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of Greene in't.

Ant. He missees not much.

Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit.

Seb. As many voucht rarieties are.

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would it not say he lyes?

Seb. I, or very wisely pocket vp his report.

Gon.

Gon. Me thinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

Adri. Tunis was neuer grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not since widdow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widdow? A pox o' that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow *Dido*!

Seb. What if he had said Widdow *Ennis* too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* said you? You make me study of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage*? *Gon.* I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter wil he make easy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocket, and giue it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. I. *Ant.* Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow *Dido*.

Ant. O Widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not Sir my doubler as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against the stomacke of my sense: would I had neuer

Married my daughter there: For comming thence My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too,

Who is so farre from Italy remou'd, In'te againe shall see her: O thou mine heire

Of Naples and of *Millaine*, what strange fish Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue,

I saw him beate the surges vnder him, And ride vpon their backs; he trod the water

Whose enmity he slung aside: and breasted The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head

'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke

To th'shore; that ore his waue-worne basis bowed As stooping to relecue him: I not doubt

He came allue to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse, That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,

But rather loose her to an Affrican, Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise By all of vs: and the faire soule her selfe

Waigh'd betwene loathnesse, and obedience, at Which end o'th' beame should bow: we haue lost your

I feare for euet: *Millaine* and *Naples* haue (son, Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,

Then we bring men to comfort them:

The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer'st oth'losse.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*,

The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse, And time to speake it in: you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And most Chirurgeonly,

Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir, When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very foule.

Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord,

Ant. Hee'd fow'r vwith Nettle-seed.

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

Gon. And were the King on't, what vould I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'd Commonwealt I vould (by contraries) Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke

Would I admit: No name of Magistrate: Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,

And vse of seruice, none: Contract, Succession, Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none:

No vse of Metall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle: No occupation, all men idle, all:

And Women too, but innocent and pure: No Soueraignty.

Seb. Yet he vould be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce Without sweat or endeuour: Treason, felony,

Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth

Of it owne kinde, all foizon, all abundance To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying' mong his subiects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,

Gon. I vould vwith such perfection gouerne Sir: T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Saue his Maiesty. *Ant.* Long liue *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to

Gon. I do vwell beleuee your Highnesse, and did it to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of

such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vse to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you vve laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow vvas there giuen?

Seb. And it had not false flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettall: you would lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue in it fise weekes vwithout changing.

Enter Ariell playing Solemne Musicks.

Seb. We vould so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I vill not aduenture my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heauy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs.

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I wist mine eyes Would (with themselves) shut vp my thoughts,

I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heauy offer of it: It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.
Seb. What a strange drowiness possesses them?
Ant. It is the quality o' th' Climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.
Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might
Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinks I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination see's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.
Seb. What art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not heare me speake?
Seb. I do, and surely
It is a sleepey Language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleepe
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:
And yet to fast asleepe.
Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink't
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou do'st more distinctly,
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if hee'd me: which to do,
Trebles thee o're.
Seb. Well: I am standing water.
Ant. He teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebbe
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it
You more inueit it: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run
By their owne seare, or sloth.
Seb. Pre-thee say on,
The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.
Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,
'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd,
As he that sleepes heere, swims.
Seb. I haue no hope
That hee's vndrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is
Another way so high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?
Seb. *Claribell*.
Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis*: she that dwels

Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post:
The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that destiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.
Seb. What stuffe is this? How say you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is she heire of *Naples*, twixt which Regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space, whose eu'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*
Measure vs backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleepes: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnneccessarily
As this *Gonzallo*: I my selfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?
Seb. Me thinks I do.
Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.
Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments sit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers seruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conscience.
Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my bosome: Twentie consciences
That stand twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,
And melt ere they mollifie: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead):
Whom I with this obedient Steele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our course: for all the rest
They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We say besides the houre.
Seb. Thy case, deere Friend
Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Millaine*,
I'll come by *Naples*: Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paie'st,
And I the King shall loue thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzallo*.
Seb. O, but one word.
Ant. Enter *Ariell* with Musicke and Song.
Ariell. My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.
Sings in Gonzallo's eare.
*While you here do snooring lie,
Open'd Conspiracie
His time doth take:*

*If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.*
Awake, awake.
Ant. Then let vs both be sodaine.
Gon. Now, good Angels preserve the King.
Alon. Why how now ho; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It strooke mine eare most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.
Alon. Heard you this *Gonzallo*?
Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir and cride: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyle,
That's verily: 'tis best we stand vpon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground & let's make further search
For my poore sonne.
Gon. Heauens keepe him from these Beasts:
For he is sure i'th Island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ariell. *Prospero* my Lord, shall know what I haue
So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of
Thunder heard.)

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp
From Bogs, Pans, Flats, on *Prospero* fall, and make him
By ynn-meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnlesse he bid'em; but
For euery trifle, are they set vpon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues
Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo; now Lo; Enter
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me. *Trinculo.*
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.
Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to bestee off any
weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it
sing i'th' winde: yond same blaëke cloud, yond huge
one, lookes like a foule bumbar'd that would shed his
liquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
choofe but fall by pale-fuls. What haue we here, a man,
or a fish? dead or aliue? a fish, hee smells like a fish: a
very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the

newest poore-Iohn: a strange fish: were I in *England*
now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not
a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of siluer:
there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange
beast there, makes a man: when they will not giue a
doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see
a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like
Armes: warme o' my troth: I doe now let loose my o-
pinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Island-
der, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas,
the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vnder
his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter heereabout:
Mifery acquaints a man with strange bedfel-
lows: I will here throwd till the dregges of the storme
be past.

Enter *Stephano* singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore.
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a mans
Funerall: well, here's my comfort. *Drinckes.*
Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I;
The Gunner, and his Mate
Loud Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of vs car'd for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:
She lov'd not the iunior of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.
This is a scurvy tune too:
But here's my comfort. *drinks.*
Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.
Ste. What's the matter?
Haue we diuels here?
Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of
Inde? ha? I haue not seap'd drowning, to be asfard
now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as pro-
per a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him
giue ground: and it shall be said so againe, while *Ste-
phano* breathes at nostrils.
Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.
Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs;
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell
should he learne our language? I will giue him some re-
liefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe
him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Pre-
sent for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-lea-
ther.
Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'll bring my
wood home faster.
Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the
wisest; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer
dranke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit:
if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take
too much for him; hee shall pay for him that bath him,
and that soundly.
Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt a-
non, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prospero* workes
vpon thee.
Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here
is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your
mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and
that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open
your chaps againe.
Tri. I should know that voyce:
It should be, I should know that voyce:
But

But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster; his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voyce, is to vter foule speeches, and to detract; if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth.

Tri. *Stephano.*

Ste. Dost thou other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spooone.

Tri. *Stephano.* if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beest *Trinculo*: come foorth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'st thou to be the sieg of this Moone-calf? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* escap'd?

Ste. Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'st thou scape?

How cam'st thou hither?

Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylor heaued o'reboard, by this Bottle which I made of the batke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll sweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Heere: sweare then how thou escap'st.

Tri. Sworn ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke: I'll be sworne.

Ste. Heere, kisse the Booke.

Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by the sea-side, where my Wine is hid:

How now Moone-Calf, how do'st thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I haue seene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come, sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I will furnish it anon with new Contents: Swear.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I am afraid of him? a very weake Monster:

The Man ith' Moone? A most poore credulous Monster:

Well drawne Monster, in good sooth:

Cal. He shew thee every fertill yench' o'th Island: and I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle:

Cal. He kisse thy foot. He sweare my selfe thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster: a most scurvie Monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke:

An abhominable Monster.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs: I'll plucke thee Berries: I'll fish for thee; and get thee wood enough. A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue; I'll beate him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; show thee a laves nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'll bring thee to clustring Philbirds, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamels from the Rocks: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,

Ban'ban' Cacaliban

Has a new Master, get a new Man.

Freedom, high-day, high-day freedom, freedom high-day, freedom.

Ste. O braue Monster; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painful; & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kindes of baseness

Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters

Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske

Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but

The Mistris which I serue, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is

Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remoue

Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,

Vpon a fore iniunction; my sweet Mistris

Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such baseness

Had neuer like Executor: I forget:

But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,

Most busie left, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda*

Mir. Alas, now pray you

Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:

Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes

I will weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father

Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,

He's

Hee's safe for these three houres.

Fer. O most deere Mistris,

The Sun will set before I shall discharge

What I must strue to do.

Mir. If you'll sit downe

He beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,

He carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,

I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,

Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,

While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me

As well as it do's you; and I should do it

With much more ease: for my good will is to it,

And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,

This visitation shewes it.

Mir. You looke wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me

When you are by at night: I do beseech you

Cheefely, that I might let it in my prayers,

What is your name?

Mir. *Miranda*, O my Father,

I haue broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,

Indeepe the top of Admiration, worth

What's deereft to the world: full many a Lady

I haue ey'd with best regard, and many a time

Th' harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent care: for seuerall vertues

Haue I lik'd seuerall women, neuer any

VVith so full soule, but some defect in her

Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foile. But you, O you,

So perfect, and so peetelesse, are created

Oferuie Creatures best.

Mir. I do not know

One of my sexe; no womans face remembes

Sauie from my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I seene

More that I may call men, then you good friend,

And my deere Father: how features are abroad

I am skilless of; but by my modestie

(The iewel in my dower) I would not wish

Any Companion in the world but you:

Nor can imagination forme a shape

Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle

Something too wildly, and my Fathers precepts

I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition

A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King

(I would not so) and would no more endure

This woddish slauerie, then to suffer

The flesh-flie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake,

The verie instant that I saw you, did

My heart flie to your seruice, there resides.

To make me slauie to it, and for your sake

Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you loue me?

Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witness to this sound,

And crowne what I professe with kinde euent

If I speake true: if hollowly, inuert

VVhat best is boaded me, to mischief: I

Beyond all limit of what else ith world

Do loue, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole

To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter

Of two most rare affections: heauens raine grace

On that which breeds betwene 'em.

Fer. VVherefore weepe you?

Mir. At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer

VVhat I desire to giue; and much lesse take

VVhat I shall die to want: But this is trifling,

And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,

The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,

And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.

I am your wife, if you will marrie me;

If not, He die your maid: to be your fellow

You may denie me, but He be your seruant

VVhether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistris (deereft)

And I thus humble euer.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing

As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell

Till halfe an houre hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand. *Exeunt.*

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,

VVho are surpriz'd with all; but my reioycing

At nothing can be more: He to my booke,

For yet ere supper time, must I performe

Much businesse appertaining. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord em' Seruant Monster, drinke to me.

Tri. Seruant Monster? the folly of this Island, they say there's but five vpon this Isle; we are three of them, if th' other two be brain'd like vs, the State rotters,

Ste. Drinke seruant Monster when I bid thee, thy eies are almost set in thy head.

Tri. VVhere should they bee set else? hee were a braue Monster indeede if they were set in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam ere I could recouer the shore, five and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant Monster, or my Standard.

Tri. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard.

Ste. VVeele not run Monsieur Monster.

Tri. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moone-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe: He not serue him, he is not valiant.

Tri. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case to iustle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd Fish thou, was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Cal.

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Naturall?

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

Ste. Marty will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

Ariell. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou iesting Monkey thou:

I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.

I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Ile From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st) But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compast?

Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe,

Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py de Ninnie's this? Thou scuruy patch: I do beseech thy Greatnesse giue him blowes, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him Where the quicke Freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o' doores, and make a Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:

Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that,

As you like this, giue me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not glue the lie: Out o' your wittes, and hearing too?

A pox o' your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I th' afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him, Having first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possesse his Bookes; for without them

Hee's but a Sor, as I am; nor hath not

One Spirit to command: they all do hate him

As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,

He ha's braue Vtenils (for so he calles them)

Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall.

And that most deeply to consider, is

The beaurie of his daughter: he himselfe

Cal's her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman

But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she;

But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*,

As great'st do's least.

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,

And bring thee forth braue brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and

I will be King and Queene, saue our Graces: and *Trin-*

cule and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes:

Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee:

But while thou liu'st keepe a good tongue in thy head,

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe,

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure,

Let vs be iocund. Will you trouble the Catch

You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request *Trinculo*, I will do reason,

Any reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs sing.

Sing.

Flout'em, and count'em: and skopt'em, and flout'em,

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this fame?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the pic-

ture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes:

If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgive me my sinnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I desie thee;

Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou affear'd?

Ste. No Monster, nor I.

Cal. Be not affear'd, the Ile is full of noyses,

Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not:

Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments

Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices,

That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,

Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,

The clouds methought would open, and shew riches:

Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd

I cri'd to dreame againe.

Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me,

Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by:

I remember the storie.

Trin. The sound is going away,

Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monster,

Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer,

He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?

Ile follow *Stephano*.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir, My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede Through fourth-rights, & Meanders: by your patience, I needes must rest me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse

To th'dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest:

Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it

No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd

Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks

Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope:

Does not for one repulse forgot the purpose

That you resolu'd'st effect.

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be tonight,

For now they are oppress'd with trauaile, they

Will not, nor cannot vie such vigilance

As when they are fresh.

Solemn and strange Musicke: and Prospero on the top (inui-

sible:) *Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Banquet;*

and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and

inuiting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.

Seb. I say to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harken.

Gon. Marvellous sweet Musicke.

Al. Giue vs kind keepers, heauens: what were these?

Seb. A liuing *Drolierie*: now I will beleuee

That there are Vnicornes: that in *Arabia*

There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix

At this houre reigning there.

Ant. He beleuee both:

And what do's else want credit, come to me

And Ile besworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,

Though fooles at home condemne'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they beleuee me?

If I should say I saw such Islands:

(For certes, these are people of the Island)

Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note

Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of

Our humane generation you shall finde

Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;

Are worse then diuels.

Al. I cannot too much muse

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing

(Although they want the vse of tongue) a kinde

Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fr. They vanish strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue sto-

Wit please you taste of what is hete.

Al. Nor I.

Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were

Who would beleuee that there were Mountayneeres,

Dew-lapt, like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we finde Each putter out of sine for one, will bring vs Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and feede,

Although my last, no matter, since I feele

The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,

Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. *Enter Ariell (like a Harpy) claps*

his wings upon the Table, and with a quient deuice the

Banquet vanishes.

Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny

That hath to instrument this lower world,

And what is in't: the neuer surfeited Sea,

Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island,

Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,

Being most vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;

And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne

Their proper felues: you fooles, I and my fellowes

Are ministers of Fate, the Elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs

Kill the still closing waters, as diminish

One dowe that's in my plume: My fellow ministers

Are like-inuulnerable: if you could hurt,

Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,

And will not be vplifted: But remember

(For that's my businesse to you) that you three

From *Millame* did supplant good *Prospero*,

Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)

Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,

The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue

Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures

Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*

They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me

Lingring perdition (worse then any death

Can be at once) shall step, by step attend

You, and your wayes, whose wrachs to guard you from,

Which here, in this most desolate Ile, elie fals

Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,

And a cleere life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: then (so soft Musicke:) *Enter the*

shapes againe, and dance (with mockes and mores) and

carrying out the Table.

Pro. Brauely the figure of this Harpy, hast thou

Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had deuouring:

Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated

In what thou had'st to say: so with good life,

And obseruation strange, my meaner ministers

Their feuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,

And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp

In their distractions: they now are in my powre;

And in these fits, I leaue them, while I visit

Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is droun'd)

And his, and mine lou'd darling.

Gon. I th' name of something holy, Sir, why stand you

In this strange stare?

Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous:

Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,

The windes did sing it to me: and the Thunder

(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd

The name of *Prospero*: it did bafe my Trespasse,

Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and

I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet founded,

And with him there lye mudded. *Exit.*

Seb. But one feend at a time,

Ile fight their Legions ore.

B

Ant.

Ant. He be thy Second.
Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
 (Like poyson giuen to worke a great time after)
 Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
 (That are of suppler ioynts) follow them swiftly,
 And hinder them from what this extasie
 May now prouoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too aufterely punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends, for I
 Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
 Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
 I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
 Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
 Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen
 I ratifie this my rich guilt: O *Ferdinand*,
 Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
 For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
 And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleue it
 Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
 If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy right, be ministred,
 No sweet aspersion shall the heauens let fall
 To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
 Sower-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
 The vnion of your bed, with weeds so loathly
 That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
 As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
 For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
 With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion,
 Our worser Genius can, shall neuer melt
 Mine honor into lust, to take away
 The edge of that dayes celebration,
 When I shall thinke, or *Phobus* Steeds are founderd,
 Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairely spoke;
 Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
 What *Ariel*, my industrious seruāt *Ariel*.

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice
 Did worthily performe: and I must vse you
 In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble
 (Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
 Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
 Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
 Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently?

Pro. I: with a twincke.

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe,
 And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:
 Each one tripping on his Toe,
 Will be here with mop, and mowe,
 Doe you loue me Master? no?

Exeunt.

Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariel*: doe not approach
 Till thou do'st heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceiue.

Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
 Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw
 To th' fire i'th' blood: be more abstentious,
 Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
 The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heare
 Abates the ardour of my Liuer.

Pro. Well.

Now come my *Ariel*, bring a Corolari,
 Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & perty. *Soft musicke.*
 No tongue: all eyes: be silent.

Ir. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
 Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;
 Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibbling Sheepe,
 And flat Medes thetch'd with Stouer, them to keepe:

Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
 Which sponge *April*, at thy left betrimmes;
 To make cold Nymphes chaste crownes; & thy broome.
 Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues, (groues;
 Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
 And thy Sea-marge sterrile, and rocky-hard,
 Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
 Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.
 Bids thee leaue these, & with her soueraigne grace, *Inno*
 Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place *descends.*
 To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
 Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
 Do'st disobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
 Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres
 Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
 And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
 My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe,
 Rich scarp to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
 Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
 And some donation freely to citate
 On the bles'd Lovers.

Cer. Tell me heavenly Bowe,
 If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
 Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
 The meanes, that duskie *Diu*, my daughter got,
 Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall company,
 I haue forsworne.

Ir. Of her societie
 Be not afraid: I met her deitie
 Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
 Doue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
 Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
 Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marfes hot Minion is returnd againe,
 Her waspish headed Sonne, has broke his arrowes,
 Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
 And be a Boy right out.

Cer. Highest Queene of State,
 Great *Inno* comes, I know her by her gate.

In. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
 To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
 And honour in their Issue. *They Sing.*

In. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
 Long continuance, and encreasing,
 Flowrely ioyes, be still vpon you.

Inno

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariel*: come.

Enter Ariel.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*
 I thought to haue told thee of it; but I fear'd
 Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
 So full of valour, that they smote the ayre
 For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
 For kissing of their feet; yet alwaies bending
 Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
 At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares;
 Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses
 As they smelt musicke; so I charm'd their eares
 That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
 Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,
 Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
 I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
 There dancing vp to th' chins, that the fowle Lake
 Ore-stunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)

Thy shape inuisible retaine thou still:
 The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
 For stale to catch these theeues. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature
 Nurture can neuer ricke: on whom my paines
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
 And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
 So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
 Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this liue.

Enter Ariel, laden with glistering apparell, &c. Enter
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may
 not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monster, your Fairy, w you say is a harmles Fairy,
 Has done little better then plaid the Jacke with vs.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
 My nose is in great indignation.

St. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should
 Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil,
 Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
 Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
 All's hush as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.

St. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that
 Monster, but an infinite losse.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
 Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.

St. I will fetch off my bottle,
 Though I be o're cares for my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere
 This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:
 Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island
 Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban*

For aye thy foot-licker.

St. Giue me thy hand,
 I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
 Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs to a
 frippery, O King *Stephano*.

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile haue that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall haue it. (*meane*
Cal. The dropie drowne this foole, what doe you To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone And doe the murther first: if he awake, I will From toe to crowne hee'll fill our skins with pinches, I Make vs strange stufles.

Ste. Be you quiet (*Monster*) Mistris line, is not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

Tri. Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and leuell, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that iest; heere's a garment for't: Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monster, come put some Lime vpon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will haue none on't: we shall loose our time, And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes, With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdom: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this. *A noise of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, baying them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.*

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.

Ari. Siluer: there it goes, Siluer.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke. Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts With dry Conuulsions, shorten vp their sinewes With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little Follow, and doe me seruice. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus: Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head: My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time Goes vp right with his carriage: how's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hower, at which time, my Lord You said our worke should cease.

Pro. I did say so, When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit, How fares the King, and 's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together

In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge, Iust as you left them; all prisoners Sir

In the *Line-grove* which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot boudge till your release: The King, His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,

And the remainder mourning ouer them, Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzalo*, His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops From caues of freeds: your charm so strongly works 'em That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou (which art but aire) a feeling Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,

One of their kinde, that rellish all as sharpe, Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?

Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick, Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie Doe I take part: the rarer Action is

In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariel*, My Charms Ile breake, their fences Ile restore, And they shall be themselves.

Ari. Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elues of hills, brooks, stading lakes & groues, And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him

When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that By Moone-shine doe the Greene sower Ringlets make,

Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime Is to make midnight-Multrumps, that reioyce To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde

(Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous windes,

And twixt the Greene Sea, and the azur'd vault Set roaring warre: To the dread rattling Thunder

Haue I giuen fire, and risted *Jones* stow Oke With his owne Bolt: The strong bas'd promontorie

Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command

Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke

I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd Some heavenly Musicke (which euen now I do)

To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that This Ayrie-charme is for, Ile breake my staffe,

Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth, And deeper then did euer Plummer found Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne musick.*

Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke gesture, attended by Gonzalo, Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmd: which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter, To an vnsettled fancie, Cure thy braines (Now vlesse) boile within thy skull: there stand For you are Spell-stopt.

Holy *Gonzalo*, Honourable man, Mine eyes e'en sociable to the shew of thine

Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace, And as the morning steales vpon the night

(Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle

Their clearer reason. O good *Gonzalo* My true preferer, and a loyall Sir,

To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly

Didst

Did thou *Alonso*, vse me, and my daughter: Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act, Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Flesh, and bloud, You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,

Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian* (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)

Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgive thee, Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding

Begins to swell, and the approaching tide Will shortly fill the reasonable shore

That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariel*,

Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell, I will discale me, and my selfe present

As I was sometime *Milaine*: quickly *Spirit*, Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.
Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips bell, I lie,
There I couch when Owles doe crye,
On the Batt's backe I doe flie
after Sommer merrily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I line now,
Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*: I shall misse Thee, but yet thou shalt haue freedome: lo, so, so,

To the Kings ship, inuisible as thou art, There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe

Vnder the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine Being awake, enforce them to this place;

And presently, I pre thee.

Ari. I drinke the aire before me, and returne Or ere your pulse twice beate. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement Inhabits heere: some heauenly power guide vs Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King

The wronged Duke of *Milaine*, *Prospero*: For more assurance that a liuing Prince Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,

And to thee, and thy Company, I bid A hearty welcome.

Al. Where thou bee'st he or no, Or some enchanted tricke to abuse me, (As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulse Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,

Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which I feare a madnesse held me: this must craue (And if this be at all) a most strange story.

Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how should *Prospero* Be liuing, and be heere?

Pro. First, noble Friend,

Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be, Or be not, Ile not sweare.

Pro. You doe yet taste Some subtilties o'th' Isle, that will nor let you Beleeue things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,

But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you

And iustifie you Traitors: at this time I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Diuell speaks in him:

Pro. No:

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgive

Thy rankest fault: all of them: and requite My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know

Thou must restore.

Al. If thou bee'st *Prospero*

Giue vs particulars of thy preferation; How thou hast met vs heere, whom three howres since Were wrackt vpon this shore? where I haue lost

(How sharp the point of this remembrance is) My deere sonne *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

Al. Irreparable is the losse, and patience Saies, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke

You haue not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace For the like losse, I haue Her soueraigne aid,

And rest my selfe content.

Al. You the like losse?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and supportable To make the deere losse, haue I meanes much weaker

Then you may call to comfort you; for I Haue lost my daughter.

Al. A daughter?

Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Naples* The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish

My selfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceiue these Lords At this encounter doe so much admire,

That they deuoure their reason, and scarce thinke Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words

Are naturall breath: but howsoe'er you haue Beene iustled from your sences, know for certain

That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke Which was thrust forth of *Milaine*, who most strangely

Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,

For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day, Not a relation for a break-fast, nor

Bestitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir; This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,

And Subiects none abroad: pray you looke in: My Dukedome since you haue giuen me againe,

I will require you with as good a thing, At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye

As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Per. No my dearest loue, I would not for the world. (*wrangle*)

Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should And I would call it faire play.

Al. If this proue A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne

Shall I twice loose.

Seb. A most high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull, I haue curs'd them without cause.

Al. Now all the blessings Of a glad father, compass thee about: Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.

Mir. O wonder! How many goodly creatures are there heere? How beauteous mankind is: O braue new world

That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast at

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres:

Is she the goddess that hath seuer'd vs,

And brought vs thus together?

Per. Sir, she is mortall;

But by immortall providence, she's mine;

I chose her when I could not aske my Father

For his aduise: nor thought I had one: She

Is daughter to this famous Duke of Millaine,

Of whom, so often I haue heard renowne;

But neuer saw before: of whom I haue

Recci'd a second life; and second Father:

This Lady makes him to me.

Alo. I am hers.

But O, how odly will it sound, that I

Must aske my childe forgiveness?

Pro. There Sir stop,

Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with

A heauinesse, that's gone.

Gon. I haue inly wept,

Or should haue spoke ere this: looke downe you gods

And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;

For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way

Which brought vs hithere.

Alo. I say Amen, *Gonzalo*:

Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine*, that his Issue

Should become Kings of *Naples*? Or to you

Beyond a common ioy, and let it downe

With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage

Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,

And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,

Where he himselfe was lost: *Prospero*, his Dukedome

In a poore Isle: and all of vs, our felues,

When no man was his owne.

Alo. Giue me your hands:

Let grieue and sorrow still embrace his heart,

That doth not wish you ioy.

Gon. Be it so, Amen.

Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine

amazedly following.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:

I prophes'd, if a Gallies were on Land

This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,

That swear't Grace ore-board, not an oath on shore,

Hast thou no mouth by land?

What is the newes?

Bot. The best newes is, that we haue safely found

Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,

Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,

Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when

We first put out to Sea.

Ar. Sir, all this seruice

Haue I done since I went.

Pro. My trickiey Spirit.

Alo. These are not naturall euent, they strengthen

From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,

I'd striue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,

And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,

Where, but euen now, with strange, and feerall noyses

Of roring, shreeking, howling, ginging chames,

And mo diuersitie of sounds, all horrible.

We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;

Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master

Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,

Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them;

And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.

Alo. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,

And there is in this businesse, more then nature

Was euer conduct of: some Oracle

Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,

Do not infect your minde, with beating on

The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure

(Which shall be shortly single) I'll resolute you,

(Which to you shall seeme probable) of euer

These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull

And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,

Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:

Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?

There are yet missing of your Companie

Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariell, drinking in Caliban, Stephano, and

Trinculo in their foule Apparell.

Ste. Euerie man shift for all the rest, and let

No man take care for himselfe; for all is

But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monster *Coragio*.

Tri. If these be true spies which I weare in my head,

here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be braue Spirits indeede:

How fine my Master is? I am afraid

He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha:

What things are these, my Lord *Antonio*?

Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them

Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,

Then say if they be true: This mishapen knaue;

His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong

That could controule the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,

And deale in her command, without her power:

These three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell;

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them

To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you

Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I

Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch't to death.

Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now;

Where had he wine?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where should they

Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?

How cam't thou in this pickle?

Tri. I haue bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,

That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:

I shall not feare fly-blowing.

Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?

Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o' the Isle, Sirha?

Ste. I should haue bin a fore one then.

Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners

As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,

Take with you your Companions: as you looke

To haue my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wife hereafter,

And

And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Ass

Was I to take this drunkard for a god?

And worship this dull foole?

Pro. Goe to, away.

Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you

Seb. Or Role it rather.

Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine

To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest

For this onenight, which part of it, Ile waste

With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it

Goe quicke away: The story of my life,

And the particular accidents, gon by

Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to *Naples*,

Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall

Of these our deere-below'd, solemnized,

And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where

Euerie third thought shall be my graue.

Alo. I long

To heare the story of your life; which must

Take the eare strangely.

Pro. I'll deliuer all,

And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,

And faile, so expeditious, that shall catch

Your Royall fleet farre off: My *Ariel*; chicke

That is thy charge: Then to the Elements

Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neere.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGVE,

Spoken by *Prospero*.

NOW my Charms are all ore-throwne,

And what strength I haue's mine owne.

Which is most faint: now 'tis true

I must be heere confinde by you,

Or sent to *Naples*. Let me not

Since I haue my Dukedome got,

And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell

In this bare Island, by your Spell,

But release me from my bands

With the helpe of your good hands:

Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes

Must fill, or else my proiect failes,

which was to please: Now I want

Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,

And my ending is despaire,

Vnlesse I be relieu'd by prayer

Which pierces so, that it assaults

Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,

Let your Indulgence set me free.

Exit.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of *Naples*:

Sebastian his Brother.

Prospero, the right Duke of *Millaine*.

Antonio his brother, the usurping Duke of *Millaine*.

Ferdinand, Son to the King of *Naples*.

Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.

Adrian, & *Francisco*, Lords.

Caliban, a salvage and deformed slaue.

Trinculo, a Iester.

Stephano, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.

Boate-Swaine.

Marriners.

Miranda, daughter to *Prospero*.

Ariel, an ayrie spirit.

Iris

Ceres

Ino

Nymphes

Reapers

Spirits.

FINIS.

THE



THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine, Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine.

Ease to persuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth, have ever homely wits,
Wert not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the sweet plaunces of thy honour'd Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lov'st, loue still, and thrive therein,
Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* ad ew,
Thinke on thy *Protheus*, when thou (hap'ly) see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy trauaile.
With me partaker in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If euer danger doe enuiron thee)
Commend thy grieuance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beades-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a loue-booke pray for my successe?

Pro. Vpon some booke I loue, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow storie of deepe loue,
How yong *Leander* crost the *Hellepont*.

Pro. That's a deepe storie, of a deeper loue,
For he was more then ouer-shoes in loue.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue,
And yet you neuer swom the *Hellepont*.

*Pro.*ouer the Bootes? nay giue me not the Bootes.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in loue; where scorne is bought with
Coy looks, with hart-fore sighes: one fading moments
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (mirth,
If hap'ly won, perhaps a haplesse gaine;
If lost, why then a grieuous labour won;
How euer: but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue.

Pro. 'Tis Loue you caull at, I am not Loue.

Val. Loue is your master, for he masters you;

And he that is so yoked by a foole,

Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwels; so eating Loue
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Euen so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
Loosing his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my Father at the Road

Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let vs take our leaue:

To *Milaine* let me heare from thee by Letters

Of thy successe in loue; and what newes else

Beideth here in absence of thy Friend:

And I likewise will visite thee with mine.

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in *Milaine*.

Val. As much to you at home: and so farewell. *Exit.*

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;

He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;

I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for loue:

Thou *Julia*, thou hast metamorphis'd me:

Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time;

Warte with good counsaile; for the world at nought;

Made Wit with musing, weak; hart sick with thought.

Sp. Sir *Protheus*: 'saue you: saw you my Master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for *Milaine*.

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,

And I haue plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.

Pro. Indeepe a Sheepe doth very often stray,

And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then,

and I Sheepe?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I

wake or sleepe.

Pro. A silly answere, and sitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proues me still a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Master a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the

Sheepe the Shepheard; but I seeke my Master, and my

Master seekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard,

the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou

for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages

followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another prooue will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But do'st thou heare: gau'st thou my Letter

to *Julia*?

Sp. I

Sp. I Sir: I (a lost-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her
(a lost-Mutton) and she (a lost-Mutton) gaue mee (a
lost-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a Pasture for such store of
Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be ouer-charg'd, you were best
sticke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound
you.

Sp. Nay Sir, lesse then a pound shall serue me for car-
rying your Letter.

Pro. You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin: fold it ouer and ouer,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your Loue.

Pro. But what said she?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddie.

Sp. You mistooke Sir: I say she did nod;

And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I.

Pro. And that set together is noddie.

Sp. Now you haue taken the paines to set it to-
gether, take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you shall haue it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceiue I must be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,

Hauiug nothing but the word noddie for my paines.

Pro. Behrewe me, but you haue a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brieue; what
said she.

Sp. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter
may be both at once deliuered.

Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what said she?

Sp. Truly Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceiue so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;

No, not so much as a duckett for deliuering your letter:

And being so hard to me, that brought your minde;

I feare she'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde.

Giue her no token but stones, for she's as hard as Steele.

Pro. What said she, nothing?

Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy paines: (mes
To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue cester'd
In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your
selfe; And so Sir, I'll commend you to my Master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to saue your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish hauiug thee aboarde,

Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:

I must goe send some better Messenger,

I feare my *Julia* would not daigne my lines,

Receiuing them from such a worthelesse post. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say *Lucetta* (now we are alone)

Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in loue?

Luc. I Madam, so you fumble not vnheedfully.

Jul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,

That euery day with parle encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest loue?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, ile shew my minde;

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the faire sir *Eglamour*?

Luc. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine;

But were I you, he neuer should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercutio*?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Luc. Lord, Lord: to see what folly raigues in vs.

Jul. How now? what meanes this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame,

That I (vnworthy body as I am)

Should censure thus on lonely Gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the rest?

Luc. I then thus: of many good, I thinke him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I haue no other but a womans reason:

I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.

Jul. And would'st thou haue me cast my loue on him?

Luc. I: if you thought your loue not cast away.

Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath neuer mou'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loues ye.

Jul. His little speaking, shewes his loue but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept, burnes most of all.

Jul. They doe not loue, that doe not shew their loue.

Luc. Oh, they loue least, that let men know their loue.

Jul. I would I knew his minde.

Luc. Peruse this paper Madam.

Jul. To *Julia*: say, from whom?

Luc. That the Contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say: who gaue it thee?

Luc. Sir *Valentines* page: & sent I thinke from *Protheus*;

He would haue giuen it you, but I being in the way,

Did in your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray.

Jul. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker:

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper, and conspire against my youth?

Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place:

There: take the paper: see it be return'd,

Or else returne no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for loue, deserues more fee, then hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminare. *Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;

It were a shame to call her backe againe,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What foole is she, that knowes I am a Maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since Maides, in modesty, say no, to that,

Which they would haue the profferer construe, I,

Fie, fie: how way-ward is this foolish loue;

That (like a testie Babe) will scratch the Nurse,

And presently, all humbled kisse the Rod?

How churlishly, I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly, I would haue had her here?

How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,

When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to smile?

My pennance is, to call *Lucetta* backe

And aske remission, for my folly past.

What hoe: *Lucetta*.

Luc. What would your Ladiship?

Jul. Is't neere dinner time?

Luc. I would it were,

That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,

And

And not vpon your Maid.

Lu. What is't that you
Tooke vp so gingerly?

Lu. Nothing.

Lu. Why didst thou stoop then?

Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.

Lu. And is that paper nothing?

Lu. Nothing concerning me.

Lu. Then let it lye, for those that it concerns.

Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
Vnlesse it haue a false Interpreter.

Lu. Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.

Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune.

Giue me a Note, your Ladiship can set.

Lu. As little by such toys, as may be possible:

Best sing it to the tune of *Light O, Love*.

Lu. It is too heauy for so light a tune.

Lu. Heauy? belike it hath some burden then?

Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,

Lu. And why not you?

Lu. I cannot reach so high.

Lu. Let's see your Song:

How now Minion?

Lu. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:

And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.

Lu. You doe not?

Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.

Lu. You (Minion) are too faulce.

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;

And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:

There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.

Lu. The meane is dround with you vnruely base.

Lu. Indeede I bid the base for *Protheus*.

Lu. This babbie shall not henceforth trouble me;

Here is a coile with protestation:

Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:

You would be fingring them, to anger me.

Lu. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd

To be so angred with another Letter.

Lu. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:

Oh hatefull hands, to teare such louing words;

Inuiours Waspes, to feede on such sweet honey;

And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your stings;

He kisse each feuerall paper, for amends:

Looke, here is writ, kinde *Julia*: vnkinde *Julia*,

As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruizing stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ, *Loue wounded Protheus*.

Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I searce it with a soueraigne kisse.

But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* writtten downe:

Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,

Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,

Except mine own name: That, some whistle-winde beare

Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,

And throw it thence into the raging Sea.

Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:

Poore forlorne *Protheus*, passionate *Protheus*:

To the sweet *Julia*: that ile teare away:

And yet I will not, sicke so prettily

He couples it, to his complaining Names;

Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;

Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.

Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father staies.

Lu. Well, let vs goe.

Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?

Lu. If you respect them; best to take them vp.

Lu. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.

Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

Lu. I see you haue a months minde to them.

Lu. I (Madam) you may say what sights you see;

I see things too, although you iudge I wink.

Lu. Come, come, wilt please you goe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino. *Protheus*.

Ant. Tell me *Panthino*, what sad talke was that,

Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?

Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Sonne.

Ant. Why? what of him?

Pan. He wondred that your Lordship

Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,

While other men, of slender reputation

Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out.

Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;

Some, to discouer Islands farre away:

Some, to the studious Vniuersities;

For any, or for all these exercises,

He said, that *Protheus*, your sonne, was meet;

And did request me, to importune you

To let him spend his time no more at home;

Which would be great impeachment to his age,

In hauing knowne no traualle in his youth.

Ant. Nor need't thou much importune me to that

Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering,

I haue consider'd well, his losse of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being tryed, and tutored in the world:

Experience is by industry atchieu'd,

And perfected by the swift course of time:

Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?

Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant

How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,

Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.

Ant. I know it well. *(chither,*

Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him

There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;

Heare sweet discourse, conuerse with Noble-men,

And be in eye of euery Exercise

Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduis'd:

And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make knowne;

Euen with the speediest expedition,

I will dispatch him to the Emperours Court.

Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,

With other Gentlemen of good esteeme

Are iourning, to salute the Emperour,

And to commend their seruice to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go:

And in good time: now will we breake with him.

Pro. Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for loue, her honors paune;

O that our Fathers would applaud our loues

To seale our happinesse with their consents.

Pro. Oh heavenly *Julia*,

Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two

Of commendations sent from *Valentine*;

Deliu'ed by a friend, that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.

Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes

How happily he liues, how well-below'd,

And daily graced by the Emperour;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,

And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something forced with his wish:

Muse not that I thus sodainly proceed;

For what I will, I will, and there an end:

I am resolu'd, that thou shalt spend some time

With *Valentine*, in the Emperours Court:

What maintenance he from his friends receiues,

Like exhibition thou shalt haue from me,

To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,

Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord I cannot be so soone provided,

Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st shal be sent after thee:

No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe;

Come on *Panthino*; you shall be imployd,

To hasten on his Expedition.

Pro. Thus haue I shund the fire, for feare of burning,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

I fear'd to shew my Father *Julia* Letter,

Least he should take exceptions to my loue,

And with the vantage of mine owne excuse

Hath he excepted most against my loue.

Oh, how this spring of loue resembleth

The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day,

Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,

And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your Fathers call's for you,

He is in haste, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,

And yet a thousand times it answer's no.

Exeunt. Finis.

Actus secundus: Scena Prima.

Enter *Valentine*, *Speed*, *Silvia*.

Speed. Sir, your Gloue.

Val. Not mine: my Gloues are on.

Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.

Val. Ha? Let me see: I, giue it me, it's mine:

Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,

Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia*.

Speed. Madam *Silvia*: Madam *Silvia*.

Val. How now *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship self, or else I misooke.

Val. Well: you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Goe to, sir, tell me: do you know Madam *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee that your worship loues?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in loue?

Speed. Marry by these speciall markes: first, you haue
learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a
Male-content: to rellish a Loue-song, like a *Robin*-red-
breast: to walke alone like one that had the pestilence:
to sigh, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.* to
weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam:
to fast, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that
feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hal-
low-Masse: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow
like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the
Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner:
when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: And
now you are Metamorphis'd with a Mistis, that when I
looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Master.

Val. Are all these things perceiu'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiu'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for with-
out you were so simple, none else would: but you are
so without these follies, that these follies are within you,
and shine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that
not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment
on your Malady.

Val. But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou obseru'd that? euen she I meane.

Speed. Why sir, I know her not.

Val. Do'st thou know her by my gazing on her, and
yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-fauour'd, sir?

Val. Not so faire (boy) as well fauour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That shee is not so faire, as (of you) well-fa-
uour'd?

Val. I meane that her beauty is exquisite,

But her fauour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the o-
ther out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry sir, so painted to make her faire, that no
man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You neuer saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she beene deform'd?

Speed. Euer since you lou'd her.

Val. I haue lou'd her euer since I saw her,

And still I see her beautifull.

Speed. If you loue her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Loue is blinde: O that you had mine
eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont
to haue, when you chidde at Sir *Protheus*, for going vn-
garter'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your owne present folly, and her passing de-
formitie: for hee beeing in loue, could not see to garter
his hose; and you, beeing in loue, cannot see to put on
your hose. *(ning)*

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for last mor-
You could not see to wipe my shoos.

Speed. True sir: I was in loue with my bed, I thanke
you, you swing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the
bolder

bolder to chide you, for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enioyn'd me,
To write some lines to one she loues.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I haue.

Speed. Are they not lamely writt?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:

Peace, here she comes.

Speed. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet:
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. Oh, 'giue ye-good-cv'n: heere's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and seruant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should giue her interest: & she giues it him.

Val. As you inioynd me; I haue writ your Letter

Vnto the secret, nameles friend of yours:

Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,

But for my duty to your Ladiship. (done.)

Sil. I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly.

Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off:

For being ignorant to whom it goes,

I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No (Madam) so it steed you, I will write

(Please you command) a thousand times as much:

And yet —

Sil. A pretty period: well: I ghesse the sequell;

And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.

And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:

Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will: and yet, another yet.

Val. What means your Ladiship?

Doe you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,

But (since vnwillingly) take them againe.

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,

But I will none of them: they are for you:

I would haue had them writ more mouingly:

Val. Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.

Sil. And when it's writ: for my sake read it ouer,

And if it please you, so: if not: why so?

Val. If it please me, (Madam) what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;

And so good-morrow Seruant. *Exit. Sil.*

Speed. Oh left vs scene: inscrutable: inuisible,

As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a steeple:

My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Tutor,

He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor:

Oh excellent deuise, was there euer heard a better?

That my master being scribe,

To himselfe should write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?

Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you y haue the reason.

Val. To doe what?

Speed. To be a Spokef-man from Madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I should say:

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,

When shee hath made you write to your selfe?

Why, doe you not perceiue the iest?

Val. No, belecue me.

Speed. No beleueing you indeed sir:

But did you perceiue her earnest?

Val. She gaue me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why she hath giuen you a Letter.

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And y letter hath she deliuer'd, & there an end.

Val. I would it were no worke.

Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often haue you writ to her: and she in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,

Or fearing els some messenger, y might her mind discouer

Her self hath taught her Loue himself, to write vnto her

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. (louer,

Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.

Val. I haue dyn'd.

Speed. I, but hearken sir: though the Cameleon Loue

can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my

viſuals; and would faine haue meate: oh bee not like

your Mistresse, be moued, be moued. *Exit.*

Scena secunda.

Enter Protheus, Iulia, Panthion.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle *Iulia*:

Iul. I must where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.

Iul. If you turne not: you will return the fooner:

Keepe this remembrance for thy *Iulia's* sake.

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange;

Here, take you this.

Iul. And seale the bargain with a holy kisse.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie:

And when that howre ore-slips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not (*Iulia*) for thy sake,

The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance

Torment me for my Loues forgetfulness:

My father staies my comming: answere not:

The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,

That tide will stay me longer then I should,

Iulia, farewell: what, gon without a word?

I, so true loue should doe: it cannot speake,

For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.

Panth. Sir *Protheus*: you are staid for.

Pro. Goe: I come, I come:

Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laurence, Panthion.

Laurence. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done

weeping: all the kinde of the *Launces*: haue this very

fault: I haue recei'd my proportion, like the prodigious

sonne,

Sonne, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls

Court: I thinke *Crab* my dog: be the sowrest natured

dogge that liues: My Mother weeping: my Father

wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our

Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great

perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curie shedde

one teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no

more pittie in him then a dogge: a few would haue wept

to haue seene our parting: why my Grandam hauing

no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting:

nay, Ile shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my fa-

ther: no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left

shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther:

yes, it is so, it is so: it hath the worser sole: this shooe

with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father:

a vengeance on't, there 'tis: Now sir, this staffe is my si-

ster: for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as

small as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the

dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge:

oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I; so, so: now

come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now

should not the shooe speake a word for weeping:

now should I kisse my Father: well, hee weepes on:

Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake

now, like a would-woman: well, I kisse her: why

there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe:

Now come I to my sister; marke the moane she makes:

now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor

speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my

teares.

Panth. *Launce*, away, away: a Boord: thy Master is

ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares; what's the

matter? why weepe'st thou man? away afe, you'll loose

the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the

vnkindest Tide, that euer any man tide.

Panth. What's the vnkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

Panth. Tut, man: I meane thou'lt loose the flood, and

in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy

voyage, loose thy Master, and in loosing thy Master,

loose thy seruice, and in loosing thy seruice: — why

dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I loose my tongue?

Launce. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Taile.

Launce. Loose the Tide, and the voyage, and the Ma-

ster, and the seruice, and the tide: why man, if the Riuer

were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde

were downe, I could driue the boate with my sighes.

Panth. Come: come away man: I was sent to call

thee.

Launce. Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

Panth. Wilt thou goe?

Launce. Well, I will goe. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.

Sil. Seruant,

Val. Mistres,

Spec. Master, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

Val. I Boy, it's for loue.

Spec. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistresse then.

Spec. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Seruant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seeme so.

Thu. Seeme you that you are not?

Val. Hap'ly I doe.

Thu. So doe Counterfeyts.

Val. So doe you.

Thu. What seeme I that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quoad you my folly?

Val. I quoad it in your Ierkin.

Thu. My Ierkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour?

Val. Giue him leaue, Madam, he is a kind of *Cameleon*.

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud,

then liue in your ayre.

Val. You haue said Sir.

Thu. I Sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it wel sir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentleme, & quickly shot off

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giuer.

Sil. Who is that Seruant?

Val. Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gaue the fire,

Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladiships lookes,

And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall

make your wit bankrupt. (words,

Val. I know it well sir: you haue an Exchequer of

And I thinke, no other treasure to giue your followers:

For it appeares by their bare Liueries

That they liue by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:

Here comes my father.

Duke. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset.

Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health,

What say you to a Letter from your friends

Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull,

To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye *Don Antonio*, your Countriman?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman

To be of worth, and worthy estimation,

And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a Sonne?

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserues

The honor, and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my selfe: for from our Infancie

We haue conuert, and spent our howres together,

And though my selfe haue beene an idle Trewant,

Omitting the sweet benefit of time

To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection:

Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name)

Made vs, and faire aduantage of his daies:

His yeares but yong, but his experience old:

His head vn-mellowed, but his Iudgement ripe;

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.
Duk. Bestrew me fir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Emperesse loue,
As meet to be an Emperors Councillor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And here he meanes to spend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.
Val. Should I haue wish'd a thing, it had bene he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will send him hither to you presently.
Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookes.
Sil. Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Vpon some other pawne for fealty.
Val. Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners stil.
Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seeke out you?
Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.
Thur. They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such Louers, *Thurio*, as your selfe,
Vpon a homely object, Loue can winke.
Sil. Haue done, haue done: here comes § gentleman.
Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Mistris, I beseech you
Confirm his welcome, with some speciall fauor.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft haue wish'd to heare from.
Val. Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-servant to your Ladiship.
Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a servant
To haue a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.
Val. Leau off discourte of disability:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.
Pro. My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.
Seruant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse.
Pro. Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthlesse. (you.)
Thur. Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with
Sil. I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir *Thurio*,
Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;
Ile leaue you to confer of home affaires,
When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.
Pro. Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.
Val. Now tell me: how doal from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are wel, & haue the much comended.
Val. And how doe yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your Lady? & how thrives your loue?
Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,
I know you ioy not in a Loue-discourse.
Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,
I haue done penance for contemning Loue,
Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-fore sighes,
For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my embrailed eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Loue's a mighty Lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confesse
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth:
Now, no discourse, except it be of loue:
Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,
Vpon the very naked name of Loue.
Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?
Val. Euen She; and is she not a heavenly Saint?
Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.
Val. Call her diuine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O flatter me: for Loue delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick, you gaue me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not diuine,
Yet let her be a principallie,
Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my Mistresse.
Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Loue.
Pro. Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to:
Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, left the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,
And of so great a fauor growing proud,
Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swelling flowre,
And make rough winter euerlastingly.
Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?
Val. Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in hauing such a lewell
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold,
Forgiue me, that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou see'st me doate vpon my loue:
My foolish Riual that her Father likes
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Loue (thou know'st is full of iocalousie.)
Pro. But shee lones you? (howre)
Val. I, and we are betroath'd: nay more, our marriage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and greed on for my happinesse.
Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.
Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:
I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque
Some necessities, that I needs must vse,
And then Ile presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will.
Euen as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by strength driues our another.
So the remembrance of my former Loue
Is by a newer object quite forgotten,
It is mine, or *Valentines* praise?
Her true perfection, or my false transgression?
That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?
Shee is faire: and so is *Julia* that I loue,

(That

(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image gainst a fire
Beares no impression of the thing it was.)
Me thinks my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I loue him not as I was wont:
O, but I loue his Lady tooo much,
And that's the reason I loue him so little.
How shall I doate on her with more aduice,
That thus without aduice begin to loue her?
'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld;
And that hath dazeld my reasons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring loue, I will,
If not, to compass her Ile vse my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. *Launce*, by mine honesty welcome to *Padua*.
Laun. Forswore not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am
not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer
vndon till hee be hang'd, nor neuer welcome to a place,
till some certaine shot be paid, and the Hostesse say wel-
come.

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-house
with you presently; where, for one shote of five pence,
thou shalt haue five thousand welcomes: But sirra, how
did thy Master part with Madam *Julia*?

Laun. Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted
very fairly in iest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No; they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it
stands well with her.

Speed. What an asse art thou, I vnderstand thee not.

Laun. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?
My staffe vnderstands me?

Speed. What thou saist?

Laun. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane,
and my staffe vnderstands me.

Speed. It stands vnder thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand vnder: and vnder-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, wilt be a match?

Laun. Aske my dogge, if he say I, it will: if hee say
no, it will: if hee shake his taile, and say nothing, it
will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt neuer get such a secret from me, but
by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so: but *Launce*, how saist
thou that that my master is become a notable Louer?

Laun. I neuer knew him other wise.

Speed. Then how?

Laun. A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to
bee.

Spec. Why, thou whorson Asse, thou mistak'st me,
Laun. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy
Master.

Spec. I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Louer.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne
himselfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-
house: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth
the name of a Christian.

Spec. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as
to goe to the Ale with a Christian: Wilt thou goe?

Spec. At thy seruice.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leaue my *Julia*, shall I be forsworne?
To loue faire *Silvia*, shall I be forsworne?
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gaue me first my oath
Prouokes me to this three-fold periturie.
Loue bad mee sweare, and Loue bids me for-sweare;
O sweet-suggesting Loue, if thou hast sin'd,
Teach me (thy temptred subiect) to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worship a celestiall Sunne:
Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants resolued will,
To learne his wit, to exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,
Whose soueraignty so oft thou hast preferd,
With twenty thousand soule-confirming oathes.
I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe:
But there I leaue to loue, where I should loue:
Julia I loose, and *Valentine* I loose,
If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe:
If I loose them, thus finde I by their losse,
For *Valentine*, my selfe: for *Julia*, *Silvia*,
I to my selfe am deerer then a friend,
For Loue is still most precious in it selfe,
And *Silvia* (witness heauen that made her faire)
Shewes *Julia* but a swarthy Ethiopie.
I will forget that *Julia* is aliue,
Remembring that my Loue to her is dead.
And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemie,
Ayming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now proue constant to my selfe,
Without some treachery vs'd to *Valentine*.
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To climbe celestiall *Silvia*'s chamber window,
My selfe in counsaile his competitor.
Now presently Ile giue her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight:
Who (all inrag'd) will banish *Valentine*:
For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his daughter,
But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickly crosse
By some sle trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
Lend me wings, to make my purpose swift
As thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

Scena septima.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. Counsaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girl assist me,
And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe conuince thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Character'd, and engrau'd,
To lesson me, and tell me some good meane
How with my honour I may vndertake
A iourney to my louing *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.
Iul. A true-deuoted Pilgrime is not weary
To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,
Much lesse shall she that hath Loues wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one so deere,
Of such diuine perfection as *Sir Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear, till *Protheus* make returne.
Iul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soules food?
Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of Loue,
Thou wouldst as soone goe kinde fire with snow
As seeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.

Luc. I doe not seeke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Left it should burne about the bounds of reason.

Iul. The more thou dam'st it vp, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with th' enameld stones,
Giuing a gentle kisse to euery sedge
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage.

And so by many winding nookes he straites
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course:
Ile be as patient as a gentle streame,
And make a pastime of each weary step.

Till the last step haue brought me to my Loue,
And there Ile rest, as after much turmoile
A blessed soule doth in *Elizium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?
Iul. Not like a woman, for I would preuent
The loose encounters of lasciuious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weedes
As may be seeme some well-reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.
Iul. No girle, Ile knit it vp in silken strings,
With twentie od-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your bree-
Iul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?

Why eu'n what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta*).
Luc. You must needs haue the with a cod-peece (Ma-
Iul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wil be ill fauour'd. (dam)
Luc. A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Vnlesse you haue a cod-peece to stick pins on.

Iul. *Lucetta*, as thou lou'st me let me haue
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For vnder-taking so vnstaid a iourney?

I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you thinke so, then stay at home, and goe not.
Iul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but goe.
If *Protheus* like your iourney, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Iul. That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my feare:
A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And instances of infinite of Loue,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are seruants to deceitfull men.
Iul. Bafe men, that vse them to so bafe effect:
But truer starres did gouerne *Protheus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His loue sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.

Luc. Pray heau'n he proue so when you come to him.
Iul. Now, as thou lou'st me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deserue my loue, by louing him,
And presently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me vpon my longing iourney:
All that is mine I leaue at thy dispose.

My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come; answer not: but to it presently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine,
Launce, Speed.

Duke. *Sir Thurio*, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,
We haue some secrets to confer about.
Now tell me *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold discouer,
The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious fauours
Done to me (vnderseuing as I am)
My dutie prickes me on to vtter that
Which else, no worldly good should draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) *Sir Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steale away your daughter:
My selfe am one made priuy to the plot.
I know you haue determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And should she thus be stolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose
To crosse my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of sorrowes, which would presse you downe
(Being vnpreuented) to your timelesse graue.

Duke. *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I liue,
This loue of theirs, my selfe haue often scene,
Haply when they haue iudg'd me fast asleepe,
And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid

Sir

Sir Valentine her companie, and my Court.
But fearing lest my ialous ayme might erre,
And so (vnworthily) disgrace the man
(A rashnesse that I euer yet haue shun'd)
I gaue him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me.
And that thou maist perceiue my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,
The key whereof, my selfe haue euer kept:
And thence she cannot be conuay'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they haue deuiz'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly
That my discouery be not aimed at:
For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he shall neuer know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my Lord, *Sir Valentine* is coming.
Duke. *Sir Valentine*, whether away is fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger
That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliuer them.

Duke. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenure of them doth but signifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duke. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue fought
To match my friend *Sir Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and fure the Match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beseeming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?

Duke. No, trust me, she is peeuish, fullen, froward,
Prowd, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should haue bene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolu'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my possessions she esteemes not.

Val. What would your Grace haue me to do in this?
Duke. There is a Lady in *Verona* heere
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And naught esteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor
(For long agone I haue forgot to court,
Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may bestow my selfe
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,
Dumbe Jewels often in their silent kinde
More then quick words, doe moue a womans minde.

Duke. But she did scorne a present that I sent her,
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Himselfe would lodge where (scencelers) they are lying.
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Val. A woman sometime scorns what best contents her,
Send her another: neuer giue her ore,
For scorne at first, makes after-love the more.
If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more loue in you.
If she doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, what euer she doth say,
For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.
Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:
Though nere so blacke, say they haue Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I meane, is promis'd by her friends
Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept seuerely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.
Duke. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so sheluing, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To cast vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would serue to scale another *Hero's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would aduenture it.

Duke. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Aduise me, where I may haue such a Ladder.

Val. When would you vse it? pray sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for Loue is like a childe
That longs for euery thing that he can come by.

Val. By seauen a clock, ile get you such a Ladder.
Duke. But haake thee: I will goe to her alone,
How shall I best conuey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloake as long as thine will serue the turne?
Val. I my good Lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloake,
Ile get me one of such another length.

Val. Why any cloake will serue the turn (my Lord)
Duke. How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake?
I pray thee let me feeble thy cloake vpon me.
What Letter is this fame? what's here? to *Silvia*?
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
Ile be so bold to breake the seale for once.

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Duke

Goe base Intruder, ouer-weening Slaue,
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mares,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)
Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors
Which (all too much) I haue bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then swift expedition
Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,
By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the loue
I euer bore my daughter, or thy selfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
But as thou lou'st thy life, make speed from hence.

Val. And why not death, rather then liuing torment?
To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,
And *Silvia* is my selfe: banish'd from her
Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if *Silvia* be not by?
What ioy is ioy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Vnlesse it be to thinke that she is by
And feed vpon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no musick in the Nightingale.
Vnlesse I looke on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to looke vpon.
Shee is my essence, and I leaue to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept aliuie.
I flic not death, to flic his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flic I hence, I flic away from life.

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seeke him out.
La. So-hough, So-hough —
Pro. What seest thou?
La. Him we goe to finde,
There's not a haire on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his Spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
La. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?
Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?
La. Nothing.
Pro. Villaine, forbear.
La. Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you.
Pro. Sirha, I say forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.
Val. My eares are stoppt, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already hath posselt them.

Pro. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, vn-tunable, and bad.
Val. Is *Silvia* dead?
Pro. No, *Valentine*.
Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia*,
Hath shee forsworne me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.
Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* haue forsworne me,
What is your newes?

La. Sir, there is a proclamation, y you are vanished.
Pro. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,
And now excesse of it will make me surfet.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banish'd?

Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doome

(Which vn-reuerst stands in effectuell force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;
Those at her fathers churlish feete she tenderd,
With them vpon her knees, her humble selfe,
Wringing her hands, whose whitenes so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor siluer-shedding teares
Could penetrate her vncompassionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more: vnles the next word that thou speak'st
Haue some malignant power vpon my life:
If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,
And study helpe for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy loue:
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louers staffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliuer'd
Euen in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue.
The time now serues not to expostulate,
Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires:
As thou lou'st *Silvia* (though not for thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou seest my Boy
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Goe sirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.
Val. Oh my deere *Silvia*; haplesse *Valentine*.

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue
the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knaue: but
that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now
that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a
Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who
'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I
will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis
not a maid: for shee hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid,
for she is her Masters maid, and serues for wages. Shee
hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is
much in a bare Chriftian: Heere is the Cate-log of her
Condition. *Inprimis*, Shee can fetch and carry: why
a horse can doe no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but
onely carry, therefore is shee better then a Iade. *Item*.
Shee can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with
cleane hands.

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with
your Mastership?

La. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:
Sp. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what
newes then in your paper?

La. The black'st newes that euer thou heard'st.
Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.
Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fic on thee Iolt-head, thou canst not read.
Sp. Thou lyest: I can.

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?
Sp. Marry,

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.
La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the sonne of thy
Grand-mother: this proues that thou canst not read.

Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.
La. There: and *S. Nicholas* be thy speed.

Sp. *Inprimis* she can milke.
La. I that she can.

Sp. *Item*, she brewes good Ale.
La. And thereof comes the prouerbe: (*Blessing of*
your heart, you brew good Ale.)

Sp. *Item*, she can fowe.
La. That's as much as to say (*Can she fow?*)

Sp. *Item* she can knit.
La. What neede a man care for a stock with a wench,
When she can knit him a stocke?

Sp. *Item*, she can wash and scoure.
La. A speciall vertue: for then shee neede not be
wash'd, and scowr'd.

Sp. *Item*, she can spin.
La. Then may I set the world on wheelles, when she
can spin for her liuing.

Sp. *Item*, she hath many namelesse vertues.
La. That's as much as to say *Bastard-vertues*: that
indeede know not their fathers; and therefore haue no
names.

Sp. Here follow her vices.
La. Close at the heeles of her vertues.

Sp. *Item*, shee is not to be fasting in respect of her
breath.

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a break-
fast: read on.

Sp. *Item*, she hath a sweet mouth.
La. That makes amends for her soure breath.

Sp. *Item*, she doth talke in her sleepe.
La. It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her
talke.

Sp. *Item*, she is slow in words.
La. Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices;
To be slow in words, is a womans onely vertue:

I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.
Sp. *Item*, she is proud.

La. Out with that too:
It was *Euer* legacie, and cannot be tane from her.

Sp. *Item*, she hath no teeth.
La. I care not for that neither: because I loue crusts.

Sp. *Item*, she is curst.
La. Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. *Item*, she will often praise her liquor.
La. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not,
I will; for good things should be praised.

Sp. *Item*, she is too liberall.
La. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ downe
she is slow of: of her purse, shee shall not, for that ile
keepe shut: Now, of another thing shee may, and that
cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.

Sp. *Item*, shee hath more haire then wit, and more
faults then haire, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: Ile haue her; she was mine, and not
mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that
once more.

Sp. *Item*, she hath more haire then wit.
La. More haire then wit: it may be ile proue it: The
cover of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more
then the salt: the haire that couers the wit, is more
then the wit; for the greater hides the lesse: What's
next?

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then the salt: the haire that couers the wit, is more
then the wit; for the greater hides the lesse: What's
next?

Sp. And more faults then haire,
La. That's monstrous: oh that that were out.

Sp. And more wealth then faults.
La. Why that word makes the faults gracious:
Well, ile haue her: and if it be a match, as nothing is
impossible.

Sp. What then?
La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staies
for thee at the North gate.

Sp. For me?
La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath staied for a bet-
ter man then thee.

Sp. And must I goe to him?
La. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staied so long,
that going will scarce serue the turne.

Sp. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your loue
Letters.

La. Now wilt he be swing'd for reading my Letter;
An vnmanerly slaue, that will thrust himselfe into se-
crets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correctio. *Exeunt*.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, *Thurio*, *Prothem*.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, feare not, but that she will loue you
Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.

Th. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forforned my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weake impresse of Loue, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate
Dissolues to water, and doth loofe his forme.

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless *Valentine* shall be forgot.

How now sir *Prothem*, is your countiman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord.
Du. My daughter takes his going grievously?

Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.
Du. So I beleeeue: but *Thurio* thinks not so:

Prothem, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shewne some signe of good desert)

Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer then I proue loyall to your Grace,

Let me not lue, to looke vpon your Grace.
Du. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effeet
The match betwene sir *Thurio*, and my daughter?

Pro. I doe my Lord.
Du. And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.
Du. I, and peruersly, she perseuers so:

What might we doe to make the girle forget
The loue of *Valentine*, and loue sir *Thurio*?

Pro. The best way is, to slander *Valentine*,
With falsehood, cowardize, and poore discent:

Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. I, if his enemy deliuer it.
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Du. Then you must undertake to slander him,
Pro.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Du. Where your good word cannot aduantage him,
Your slander neuer can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue loue to him:
But say this weede her loue from *Valentine*,
It followes not that she will loue fir *Thurio*.

Tb. Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him;
Least it should rauell, and be good to none,
You must prouide to bottome it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in worth dispraise, fir *Valentine*.

Du. And *Prothens*, we dare trust you in this kinde,
Because we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loues firme votary,
And cannot soone reuolt, and change your minde.

Vpon this warrant, shall you haue access,
Where you, with *Silvia*, may conferre at large.
For she is lumpish, heauy, melancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,
To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.

Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you fir *Thurio*, are not sharpe enough:
You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires
By walefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with seruiceable vowes.

Du. I much is the force of heauen-bred Poetrie.
Pro. Say that vpon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry; and with your teares
Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,
Whose golden touch could soften Steele and stones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leuiathans*
Forake vnfounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet Confort; To their Instruments
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Du. This discipline, shewes thou hast bin in loue.
Tb. And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practise:
Therefore, sweet *Prothens*, my direction-giuer,
Let vs into the City presently
To sort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke.
I haue a Sonnet, that will serue the turne
To giue the on-set to thy good aduise.

Du. About it Gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Du. Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Valentine*, *Speed*, and certaine *Out-laws*.
1. *Out-l.* Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2. *Out.* If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em.
3. *Out.* Stand fir, and throw vs that you haue about ye.
If not: we'll make you fir, and rifle you.

Sp. Sir we are vndone; these are the Villaines
That all the Trauailers doe feare so much.

Val. My friends.
1. *Out.* That's not so, fir: we are your enemies.

2. *Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.
3. *Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I haue little wealth to loose;
A man I am, cross'd with aduersitie:
My riches, are these poore habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfigure me,
You take the sum and substance that I haue.

2. *Out.* Whether traueil you?

Val. To *Verona*.

1. *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From *Milaine*.

3. *Out.* Haue you long sojourn'd there? (Raid,
Val. Some sixteene moneths, and longer might haue
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2. *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse;
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1. *Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done so;

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doome.

2. *Out.* Haue you the Tongues?

Val. My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy,
Or else I often had bene often miserable.

3. *Out.* By the bare scalpe of *Robin Hood's* fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

1. *Out.* We'll haue him: Sirs, a word,
Sp. Master, be one of them:

It's an honourable kinde of theuery.
Val. Peace villaine.

2. *Out.* Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3. *Out.* Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen,

Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awfull men,
My selfe was from *Verona* banished,

For practising to steale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, alide vnto the Duke.

2. *Out.* And I from *Manina*, for a Gentleman,
Who, in my moode, I stab'd vnto the heart.

1. *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these,
But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues;
And partly seeing you are beautifide
With goodly shape; and by your owne report,
A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.

2. *Out.* Indeepe because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, about the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?

To make a vertue of necessity,
And liue as we doe in this wildernesse?

3. *Out.* What saist thou? wilt thou be of our confort?
Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:

We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1. *Out.*

1. *Out.* But if thou scorne our curtisie, thou dyest.

2. *Out.* Thou shalt not liue, to brag what we haue of.

Val. I take your offer, and will liue with you, (fir'd.
Prouided that you do no outrages

On filly women, or poore passengers: most amenable
3. *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practises, fir'd
Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes;

And show thee all the Treasure we haue got; to fir'd
Which, with our selues, all rest at thy disposal: *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Prothens*, *Thurio*, *Silvia*, *Hof*, & *Musicians*, *Silvia*.
Pro. Already haue I bin false to *Valentine*,
And now I must be as vniuolt to *Thurio*,
Vnder the colour of commending him, *Prothens* I said
I haue access to my owne loue to preferre him;
But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthlesse gifts;

When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
She bids me thinke how I haue bin forsworne
In breaking faith with *Silvia*, whom I lou'd;
And not withstanding all her todaine quips,
The least whereof would quell a louers hope:

Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my loue,
The more it growes, and fawneth on her still;
But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,
And giue some euening Musique to her eare.

Tb. How now, fir *Prothens*, are you crept before vs?
Pro. I gentle *Thurio*; for you know that loue
Will creepe in seruice, where it cannot goe.

Tb. I but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.

Pro. Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.

Tb. Who, *Silvia*?

Pro. I, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Tb. I thank you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
Let's tune and to it lustily a while.

Ho. Now, my yong guest, me thinks your allycholly;
I pray you why is it?

Pro. Marty (mine *Hof*) because I cannot be merry.

Ho. Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where
you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that
you ask'd for.

Pro. But shall I heare him speake.

Ho. I that you shall.

Pro. That will be Musique.

Ho. Harke, harke.

Pro. Is he among these?

Ho. I; but peace, let's heare 'em.

Song. Who is *Silvia*? what is she?
That all our Swaines commend her?

Holy, faire, and wise is she,
The heauen such grace did lend her;

That she might be admir'd be,
Is she kinde as she is faire?

For beauty liues with kinde;
None doth to her eyes repaire;

To helpe him of his blindnesse;

To helpe him of his blindnesse;

To helpe him of his blindnesse;

To helpe him of his blindnesse;

And being help'd, inhabits there,
Then to *Silvia*, let vs sing,
That *Silvia* is excelling;
She excels each mortall thing
Vpon the dull earth dwelling,
To her let vs Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you sadder then you were before;
How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not.

Pro. You mistake: the Musician likes me not.

Ho. Why, my pretty youth?

Pro. He plaies false (father.)

Ho. How, out of tune on the strings?

Pro. Not so; but yet

So false that he grieues my very heart-strings.

Ho. You haue a quicke eare.

Pro. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a flow

Ho. I perceiue you delight not in Musique.

Pro. Not a whit, when it iars so.

Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.

Pro. I: that change is the iught.

Ho. You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.

Pro. I would alwaies haue one play but one thing.

But *Hof*, doth this Sir *Prothens*, that we talke on,
Often resort vnto this Gentlewoman?

Ho. I tell you what *Lauince* his man told me,
He lou'd her out of all nicke.

Pro. Where is *Lauince*?

Ho. Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his
Masters command, hee must carry for a present to his
Lady.

Pro. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will so pleade,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Tb. Where meete we?

Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.

Tb. Farewell.

Pro. Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiship.

Sil. I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)
Who is that that spake?

Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Prothens*, as I take it,

Pro. Sir *Prothens* (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compasse yours.

Sil. You haue your wish: my will is euen this,
That presently you hie you home to bed:

Thou subtil, periur'd, false, disloyall man:
Thinke'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitlese,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiu'd so many with thy vowes?
Returne, returne, and make thy loue amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)
I am so farre from granting thy request,
That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant (sweet loue) that I did loue a Lady,
But she is dead.

Pro. I were false, if I should speake it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
Survives; to whom (thy selfe art witness)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro.

Pro. I likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And so suppose am I; for in her graue
 Assure thy selfe, my loue is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Goe to thy Ladies graue and call hers thence,
 Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine.
Iul. He heard not that.
Pro. Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:
 Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my loue,
 The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
 To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe:
 For since the substance of your perfect selfe
 Is else deuoted, I am but a shadow;
 And to your shadow, will I make true loue.
Iul. If't were a substance you would sure deuide it,
 And make it but a shadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;
 But, since your falsehood shall become you well,
 To worship shadowes, and adore false shapes,
 Send to me in the morning, and ile send it
 And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches haue ore night, know not
 That wait for execution in the morne:
Iul. Heff, will you goe?
Ho. By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.
Iul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus*?
Ho. Marry, at my house:
 Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.
Iul. Not so: but it hath bin the longest night
 That ere I watch'd, and the most beautifull.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.
Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Silvia*
 Entreated me to call, and know her minde:
 Ther's some great matter she'd employ me in,
 Madam, Madam.
Sil. Who calls?
Eg. Your seruant, and your friend;
 One that attends your Ladiships command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thousand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:
 According to your Ladiships impose,
 I am thus early come, to know what seruice
 It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. Oh *Eglamore*, thou art a Gentleman:
 Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)
 Valiant, wise, remorse-full, well accomplish'd.
 Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
 I beare vnto the banish'd *Valentine*:
 Nor how my father would enforce me marry
 Vaine *Thuria* (whom my very soule abhor'd).
 Thy selfe hast lou'd, and I haue heard thee say
 No griefe did euer come so neere thy heart,
 As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dide,
 Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dst pure chafitie:
Sil. *Eglamore*: I would to *Valentine*
 To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes aboard;
 And for the waies are dangerous to passe,
 I doe desire thy worthy company,

Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose,
 Virge not my fathers anger (*Eglamore*)
 But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
 And on the iustice of my flying hence,
 To keepe me from a most vnholly match,
 Which heauen and fortune still rewards with plagues,
 I doe desire thee, euen from a heart
 As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sande,
 To beare me company, and goe with me
 If not, to hide what I haue said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pittie much your gruiences,
 Which, since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
 I giue consent to goe along with you,
 Wreaking as little what betideth me,
 As much, I wish all good befotune you.
 When will you goe?
Sil. This euening coming.
Eg. Where shall I meete you?
Sil. At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,
 Where I intend holy Confession.
Eg. I will not faile your Ladiship:
 Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamore*.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Silvia.
La. When a mans seruant shall play the Curie with
 him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of
 a puppy: one that I sau'd from drowning, when three or
 foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I haue
 taught him (euen as one would say precisely, thus I
 would teach a dog) I was sent to deliuer him, as a pre-
 sent to *Mistress Silvia*, from my Master; and I came no
 sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her
 Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule
 thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all compa-
 nies: I would haue (as one should say) one that takes vp-
 on him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all
 things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault
 vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd
 for't: sure as I liue he had suffer'd for't: you shall iudge:
 Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or
 foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee
 had not bin there (blesse the marke) a pissing while, but
 all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one)
 what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the
 third) hang him vp (saies the Duke.) Thauing bin ac-
 quainted with the snell before, knew it was Crab; and
 goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend
 (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I
 (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas
 I did the thing you wor of: he makes me no more adoe,
 but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters
 would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be sworne I haue
 sat in the stocks, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwile
 he had bin executed: I haue stood on the Pillorie for
 Geefe he hath kil'd, otherwile he had suffer'd for't: thou
 thinke'st not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you
 seru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam *Silvia*: did
 not

not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'st
 thou see me heaue vp my leg, and make water against a
 Gentlewoman's farthingale? did'st thou euer see me doe
 such a tricke?
Pro. *Sebastian* is thy name: I like thee well,
 And will employ thee in some seruice presently.
Iu. In what you please, ile doe what I can.
Pro. I hope thou wilt.
 How now you whor-son pezant,
 Where haue you bin these two dayes loytering?
La. Marry Sir, I carried *Mistress Silvia* the dogge you
 bad me.
Pro. And what saies she to my little Iewell?
La. Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tels you
 curish thanks is good enough for such a present.
Pro. But she receiue'd my dog?
La. No indeede did she not:
 Here haue I brought him backe againe.
Pro. What's didst thou offer her this from me?
La. I Sir, the other Squirrell was stolne from me
 By the Hangmans boyes in the market place,
 And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog
 As big as ten of yours, & therefore the gift the greater.
Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
 Or nere returne againe into my sight.
 Away, I say: stayest thou to vex me here;
 A Slave, that still an end, turnes me to shame:
Sebastian, I haue entertained thee,
 Partly that I haue neede of such a youth,
 That can with some discretion doe my businesse:
 For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt;
 But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behauiour,
 Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)
 Witnesse good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:
 Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.
 Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,
 Deliuer it to Madam *Silvia*;
 She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me.
Iul. It seemes you lou'd not her, nor leaue her token:
 She is dead belike?
Pro. Not so: I thinke she liues.
Iul. Alas.
Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas?
Iul. I cannot choose but pittie her.
Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pittie her?
Iul. Because, me thinks that she lou'd you as well
 As you doe lone your Lady *Silvia*:
 She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue;
 You doate on her, that cares not for your loue.
 'Tis pittie Loue, should be so contrary:
 And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.
Pro. Well: giue her that Ring, and therewithall
 This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,
 I claime the promise for her heauenly Picture:
 Your message done, hye home vnto my chamber,
 Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitary.
Iul. How many women would doe such a message?
 Alas poore *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd
 A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;
 Alas, poore foole, why doe I pittie him
 That with his very heart despiseth me?
 Because he loues her, he despiseth me,
 Because I loue him, I must pittie him.
 This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,
 To binde him to remember my good will:
 And now am I (vnhappy Messenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtaine;
 To carry that, which I would haue refus'd;
 To praise his faith, which I would haue disprais'd.
 I am my Masters true confirmed Loue,
 But cannot be true seruant to my Master,
 Vnlesse I proue false traitor to my selfe.
 Yet will I weep for him, but yet so coldly,
 As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him speed.
 Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane
 To bring me where to speake with Madam *Silvia*.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Iul. If you be she, I doe inreat your patience
 To heare me speake the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Iul. From my Master, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.
Sil. Oh: he sends you for a Picture?
Iul. I, Madam.
Sil. *Viola*, bring my Picture there;
 Goe, giue your Master this: tell him from me,
 One *Iulia*, that his changing thoughts forget
 Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.
Iul. Madam, please you peruse this Letter;
 Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnaduiz'd
 Deliuer'd you a paper that I should not;
 This is the Letter to your Ladiship.
Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.
Iul. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.
Sil. There, hold:
 I will not looke vpon your Masters lines:
 I know they are stuf with protestations,
 And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake
 As easily as I doe teare his paper.
Iul. Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring.
Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
 For I haue heard him say a thousand times,
 His *Iulia* gaue it him, at his departure:
 Though his false finger haue prophan'd the Ring,
 Mine shall not doe his *Iulia* so much wrong.
Iul. She thanks you.
Sil. What saist thou?
Iul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her:
 Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.
Sil. Do'st thou know her?
Iul. Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.
 To thinke vpon her woes, I doe protest
 That I haue wept a hundred severall times.
Sil. Belike she thinks that *Protheus* hath forsook her?
Iul. I thinke she doth: and that's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing faire?
Iul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is;
 When she did thinke my Master lou'd her well;
 She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you:
 But since she did neglect her looking-glasse,
 And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away,
 The ayre hath staru'd the roses in her cheekes,
 And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
 That now she is become as blacke as Iron.
Sil. How tall was she?
Iul. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*,
 When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
 Our youth got me to play the womans part,
 And I was trim'd in Madam *Iulias* gowne,
 Which seru'd me as fit, by all mens iudgements,
 As if the garment had bin made for me:
 Therefore I know she is about my height,
 And at that time I made her weepe a good,

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Theseus* periury, and vnjust flight;
Which I so liuely acted with my teares:
That my poore Mistis moued therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.
Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left;
I weep my selfe to thinke vpon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purse; I giue thee this (well.
For thy sweet Mistis sake, because thou lou'it her. Fare-
Iul. And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her.
I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistis loue so much.
Alas, how loue can trifle with it selfe:
Here is her Picture: let me see, I thinke
If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as louely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.
Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*;
If that be all the difference in his loue,
He get me such a coulour'd Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respectiue in my selfe?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
For 'tis thy riual: O thou fencelesse forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kil'd, low'd, and ador'd;
And were there fence in his Idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy steed.
He vs'd me so: or else by *Ioue*, I vow,
I should haue scratch'd out your vnseeing eyes,
To make my Master out of loue with thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Eglamour*, *Silvia*.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the westerne skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That *Silvia*, at Fryer *Patrick's* Cell should meet me,
She will not faile; for Louers breake not houres,
Vnlesse it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes: Lady a happy euening!
Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamour*)
Our at the Posterne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by some Spies.
Egl. Feare not: the Forreist is not three leagues off,
If we recover that, we are sure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Thurio*, *Prothelus*, *Iulia*, *Duke*.*Th.* Sir *Prothelus*, what saies *Silvia* to my suit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What? that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little. (det.
Thu. He weare a Boote, to make it somewhat roun-
Pro. But loue will not be spurd to what it loathes.
Thu. What saies she to my face?
Pro. She saies it is a faire one.
Thu. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.
Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.
Thu. 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of loue and peace.
Iul. But better indeede, when you hold you peace.
Thu. What saies she to my valour?
Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Iul. She needs not, when she knowes it cowardize.
Thu. What saies she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well seru'd.
Iul. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.
Thu. Considers she my Possessions?
Pro. Oh, I: and pitties them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Iul. That such an Ass should owe them.
Pro. That they are out by Lease.
Iul. Here comes the Duke.
Thu. How now sit *Prothelus*; how now *Thurio*?
Which of you saw *Eglamour* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Du. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Du. Why then

She's fled vnto that peizant, *Valentine*;
And *Eglamour* is in her Company:
'Tis true: for Fryer *Lawrence* met them both
As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forrest:
Him he knew well: and guess'd that it was she,
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Besides she did intend Confession
At *Patrick's* Cell this euen, and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meete with me
Vpon the rising of the Mountaine foote
That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled:
Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.
Thu. Why this it is, to be a peeuish Gidle,
That flies her fortune when it followes her:
He after; more to be reueng'd on *Eglamour*,
Then for the loue of reek-lesse *Silvia*.
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* loue,
Then hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.
Iul. And I will follow, more to crosse that loue.
Then hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Silvia, *Omnes*.*1. Out.* Come, come be patient:

We must bring you to our Captaine.
Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.
2. Out. Come, bring her away.
1. Out. Where is the Gentleman that was with her?
3. Out. Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.
But *Moyser* and *Valerius* follow him:
Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,
There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape.
1. Out. Come, I must bring you to our Captains caue,
Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,
And will not vse a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Valentine*, *Prothelus*, *Silvia*, *Iulia*, *Duke*, *Thurio*,
Omnes.

Val. How vs'd doth breed a habit in a man?
This shadowy desert, vnfrequented woods
I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes;
Here can I sit alone, vn-scene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,
Leaue not the Mansion so long Tenantlesse,
Left growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leaue no memory of what it was,
Repaire me, with thy presence, *Silvia*:
Thou gentle Nimph, cherishe thy for-lorne swaine.
What hallowing, and what stir is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Haue some vnhappy passenger in chace;
They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe
To keepe them from vnciuill outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?
Pro. Madam, this seruice I haue done for you
(Though you respect not aught your seruant doth)
To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,
Vouchsafe me for my need, but one faire looke:
(A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And lesse then this, I am sure you cannot giue.)

Val. How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare:
Loue, lend me patience to forbear a while.
Sil. O miserable, vnhappy that I am,
Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
But by my comming, I haue made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.
Iul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I bene ceazed by a hungry Lion,
I would haue bene a break-fast to the Beast,
Rather then haue false *Prothelus* reskue me:
Oh heauen be iudge how I loue *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe detest false periur'd *Prothelus*:
Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death
Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:
Oh 'tis the curse in Loue, and still approu'd

When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd.
Sil. When *Prothelus* cannot loue, where he's belou'd:
Read ouer *Iulia's* heart, (thy first best Loue)
For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,
Descended into periury, to loue me,
Thou hast no faith left now, vnlesse thou'dst two,
And that's farre worse then none: better haue none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.

Pro. In Loue,
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but *Prothelus*.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of mouing words
Can no way change you to a milder forme;
He wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And loue you 'gainst the nature of Loue: force ye.
Sil. Oh heauen.
Pro. He force thee yeeld to my desire.
Val. *Ruffian*: let goe that rude vnciuill touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.
Pro. *Valentine*.

Val. Thou comon friend, that's without faith or loue,
For such is a friend now: treacherous man,
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could haue perswaded me: now I dare not say
I haue one friend aliuie; thou wouldst disproue me:
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
Is periured to the bosome? *Prothelus*
I am sorry I must neuer trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
The priuate wound is deepest: oh time, most accurst:
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?
Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me:
Forgiue me *Valentine*: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,
I tender't heere: I doe as truely suffer,
As ere I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once againe, I doe receiue thee honest;
Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heauen, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:
By Penitence th'Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in *Silvia*, I giue thee.

Iul. Oh me vnhappy.
Pro. Look to the Boy.
Val. Why, Boy?
Why wag: how now? what's the matter? look vp: speak.
Iul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliuer a ring
to Madam *Silvia*: & (out of my neglect) was neuer done.
Pro. Where is that ring? boy?
Iul. Heere 'tis: this is it.
Pro. How? let me see.

Why this is the ring I gaue to *Iulia*.
Iul. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I haue mistooke:
This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.
Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart
I gaue this vnto *Iulia*.
Iul. And *Iulia* her selfe did giue it me,
And *Iulia* her selfe hath brought it hither.
Pro. How? *Iulia*?
Iul. Behold her, that gaue ayme to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with periury cleft the roote?
Oh *Prothelus*, let this habit make thee blush.

Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,
Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue
In a disguise of loue?
It is the lesser blot modesty findes,
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.

Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heuen, were man
But Constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th' sins;
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:

What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Julia's*, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pittie two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wish for euer.
Jul. And I mine.

Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.

Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thur. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thurio* giue backe; or else embrace thy death:

Come not within the measure of my wrath:

Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once againe,

Verona shall not hold thee: heere the fowls,

Take but possession of her, with a Touch:

I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.

Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:

I hold him but a foole that will endanger

His Body, for a Gidle that loues him not:

I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou

To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,

And leaue her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empreffe loue:

Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,

Plead a new state in thy vn-rual'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,

Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,

Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deseru'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace, y gift hath made me happy.

Inow beseech you (for your daughters sake)

To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:

Forgiue them what they haue committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their Exile:

They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,

And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thou hast preuaild, I pardon them and thee:

Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.

Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,

With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold

With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.

What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)

Duke. I thinke the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.

Duke. What meane you by that saying?

Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:

Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare

The story of your Loues discouered.

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,

One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to *Silvia*.

Valentine: } the two Gentlemen.

Protheus: }

Antonio: father to *Protheus*.

Thurio: a foolish riuall to *Valentine*.

Eglamour: Agent for *Silvia* in her escape.

Host: where *Julia* lodges.

Out-laws: with *Valentine*.

Speed: a clownish seruant to *Valentine*.

Launce: the like to *Protheus*.

Panthion: seruant to *Antonio*.

Julia: beloued of *Protheus*.

Silvia: beloued of *Valentine*.

Luccetta: waighting woman to *Julia*.

FINIS.

THE

THE Merry Wives of Windsor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Euans, Master
Page, Falstaffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page,
Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple.*

Shallow.

Sir Hugh, perswade me not: I will make a Star-
Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir
John Falstoffs, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow*
(*Coram.*)
Esquire.

Slender. In the County of *Glocester*, Iustice of Peace and
Shal. I (*Cofen Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

Slender. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne
(*Master Parson*) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any
Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time these three
hundred yeeres.

Slender. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't:
and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may; they
may giue the dozen white Lucies in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowfes doe become an old
Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to
man, and signifies Loue.

Shal. The Lufe is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old
Coate.

Slender. I may quarter (*Coz*).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. It is marring indeed, if he quartet it.

Shal. Nor a whit.

Euans. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat,
there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple con-
iectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falstaffe* haue

committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church
and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonce-
ments and compromises betweene you.

Shal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euans. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there
is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you)
shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a
Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o my life, if I were yong againe, the sword
should end it.

Euans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end
it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which
peradventure prings goot discretions with it. There is
Anne Page, which is daughter to *Master Thomas Page*,
which is pretty virginity.

Slender. *Mistresse Anne Page*? she has browne haire, and
speakes small like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as iust as
you will desire, and seuen hundred pounds of Moneyes,
and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-fire vpon his death-
bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull resurrection) giue, when
she is able to ouertake seuentene yeeres old. It were a
goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and
desire a marriage betweene *Master Abraham*, and *Mistris*
Anne Page.

Slender. Did her Grand-fire leaue her seauen hundred
pound?

Euans. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slender. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good
gits.

Euans. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is
goot gits.

Shal. Wel, let vs see honest *Mr Page*: is *Falstaffe* there?

Euans. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lye, as I
doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not
true: the Knight Sir *John* is there, and I beseech you be
ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for *Mr*.

Page. What hoa? Got-plese your house heere.

Mr. Page. Who's there?

Euans. Here is got's plesing and your friend, and Iu-
stice *Shallow*, and heere yong *Master Slender*: that perad-
ventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to
your likings.

Mr. Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I
thanke you for my Venison *Master Shallow*.

Shal. *Master Page*, I am glad to see you: much good
doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it
was ill killd: how doth good *Mistresse Page*? and I thank
you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

M. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

M. Pa. I am glad to see you, good *Master Slender*.

Slender. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard
say he was out-run on *Cotfall*.

M. Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir.

Slender. You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:
'tis a good dogge.

M. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there
be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *John Falstaffe*
heere?

M. Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a
good office betweene you.

Euans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (*Master Page*).

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (*M. Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: belecue me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire, saith he is wronged.

Ma. Pa. Here comes Sir *John*.

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kill'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait, I haue done all this: That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Councell shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

En. Pauca uerba; (*Sir John*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you against me?

Slen. Marry sir, I haue matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching Raicalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

Bar. You Banbery Cheefe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; *pauca pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, *Cofen*?

Ena. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderstand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderstand; that is, Master *Page* (fidelicet Master *Page*), & there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host of the Gater.

Ma. Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Enan. Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. *Pistol*.

Pist. He heares with eares.

Enan. The Teuill and his Tam: what phraze is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affections.

Fal. *Pistol*, did you picke *M. Slenders* purse?

Slen. I, by these gloues did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of seauen groates in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* Shouelboords, that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of *Tead Miller*: by these gloues.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistol*?

Enan. No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *John*, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy *labras* here; word of deniall; froth, and feum thou lieft.

Slen. By these gloues, then 'twas he.

Nym. Beaus'd sir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an asse.

Fal. What say you *Scarlet*, and *John*?

Bar. Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his five sentences.

En. It is his five fences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being sap, sir, was (as they say) casheerd: and so conclusions past the Car-cires.

Slen. I, you spake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunke whilst I liue againe, but in honest, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with those that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Enan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde, *Fal.* You heare all these matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

Ma. Pa. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Mistris *Anne Page*.

Ma. Pa. How now Mistris *Ford*?

Fal. Mistris *Ford*, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leaue good Mistris.

Ma. Pa. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Venison patty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindnesse.

Slen. I had rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you bene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon *Alhallowmas* last, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*.

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we stay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you vnderstand me?

Slen. I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but vnderstand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Enan. Giue eare to his motions; (*Mr. Slender*) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* saies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iustice of Peace in his Countrie, simple though I stand here.

Enan. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

En. Marry is it: the very point of it, to *Mr. An Page*.

Slen. Why if it be so; I will marry her vpon any reasonable demands.

En. But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore precisely, ca you carry your good wil to y maid?

Sh. Co'sen *Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

Slen. I hope sir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason.

En. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake possitable, if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must:

Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your request (*Cofen*) in any reason.

Shal. Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (sweet Coz): what I doe is to pleasure you (*Coz*): can you loue the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (*Sir*) at your request; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decrease it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occasion to know one another: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say marry-her, I will marry-her, that I am freely dissolued, and dissolately.

En. It

En. It is a fery disfection-answer; saue the fall is in the ord, dissolately: the ord is (according to our meaning) resolutely: his meaning is good.

Sh. I: I thinke my *Cofen* meant well.

Sl. I, or else I would I might be hang'd (la.)

Sh. Here comes faire Mistris *Anne*; would I were yong for your sake, Mistris *Anne*.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your worships company.

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Mistris *Anne*.)

En. Od's plessed-wil: I wil not be abseece at the grace.

An. Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you forsooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth: goe, *Sirha*, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my *Cofen Shallow*: a Iustice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I liue like a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Sl. I faith, I eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you Sir walke in.

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I brui'd my shinth'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three veneyes for a dish of stew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meate since. Why doe your dogs barke so? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I loue the sport well, but I shall as soone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you see the Beare loose, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now: I haue seene *Sacker* loose, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women haue so eride and shrekt at it, that it past: But women indeede, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

Ma. Pa. Come, gentle *M. Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma. Pa. By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir: come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma. Pa. Come on, Sir.

Sl. Mistris *Anne*: your selfe shall goe first.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Sl. Truly I will not goe first: truly-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. Ile rather be vnmanly, then troublesome: you doe your selfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Enan, and Simple.

En. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Cain* house, which is the way; and there dwells one Mistris *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer.

Si. Well Sir.

En. Nay, it is petter yet: giue her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogethers acquaintace with Mistris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to foli-cite your Masters desires, to Mistris *Anne Page*: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's *Pip-pins* and Cheefe to come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistol, Page.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter?

Ho. What saies my Bully Rooke? speake schollerly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly mine Host; I must turne away some of my followers.

Ho. Discard, (bully *Hercules*) casheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Cesar*, *Keiser* and *Pheazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he shall draw; he shall rap; and I well (bully *Heclor*?)

Fa. Doe so (good mine Host).

Ho. I haue spoke: let him follow: let me see thee froth, and liue: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. *Bardolfe*, follow him: a *Tapster* is a good trade: an old Cloake, makes a new Ierkin: a wither'd Seruing-man, a fresh Tapster: goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I haue desir'd: I will thrue.

Pist. O bafe hungarian wight: wilt y the spigot wield. *Ni.* He was gotten in drinkis not the humor co'ceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open: his filching was like an vnskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.

Pist. Conuay: the wise it call: Stealer? soh: a fico for the phraze.

Fal. Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles.

Pist. Why then let Kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

Pist. Yong Rauens must haue foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Pistol*: (Indeede I am in the waste two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift) briefly: I doe meane to make loue to *Ford's* wife: I spie entertainment in her: three discourfes: three carues: she giues the leere of inuitation: I can construe the action of her famillier stile; & the hardest voice of her behavior (to be english'd rightly) is, *I am Sir John Falstaff*.

Pist. He hath studied her will; and translated her will: out of honesty, into English.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purse: he hath a legend of Angels.

Pist. As many diuels entertaine: and to her Boy say I.

Ni. The humor rises: it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes too; examin'd my parts with most iudicious illiads: sometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote: sometimes my portly belly.

D 3

Pist.

Pist. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O she did so course o're my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to scorch me vp like a burning-glasse: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purse too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe, beare thou this Letter to Mistris *Page*; and thou this to Mistris *Ford*: we will thrine (Lads) we will thrine.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become, And by my side weare Steele? then *Lucifer* take all.

Ni. I will run no bafe humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the hauior of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you these Letters tightly, Saile like my *Pinnaffe* to these golden shores. Rogues, hence, auant, vanish like haile-stones; goe, Trudge, plod away ith' hoofe: seeke shelter, packe: *Falstaffe* will learne the honor of the age, French-thrift, you Rogues, my selfe, and skirred *Page*.

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore, Tester ile haue in pouch when thou shalt lacke, Bafe *Phrygian* Turke.

Ni. I haue operations,

Which be humors of reuenge.

Pist. Wilt thou reuenge?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.

Pist. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, I.

I will discusse the humour of this Loue to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke vnfold

How *Falstaffe* (varlet vile).

His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Ni. My humour shall not coole: I will incense *Ford* to deale with poyson: I will possesse him with yallow-nesse, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mara* of *Malecontents*: I second thee: troope on. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Mistris *Quickly*, *Simple*, *John Rugby*, *Doctor Caius*, *Fenton*.

Qu. What, *John Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Casket, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor *Caius* comming: if he doe (I faith) and finde any body in the house; here will be an old abusing of Gods patience, and the Kings English.

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll haue a posser for'soone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as euer seruant shall come in house withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breede-bate: his worst fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is something peeuisht that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that passe. *Peter Simple*, you say your name is?

Si. I: for fault of a better.

Qu. And Master *Slender*'s your Master?

Si. I forsooth.

Qu. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers pairing-knife?

Si. No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Caine colourd Beard.

Qu. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betwene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How say you: oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold vp his head (as it were) and strut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

Qu. Well, heauen send *Anne Page*, no worse fortune: Tell Master *Parson Emans*, I will doe what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wish—

Ru. Out alas: here comes my Master.

Qu. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Closet: he will not stay long: what *John Rugby*? *John*: what *John* I say? goe *John*, goe enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: (and downe, downe, adowne a.)

Ca. Var is you sing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Closet, ynboytene verd; a Box, a Greene-a-Box: do intend var I speake? a Greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forsooth ile fetch it you:

I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the yong man he would haue bin horne-mad.

Ca. *Es se se se, mai foy, il fait for ebando, le man voi a le Court la grand affaire.*

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. *Ony mette le au mon pocket, de-peeck quickly:*

Vere is dat knaue *Rugby*?

Qu. What *John Rugby*, *John*?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jacks Rugby*: Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: *que nyis oublié*: dere is some Simples in my Closet, dar I will not for the varld I shall leaue behinde.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.

Ca. O *Diable, Diable*: vat is in my Closet?

Villanie, La-roone: *Rugby*, my Rapier, mo—

Qu. Good Master be content.

Ca. Wherefore shall I be content—a?

Qu. The yong man is an honest man.

Ca. What shall de honest man do in my Closet: dere is no honest man dar shall come in my Closet, I—

Qu. I beseech you be not so flegmaticke: heere the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from *Parson Hugh*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forsooth: to desire her to—

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale.

Si. To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid) to speake a good word to Mistris *Anne Page*, for my Master in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indeede-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not.

Ca. Sit *Hugh* send-a-you? *Rugby*, ballow mee some paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

Qu. I

Qui. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin throughly moued, you should haue heard him so loud, and so melancholly: but notwithstanding man, Ile doe yoe your Master what good I can: and the very yea, & the no is, French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his house; and I wash, ting, brew, bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a-uis'd o' that? you shall finde it a great charge; and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your eare, I would haue no words of it) my Master himselfe is in loue with Mistris *Anne Page*: but notwithstanding that I know *Anns* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Caius. You, lack 'Nape: giue-a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a challenge: I will cut his throat in de Parke, and I will teach a curuy lack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make: — you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two stones: by gar, he shall not haue a stone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas: he speakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I shall haue *Anne Page* for my selfe? by gar, I will kill de lack-Priest: and I haue appointed mine Host of de larteer to measure our weapon: by gar, I wil my selfe haue *Anne Page*.

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all shall bee well: We must giue folkes leaue to prate: what the good-ier.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I haue not *Anne Page*, I shall turne your head out of my dore: follow my heeles, *Rugby*.

Qui. You shall haue *An*-fooles head of your owne: No, I know *Anns* mind for that: neuer a woman in *Windsor* knowes more of *Anns* minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen.

Fenton. Who's with in there, ho?

Qui. Who's there, I troa? Come neere the house I pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how dost thou?

Qui. The better that it pleases your good Worship to aske?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Mistris *Anne*?

Qui. In truth Sir, and shee is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heauen for it.

Fen. Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loofe my suit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands about: but notwithstanding (Master *Fenton*) Ile besworne on a booke shee loues you: haue not your Worship a wart aboute your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another *Nay*: (but (I decest) an honest maid as euer broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart: I shall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) shee is giuen too much to Allicholy and musing: but for you — well — goe too —

Fen. Well: I shall see her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou seeest her before me, commend me.

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now.

Qui. Fare-well to your Worship: truly an honest Gentleman: but *Anne* loues him not: for I know *Anns* minde as well as another do's: out vpon't: what haue I forgot. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mistris *Page*, Mistris *Ford*, Master *Page*, Master *Ford*, *Pittoll*, *Nim*, *Quickly*, *Holt*, *Shallow*.

Mis. Page. What, haue scap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beaurty, and am I now a subiect for them? let me see?

*Aske me no reason why I loue you, for though Loue vse Reason for his precision, hee admits him not for his (own) sailour: you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there's sympathie: you are merry, so am I: ha, ha, then there's more sympathie: you loue sacke, and so do I: would you desire better sympathie? Let it suffice thee (Mistris *Page*) at the least if the Loue of Souldier can suffice, that I loue thee: I will not say pittie mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phrase; but I say, loue me:*

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:

Or any kinde of light, with all his might,

For thee to fight. *John Falstaffe.*

What a *Herod of Iurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To shew himselfe a yong Gallant? What an vnwaied Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with The *Deuills* name) out of my conuerfation, that he dares In this manner assay me? why, hee hath not bene thrice In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee:) why Ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men: how shall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be? as fure as his guts are made of puddings.

Mis. Ford. Mistris *Page*, trust me, I was going to your house.

Mis. Page. And trust me, I was comming to you: you looke very ill.

Mis. Ford. Nay, Ile nere beleeeue that; I haue to shew to the contrary.

Mis. Page. Faith but you doe in my minde.

Mis. Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O Mistris *Page*, giue mee some counsaile.

Mis. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mis. Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mis. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour: what is it? dispende with trifles: what is it?

Mis. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or so: I could be knighted.

Mis. Page. What thou liest? Sir *Alice Ford*? these Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Mis. Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read: perceiue how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the worke of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet hee would not sweare: praise

praise womens modesty: and gaue such orderly and well-behaued reproofe to al vncomelinesse, that I would haue sworne his disposition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Psalms to the tune of Greensleeues: What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) ashore at Windsor? How shall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust haue melted him in his owne greace: Did you euer heare the like?

Mis. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherite first, for I protest mine neuer shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye vnder Mount *Pelion*: Well; I will find you twentie lascinious Turtles ere one chaste man.

Mis. Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: the very words: what doth he thinke of vs?

Mis. Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine owne honesty: He entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sure vnlesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would neuer haue boarded me in this furie.

Mis. Ford. Boording, call you it? Hee bee sure to keepe him aboute decke.

Mis. Page. So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches, He neuer to Sea againe: Let's bee reueng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: giue him a show of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mis. Ford. Nay, I wil consent to act any villany against him, that may not fully the charinesse of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would giue eternall food to his ieaousie.

Mis. Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from ieaousie, as I am from giuing him cause, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurable distance.

Mis. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mis. Page. Let's consult together against this greasie Knight: Come hither.

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail-dog in some affaires:

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor, both young and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loues the Gally-mawtry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Loue my wife?

Pist. With liuer, burning hot: preuent:

Or goe thou like Sir *Alceon* he, with

Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Pist. The horne I say: Farewell:

Take heed, haue open eye, for thees doe foot by night,

Take heed, ere somer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away sir Corporall *Nim*:

Beleeue it (*Page*) he speakes sence.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I should haue borne the humor'd Letter to her: but I haue a sword: and it shall bite vpon my necessitie: he loues your wife: There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*: I speak, and I auouch: 'tis true: my name is *Nim*: and *Falstaff* loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the humor of bread and cheefe: adieu.

Page. The humor of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seeke out *Falstaff*.

Page. I neuer heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not beleeue such a *Cataian*, though the Priest o' th' Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now *Meg*?

Mis. Page. Whether goe you (*George*)? harke you.

Mis. Ford. How now (*Sweet-Frank*) why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:

Get you home: goe.

Mis. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head, Now: will you goe, *Mistress Page*?

Mis. Page. Haue with you: you'll come to dinner *George*? Looke who comes yonder: shce shall bee our Messenger to this paltrie Knight.

Mis. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: shce'll fit it.

Mis. Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

Qui. I forsooth: and I pray how do's good *Mistress Anne*?

Mis. Page. Go in with vs and see: we haue an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Master *Ford*?

Ford. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em slaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoke of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of seruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the beter for that, Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him; and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Host of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when hee lookes so merrily: How now mine Host?

Host. How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Cauceiro Iustice, I say.

Shal. I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good-even, and twenty (good Master *Page*.) Master *Page*, wil you go with vs? we haue sport in hand.

Host. Tell him Cauceiro-Iustice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Hugh* the Welch Priest, and *Caine* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good

Ford. Good mine Host o' th' Garter: a word with you.

Host. What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue mee) I heare the Parson is no Iester: harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight, my guest-Cauceiro?

Shal. None, I protest: but He giue you a pottle of burn'd sacke, to giue me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Brome*: onely for a iest.

Host. My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt haue egress and regress, (said I well?) and thy name shall be *Brome*. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine Host.

Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut sir: I could haue told you more: In these times you stand on distances: your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Master *Page*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I haue scene the time, with my long-sword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes.

Host. Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?

Page. Haue with you: I had rather heare them scold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wiues frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily: he was in his company at *Page*'s house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I wil looke further into't, and I haue a disguise, to sound *Falstaff*; if I finde her honesty, I loose not my labor: if she be other-wife, 'tis labour well bestowed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Falstaff*, *Pistol*, *Robin*, *Quickly*, *Bardolfe*, *Ford*.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I haue bene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreues for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when *Mistress Briger* lost the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fiftene pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkst thou He endanger my soule, gratis? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a short knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Picket-batch*: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you rogue? you stand vpon your honor: why, (thou vnconfinable balensse) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honor precise: I, I, my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on

the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am faine to shuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-sconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountain-lookes, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating-oathes, vnder the shelter of your honor: you will not doe it? you?

Pist. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would speake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Giue your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not so, and't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. He be sworn,

As my mother was the first houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleeue the swearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouch-safe your worship a word, or two?

Fal. Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one *Mistresse Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my selfe dwell with M. Doctor *Caine*:

Fal. Well, on; *Mistresse Ford*, you say.

Qui. Your worship saies very true: I pray your worship come a little neerer this waies.

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they so? heauen-bleffe them, and make them his Seruants.

Fal. Well; *Mistresse Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; shce's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton: well: heauen forgieue you, and all of vs, I pray—

Fal. *Mistresse Ford*: come, *Mistresse Ford*.

Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you haue brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull: the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windsor*) could neuer haue brought her to such a Canarie: yet there has bene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly: all Muske, and so rushing, I warrant you, in silke and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and suger of the best, and the fairest, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my selfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her so much as sippe on a cup with the proudest of them all, and yet there has bene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pensioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what saies shee to mee? be briefe my good shce-*Mercurie*.

Qui. Marry, she hath receiud your Letter: for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she giues you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betweene ten and eleuen.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Qui. I, forsooth: and then you may come and see the picture (she sayes) that you wot of: Master *Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: hee's a very ieaousie-man; she leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Woman

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you say well: But I haue another messenger to your worship: Mistresse Page hath her heartie commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your care, shee's as fatuous a ciuill modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere bee the other: and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is fel-dome from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman so doate vpon a man; surely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I haue no other charmes.

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has *Ford's* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

Qui. That were a left indeed: they haue not so little grace I hope, that were a trick indeed: But *Mistress Page* would desire you to fend her your little *Page* of al lous: her husband has a maruellous infection to the little *Page*: and truly *Master Page* is an honest man: neuer a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life then shee do's: doe what shee will, say what shee will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when shee list, rise when shee list, all is as shee will: and truly shee deserues it; for if there be a kinde women in *Windsor*, she is one: you must fend her your *Page*, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qui. Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both: and in any case haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer neede to vnderstand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes: olde folkes you know, haue discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Farethee well, commend mee to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debter: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes distracts me.

Pist. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers, Clap on more failes, pursue: vp with your fights: Giue fire: shee is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

Fal. Saist thou so (old *Lacke*) go thy waies: He make more of thy olde body then I haue done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee: let them say 'tis grossely done, so it bee fairly done, no matter.

Bar. Sir *Iohn*, there's one *Master Broome* below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. *Broome* is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: such *Broomes* are welcome to mee, that ore-flowes such liquor: ah ha, *Mistress Ford* and *Mistress Page*, haue I encompass'd you? goe to, *via*.

Ford. 'Blesse you sir.

Fal. And you sir: would you speake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation vpon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue spent much, my name is *Broome*.

Fal. Good *Master Broome*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *Iohn*, I lue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you vnderstand, I thinke my selfe in

better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this vnseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money goe before, all waies doclye open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere trou- bles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *Iohn*) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserue to bee your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will giue mee the hea- ring.

Fal. Speake (good *Master Broome*) I shall be glad to be your Seruant.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer so good means as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discouer a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir *Iohn*) as you haue one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reproofe the easier, fith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I haue long lou'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating obseruance: Ingress'd opportunities to meete her: see'd euery slight occasion that could but nigardly giue mee sight of her: not only bought many presents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what shee would haue giuen: briefly, I haue pursu'd her, as *Loue* hath pursu'd mee, which hath bene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I haue receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a Jewell, that I haue purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,

*"Loue like a shadow flies, when substance *Loue* pursues,
"Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."*

Fal. Haue you receiued no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Haue you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I haue lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to me?

Ford. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all:

Some say, that though she appeare honest to mee, yet in other places shee enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir *Iohn*) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I haue, onely giue

me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* wife: vse your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enioy? Methinks you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously.

Ford. O, vnderstand my drift: she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present it selfe: shee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embarraild against me: what say you too't, Sir *Iohn*?

Fal. *Master Broome*, I will first make bold with your money: next, giue mee your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enioy *Ford's* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *Iohn*) you shall want none.

Fal. Want no *Mistress Ford* (*Master Broome*) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, euen as you came in to me, her assistant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleuen: for at that time the iugalious-knaue her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speepl.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They say the iugalious-wittolly-knaue hath masses of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well-fauoured: I will vse her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might auoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanically: salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits: I will awe him with my cud-gell: it shall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: *Master Broome*, thou shalt know, I will predominate ouer the pezzant, and thou shalt lye with his wife: Come to me soone at night: *Ford's* a knaue, and I will aggravate his stile: thou (*Master Broome*) shalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night.

Ford. What a damnd Epicurian-Rascal is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who saies this is improuident ialousie; my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man haue thought this? see the hell of hauing a false woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ranlack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I shall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but stand vnder the adoption of abominable termes; and by him that does mee this wrong: Termes, names: *Amatimon* sounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbasen*, well: yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold, the Diuell himselfe hath not such a name. *Page* is an Ass, a secure Ass; hee will trust his wife, hee will not be ialous: I will rather trust a *Flaming* with my butter, *Parson Hugh* the *Welsh* man with my Cheefe, an *Irish* man with my Aqua-vitæ bottle, or a *Theefe* to wake my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then shee plots, then shee rumi-

uates, then shee deuises: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my ialousie: eleuen o' clocke the howre, I will prevent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a my-nute too late: sic, sic, sic: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Cain*, *Rugby*, *Page*, *Shallow*, *Slender*, *Hof*.

Cain. *Lacke Rugby*.

Rug. Sir.

Cain. Vat is the clocke, *Lack*.

Rug. 'Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has saue his soule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (*Lack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. Hee is wife Sir: hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herding is no dead, so as I will kill him: take your Rapier, (*Lacke*) I will tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas sir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare: hee's company.

Hof. Blesse thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Saue you Mr. Doctor *Cain*.

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor.

Slender. Giue you good-morrow, sir.

Cain. Vat be all you one, two, tree, foure, come for?

Hof. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee trauele, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee passe thy puncke, thy flock, thy reuerse, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha Bully? what saies my *Eustapian*? my *Galen*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-lack-Priest of de world: he is not show his face.

Hof. Thou art a Castalion-king-Vrinal: *Hector* of *Greece* (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witness, that me haue stay, fixe or seuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiser man (Mr. Doctor) hee is a curer of soules, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you goe against the haire of your professions: is it not true, *Master Page*?

Page. *Master Shallow*; you haue your selfe bene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins Mr. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though wee are Iustices, and Doctors, and Church-men (Mr. *Page*) wee haue some salt of our youth in vs, we are the sons of women (Mr. *Page*).

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so (Mr. *Page*): Mr. Doctor *Cain*: I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace, you haue shew'd your selfe a wife Physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath showne himselfe a wife and patient Church-man: you must goe with me, Mr. Doctor.

Hof. Par-

Hof. Pardon, Guest-Justice; a Mounseur Mock-water.

Cai. Mock-water? vat is dat?

Hof. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-water as de Englishman: scuruy-lack-dog-Priest: by gar, mee vill cut his eares.

Hof. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hof. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

Hof. And I will prouoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hof. And moreover, (Bully) but first, Mr. Ghueft, and M. Page, & eeke Caualiero Slender, goe you through the Towne to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Hof. He is there, see what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M. Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a lack-an-Ape to Anne Page.

Hof. Let him die: smatch thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through Frogmore, I will bring thee where Mistris Anne Page is, at a Farm-house a Feasting: and thou shalt wooc he 't: Cride-game, said I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue you: and I shall procure a you de good Guest: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hof. For the which, I will be thy aduersary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: well said.

Hof. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, Iack Rugby.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Enans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof, Caius, Rugby.

Enans. I pray you now, good Master Slenders seruing-man, and friend Simple by your name; which way haue you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himselfe Doctor of Phisicke.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: every way: olde Windsor way, and every way but the Towne-way.

Enans. I most fehemently desire you, you will also looke that way.

Sim. I will sir.

Enans. Plesse my soule; how full of Chollors I am, and tremping of minde: I shall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues costard, when I haue good oportunities for the orke: Plesse my soule: To shallow Rivers to whose falls: melodious Birds sing Madrigalls: There will we make our Beds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shallow: Mercie on mee, I haue a great disposition to cry.

Melodious birds sing Madrigalls: — When as I sit in Babylon: and a thousand vagrant Posies. To shallow, &c.

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Enans. Hee's welcome: To shallow Rivers, to whose falls: Heauen prosper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr. Shallow, and another Gentleman; from Frogmore, ouer the stile, this way.

Enans. Pray you giue mee my gowne, or else keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Master Parson? good morrow good Sir Hugh: keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slender. Ah sweet Anne Page.

Page. Saue you, good Sir Hugh.

Enans. Plesse you from his mercy-sake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?

Doe you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rumaticke day?

Enans. There is reasons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parson.

Enans. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you saw.

Shal. I haue liued foure-score yeeeres, and vpward: I neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Enans. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor Caius the renowned French Physician.

Enans. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a messe of porridge.

Page. Why?

Enans. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen, and hee is a knaue besides: a cowardly knaue, as you would desire to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Slender. O sweet Anne Page.

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them a sunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hof. Disarme them, and let them question: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Cai. I pray you let a mee speake a word with your care; wherefore vill you not meet a me?

Enans. Pray you vse your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de lack dog: Iohn Ape.

Enans. Pray you let vs not be laughing-stocks to other mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinall about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diabls: Iack Rugby: mine Hof de Iarteer: haue I not stay for him, to kill him? haue I not at deplace I did appoint?

Enans. As I am a Christians-soule, now looke you: this is the place appointed. He bee iudgement by mine Hof de the Garter.

Hof. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaule, French & Walch, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellent.

Hof. Peace, I say: heare mine Hof of the Garter,

Am I politioke? Am I subtile? Am I a Machiuell?

Shal. I loose my Doctor? No, hee giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parson? my Priest?

my Sir Hugh? No, he giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbs. Giue me thy hand (Celestiall) so: Boyes of Art, I haue decei'd you both: I haue directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinneres are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue: Come, lay their

swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Hof: fellow Gentlemen, follow.

Slender. O sweet Anne Page.

Cai. Ha'do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-fot of vs, ha, ha?

Enans. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-stog: I desire you that we may be friends: and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this fame scall-scuruy-cogging-companion the Hof of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is Anne Page: by gar he deceiue me too.

Enans. Well, I will tuite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof, Enans, Caius.

Mist. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarf. (Courtier.)

M. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a Ford. Well met mistris Page, whether go you.

M. Pa. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name?

Rob. Sir Iohn Falstaffe. (sirrah?)

Ford. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

M. Pa. He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is such a league betwene my Goodman, and he: is your Wife at home indeed?

M. Pa. By your leave sir, I am sicke till I see her.

Ford. Has Page any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no vse of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: hee peeces out his wiues inclination: he giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now she's going to my wife, & Falstaffes boy with her: A man may heare this showre sing in the winde; and Falstaffes boy with her: good plots, they are laide; and our reuolted wiues share damnation together. Well, I will eake him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so-fecming Mist. Page, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and

wilfull Alison, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry ayme. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde Falstaffe: I shall be rather prais'd for this, then mock'd, for it is as possitiue, as the earth is firme, that Falstaffe is there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met M. Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my selfe M. Ford.

Slender. And so must I Sir,

We haue appointed to dine with Mistris Anne, And I would not breake with her for more mony. Then Ile speake of.

Shal. We haue linger'd about a match betwene Anne Page, and my cozen Slender, and this day wee shall haue our answer.

Slender. I hope I haue your good will Father Page.

Page. You haue Mr. Slender, I stand wholly for you, But my wife (M. Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-me: my nursh-a-Quickly tell me so much.

Hof. What say you to yong Mr. Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verses, hee speakes holliday, he smels April and May, he will carry 't, he will carry 't, 'tis in his buttions, he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no hauing, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and Pointz: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, hee shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substaunce: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I haue waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall haue sport, I will shew you a monster: M. Doctor, you shal go, so shall you Mr. Page, and you Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: We shall haue the freer woiing at Mr. Pagers.

Cai. Go home Iohn Rugby, I come anon.

Hof. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight Falstaffe, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with him, Ile make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to see this Monster. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter M. Ford, M. Page, Seruants, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Enans.

Mist. Ford. What Iohn, what Robert.

M. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket—

Mist. Ford. I warrant. What Robin I say.

Mist. Page. Come, come, come.

Mist. Ford. Heere, let it downe.

M. Pa. Giue your men the charge, we must be brieue,

M. Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (Iohn & Robert) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, & when I so dainly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: y done, trudge with it in all hast, and carry it among the Whitsters in Dorebet Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, close by the Thames side.

M. Page. You will do it? (direction.)

M. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no Be

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

M. Page. Here comes little Robin. (with you?)

Mist. Ford. How now my Eyas-Musker, what newes

Rob. My M. Sir John is come in at your backe doore

(*Mist. Ford.* and requests your company.

M. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs

Rob. I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerslasting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne me away.

Mist. Pag. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. Ile go hide me.

Mist. Ford. Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: *Mist. Page.* remember you your Qu.

Mist. Pag. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hisse me.

Mist. Ford. Go-too then: we'll vse this vnhollsome humidity, this grosse-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heavenly Iewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blessed houre.

Mist. Ford. O sweet Sir John.

Fal. *Mist. Ford.* I cannot cog, I cannot prate (*Mist. Ford.* now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile speake it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mist. Ford. I your Lady Sir John? Alas, I should bee a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Mist. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir John:

My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semicircled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mist. Ford. Beleue me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that persuade thee. There's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-manie of these lipping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in simple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deseru'st it.

M. Ford. Do not betray me sir, I fear you loue M. Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

Mist. Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you, And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deserue it.

Mist. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe; Or else I could not be in that minde.

Rob. *Mist. Ford.* *Mist. Ford.* heere's *Mist. Page* at the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speake with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me, I will ensconce mee behinde the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you do so, she's a very tatling woman, Whats the matter? How now?

Mist. Page. O *mist. Ford* what haue you done?

You'r sham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good *mist. Page*?

M. Page. O weladay, *mist. Ford*, haue an honest man to your husband, to giue him such cause of suspicion.

M. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

M. Page. What cause of suspicion? Out vpon you:

How am I mistooke in you?

M. Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

M. Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman)

with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentleman, that he sayes is heere now in the house; by your consent to take an ill aduantage of his absence: you are vndone.

M. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

M. Page. Pray heauen it be not so, that you haue such a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to serch for such a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend heere, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

M. Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame so much, as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the house.

M. Page. For shame, neuer stand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of some conueyance: in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you decei'd me? Look, heere is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet-Meade*.

M. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't: Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.

M. Page. What Sir John *Falstaffe*? Are these your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile neuer—

M. Page. Helpe to couer your master (Boy:) Call your men (*Mist. Ford.*) You dissembling Knight.

M. Ford. What *Johns Robert, John*; Go, take vp these cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-staffer? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in *Datchet mead*: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come nere if I suspect without cause, Why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest, I deserue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landresse forsooth?

M. Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Bucke? I would I could wash my selfe of Bucke Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke, And of the season too; it shall appeare.

Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant we'll vnkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now vacape.

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented: shal I follow you wrong your selfe too much.

Ford. True (master *Page*) vp Gentlemen, enter hallo

You shall see sport anon: Follow

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Fenton*, *Anne*, *Page*, *Shallow*, *Slender*, *Quickly*, *Page*, *Mist. Page*.

Fen. I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue,

Therefore no more turne me to him (Sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou must be thy selfe,

He doth obiect, I am too great of birth,

And that my state being gall'd with my expence,

I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth.

Besides these, other barres he layes before me,

My Riots past, my wilde Societies,

And tels me 'tis a thing impossible

I should loue thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tels you true.

No, heauen so speed me in my time to come,

Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth

Was the first motive that I woo'd thee (*Anne*.)

Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew

Then stampes in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges:

And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,

That now I ayne at.

An. Gentle M. *Fenton*,

Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seeke it sir,

If opportunity and humblest suite

Cannot attaine it, why then haue you hither.

Shal. Breake their talke *Mist. Quickly*,

My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.

Shen. He make a shaft or a bolt on't, tis but ventu-

Shal. Be not dismaid. (ring.)

Shen. No, she shall not dismaid me:

I care not for that, but that I am affraid.

Qui. Hark ye, M. *Slender* would speake a word with you

An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:

O what a world of vilde ill-famour'd faults

Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

Qui. And how do's good Master *Fenton*?

Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:

O boy, thou hadst a father.

Shen. I had a father (*M. An*) my vncke can tel you good

iests of him: pray you vncke tel *Mist. Anne* the iest how

my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good vncke.

Shal. *Mist. Anne*, my Cozen loues you.

Shen. I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Glo-

cestershire.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Shen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the

degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds

ioynture.

Anne. Good Maister *Shallow* let him woo for him-

selfe.

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for

that good comfort: shee calys you (*Coz*) Ile leaue you.

Anne. Now Maister *Slender*.

Shen. Now good *Mist. Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Shen. My will? Odd's-hart-linge, that's a prettie

iest indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Hea-

uen:) I am not such a sickely creature, I giue Heauen

praise.

Anne. I meane (M. Slender) what wold you with me?
 Slen. Truly, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my vnckle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

Page. Now M^r Slender; Loue him daughter Anne.
 Why how now? What does M^r Fenton here?
 You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.
 I told you Sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fen. Nay M^r Page, be not impatient.
 M^{ist} Page. Good M^r Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.
 Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M^r Fenton.
 Come M^r Slender; Come sonne Slender, in;
 Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M^r Fenton.)

Qui. Speake to M^{ist} Page.
 Fen. Good M^{ist} Page, for that I loue your daughter
 In such a righteous fashion as I do,
 Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
 I must aduance the colours of my loue,
 And not retire. Let me haue your good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.
 M^{ist} Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.

Qui. That's my master, M^r Doctor.
 An. Alas I had rather be fer quick ith earth,
 And bowld to death with Turnips.

M^{ist} Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M^r Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
 My daughter will I question how she loues you,
 And as I finde her, so am I affected:
 Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,
 Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle M^{ist}ris: farewell Nan.
 Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, faide I, will you
 cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Physician:
 Looke on M^r Fenton, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,
 Giue my sweet Nan this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qui. Now heauen send thee good fortune, a kinde
 heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & wa-
 ter for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maister
 had M^{ist}ris Anne, or I would M^r Slender had her; or (in
 sooth) I would M^r Fenton had her; I will do what I can
 for them all three, for so I haue promised, and Ile bee as
 good as my word, but specially for M^r Fenton. Well, I
 must of another errand to Sir Iohn Falstaffe from my two
 M^{ist}resses: what a beast am I to slacke it. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolfe I say.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a rost in't.
 Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of
 butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel,
 if I be seru'd such another tricke, Ile haue my braines
 'rane out and butter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a
 New-yeares gift. The rogues slighted me into the riuer
 with as little remorse, as they would haue drown'de a

blinde bitches Puppies, fiftene ith litter: and you may
 know by my size, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in sink-
 ing: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I shold downe.
 I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was sheluy and
 shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water sweltes a
 man; and what a thing should I haue beene, when I
 had beene swel'd? I should haue beene a Mountaine of
 Mummie.

Bar. Here's M^r Quickly Sir to speake with you.
 Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack to the Thames
 water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snow.
 water, for pilles to coole the reins. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.
 Qui. By your leaue: I cry you mercy?

Give your worship good morrow.
 Fal. Take away these Challices:
 Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bar. With Egges, Sir?
 Fal. Simple of it selfe: Ile no Puller-Sperme in my
 brewage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M^r Ford.
 Fal. M^{ist} Ford? I haue had Ford enough: I was thrown
 into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her
 fault: she do's so take on with her men; they mistooke
 their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish Woman.
 Qui. Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yem
 your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a
 birding; she desires you once more to come to her, be-
 tweene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly,
 she'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bidde her
 thinke what a man is: Let her consider his frailty, and
 then iudge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Betweene nine and ten saist thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of M^r Broome: he sent me
 word to stay within: I like his money well.
 Oh, heere be comes.

Ford. Blesse you Sir.

Fal. Now M^r Broome, you come to know
 What hath past betweene me, and Ford's wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir Iohn) is my businesse.

Fal. M^r Broome I will not lye to you,
 I was at her house the houre she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. very ill-fauouredly M^r Broome.

Ford. How so sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No (M^r Broome) but the peaking Curmuto her hus-
 band (M^r Broome) dwelling in a continual larum of ielou-
 sie, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had
 embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the prologue
 of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his compa-
 nions, thither prouoked and infligated by his dissemper,
 and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wiues Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would haue it,
 comes in one M^{ist} Page, giues intelligence of Ford's ap-
 proch: and in her inuention, and Ford's wiues distraction,
 they conuoy'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule
 Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie
 Napkins, that (Master Broome) there was the rankest
 compound of villanous smell, that euer offended no-
 strill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Master Broome) what I
 haue sufferd, to bring this woman to euill, for your
 good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of
 Ford's knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Mi-
 stris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to
 Datchet-lane: they tooke me on their shoulders: met
 the ialous knaue their Master in the doore; who
 ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Bas-
 ket? I quak'd for feare least the Lunatique Knaue
 would haue search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should
 be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for
 a search, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But
 marke the sequell (Master Broome) I sufferd the pangs
 of three seuerall deaths: First, an intollerable fright,
 to be detected with a ialous rotten Bell-weather:
 Next to be compas'd like a good Bilbo in the circum-
 ference of a Peecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And
 then to be stopt in like a strong distillation with stink-
 ing Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease:
 thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that,
 that am as subiect to heate as butter; a man of conti-
 nuall dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape
 suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I
 was more then halfe stew'd in grease (like a Dutch-
 dish) to be throwne into the Thames, and
 coold, glowing-hot, in that serge like a Horse-
 shoo; thinke of that; hissing hot: thinke of that (Master
 Broome.)

Ford. In good sadnesse Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake
 you haue sufferd all this.

My suite then is desperate: You'll vndertake her no
 more?

Fal. Master Broome: I will be throwne into Etna,
 as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus;
 her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I
 haue receiued from her another ambassie of mee-
 ting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Master
 Broome.)

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then adresse mee to my appoint-
 ment: Come to mee at your conuenient leisure, and
 you shall know how I speede: and the conclusion
 shall be crown'd with your enioying her: adieu: you
 shall haue her (Master Broome) Master Broome, you shall
 cuckold Ford.

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dreame?
 doe I sleepe? Master Ford awake, awake Master Ford:
 ther's a hole made in your best coate (Master Ford) this
 'tis to be married: this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck-
 baskers: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am:
 I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee
 cannot scape me: 'tis impossible hee should: hee can-
 not creepe into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-
 Boxe: But least the Diuell that guides him, should
 aide him, I will search impossible places: though
 what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to be what I would
 not, shall not make me tame: If I haue hornes, to make
 one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me, Ile be horn-
 mad.

Exeunt

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter M^{ist}ris Page, Quickly, William, Evans.

M^{ist} Page. Is he at M^r Ford's already think'st thou?
 Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but
 truly he is very couragious mad, about his throwing
 into the water. M^{ist}ris Ford desires you to come so-
 dainely.

M^{ist} Page. Ile be with her by and by: Ile but bring
 my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Master
 comes; 'tis a playing day I see: how now Sir Hugh, no
 Schoole to day?

Eua. No: Master Slender is let the Boyes leaue to play.
 Qui. Blessing of his heart.

M^{ist} Page. Sir Hugh, my husband saies my sonne pro-
 fits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske
 him some questions in his Accidence.

Eua. Come hither William; hold vp your head; come.

M^{ist} Page. Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; an-
 swere your Master, be not afraid.

Eua. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truly, I thought there had bin one Number
 more, because they say od's-Nownes.

Eua. Peace, your tatlings. What is (Faide) William?

Will. Pulcher.

Qui. Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcats,
 sure.

Eua. You are a very simplicity o'man: I pray you
 peace. What is (Lapis) William?

Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a Stone (William)?

Will. A Peeble.

Eua. No; it is Lapis: I pray you remember in your
 praine.

Will. Lapis.

Eua. That is a good William: what is he (William) that
 do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun; and be
 thus declined. Singulariter nominatio hic, haec, hoc.

Eua. Nominatio hic, haec, hoc: pray you marke: geni-
 tino huius: Well: what is your Accusatio case?

Will. Accusatio hinc.

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) Ac-
 cusatio hinc, haec, hoc.

Qui. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eua. Leauce your prables (o'man) What is the Foca-
 tione case (William)?

Will. O, Vocatio, O.

Eua. Remember William, Focatio, is caret.

Qui. And that's a good roote.

Eua. O'man, forbearce.

M^{ist} Page. Peace.

Eua. What is your Genitive case plur all (William)?

Will. Genitive case?

Eua. I.

Will. Genitive horum, harum, horum.

Qui. Vengeance of Ginyes case; fie on her; neuer
 name her (childe) if she be a whore.

Eua. For shame o'man.

Qui. You doe ill to teach the childe such words: hee
 teaches him to hic, and to haec; which they'll doe fast
 enough of themselves, and to call horum; fie vpon you.

E 3

Eua. O'man

Euans. O'man, art thou Lunatic? Hast thou no vnderstandings for thy Cafes, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mis. Page. Pre thee hold thy peace.

Eu. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forsooth, I haue forgot.

Eu. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Quies*, and your *Quods*, you must be preaches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M. Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

Eu. He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel *Mis. Page*.

Mis. Page. Adieu good Sir Hugh:

Get you home boy, Come we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Mist. Ford, Mis. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans, Shallow.

Fal. *Mis. Ford*, Your sorrow hath eaten vp my suffrance; I see you are obsequious in your loue, and I professe requitall to a baires bredth, not onely *Mist. Ford*, in the simple office of loue, but in all the accustrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. Ford. Hee's a birding (*sweet Sir John*.)

Mis. Page. What hoa, gossip *Ford*: what hoa.

Mis. Ford. Step into th' chamber, Sir *John*.

Mis. Page. How now (*sweet heart*) whose at home besides your selfe?

Mis. Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Mis. Page. Indeed?

Mis. Ford. No certainly: Speake louder.

Mis. Pag. Truly, I am so glad you haue no body here.

Mis. Ford. Why?

Mis. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so railes against all married mankind; so curses all *Euans* daughters, of what complexion soeuer; and so buffettes himselfe on the forehead: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, seem'd but tame-nesse, ciuility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Mis. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Mis. Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was carried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket: Protests to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspition: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now he shall see his owne foolerie.

Mis. Ford. How neere is he *Mist. Page*?

Mis. Pag. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mis. Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Mis. Page. Why then you are vterly sham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better shame, then murder.

Mis. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, he come no more i'th Basket:

May I not go out ere he come?

Mis. Page. Alas: three of *M. Ford*'s brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

Fal. What shall I do? He creepe vp into the chimney.

Mis. Ford. There they alwaies vse to discharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mis. Ford. He will seeke there on my word: Neyther Presse, Coffet, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. He go out then.

Mis. Ford. If you goe out in your owne semblance, you die *Sir John*, vnlesse you go out disguis'd.

Mis. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mis. Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no wo-mans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, deuise something: any extremitie, rather then a mischief.

Mis. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne aboute.

Mis. Page. On my word it will serue him: shee's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp *Sir John*.

Mis. Ford. Go, go, sweet *Sir John*: *Mist. Page* and I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mis. Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'll come dresse you straight: put on the gowne the while.

Mis. Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he sweares she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beate her.

Mis. Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cud-gell: and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Mis. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mis. Page. In good sadnesse he is, and talkes of the basket too, how soeuer he hath had intelligence.

Mis. Ford. Wee'll try that: for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did last time.

Mis. Page. Nay, but hee'll be heere presently: let's go dresse him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mis. Ford. He first direct direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, he bring linnen for him straight.

Mis. Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet,

We cannot misuse enough:

We'll leaue a prooffe by that which we will doe,

Wines may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not acte that often, left, and laugh,

'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Mis. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you set it downe, obey him; quickly, dispatch.

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it vp.

2 *Ser.* Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had lief as beare so much lead.

Ford. I, but if it proue true (*M. Page*) haue you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe, a conspiracie against me: Now shall the diuell be sham'd, What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what honest

nest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes *M. Ford*: you are not to goe loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed *M. Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither *Mist. Ford*, *Mist. Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the ieaious foole to her husband: I suspect without cause (*Mist. Ford*) do I?

Mis. Ford. Heauen be my witness you doe, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said *Brazon-face*, hold it out: Come forth *Sirrah*.

Page. This passes.

Mis. Ford. Are you not asham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I shall finde you anon.

Euans. 'Tis vnreasonable; will you take vp your wines clothes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I say.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my house I am sure he is: my Intelligence is true, my ieaiousie is reasonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Mis. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shall. By my fidelity this is not well *M. Ford*: This wrongs you.

Euans. *M. Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is ieaiousies.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I seeke for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to search my house this one time: I find not what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-sport: Let them say of me, as ieaious as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wines Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more serch with me.

M. Ford. What hoa (*Mist. Page*), come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Haue I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's brought to passe vnder the profession of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th' Figure, & such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say.

Mis. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him strike the old woman.

Mis. Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your hand.

Ford. He *Prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poultar, you Runnion, out, out: He coniure you, He fortune-tell you.

Mis. Page. Are you not asham'd?

I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Mis. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Euans. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I spie a great peard vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow: see but the issue of my ieaiousie: If I cry out thus vpon no traile, neuer trust me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:

Come Gentlemen.

Mis. Page. Trust me he beate him most pittifully.

Mis. Ford. Nay by th' Masse that he did not: he beate him most vn-pittifully, me thought.

Mis. Page. He haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious seruice.

Mis. Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further reuenge?

M. Page. The spirit of wantonnesse is sure scar'd out of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waste, attempt vs againe.

Mis. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue seru'd him?

Mis. Page. Yes, by all means: if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vn-uerctuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, wee two will still bee the ministers.

Mis. Ford. He warrant, they'll haue him publiclyly sham'd, and me thinks there would be no period to the iest, should he not be publiclyly sham'd.

Mis. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it: I would not haue things coole. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane desires to haue three of your horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let mee speake with the Gentlemen, they speake English?

Bar. I Sir? He call him to you.

Host. They shall haue my horses, but he make them pay: He sauce them, they haue had my houses a week at command: I haue turn'd away my other guests, they must come off, he sauce them, come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, and Euans.

Euans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as euer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?

Mis. Page. VVithin a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what y' wilt: I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold, Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor stand

(In

(In him that was of late an Heretike)
As firme as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wives
Yet once againe (to make vs publike sport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of.
Page. How? to send him word they'll meete him in
the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll neuer come.

En. You say he has bin throwne in the Riuer: and
has bin greuously peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinks
there should be terrors in him, that he should not come:
Me-thinks his flesh is punish'd, hee shall haue no de-
sires.

Page. So thinke I too.

M. Ford. Deuise but how you'll vse him whē he comes,
And let vs two deuise to bring him thither.

Mist. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the
Hunter (sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forrest)
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight
Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes,
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine
In a most hideous and dreadfull manner.
You haue heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed-Eld
Receiu'd, and did deliuer to our age
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
In deepe of night to walke by this *Hernes* Oake:
But what of this?

Mist. Ford. Marry this is our deuise,
That *Falstaffe* at that Oake shall meete with vs.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape, when you haue brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mist. Pa. That likewise haue we thought vpon: & thus:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little sonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'll dresse
Like *Vrchins*, *Ouphes*, and *Fairies*, greene and white,
With roundes of waxen Tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; vpon a fodaine,
As *Falstaffe*, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: Vpon their sight
We two, in great amazednesse will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the vnclane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread
In shape prophane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed *Fairies* pinch him, sound,
And burne him with their Tapers.

Mist. Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all present our selues; dis-horne the spirit,
And mocke him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll neuer doe't.

Ena. I will teach the children their behauiours: and I
will be like a *Iacke-an-Apes* also, to burne the Knight
with my Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent,
He go buy them vizards.

Mist. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queene of all the
Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That filke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall *M. Slender* steale my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*: go, send to *Falstaffe* straight.

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of *Broome*,
Hee'll tell me all his purpose: sure hee'll come.

Mist. Page. Feare not you that: Go get vs properties
And tricking for our *Fayries*.

Enans. Let vs about it,
It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaueries.

Mist. Page. Go Mist. Ford,
Send quickly to Sir *Iohn*, to know his minde:
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*:
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Ideot:
And he, my husband best of all affects:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he shall haue her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to craue her.

Scena Quinta.

Enter *Hofst*, *Simple*, *Falstaffe*, *Bardolfe*, *Enans*,
Caius, *Quickly*.

Hofst. What wouldst thou haue? (Boore) what? (chick
skin) speake, breathe, discusse: breefe, short, quicke,
snap.

Simple. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir *Iohn Fal-*
staffe from *M. Slender*.

Hofst. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle,
his standing-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about
with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new: go, knock
and call: hee'll speake like an *Anthrophaginian* vnto
thee: Knocke I say.

Simple. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp
into his chamber: Ile be so bold as stay Sir till she come
downe: I come to speake with her indeed.

Hofst. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd:
Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *Iohn*: speake from thy
Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Hofst, thine
Ephesian cals.

Fal. How now, mine Hofst?

Hofst. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming
downe of thy fat-woman: Let her descend (Bully) let
her descend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priua-
cy? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Hofst) an old-fat-woman euen
now with me, but she's gone.

Simple. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wife-woman of
Brainsford?

Fal. I marry was it (Mussel-shell) what would you
with her?

Simple. My Master (Sir) my master *Slender*, sent to her
seeing her go thorough the streets, to know (Sir) whe-
ther one *Nan* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the
chaine, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simple. And what sayes she, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry shee sayes, that the very same man that
beguil'd Master *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.

Simple. I would I could haue spoken with the Woman
her

her selfe, I had other things to haue spoken with her
too; from him.

Fal. What are they? let vs know.

Hofst. I: come: quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Hofst. Conceale them, or thou di'st.

Simple. Why sir, they were nothing but about *Mistris*
Anne Page, to know if it were my Masters fortune to
haue her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis 'tis his fortune.

Simple. What Sir?

Fal. To haue her, or no: goe; say the woman told
me so.

Simple. May I be bold to say so Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Simple. I thanke your worship: I shall make my Master
glad with these tydings.

Hofst. Thou art clearkly: thou art clearkly (Sir *Iohn*)
was there a wife woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine Hofst) one that hath taught
me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life: and
I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my lear-
ning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Hofst. Where be my horses? speake well of them var-
letto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for so soone as
I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off, from behinde
one of them, in a slough of myre; and set spurres, and
away; like three *Germane*-diuels; three *Doctor Fan-*
staffes.

Hofst. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine)
doe not say they be fled: *Germanes* are honest men.

Enan. Where is mine Hofst?

Hofst. What is the matter Sir?

Enan. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a
friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three
Cozen-Iermans, that has cozend all the Hofst of *Readins*,
of *Maidenhead*; of *Cole-brooke*, of horses and money: I
tell you for good will (looke you) you are wise, and full
of gibes, and vlouing-stocks: and 'tis not conuenient
you should be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver's mine Hofst de larteeze?

Hofst. Here (Master *Doctor*) in perplexitie, and doubt-
full dilemma.

Cai. I cannot tell var is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat
you make grand preparation for a Duke of *Lamanie*: by
my trot: der is no Duke that the Court is know, to
come: I tell you for good will: adieu.

Hofst. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: assist me Knight, I
am vndone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vn-
done.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond, for I
haue beene cozond and beaten too: if it should come
to the care of the Court, how I haue beene transformed;
and how my transformation hath beene washd, and
cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by
drop, and liquor *Fispermens*-boots with me: I warrant
they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as
crest-falne as a dride-peare: I neuer prosper'd, since I
forwore my selfe at *Primero*: well, if my winde were
but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come
you?

Qui. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the
other: and so they shall be both bestow'd; Thaua suf-

fer'd more for their sakes; more then the villanous in-
constancy of mans disposition is able to beare.

Qui. And haue not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; spe-
cially one of them; *Mistris Ford* (good heart) is beaten
blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about
her.

Fal. What tell'st thou mee of blacke, and blew? I
was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Raine-
bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch
of *Braineford*, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit,
my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd
me, the knaue Constable had set me ith' Stocks, ith' com-
mon Stocks, for a Witch.

Qui. Sir: let me speake with you in your Chamber,
you shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your
content: here is a Letter will say somewhat: (good-
hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure,
one of you do's not serue heauen well, that you are so
cross'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter *Fenton*, *Hofst*.

Hofst. Master *Fenton*, talke not to mee, my minde is
heauy: I will giue ouer all.

Fen. Yet heare me speake: assist me in my purpose,
And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then your losse.

Hofst. I will heare you (Master *Fenton*) and I will (at
the least) keepe your counsell.

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you
With the deare loue I beare to faire *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chooser)
Euen to my wish; I haue a letter from her
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter,
That neither (singly) can be manifested
Without the shew of both: for *Falstaffe*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the iest
Ile show you here at large (harke good mine Hofst):
To night at *Hernes-Oke*, iust 'twixt twelue and one,
Must my sweet *Nan* present the *Faerie-Queene*:
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise
VWhile other Iests are something ranke on soore,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*
Immediately to Marry: She hath consented: Now Sir,
Her Mother, (euen strong against that match
And firme for *Doctor Caius*) hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffe her away,
While other sports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the *Deary*, where a *Priest* attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She seemingly obedient) likewise hath
Made promise to the Doctor: Now, thus it rests,
Her Father meanes she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when *Slender* sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intended
(The better to deuote her to the Doctor;
For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)

That

That quaint in Greene, she shall be loose en-roab'd,
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen content to go with him.

Hof. Which means she to deceiue? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Hof) to go along with me:
And heere it reits, that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Hof. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound to thee;
Besides, Ile make a present recompence.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Falstoffs, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more prating: go, Ile hold, this is
the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers:
Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in odde Numbers,
either in natiuity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can
to get you a paire of hornes.

Fal. Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head &
mince. How now M. Broome? Master Broome, the mat-
ter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the
Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall
see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told
me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Master Broome) as you see, like a
poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master Broome)
like a poore-old-woman; that same knaue (Ford hir hus-
band) hath the finest mad diuell of ieaousie in him (Mas-
ter Broome) that euer gouern'd Frenchie. I will tell you,
he beate me greuously, in the shape of a woman; (for in
the shape of Man (Master Broome) I feare) not Goliath
with a Weauers beame, because I know also, life is a
Shuttle I am in halt, go along with mee, Ile tell you all
(Master Broome:) since I pluckt Geese, plaide Trewant,
and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till
lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this
knaue Ford, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I
will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, strange
things in hand (M. Broome) follow.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle ditch,
till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember fou Slen-
der, my

Slen. I forsooth, I haue spoke with her, & we haue
a may-word, how to know one another. I come to her
in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that

we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needes either your
Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well
enough. It hath strooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will be-
come it wel: Heaven prosper our sport. No man means
euill but the deuill, and we shal know him by his hornes.
Lets away: follow me.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Caius.

Mist. Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when
you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her
to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into
the Parke: we two must go together.

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

Mist. Page. Fare you well (Sir:) my husband will not
reioyce so much at the abuse of Falstaffe, as he will chafe
at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no mat-
ter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-
breake.

Mist. Ford. Where is Nan now? and her troop of Fair-
ies? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

Mist. Page. They are all couch'd in a pitchard by Hernes
Oake, with obscur'd Lights: which at the very instant
of Falstaffe and our meeting, they will at once display to
the night.

Mist. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mist. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If
he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Mist. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Mist. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them, do no treachery.

Mist. Ford. The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the
Oake.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your
parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and
when I giue the watch-ords, do as I bid you: Come,
come, trib, trib.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Evans,
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,
Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistoll.

Fal. The Wind-for-bell hath stroke twelue: the Mi-
nute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods assist me:
Remember loue, thou was't a Bull for thy Europa, Loue
set on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in some res-
pects makes a Beast a Man: in som other, a Man a beast.
You were also (Lupiter) a Swan, for the loue of Leda: O
omnipotent

omnipotent

omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the com-
plexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a
beast, (O loue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault,
in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Loue) a fowle-
fault. When Gods haue hot backs, what shall poore
men do? For me, I am heere a Windfor Stagge, and the
fastest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time
(Loue) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who
comes heere? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir Iohn: Art thou there (my Deere?)
My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie
raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-
sleeues, haile-kissing Constits, and snow Eriugoes: Let
there come a tempest of prouocation, I will shelter mee
heere.

M. Ford. Mist. Page is come with me (sweet hart.)
Fal. Diuide me like a bribd-Bucke, each a Haunch:
I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the
fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your
husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like Herne
the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience,
he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noise?

M. Ford. Heaven forgie our finnes.

Fal. What should this be?

M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the duell will not haue me damn'd,
Least the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire;
He would neuer else crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, Greene, and white,
You Moone-shine reuelers, and shades of night,

You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,

Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pist. Elues, list your names: Silence you aiery toyes.
Cricketer, to Windfor-chimnies shalt thou leape;

Where fires thou find'st vnrak'd, and hearths vnwept,
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,

Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,
Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes must cie.

Ev. Wher's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said,

Raife vp the Organs of her fantasie,

Sleepe she as sound as carelesse infancie,

But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins,

Pinch them armes, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, & shins.

Qui. About, about:

Search Windfor Castle (Elues) within, and out,
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery sacred roome,

That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,
In state as wholsome, as in state 'tis sit,

Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it,
The seuerall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre

With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre,
Each faire Infalment, Coate, and scur'all Crest,

With loyall Blazon, euermore be blest.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing

Like to the Garters-Compasse, in a ring,
Th'expressure that it beares: Greene let it be,

Mote fertile-fresh then all the Field to see:
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write

In Emroid-tusses, Flowres purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroderie,

Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies vse Flowres for their characterie,

Away, disperse: But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke

Of Herne the Hunter, let vs not forget. (set:

Evans. Pray you lock hand in hand: your selues in order
And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.

But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.
Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,

Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheefe.
Pist. Wilde worme, thou wast ore-look'd euen in thy

birth.
Qui. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end;

If he be chaste, the flame will backe descend
And turne him to no paine: but if he start,

It is the flesh of a corrupted hart.
Pist. A triall, come.

Evans. Come: will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.
About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull rime,

And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on sinnefull phantase: Fie on Lust, and Luxurie:
Lust is but a bloody fire, kindled with vnchaste desire,

Fed in heart whose flames assure,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,

Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-shine be out.

Page. Nay do not flye, I thinke we haue watcht you
now: VVill none but Herne the Hunter serue your
turne?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the iest no higher.
Now (good Sir Iohn) how like you Windfor wines?

See you these husband? Do not these faire yokes
Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now?
Mr Broome, Falstaffe a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue,

Heere are his hornes Master Broome:
And Master Broome, he hath enioyed nothing of Fords,

but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of
money, which must be paid to Mr Broome, his horses are
arrested for it, Mr Broome.

M. Ford. Sir Iohn, we haue had ill lucke: wee could
neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe,

but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Affe.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are ex-
tant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not

Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine
surprize of my powers, droue the grossenesse of the fop-
pery into a recei'd beleefe, in despight of the teeth of

all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now
how wit may be made a Iacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill
employment.

Evans. Sir Iohn Falstaffe, serue Got, and leaue your
desires, and Fairies will not pinfe you.

Ford. VVell said Fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leaue you your ieaousies too, I pray
you.

Ford.

Ford. I will neuer mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to preuent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haue a Coxcombe of Prize? Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of roasted Cheefe.

Em. Seefe is not good to giue putter; your belly is al putter.

Fal. Seefe, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

Mist. Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, do you thinke though wee would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Mist. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entailles?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the start of me, I am delected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flanaell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, vse me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one *M^r Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you should haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her *M^r Slender* hath married her daughter.

Mist. Page. Doctors doubt that;

If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctor *Cains* wife.

Slender. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonnes? How now? How now Sonne, haue you dispatch'd?

Slender. Dispatch'd? He make the best in' Glostershire know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what sonne?

Slender. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry *Mistress Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would haue swing'd him, or hee should haue swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had bene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slender. What neede you tell me that? I thinke so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in a womans apparrell) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly, Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter, By her garments?

Slender. I went to her in Greene, and cried Mum, and she cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters boy.

Mist. Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeede she is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is *Mistress Page*: by gar I am cozened, I ha married oon Garfool, a boy; oon peasant, by gar. A boy, it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozened.

M. Page. VVhy? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raise all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right *Anne*? *Page.* My heart misgiues me, here comes *M^r Fenton*. How now *M^r Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon *Page*. Now *Mistress*:

How chance you went not with *M^r Slender*?

M. Page. Why went you not with *M^r Doctor*, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it, You would haue married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in loue:

The truth is, she and I (long since contracted) Are now so sure that nothing can disolue vs:

Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed, And this deceit looses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or vndutious title, Since therein she doth euitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed houres

Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her. *Ford.* Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:

In Loue, the heauens themselves do guide the state, Money buyes Lands, and wiues are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a special stand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedie? *Fenton*, heauen giue thee ioy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all sorts of Deere are chac'd.

Mist. Page. Well, I will muse no further: *M^r Fenton*, Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes: Good husband, let vs euery one go home, And laugh this sport ore by a Countre fire, Sir *Iohn* and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir *Iohn*): To Master *Broome*, you yet shall hold your word, For he, to night, shall lye with *Mistress Ford*: *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

MEASURE, For Measure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

Esc. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government, the properties to vnderstande in me, affect speech & discourse.

Since I am put to know, that your owne Science Exceedes (in that) the lists of all aduice

My strength can giue you: Then no more remains But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,

And let them worke: The nature of our People, Our Cities Institutions, and the Termes

For Common Iustice, y'are as pregnant in As Art, and practise, hath enriched any

That we remember: There is our Commission, From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither, I say, bid come before vs *Angelo*:

What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare. For you must know, we haue with speciall soule

Elected him our absence to supply; Lenc him our terror, drest him with our loue,

And giuen his Deputation all the Organs Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?

Esc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth To vndergoe such ample grace, and honour,

It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Looke where he comes. *Ang.* Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,

I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. *Angelo*: There is a kinde of Character in thy life, That to th' obseruer, doth thy history

Fully vnfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings, Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste

Thy selfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee: Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torch'es doe,

Not light them for themselves: For if our vertues Did not goe forth of vs, twere all alike

As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd, But to fine issues: nor nature neuer lends

The smallest scruple of her excellence, But like a thrifty goddesse, she determines

Her selfe the glory of a creditous, Both thanks, and vs; but I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him aduertise; Hold therefore *Angelo*:

In our remouie, be thou at full, our selfe: Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*

Live in thy tongue, and heart: Old *Escalus* Though first in question, is thy secondary.

Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord

Let there be some more test, made of my mettle, Before so noble, and so great a figure

Be stamp'd vpon it.

Duke. No more euasion:

We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choise Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:

Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition, That it prefers it selfe, and leaues vnquestion'd

Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you As time, and our concernings shall importune,

How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know What doth befall you here. So fare you well:

To th' hopefull execution doe I leaue you, Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet giue leaue (my Lord.)

That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it,

Nor neede you (on mine honor) haue to doe With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,

So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes As to your soule seemes good: Giue me your hand,

Ile priuily away: I loue the people, But doe not like to stage me to their eyes:

Though it doe well, I doe not rellish well Their lowd applause, and Aues vehement:

Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heauens giue safety to your purposes.

Esc. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happiness.

Duke. I thanke you, fare you well.

Esc. I shall desire you, Sir, to giue me leaue

To haue free speech with you; and it concerns me To looke into the bottome of my place:

A powre I haue, but of what strength and nature, I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let vs with-draw together, And we may soone our satisfaction haue

Touching that point.

Esc. Ile wait vpon your honor.

Exeunt.
Scena

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.

1. Gent. Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of Hungaries.

2. Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2. Gent. Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1. Gent. Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thankf-giuing before meate, do rallish the petition well, that praises for peace.

2. Gent. I neuer heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleue thee: for I thinke thou neuer was't where Grace was said.

2. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1. Gent. What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

1. Gent. I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despite of all controuersie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despite of all Grace.

1. Gent. Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betwene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betwene the Lifts, and the Veluet. Thou art the Lift.

1. Gent. And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lyft of an English Kersey, as be pild, as thou art pild, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I liue forget to drinke after thee.

1. Gent. I think I haue done my selfe wrong, haue I not?

2. Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawd.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes. I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Roofe, As come to

2. Gent. To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2. Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. Gent. I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. Gent. Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am found.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so found, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Ciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth fiftie thousand of you all.

2. Gent. Who's that I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1. Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Iulietta with childe.

Luc. Beleue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was euer precise in promise keeping.

2. Gent. Besides you know, it draws something neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it. Exit.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the sweat, what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with you.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Clow. A Woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clow. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All howses in the Suburbs of Vienna must bee pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Clow. They shall stand for seed: they had gon down to, but that a wife Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs be puld downe?

Clow. To the ground, Mistris.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Common-wealth: what shall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you: good Counsellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster still; courage, there will bee pittie taken on you; you that haue worne your eyes almost out in the seruice, you will bee considered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw?

Clow. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Prouost to prison: and there's Madam Iuliet. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouost, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent.

Clow. Fellow, why do'st thou show me thus to th' world? Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in euill disposition,

But from Lord Angelo by speciall charge.

Claw. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)

Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight

The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will,

On whom it will not (soe) yet still 'tis iust. (strait.

Luc. Why how now Claudio? whence comes this re-

Claw. From too much liberty, (my Lucio) Liberty

As surfet is the father of much fast,

So euery Scope by the immoderate vse

Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue

Like

Like Rats that rayn downe their proper Bane
A chursty euill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could speake so wisely vnder an arrest, I would send for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief haue the foppery of freedome, as the mortality of imprisonment: what's thy offence, Claudio?

Claw. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What, is't murder?

Claw. No.

Luc. Lecherie?

Claw. Call it so!

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe.

Claw. One word, good friend:

Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred.

If they'll doe you any good: Is Lecherie so look'd after?

Claw. Thus stands it with me: vpon a true contract

I got possession of Iuliet's bed;

You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,

Saueth that we doe the denunciation lacke

Of outward Order. This we came not to,

Onely for propagation of a Dowre

Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue

Till Time had made them for vs. But it chanceth

The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment

With Character too grosse, is writ on Iuliet.

Luc. With childe, perhaps?

Claw. Vnappely, euen so.

And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,

Or whether that the body publique, be

A horse whereon the Gouernor doth ride,

Who newly in the Seate, that it may know

He can command; lets it strait feele the spur:

Whether the Tuffany be in his place,

Or in his Eminence that fills it vp

I stagger in: But this new Gouernor

Awakes me all the inrolled penalties

Which haue (like vn-cow'd Armor) hung by th' wall

So long, that ninteene Zodiacks haue gone round,

And none of them bene worne; and for a name

Now puts the drowisie and neglected Act

Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head stands so tickle on

thy shoulders, that a milke-maid, if she be in loue, may

figh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Claw. I haue done so, but hee's not to be found.

I pre'thee (Lucio) doe me this kinde seruice:

This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter,

And there receiue her approbation.

Acquaint her with the danger of my state,

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputie: bid her selfe aslay him,

I haue great hope in that: for in her youth

There is a prone and speechlesse dialect,

Such as moue men: beside, she hath prosperous Art

When she will play with reason, and discourse,

And well she can perswade.

Luc. I pray thee may; as well for the encouragement

of the like, which else would stand vnder greuous im-

position: as for the enioying of thy life, who I would be

sorry should bee thus foolishly lost, at a game of tick-

tack: Ile to her.

Claw. I thanke you good friend Lucio.

Luc. Within two howres.

Claw. Come Officer, away.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought, Beleue not that the dribbling dart of Loue Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I desire thee To giue me secret harbour, hath a purpose More graue, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speake of it?

Duk. My holy Sir, none better knows then you How I haue euer lou'd the life remoued And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies Where youth, and cost, witlesse brauery keeps, I haue deliuer'd to Lord Angelo (A man of stricture and firme abstinence) My absolute power, and place here in Vienna, And he supposes me trauaild to Poland, (For so I haue strew'd it in the common eare) And so it is receiu'd: Now (pious Sir) You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duk. We haue strict Statutes, and most biting Laws, (The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes,) Which for this foureteeene yeares, we haue let slip, Euen like an ore-growne Lyon in a Caue That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers, Hauing bound vp the threatening twigs of birch, Onely to flicke it in their childrens sight, For terror, not to vie: in time the rod More mock'd, then fear'd: so our Decrees, Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead, And libertie, plucks Iustice by the nose; The Baby beates the Nurse, and quite awhart Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace

To vnloose this tyde-vp Iustice, when you pleas'd: And it in you more dreadfull would haue seem'd Then in Lord Angelo.

Duk. I doe feare: too dreadfull:

Sith 'twas my fault, to giue the people scope, 'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them, For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done When euill deedes haue their permissiue passe, And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my father) I haue on Angelo impos'd the office,

Who may in th'ambush of my name, strike home, And yet, my nature neuer in the fight To do in slander: And to behold his sway I will, as 'were a brother of your Order,

Visit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee Supply me with the habit, and instruct me How I may formally in person beare Like a true Friar: Moe reasons for this action

At our more leysure, shall I render you; Onely, this one: Lord Angelo is precise, Stands at a guard with Enuie: scarce confesses That his blood flows: or that his appetite Is more to bread then stone: hence shall we see If power change purpose: what our Seemers be.

F 2

Scena

Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nuns.

Isa. And have you Nuns no farther priuiledges?
Nun. Are not these large enough?
Isa. Yes truly; I speake not as desiring more,
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Vpon the Sisterhood, the Votariits of Saint Clare.
Lucio within.
Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.
Isa. Who's that which calls?
Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle *Isabella*.
 Turne you the key, and know his businesse of him;
 You may; I may not: you are yet vnsworne:
 When you haue vowd, you must not speake with men,
 But in the presence of the *Prioress*;
 Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
 Or if you show your face, you must not speake:
 He calls againe: I pray you answer him.
Isa. Peace and prosperitie: who is't that calls?
Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheekes-Roses
 Proclaime you are no lesse: can you so steed me,
 As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,
 A Nouice of this place, and the faire Sister
 To her vnhappy brother *Claudius*?
Isa. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,
 The rather for I now must make you know
 I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.
Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
 Not to be weary with you; he's in prison.
Isa. Woe me; for what?
Luc. For that, which if my selfe might be his Iudge,
 He should receiue his punishment, in thanks:
 He hath got his friend with childe.
Isa. Sir, make me not your storie.
Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
 With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to isse the
 Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so:
 I hold you as a thing en-skied, and sainted,
 By your renouement, an immortall spirit
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
 As with a Saint.
Isa. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.
Luc. Doe not beleue it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,
 Your brother, and his louer haue embrac'd;
 As those that seed, grow full: as blossoming Time
 That from the seednes, the bare fallow brings
 To teeming foynon: euen so her plenteous wombe
 Expresseth his full Tilth, and husbandry.
Isa. Some one with childe by him? my cosen *Iuliet*?
Luc. Is the your cosen?
Isa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names
 By vaine, though apt affection.
Luc. She it is.
Isa. Oh, let him marry her.
Luc. This is the point.
 The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
 Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)
 In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
 By those that know the very Nerves of State,
 His giuing-out, were of an infinite distance
 From his true meant designe: vpon his place,

(And with full line of his authority)
 Gouvernes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whose blood
 Is very snow-broth: one, who neuer feels
 The wanton stings, and motions of the sence;
 But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
 With profits of the minde: Studie, and fast
 He (to giue feare to vs, and libertie,
 Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,
 As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an age,
 Vnder whose heauy sence, your brothers life
 Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
 And followes close the rigor of the Statute
 To make him an example: all hope is gone,
 Vnlesse you haue the grace, by your faire praiser
 To soften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of businesse
 'Twixt you, and your poore brother.
Isa. Doth he so,
 Seeke his life?
Luc. Has censur'd him already,
 And as I heare, the Prouost hath a warrant
 For's execution.
Isa. Alas: what poore
 Abilitie in me, to doe him good.
Luc. Alas the powre you haue.
Isa. My power? alas, I doubt.
Luc. Our doubts are traitors
 And makes vs loose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*
 And let him learne to know, when Maidens sue
 Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
 All their petitions, are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them.
Isa. Ile see what I can doe.
Luc. But speedily.
Isa. I will about it strait;
 No longer staying, but to giue the Mother
 Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:
 Commend me to my brother: soone at night
 Ile send him certaine word of my successe.
Luc. I take my leaue of you.
Isa. Good sir, adieu. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Angelo*, *Escalus*, and seruants, Iustice.

Ang. We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,
 Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,
 And let it keepe one shape, till custome make it
 Their pearche, and not their terror.
Esc. I, but yet
 Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little
 Then fall, and bruike to death: alas, this gentleman
 Whom I would saue, had a most noble father,
 Let but your honour know
 (Whom I beleue to be most strait in vertue)
 That in the working of your owne affections,
 Had time coheard with Place, or place with wishing,
 Or that the resolute acting of our blood
 Could haue attaind the effect of your owne purpose,
 Whether you had not sometime in your life
 Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,
 And puld the Law vpon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Escalus*)

Another

Another thing to fall: I not deny
 The Iury passing on the Prisoners life
 May in the sworne-twelve haue a thiefe, or two
 Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Iustice,
 That Iustice ceizes; What knows the Lawes
 That theues do passe on theues? 'Tis very pregnant,
 The Iewell that we finde, we stoape, and take't,
 Because we see it; but what we doe not see,
 We tread vpon, and neuer thinke of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence,
 For I haue had such faults; but rather tell me
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death,
 And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

Enter *Prouost*.*Esc.* Be it as your wisdome will.*Ang.* Where is the *Prouost*?*Prou.* Here if it like your honour.*Ang.* See that *Claudius*

Be executed by nine to morrow morning.

Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,

For that's the vtmost of his pilgrimage.

Esc. Well: heauen forgieue him; and forgieue vs all:

Some rise by sinne, and some by vertue fall:

Some run from brakes of Ice, and answere none,

And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter *Elbow*, *Froth*, *Clowne*, Officers.*Elb.* Come, bring them away: if these be good people

In a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vse their

abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them

away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's

the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poore DukesConstable, and my name is *Elbow*; I doe leane vpon Iu-

stice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor,

two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they?

Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what

they are: But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of,

and void of all prophanation in the world, that good

Christians ought to haue.

Esc. This comes off well: here's a wise Officer.*Ang.* Goe to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is

your name?

Why do'st thou not speake *Elbow*?*Clow.* He cannot Sir: he's out at *Elbow*.*Ang.* What are you Sir?*Elb.* He Sir: a Tapster Sir: parcell Baud: one that

serues a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say)

pluckt downe in the Suborbs: and now free professes a

hot-house; which, I thinke is a very ill house too.

Esc. How know you that?*Elb.* My wife Sir: whom I detest before heauen, and

your honour.

Esc. How? thy wife?*Elb.* I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honest wo-

man.

Esc. Do'st thou detest her therefore?*Elb.* I say Sir, I will detest my selfe also, as well as she,

that this house, if it be not a Bawds house, is pittie of her

life, for it is a naughty house.

Esc. How do'st thou know that, Constable?*Elb.* Marry Sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a wo-

man Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in forni-

cation, adultery, and all vncleanlineffe there.

Esc. By the womans meanes?*Elb.* I Sir, by Mistris *Over-dons* meanes: but as she spit

in his face, so she defide him.

Clow. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.*Elb.* Proue it before these varlets here, thou honora-

ble man, proue it.

Esc. Doe you heare how he misplaces?*Clow.* Sir, she came in great with childe: and longing

(sauiug your honors reuerence) for stewd prewys; Sir,

we had but two in the house, which at that very distant

time stood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish of some three

pence; your honours haue scene such dishes) they are not

China-dishes, but very good dishes.

Esc. Go too: go too: no matter for the dish Sir.*Clow.* No indeede Sir not of a pin; you are therein inthe right: but, to the point: As I say, this Mistris *Elbow*,

being (as I say) with childe, and being great bellied, and

longing (as I said) for prewys: and hauiug but two in

the dish (as I said) Master *Froth* here, this very man, ha-

uiug eaten the rest (as I said) & (as I say) paying for them

very honestly: for, as you know Master *Froth*, I could not

giue you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeede.*Clow.* Very well: you being then (if you be remem-

bred) cracking the stones of the forsaide prewys.

Fro. I, so I did indeede.*Clow.* Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be

remembered) that such a one, and such a one, were past

cure of the thing you wor of, vnlesse they kept very good

diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.*Clow.* Why very well then.*Esc.* Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpose:what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that hee hath cause to

complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clow. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.*Esc.* No Sir, nor I meane it not.*Clow.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honoursleau: And I beseech you, looke into Master *Froth* here

Sir, a man of foure-score pound a yeare; whose father

died at *Hallowmas*: Was't not at *Hallowmas* Master*Froth*?*Fro.* Allhallond-Eue.*Clow.* Why very well: I hope here be truthe: he Sir,

sitting (as I say) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch

of Grapes, where indeede you haue a delight to sit, haue

you not?

Fro. I haue so, because it is an open roome, and good

for winter.

Clow. Why very well then: I hope here be truthe.*Ang.* This will last out a night in *Russia*

When nights are longest there: Ile take my leau,

And leau you to the hearing of the cause;

Hoping youle finde good cause to whip them all. Exit.*Esc.* I thinke no lesse: good morrow to your Lord-ship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbowes*

wife, once more?

Clow. Once Sir: there was nothing done to her once.*Elb.* I beseech you Sir, aske him what this man did to

my wife.

Clow. I beseech your honor, aske me.*Esc.* Well Sir, what did this Gentleman to her?*Clow.* I beseech you Sir, looke in this Gentlemans face:good Master *Froth* looke vpon his honor; 'tis for a good

purpose: doth your honor marke his face?

F 3

Esc. I

Esc. I fir, very well.

Cl. Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

Esc. Well, I doe so.

Cl. Doth your honor see any harme in his face?

Esc. Why no.

Cl. Ile be suppos'd vpon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* doe the Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

Esc. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?
Elb. Fir, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is a respected woman.

Cl. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of vs all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lye'st; thou lye'st wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that thee was euer respected with man, woman, or childe.

Cl. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Esc. Which is the wiser here; *Iustice* or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked *Hannibal*; I respected with her, before I was married to her? Ifeuer I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: proue this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or ile haue mine action of battry on thee.

Esc. If he tooke you a box 'oth' eare, you might haue your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

Esc. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discouer, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courtes, till thou knowst what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Esc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Esc. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

Froth. Yes, and 't please you fir.

Esc. So: what trade are you of, fir?

Cl. A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.

Esc. Your Mistris name?

Cl. Mistris *Ouer-don*.

Esc. Hath she had any more then one husband?

Cl. Nine, fir: *Ouer-don* by the last.

Esc. Nine? come hether to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you will hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

Esc. Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster: what's your name Mr. Tapster?

Cl. Pompey.

Esc. What else?

Cl. Bum, Sir.

Esc. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sence, you are Pompey the

great; Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey; howsoeuer you colour it in being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Cl. Truly fir, I am a poore fellow that would liue.

Esc. How would you liue Pompey? by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade Pompey? is it a lawfull trade?

Cl. If the Law would allow it, fir.

Esc. But the Law will not allow it Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Cl. Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all the youth of the City?

Esc. No, Pompey.

Cl. Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too'then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds.

Esc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

Cl. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to giue out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay: if you liue to see this come to passe, say Pompey told you so.

Esc. Thanke you good Pompey; and in requitall of your prophesie, harke you: I aduise you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatsoeuer; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe Pompey, I shall beat you to your Tent, and proue a shrewd *Casus* to you: in plaine dealing Pompey, I shall haue you whipt; so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Cl. I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Iade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*

Esc. Come hether to me, Master *Elbow*: come hither Master Constable: how long haue you bin in this place of Constable?

Elb. Seuen yeere, and a halfe fir.

Esc. I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seauen yeares together.

Elb. And a halfe fir.

Esc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serue it?

Elb. Faith fir, few of any witin such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

Esc. Looke you bring mee in the names of some fixe or seuen, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worships house fir?

Esc. To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

Iust. Eleuen, Sir.

Esc. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Iust. I humbly thanke you.

Esc. It grieues me for the death of *Claudio* But there's no remedie:

Iust. Lord *Angelo* is seuerer.

Esc. It is but needfull.

Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so,

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedie.

Come Sir.

Exeunt.
Scena

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost, Seruant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight, I'll tell him of you.

Pro. Pray you doe; Ile know

His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas

He hath but as offended in a dreame,

All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he

To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Prouost*?

Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why do'st thou aske againe?

Pro. Left I might be too rash:

Vader your good correction, I haue seene

When after execution, Iudgement hath

Repented ore his doome.

Ang. Goe to; let that be mine,

Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place,

And you shall well be spar'd.

Pro. I craue your Honours pardon:

What shall be done Sir, with the groaning *Iuliet*?

Shee's very neere her howre.

Ang. Dispose of her

To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Ser. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,

Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sister?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,

And to be shortlie of a Sister-hood,

If not already.

Ang. Well: let her be admitted,

See you the Fornicatresse be remou'd,

Let her haue needfull, but not lauish meanes,

There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Pro. 'Saue your Honour.

Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your

Isab. I am a wefull Sutor to your Honour,

'Pleafe but your Honor heare me.

Ang. Well: what's your suite.

Isab. There is a vice that most I doe abhorre,

And most desire should meet the blow of Iustice;

For which I would not plead, but that I must,

For which I must not plead, but that I am

At warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

Isab. I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,

I doe beseech you let it be his fault,

And not my brother.

Pro. Heauen giue thee mouing graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,

Why euery fault's condemn'd ere it be done:

Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function

To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,

And let goe by the Actor:

Isab. Oh iust, but seuerer Law:

I had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour.

Luc. Giue't not ore so: to him againe, entreat him,

Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne,

You are too cold: if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:

To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedie.

Isab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,

And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe't.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

Isab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,

As mine is to him?

Ang. Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word

May call it againe: well, beleeue this

No ceremony that to great ones longe,

Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword,

The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe

Become them with one halfe so good a grace

As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he,

You would haue slept like him, but he like you

Would not haue beene so sterne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Isab. I would to heauen I had your potencie,

And you were *Isabell*: should it then be thus?

No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,

And what a prisoner.

Luc. I, touch him: there's the vaine.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,

And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas:

Why all the soules that were, were forfeit once,

And he that might the vantage best haue took,

Found out the remedie: how would you be,

If he, which is the top of Iudgement, should

But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,

And mercie then will breathe within your lips

Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)

It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my sonne,

It should be thus with him: he must die to morrow.

Isab. To morrow? oh, that's fodaine.

Spare him, spare him:

Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchens

We kill the fowle of season: shall we serue heauen

With lesse respect then we doe minister

To our grosse felues? good, good my Lord, bethink you;

Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?

There's many haue committed it.

Luc. I, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, though it hath slept

Those many had not dar'd to doe that euill

If the first, that did th' Edict infringe

Had answer'd for his deed: Now 'tis awake,

Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet

Lookes in a glasse that shewes what future euils

Either now, or by remission, new concei'd,

And so in progresse to be hat'd, and borne,

Are now to haue no successe in degrees,

But here they liue to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pittie.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I show Iustice;

For then I pittie those I doe not know,

Which a dismiss'd offence, would after gaule

And

And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be first that gives this sentence,
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To vse it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,
For euery pelling petty Officer
Would vse his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulphurous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Meritill: But man, proud man,
Drest in a little briefe authoritie,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glasse Essence) like an angry Ape
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
Would all themselves laugh mortall.

Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue it.

Pro. Pray heauen she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may iest with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the lesse fowle prophanation.

Luc. Thou'rt it right (Girle) more o'that.

Isab. That in the Captaine's but a chollerick word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.

Luc. Art auis'd o'that? more on't.

Ang. Why doe you put these sayings vpon me?
Isab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe
That skins the vice o'th top: goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought vpon your tongue
Against my brothers life.

Ang. Shee speaks, and 'tis such fence
That my Sence breeds with it: fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.
Isa. Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isa. I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you.
Luc. You had mar'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preferred foules,
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc. Goe to: 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heauen keepe your honour safe.
Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crosse.

Isab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time fore-noone.

Isab. Saue your Honour.

Ang. From thee: euen from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightnesse? hauing waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her fowly for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,
When Iudges steale themselves: what, doe I loue her,
That I desire to heare her speake againe?
And feast vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thy hooke: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on
To sinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Euer till now
When men were fond, I smile, and wondred how. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouost.

Duke. Haile to you, *Prouost*, so I thinke you are.

Pro. I am the Prouost: what's your will, good Frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visite the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: doe me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull.

Enter Juliet.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her owne youth,
Hath blisterd her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this.

Duke. When must he dye?

Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.

I haue prouided for you, stay a while
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?

Jul. I doe; and beare the shame most patiently.

Duke. Ile teach you how you shal araign your conscience
And try your penitence, if it be sound,

Or hollowly put on.

Jul. Ile gladly learne.

Duke. Loue you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then it seemes your most offence full act
Was mutually committed.

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heauier kinde then his.

Jul. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

Duke. 'Tis

Duke. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sin hath brought; you to this shame,
Which sorrow is alwaies toward our selues, not heauen,
Showing we would not spare heauen, as we loue it,
But as we stand in feare.

Jul. I doe repent me, as it is an euill,
And take the shame with ioy.

Duke. There rest: *Julia* must die to morrow,
Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:

Grace goe with you, *Benedicite*, *Julia* must die to morrow,
Oh inuious *Loues*!

Jul. Must die to morrow? oh inuious *Loues*!
That respites me a life, whose very comfort is wofull
Is still a dying horror.

Pro. 'Tis pittie of him.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To seuerall subiects; heauen hath my empty words,
Whilst my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell*: heauen in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling euill
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read:
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Grauitie
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiser foules
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good *Angell* on the Deuills home:
'Tis not the Deuills Crest: how now? who's there?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. One *Isabell*, a Sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauens,
Why doe's my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it selfe,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fittnesse?

So play the foolish throngs with one that soulds,
Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre
By which hee should reuiue: and euen so
The generall subiect to a wel-wisht King
Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse
Crowd to his presence, where their vn-taught loue
Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid,

Enter Isabell.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue.

Isab. Euen so: heauen keepe your Honor.

Ang. Yet may he liue a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Vnder your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you: that in his Reprieue
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That his foule sicknesse not

Ang. Ha? he, these filthy vices: It were as good

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcie sweetnes, that do coyne heauens Image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained meanes
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set downe so in heauen, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so: then I shall poze you quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most iust Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Gine vp your body to such sweet vncleannesse
As she that he hath stained?

Isab. Sir, beleeeve this.

I had rather giue my body, then my soule.

Ang. I talke not of your foule: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I say: Answer to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitic in sinne,
To saue this Brothers life?

Isab. Please you to doo't,

Ile take it as a perill to my soule,

It is no shame at all, but charitic.

Ang. Pleas'd you to doo't, at perill of your soule,
Were equall poize of sinne, and charitic.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sinne
Heauen let me beare it: you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, Ile make it my Morne-praier,
To haue it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but heare me,

Your sence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seeme so crafty; and that's not good.

Isab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appeare most bright,
When it doth taxe it selfe: As these blacke Masques
Proclaime an en-shield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could displease: But marke me,
To be receiued plaine, Ile speake more grosse:
Your Brother is to dye.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to saue his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the lesse of question) that you, his Sister,
Finding your selfe desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the Iudge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to saue him, but that either
You must lay downe the treasures of your body,
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer:
What would you doe?

Isab. As much for my poore Brother, as my selfe;

That is: were I vnder the tearmes of death,
Th'impression of keene whips, I'd weare as Rubies,
And strip my selfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing haue bin sicke for, ere I'd yeeld
My body vp to shame.

Ang. That

Ang. Then must your brother die,
Isa. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dide at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for euer.

Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you haue slander'd so?

Isa. Ignomie in ranome, and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prou'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.

Isa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
To haue, what we would haue,
We speake not what we meane:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his aduantage that I dearly loue.

Ang. We are all fraile.

Isa. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedarie but onely he
Owe, and succed thy weaknesse.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.

Isa. I, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easie broke as they make formes:
Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
For we are soft, as our complexion are;
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I thinke it well:

And from this testimonie of your owne sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stranger)
Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arrest your words. Be that you are;
That is a woman; if you be more, you're none.

If you be one (as you are well exprest
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Liuerie.

Isa. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you speake the former language.

Ang. Plainlie conceiue I loue you.

Isa. My brother did loue *Iuliet*,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not *Isabell* if you giue me loue.

Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.

Ang. Beleeue me on mine Honor,

My words expresse my purpose.

Isa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleue'd,

And most peraitious purpose: Seeming, seeming.

I will proclaime thee *Angelo*; looke for't.

Signe me a present pardon for my brother,

Or with an out-stretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleeue thee *Isabell*?

My vnsoild name, th'austerenesse of my life,

My vouch against you, and my place in't State,

Will so your accusation ouer-weigh,

That you shall stifle in your owne report,

And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,

And now I giue my sensuall race, the reine;

Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,

Lay by all niceties, and prolixious blushes

That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,

By yeelding vp thy bodie to my will,

Or else he must not onely die the death,
But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out
To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,

Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,

Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true.

Isa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,

Who would beleeue me? O perillous mouthes

I hat beare in them, one and the selfesame tongue,

Either of condemnation, or approofe,

Bidding the Law make curtisie to their will,

Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,

To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,

Though he hath false by prompture of the blood,

Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,

That had he twentie heads to tender downe

On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'd yeeld them vp,

Before his sister should her bodie stoop

To such abhord pollution.

Then *Isabell* liue chaste, and brother die;

"More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.

Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,

And fit his minde to death, for his foules rest.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Pronost.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?

Cl. The miserable haue no other medicine

But onely hope: I haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:

If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing

That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,

Seruite to all the skie-influences,

That dost this habitation where thou keepst

Hourelly afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,

For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,

And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,

For all th'accommodations that thou bearest,

Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,

For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke

Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,

And that thou oft prouokst, yet grosselie fearst

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,

For thou exist on manie a thousand graines

That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,

For what thou hast not, still thou striu'st to get,

And what thou hast forgetst. Thou art not certaine,

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,

After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,

For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;

Thou bearest thy heauie riches but a iournie,

And death vnloads thee; Friend hast thou none.

For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire

The meere effusion of thy proper loines

Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume

For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age

But as it were an after-dinners sleepe

Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth

Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes

Of palsied Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou

Thou hast neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this
That beares the name of life? Yet in this life

Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we feare

That makes these oddes, all euen.

Cl. I humblye thanke you.

To sue to liue, I finde I seeke to die,

And seeking death, finde life: Let it come on.

Enter *Isabell*.

Isa. What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good com-

panie.

Pro. Who's there? Come in, the wish deserues a

welcome.

Duke. Deere sir, ere long Ile visit you againe.

Cl. Most holie Sir, I thanke you.

Isa. My businesse is a word or two with *Claudio*.

Pro. And verie welcom: looke Signior, here's your

sister.

Duke. Prouost, a word with you.

Pro. As manie as you please.

Duke. Bring them to heare me speake, where I may be

conceal'd.

Cl. Now sister, what's the comfort?

Isa. Why,

As all comforts are: most good, most good indeede,

Lord *Angelo* hauing affaires to heauen

Intends you for his swift Ambassador,

Where you shall be an euertlasting Leiger;

Therefore your best appointment make with speed,

To Morrow you set on.

Cl. Is there no remedie?

Isa. None; but such remedie, as to saue a head

To cleaue a heart in twaine:

Cl. But is there anie?

Isa. Yes brother, you may liue;

There is a diuellish mercie in the Iudge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

But fester you till death.

Cl. Perpetuall durance?

Isa. Iust, perpetuall durance, a restraint

Through all the worlds vastitie you had

To a determin'd scope.

Cl. But in what nature?

Isa. In such a one, as you consenting too't,

Would barke your honor from that trunk you beare,

And leaue you naked.

Cl. Let me know the point.

Isa. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,

Least thou a feauorous life shouldst entertaine,

And six or seuen winters more respect

Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'st thou die?

The sentence of death is most in apprehension,

And the poore Beetle that we treade vpon

In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,

As when a Giant dies.

Cl. Why giue you me this shame?

Thinke you I can a resolution fetch

From flowrie tendernesse? If I must die,

I will encounter darknesse as a bride,

And hugge it in mine armes.

Isa. There spake my brother: there my fathers graue

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:

Thou art too noble, to conserue a life

In base appliances. This outward fainted Deputie,

Whose seild visage, and deliberate word

Nips youth in't head, and follies doth emmew

As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell:

His filth within being cast, he would appeare

A pond, as deepe as hell.

Cl. The prenzie, *Angelo*?

Isa. Oh 'tis the cunning Liuerie of hell,

The damnest bodie to inuest, and couer

In prenzie gardes; dost thou thinke *Claudio*,

If I would yeeld him my virginitie

Thou mightst be freed?

Cl. Oh heauens, it cannot be.

Isa. Yes, he would giu't thee; from this rank offence

So to offend him still. This night's the time

That I should do what I abhorre to name,

Or else thou diest to morrow.

Cl. Thou shalt not do't.

Isa. O, were it but my life,

I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance

As frankly as a pin.

Cl. Thankes deere *Isabell*.

Isa. Be readie *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Cl. Yes, Has he affections in him,

That thus can make him bite the Law by th'nose,

When he would force it? Sure it is no sinne,

Or of the deadly seuen it is the least.

Isa. Which is the least?

Cl. If it were damnable, he being so wise,

Why would he for the momentarie tricke

Be perdurable sin'de? Oh *Isabell*!

Isa. What saies my brother?

Cl. Death is a fearefull thing.

Isa. And shamed life, a hatefull.

Cl. I, but to die, and go we know not where,

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,

This sensible warme motion, to become

A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit

To bath in fierie floods, or to recide

In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,

To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes

And blowne with restless violence round about

The pendant world: or to be worse then worst

Of those, that lawlesse and incertaine thought,

Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.

The weariest, and most loathed worldly life

That Age, Ache, periury, and imprisonment

Can lay on nature, is a Paradise

To what we feare of death.

Isa. Alas, alas.

Cl. Sweet Sister, let me liue.

What sinne you do, to saue a brothers life,

Nature dispenses with the deede so farre,

That it becomes a vertue.

Isa. Oh you beaust,

Oh faithlesse Coward, oh dishonest wretch,

Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?

Is't not a kinde of Incest, to take life

From thine owne sisters shame? What should I thinke,

Heauen shield my Mother plaid my Father faire:

For such a warped slip of wildernesse

Nere issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,

Die, perish: Might but my bending downe

Repreeue thee from thy fate, it should proceede.

Ile pray a thousand praiers for thy death,

No word to saue thee.

Cl. Nay heare me *Isabell*.

Isa. Oh fie, fie, fie:

Thy sinne's not accidentall, but a Trade;

Mercie

Mercy to thee would proue it selfe a Bawd,
Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Cl. Oh heare me *Isabella*.

Duk. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you dispense with your leysure, I would by and by haue some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your owne benefit.

Isa. I haue no superfluous leysure, my stay must be stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duk. Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath past between you & your sister. *Angelo* had neuer the purpose to corrupt her; onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to practise his iudgement with the disposition of natures. She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is most glad to receiue: I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your selfe to death: do not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cl. Let me ask my sister pardon, I am to out of loue with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duk. Hold you there: farewell: *Prouost*, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you will be gone: leaue me a while with the Maid, my minde promises with my habit, no lesse shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time.

Exit.

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the soule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it euer faire: the assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath conuaid to my vnderstanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to saue your Brother?

Isa. I am now going to resolue him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my sonne should be vn-lawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiu'd in *Angelo*: if euer he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discouer his gouernment.

Duk. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will auoid your accusation: he made triall of you onelic. Therefore fasten your care on my aduising, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remedie presents it selfe. I doe make my selfe beleue that you may most vprighteously do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peraduenture he shall euer returne to haue hearing of this businesse.

Isa. Let me heare you speake farther; I haue spirit to do any thing that appears not fowle in the truth of my spirit.

Duk. Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull: Haue you not heard speake of *Mariana* the sister of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

Isa. I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duk. Shee should this *Angelo* haue married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnitie, her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that

perished vessell, the dowry of his sister: but marke how heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer most kinde and naturall: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

Isa. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leaue her?

Duk. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vovves whole, pretending in her, discoueries of dishonor: in few, bestow'd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake: and he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isa. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man liue? But how out of this can shee auail?

Duk. It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the cure of it not onely saues your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

Isa. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his vnjust vnkindenesse (that in all reason should haue quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vnruley: Goe you to *Angelo*, answere his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your selfe to this aduantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may haue all shadow, and silence in it: and the place answere to conuenience: this being granted in course, and now folloves all: wee shall aduise this wronged maid to steed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe heereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother saued, your honor vntainted, the poore *Mariana* aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the double ends of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Isa. The image of it giues me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duk. It lies much in your holding vp: haste you speedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, giue him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to *S. Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange recides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call vpon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isa. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father.

Exit.

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedie for it, but that you will needes buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall haue all the world drinke browne & white bastard.

Duk. Oh heauens, what stuffe is heere.

Clow. I was neuer merry world since of two vsuries the merriest was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way sir: bleste you good Father Frier.

Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry

Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir: for wee haue found vpon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we haue sent to the Deputie.

Duk. Fie, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd, The euill that thou canstest to be done, That is thy meane to liue. Do thou but thinke What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe From such a filthy vice: say to thy selfe, From their abhominable and beaulty touches I drinke, I eat away my selfe, and liue: Canst thou beleue thy liuing is a life, So sinkingly depending? Go mende, go mende.

Cl. Indeed, it do's sinke in some sort, Sir: But yet Sir I would proue.

Duk. Nay, if the diuell haue giuen thee proofs for sin Thou wilt proue his. Take him to prison Officer: Correction, and Instruction must both worke Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy Sir, he ha's giuen him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-monger: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duk. That we were all, as some would seeme to bee From our faults, as faults from seeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His necke will come to your waist, a Cord sir. *Cl.* I spy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of *Caesar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of *Pigmaliions* Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What saist thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th last raine? Ha? What saist thou Trost? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the vray? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

Duk. Still thus, and thus: still worse?

Luc. How doth my deere Morfell, thy Mistis: Procures she still? Ha?

Cl. Troth sir, shee hath eaten v' all her beefe, and she is her selfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it must be so. Enter your fresh Whore, and your powder'd Baud, an vnshun'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison Pompey?

Cl. Yes faith sir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amiss Pompey: farewell: goe say I sent thee thither: for debt Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.

Luc. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtlesse, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farewell good Pompey: Commend me to the prison Pompey, you will turne good husband now Pompey, you v'ill keepe the house.

Cl. I hope Sir, your good Worship will be my baile?

Luc. No indeed v'ill I not Pompey, it is not the wear: I will pray (Pompey) to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu truffle Pompey.

Elb. Come your way sir: bleste you good Father Frier.

Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Come your way sir, come, as an amorous baud

Cl. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then Pompey, nor now: what newes abroad Frier? What newes?

Elb. Come your wayes sir, come.

Luc. Goe to kennell (Pompey) goe:

What newes Frier of the Duke?

Duk. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some say he is with the Emperour of *Russia*: other some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he thinke you?

Duk. I know not where: but where'soeuer, I wish him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantasticall tricke of him to steale from the State, and vsurpe the beggerie hee was neuer borne to: Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression too't.

Duk. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him: Something too crabbed that way, Frier.

Duk. It is too general a vice, and feueritie must cure it.

Luc. Yes in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is v'ell allied, but it is impossible to extirpe it quite, Frier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They say this *Angelo* vvas not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right vway of Creation: is it true, thinke you?

Duk. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he vvas begot betwene two Stock-fishes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrine is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generatiue, that's infallible.

Duk. You are pleasant sir, and speake apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthlesse thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent haue done this? Ere he vould haue hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Bastards, he vould haue paide for the Nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, hee knew the seruice, and that instructed him to mercie.

Duk. I neuer heard the absent Duke much detested for Women, he was not enclin'd that vway.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiu'd.

Duk. 'Tis not possible.

Luc. Who, nor the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty; and his vfe was, to put a ducke in her Clack-dish; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Duk. You do him wrong, surely.

Luc. Sir, I vvas an inward of his: a shie fellow vvas the Duke, and I beleue I know the cause of his v'vith-drawing.

Duk. What (I prethee) might be the cause?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a secret must bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you vnderstand, the greater file of the subiect held the Duke to be v'vise.

Duk. Wife? Why no question but he was.

Luc. A very superficiall, ignorant, vnweighing fellow

Duk. Either this is Enuie in you, Folly, or mistaking: The very streame of his life, and the businesse he hath helmed, must v'vpon a warranted neede, giue him a better proclamation. Let him be butt testimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee shall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a Statesman, and a Soldier: therefore you speake vnskillfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

G

Luc.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I loue him.

Duke. Loue talks with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare loue.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly beleene that, since you know not what you speake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our praier is he may) let mee desire you to make your answer before him: if it bee honest you haue spoke, you haue courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call vpon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*, wel known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may liue to report you.

Luc. I feare you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to vnhurtfull an opposit: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-sweare this againe?

Luc. He be hang'd first: Thou art deceiu'd in mee Friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunner-dish: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this vngentur'd Agent will vn-people the Province with Continencie. Sparrowes must not build in his house-keues, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darke deeds darke lie answered, hee would neuer bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for vntrusting. Farwell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though the finest browne-bread and Garlick: say that I said so: Farewell.

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse in mortality Can censure scape: Back-wounding calumnie The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong, Can tie the gall vp in the slanderous tong? But who comes heere?

Enter Escalus, Prouost, and Bawd.

Esc. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Esc. Double, and trebble admonition, and still for-seite in the same kinde? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tyrant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleuen yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me, Mistris *Kate Keape-downe* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip* and *Iacob*: I haue kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse me.

Esc. That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let him be call'd before vs. Away with her to prison: Goe too, no more words. Prouost, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and haue all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath bene with him, and aduis'd him for th'entertainment of death.

Esc. Good'euen, good Father.

Duke. Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

Esc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Countrey, though my chance is now To vse it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea, In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Esc. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feauor on goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Noueltie is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any vndertaking. There is scarce truth enough aloue to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowships accurst: Much vpon this riddle runs the wisdome of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is euerie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Esc. One, that about all other strifes, Contended especially to know himselfe.

Duke. What pleasure was he giuen to?

Esc. Rather reioicing to see another merry, then merrie at anie thing which profest to make him reioice. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leaue wee him to his cuents, with a praier they may proue prosperous, & let me desire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to vnderstand, that you haue lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to haue receiued no sinister measure from his Iudge, but most willingly humbles himselfe to the determination of Iustice: yet had he fram'd to himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) manie deceyuing promises of life, which I (by my good leisure) haue discredited to him, and now is he resolu'd to die.

Esc. You haue paid the heauens your Function, and the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue labour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modestie, but my brother-Iustice haue I found so seuer, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Iustice.

Duke. If his owne life, Answer the straitnesse of his proceeding, It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile he hath sentenc'd himselfe.

Esc. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you.

He who the sword of Heauen will beare,

Should be as holy, as seuerare:

Patterne in himselfe to know,

Grace to stand, and Vertue go:

More, nor lesse to others paying,

Then by selfe-offences weighing.

Shame to him, whose cruell striking,

Kills for faults of his owne liking:

Twice trebble shame on *Angelo*,

To vveede my vice, and let his grow.

Oh, what may Man within him hide,

Though Angel on the outward side?

How may likeness made in crimes,

Making practise on the Times,

To draw with ydle Spiders strings

Most ponderous and substantiall things?

Craft against vice, I must applie.

With *Angelo* to night shall lye

His old betroathed (but despised):

So disguise shall by th' disguis'd

Pay with falshood, false exacting,

And performe an olde contracting,

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. Take, oh take those lips away,
that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes: the break of day
lights that doe mislead the Morne;
But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
Seales of loue, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose aduice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musicall.
Let me excuse me, and beleue me so,
My mirth is much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.
Duk. 'Tis good, though Musick oft hath such a charme
To make bad, good; and good prouoake to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day; much vpon this time haue I promis'd here to meete.

Mar. You haue not bin enquir'd after: I haue sat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duk. I doe constantly beleue you: the time is come euen now. I shall craue your forbearance alittle, may be I will call vpon you anone for some aduantage to your selfe.

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you, *Exit.*

Duk. Very well met, and well come:
What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back't;
And to that Vineyard is a planced gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leads,
There haue I made my promise, vpon the
Heauy midle of the night, to call vpon him.

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I haue tane a due, and wary note vpon't,
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice ore.

Duk. Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her obseruance?

Isab. No: none but onely a repaire it; darke,
And that I haue posselt him, my most stay
Can be but brieue: for I haue made him know,
I haue a Seruant comes with me along
That staies vpon me; whose perswasion is,
I come about my Brother.

Duk. 'Tis well borne vp.
I haue not yet made knowne to *Mariana*

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what ho, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Isab. I doe desire the like.
Duk. Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a storie readie for your care:

I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. Wilt please you walke aside. *Exit.*

Duk. Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false cies

Are sticke vpon thee: volumes of report

Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest

Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit

Make thee the father of their idle dreame,

And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father,

If you aduise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,

But my entreaty too.

Isa. Little haue you to say

When you depart from him, but soft and low,

Remember now my brother.

Mar. Feare me not.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:

He is your husband on a pre-contract:

To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,

Sith that the Iustice of your title to him

Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe,

Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost and Clowne.

Pro. Come hither sirha; can you cut off a mans head?

Cl. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:

But if he be a married man, he's his wiues head,

And I can neuer cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leaue me your snatches, and yeeld mee

a direct answer. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio*

and *Barnardine*: heere is in our prison a common executioner,

who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take

it on you to assist him, it shall redeme you from your

Gyues: if not, you shall haue your full time of imprisonment,

and your deliuerance with an vnpietied whipping;

for you haue bene a notorious bawd.

Cl. Sir, I haue bene an vnlawfull bawd, time out of

minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hang-

man: I would bee glad to receiue some instruction from

my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson*: where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abb. Doe you call sir?

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow

in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with

him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not,

vse him for the present, and dismisse him, hee cannot

plead his estimation with you: he hath bene a Bawd.

Abb. A Bawd Sir? sic vpon him, he will discredit our

mysterie.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will

turne the Scale. *Exit.*

Cl. Pray sir, by your good fauor: for surely sir, a

good fauor you haue, but that you haue a hanging look:

Doe you call sir, your occupation a Mysterie?

Abb. I Sir, a Mifterie.

Clo. Painting Sir, I haue heard say, is a Mifterie; and your Whores sir, being members of my occupation, v-
fing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Mifterie: but
what Mifterie there should be in hanging, if I should
be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abb. Sir, it is a Mifterie.

Clo. Prooue.

Abb. Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man
thinks it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your
Theefe, your Theefe thinks it little enough: So euerie
true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serue him: For I do finde your Hang-
man is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth
often aske forgiuenesse.

Pro. You sirrah, provide your blocke and your Axe
tomorrow, foure a clocke.

Abb. Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my
Trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you haue
occasion to vse me for your owne turne, you shall finde
me yare. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a
good turne.

Exit

Pro. Call hether Barnardine and Claudio:

Th'one has my pitie: not a jot the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant Claudio, for thy death:

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow

Thou must be made immortall. Where's Barnardine?

Clo. As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour,
When it lies starkely in the Trauellers bones,
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare your selfe. But hark, what noise?

Heauen giue your spirits comfort: by, and by,

I hope it is some pardon, or repreeue

For the most gentle Claudio. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,
Inuollop you, good Prouost: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None since the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not Isabell?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not so, nor so: his life is paralel'd

Euen with the stroke and line of his great Iustice:

He doth with holie abstinence subdue

That in himselfe, which he spurres on his powre

To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that

Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous,

But this being so, he's iust. Now are they come.

This is a gentle Prouost, sildome when

The steeld Gaoler is the friend of men:

How now? what noise? That spirit's posselt with haft,

That wounds th'vnflitting Posterne with these strokes.

Pro. There he must stay until the Officer

Arise to let him in: he is call'd vp.

Duke. Haue you no countermand for Claudio yet?

But he must die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As neere the dawning Prouost, as it is,
You shall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely

You something know: yet I beleue there comes

No countermand: no such example haue we:

Besides, vpon the verie siege of Iustice,

Lord Angelo hath to the publike care

Proffest the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And heere comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note,

And by mee this further charge;

That you sweue not from the smallest Article of it,

Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.

Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sin,

For which the Pardonour himselfe is in:

Hence hath offence his quickle celeritie,

When it is borne in high Authority.

When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's so extended,

That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.

Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:

Lord Angelo (be-like) thinking me remisse

In mine Office, awakens mee

With this vnwonted putting on, methinks strangely:

For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

Whatsoeuer you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be ex-
ecuted by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone Barnar-
dine: For my better satisfaction, let mee haue Claudio
head sent me by five. Let this be duely performed, witha-
thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliuer.
Thus saile not to doe your Office, as you will auoid it at
your perill.

What say you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be execu-
ted in th'afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurst vp & bred,
One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not
either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I
haue heard it was euer his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wrought Repreeues for him:
And indeed his fact till now in the gouernment of Lord
Angelo, came not to an vndoubtfull prooue.

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison?
How seemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dread-
fully, but as a drunken sleepe, carelesse, wreakelesse, and
fearlesse of what's past, present, or to come: insensible
of mortality, and desperately mortall.

Duke. He wants aduice.

Pro. He will heare none: he hath euermore had the li-
berty of the prison: giue him leaue to escape hence, hee
would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies
entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to
carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seaming war-
rant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

Duke.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your
brow Prouost, honesty and constancie; if I reade it nor
truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes
of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: Claudio,
whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater
forfeite to the Law, then Angelo who hath sentenc'd him.
To make you vnderstand this in a manifested effect, I
crave but foure daies respite: for the which, you are to
do me both a present, and a dangerous courtlesie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Having the houre li-
mited, and an expresse command, vnder penaltie, to de-
liuer his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my
case as Claudio's, to crosse this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,

If my instructions may be your guide,

Let this Barnardine be this morning executed,

And his head borne to Angelo.

Pro. Angelo hath seene them both,

And will discouer the fauour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may
adde to it; Shave the head, and tie the beard, and say
it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his
death: you know the course is common. If any thing
fall to you vpon this, more then thanks and good for-
tune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against
it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the De-
putie?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you haue made no offence, if
the Duke auouch the iustice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since
I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor
perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further
then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke
you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you
know the Character I doubt not, and the Signet is not
strange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the
Duke; you shall anon ouer-reade it at your pleasure:
where you shall finde within these two daies, he will be
heere. This is a thing that Angelo knowes not, for hee
this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, perchance
of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Mor-
nasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke,
th'vnfolding Starre calles vp the Shepheard; put not
your selfe into amazement, how these things should be;
all difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call
your executioner, and off with Barnardines head: I will
giue him a present shrift, and aduise him for a better
place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely re-
solue you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our
houle of profession: one would thinke it were Mistris

Our-dons owne house, for heere be manie of her olde
Customers. First, here's yong Mr Ralsh, hee's in for a
commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine
score and seuteene pounds, of which hee made fise
Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not
much in request, for the olde Women were all dead.
Then is there heere one Mr Caper, at the suite of Master
Three-Pile the Mercer, for some foure suites of Peach-
colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar.
Then haue we heere, yong Dizie, and yong Mr Deepe-
vow, and Mr Copper-spurre, and Mr Starue-Lackey the Ra-
pier and dagger man, and yong Drop-heere that kild lu-
stie Pudding, and Mr Forthlight the Tilter, and braue Mr
Shootie the great Traueller, and wilde Halfe-Canne that
stabb'd Pots, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in
our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abb. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hether.

Clo. Mr Barnardine, you must rise and be hang'd,

Mr Barnardine.

Abb. What hoa Barnardine.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o' your throats: who makes that noyse
there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman:

You must be so good Sir to rise, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepeie.

Abb. Tell him he must awake,

And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Master Barnardine, awake till you are ex-
ecuted, and sleepe afterwards.

Abb. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his
Straw ruffle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abb. Is the Axe vpon the blocke, sirrah?

Clo. Verie readie Sir,

Bar. How now Abhorson?

What's the newes vith you?

Abb. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your
prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night,

I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinks all night,

and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleepe the
founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abb. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Fa-
ther: do weiest how thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how
hastily you are to depart, I am come to aduise you,
Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night,
and I will haue more time to prepare mee, or they shall
beat out my braines with billets: I will not consent to
die this day, that's certaine.

Duke. Oh sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you
Looke forward on the iournie you shall go.

Bar. I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans per-
swasion.

Duke. But heare you:

Bar. Not a word: if you haue anie thing to say to me,
come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Enter Prouost.

Duke. Vnfit to liue, or die: oh grauell heart,

G 3

After

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature vnpre-par'd, vnmeet for death, And to transport him in the minde he is, Were damnable.

Pro. Heere in the prison, Father,

There died this morning of a cruell Feauot,

One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,

A man of *Claudio's* yeares: his beard, and head

Iust of his colour. What if we do omit

This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,

And satisfie the Deputie with the vilage

Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides:

Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on

Prefix by *Angelo*: See this be done,

And sent according to command, while I

Perfwade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good father) presently:

But *Barnardine* must die this afternoone,

And how shall we continue *Claudio*,

To saue me from the danger that might come,

If he were knowne aliue?

Duke. Let this be done,

Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,

Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting

To yond generation, you shall finde

Your safetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant. *Exit.*

Duke. Quickie, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*

Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo*,

(The Prouost he shal beare them) whose contents

Shal witnesse to him I am heere at home:

And that by great Iniunctions I am bound

To enter publicly: him Ile desire

To meet me at the consecrated Fount,

A League below the Citie: and from thence,

By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme,

We shal proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne,

For I would commune with you of such things,

That want no care but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speede. *Exit.*

Isa. Peace hoa, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of *Isabell*. She's come to know,

If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:

But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,

To make her heavenly comforts of dispaire,

When it is least expected.

Enter Isabell.

Isa. Hoa, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious

daughter.

Isa. The better giuen me by so holy a man,

Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabell*, from the world,

His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other,

Shew your wisdom daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eyes.

Duke. You shal not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Vnhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Isabell*,

Iniurious world, most damned *Angelo*,

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot,

Forbeare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen,

Marke what I say, which you shall finde

By euery fillable a faithfull veritie.

The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,

One of our Couent, and his Confessor

Giues me this instance: Already he hath carried

Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*.

Who do prepare to meete him at the gates, (dome,

There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wil-

In that good path that I would wish it go,

And you shall haue your bosome on this wretch,

Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,

And general Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duke. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue,

'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:

Say, by this token, I desire his companie

At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause, and yours

Ile perfect him withall, and he shal bring you

Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*

Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,

I am combin'd by a sacred Vow,

And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:

Command these fretting waters from your eyes

With a light heart; trust not my holie Order

If I peruert your course: whose heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good euen;

Frier, where's the Prouost?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to

see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine

to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my

head fill my belly. One fruitfull Meale would set mee

too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow.

By my troth *Isabell* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fan-

tastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had

liued.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding

to your reports, but the best is, he liues not in them.

Luc. Frier, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I

do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'l answer this one day, Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee,

I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You haue told me too many of him already fit

if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench

with childe.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it,

They would elsie haue married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your companie is fairer then honest, rest you

well.

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end:

if baudy talke offend you, we'l haue very litle of it: nay

Frier, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

Esc. Euery Letter he hath writ, hath discouch'd other.

Ang.

An. In most vneuen and distracted manner, his actions

show much like to madnesse, pray heauen his wisdom

bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and re-

liuer ou rauthorities there?

Esc. I ghesse not.

Ang. And why should wee proclaime it in an howre

before his entring, that if any craue redresse of iniustice,

they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Esc. He shewes his reason for that to haue a dispatch

of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices heere-

after, which shall then haue no power to stand against

vs.

Ang. Well: I beseech you let it bee proclaime'd be-

times i'th' morne, Ile call you at your house: giue notice

to such men of sort and suite as are to meete him.

Esc. I shall sir: fare you well. *Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This deepe vnshapen me quite, makes me vnpregnant

And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,

And by an eminent body, that enforc'd

The Law against it? But that her tender shame

Will not proclaime against her maiden losse,

How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,

For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,

That no particular scandall once can touch

But it confounds the breather. He should haue staid,

Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous sense

Might in the times to come haue ta'en reuenge

By receiuing a dishonor'd life

With ranfome of such shame: would yet he had liued,

Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot,

Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exe.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Frier Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliuer me,

The Prouost knowes our purpose and our plot,

The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction

And hold you euer to our speciall drift.

Though sometimes you doe blesch from this to that

As cause doth minister: Goe call at *Flauins* house,

And tell him where I stay: giue the like notice

To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crasius*,

And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:

But send me *Flauins* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrinus.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrinus*, thou hast made good hast,

Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends

Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle *Varrinus*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabell and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath,

I would say the truth, but to accuse him so

That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to doe it.

He saies, to vaile full purposes.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peraduenture

He speake against me on the aduerse side,

I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a phyticke

That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Frier *Peter*

Isab. Oh peace, the Frier is come.

Peter. Come I haue found you out a stand most fit,

Where you may haue such vantage on the Duke

He shall not passe you:

Twice haue the Trumpets sounded,

The generous, and grauest Citizens

Haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon

The Duke is entring:

Therefore hence away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrinus, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio,
Citizens at severall doores.

Duk. My very worthy Cosen, fairely met,

Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to seee you.

Ang. Esc. Happy returne be to your royall grace.

Duk. Many and hartly thankings to you both:

We haue made enquiry of you, and we heare

Such goodnesse of your Iustice, that our soule

Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thanks

Forerunning more requittall.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duk. Oh your desert speaks loud, & I should wrong it

To Locke it in the wards of couert bosome

When it deserues with characters of brasse

A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,

And rature of obliuion: Giue we your hand

And let the Subiect see, to make them know

That outward curtesies would faine proclaime

Fauours that keepe within: Come *Escalus*,

You must walke by vs, on our other hand:

And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabell.

Peter. Now is your time

Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Isab. Iustice, O royall Duke, vaile your regard

Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue said a Maid)

Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye

By throwing it on any other obiect,

Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint,

And giuen me Iustice, Iustice, Iustice, Iustice.

Duk. Relate your wrongs;

In what, by whom? be briefe:

Here is Lord *Angelo* shall giue you Iustice,

Reueale your selfe to him.

Isab. Oh worthy Duke,

You bid me seeke redemption of the duell,

Heare me your selfe: for that which I must speake

Must either punish me, nor being beleeu'd,

Or wring redresse from you:

Heare me: oh heare me, heere:

Ang. My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme:

She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother

Cut off by course of Iustice.

Isab. By course of Iustice.

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most

Isab. Most strange: but yet most truly will I speake,
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murderer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?

Duke. Nay it is ten times strange?

Isa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,

Then this is all as true, as it is strange;

Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth.

To th'end of reckning.

Duke. Away with her: poore soule

She speaks this, in th'infirmitie of sence.

Isa. Oh Prince, I coniure thee, as thou beleeu'lt

There is another comfort, then this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion

That I am touch'd with madnesse: make not impossible

That which but seemes vnlike, 'tis not impossible

But one, the wickedst Caitiffe on the ground

May seeme as shie, as graue, as iust, as absolute:

As *Angelo*, euen so may *Angelo*

In all his dressings, caracts, titles, formes,

Be an arch-villaine: Beleeue it, royall Prince

If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,

Had I more name for badnesse.

Duke. By mine honesty

If she be mad, as I beleeue no other,

Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sence,

Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,

As ere I heard in madnesse.

Isab. Oh gracious Duke

Harpe not on that; nor do not banish reason

For inequality, but let your reason serue

To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,

And hide the false seemes true.

Duke. Many that are not mad

Haue sure more lacke of reason:

What would you say?

Isab. I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,

Condemnd vpon the Act of Fornication

To loose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,

I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)

Was sent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*

As then the Messenger.

Luc. That's I, and I like your Grace:

I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her,

To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,

For her poore Brothers pardon.

Isab. That's he indeede.

Duke. You were not bid to speake,

Luc. No, my good Lord,

Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then,

Pray you take note of it: and when you haue

A businesse for your selfe: pray heauen you then

Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honor.

Duke. The warrant for your selfe: take heede to't.

Isab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.

Luc. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are the wrong

To speake before your time: proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it.

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended againe: the matter: proceed.

Isab. In brieft, to set the needlesse processe by:

How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,

How he refeld me, and how I replide

(For this was of much length) the vild conclusion

I now begin with grieve, and shame to vtter.

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscible intemperate lust

Release my brother; and after much debatement,

My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,

And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,

His purpose sursetting, he sends a warrant

For my poore brothers head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speake)

Duke. By heauen (fond wretch) knowst not what thou

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor

In hatefull practise: first his Integrity

Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason,

That with such vehemency he should pursue

Faults proper to himselfe: if he had so offended

He would haue waigh'd thy brother by himselfe,

And not haue cut him off: some one hath set you on:

Confesse the truth, and say by whose aduice

Thou com'st heere to complaine.

Isab. And is this all?

Then oh you blessed Ministers aboute

Keepe me in patience, and with ripeed time

Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp

In countenance: heauen shield your Grace from woe,

As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeleueed goe.

Duke. I know you'd faine be gone: An Officer:

To prison with her: Shall we thus permit

A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,

On him so neere vs? This needs must be a practise;

Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

Isa. One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick*.

Duke. A ghostly Father, belike:

Who knows that *Lodowick*?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling Fryer,

I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,

For certaine words he spake against your Grace

In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against mee? this 'a good Fryer belike

And to set on this wretched woman here

Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.

Luc. But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer

I saw them at the prison: a sawcy Fryer,

A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace:

I haue stood by my Lord, and I haue heard

Your royall eare abus'd: first hath this woman

Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,

Who is as free from touch, or soyle with her

As she from one vngot.

Duke. We did beleeue no lesse,

Know you that *Frier Lodowick* that she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man diuine and holy,

Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler

As he's reported by this Gentleman:

And on my trust, a man that neuer yet

Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, most villanously, beleeue it.

Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himselfe;

But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:

Of

Of a strange Feauor: vpon his moere request

Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint

Intended gainst Lord *Angelo*, came I hether

To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know

Is true, and false: And what he with his oath

And all probation will make vp full cleare

Whensoever he's conuicted: First for this woman,

To iustifie this worthy Noble man:

So vulgarly and personally accus'd,

Her shall you heare disprooued to her eyes,

Till she her selfe confesse it.

Duke. Good Frier, let's heare it:

Doe you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?

Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched tooles

Give vs some seates, Come cozen *Angelo*,

In this I'll be impartiall: be you Iudge

Of your owne Cause: Is this the Wiues Frier?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face

Vntill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. A Widow then?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Wi-

dow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, she may be a Puncke: for many of

them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause

to prattle for himselfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confesse I nere was married,

And I confesse besides, I am no Maid,

I haue known my husband, yet my husband

Knowes not, that euer he knew me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.

Luc. Well, my Lord.

Duke. This is no witnesse for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.

Shee that accuses him of Fornication,

In selfe-same manner, doth accuse my husband,

And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,

When I'le depose I had him in mine Armes

With all th'effect of Loue.

Ang. Charges shee mee then me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mar. Why iust, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,

Who thinks he knowes, that he nere knew my body,

But knows, he thinks, that he knowes *Isabel*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me now I will vnmaske.

This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*

Which once thou sworst, was worth the looking on:

This is the hand, which with a vowd contract

Was fast belockt in thine: This is the body

That tooke away the match from *Isabel*,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house

In her Imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie she saies.

Duke. Sirha, no more.

Luc. Enoug my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,

And five yeres since there was some speech of marriage

Betwixt my selfe, and her: which was broke off,

Partly for that her promis'd proportions

Came short of Composition: But in chiefe

For that her reputation was dis-valued

In leuitie: Since which time of five yeres

I neuer spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her

Vpon my faith, and honor.

Mar. Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heauen, and words fro breath,

As there is sence in truth, and truth in vertue,

I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly

As words could make vp vowes: And my good Lord,

But Tuesday night last gon, in's garden house,

He knew me as a wife. As this is true,

Let me in safety raise me from my knees,

Or else for euer be confix'd here

A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now,

Now, good my Lord, giue me the scope of Iustice,

My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceiue

These poore informall women, are no more

But instruments of some more mightier member

That sets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord

To finde this practise out.

Duke. I, with my heart,

And punish them to your height of pleasure.

Thou foolish Frier, and thou pernicious woman

Compact with her that's gone: thinkst thou, thy oathes,

Though they would sweare downe each particular Saint,

Were testimonies against his worth, and credit

That's seald in approbation? you, Lord *Escalus*

Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines

To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriu'd.

There is another Frier that set them on,

Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeede

Hath set the women on to this Complaint;

Your Prouost knowes the place where he abides,

And he may fetch him.

Duke. Goe, doe it instantly:

And you, my noble and well-warranted Cozen

Whom it concerns to heare this matter forth,

Doe with your iniuries as seemes you best

In any chastisement; I for a while

Will leaue you; but stir not you till you haue

Well determin'd vpon these Slanderers.

Ese. My Lord, we'll doe it thoroughly: Signior *Lu-*

cio, did not you say you knew that *Frier Lodowick* to be a

dishonest person?

Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honest in nothing

but in his Clothes, and one that hath spoke most villanous

speeches of the Duke.

Ese. We shall intreat you to abide heere till he come,

She would sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll be asham'd.

Enter Duke, Prouost, Isabella.

Esc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.
Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Esc. Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman, Denies all that you haue said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of, Here, with the Prouost.

Esc. In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call vpon you.

Luc. Mum.

Esc. Come Sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they haue confel'd you did.

Duk. 'Tis false.

Esc. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Respect to your great place; and let the diuell Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne. Where is the Duke? 'tis he should heare me speake.

Esc. The Duke's in vs: and we will heare you speake, Looke you speake iustly.

Duk. Boldly, at least. But oh poore foules, Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox; Good night to your redresse: Is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too: The Duke's vniuist, Thus to retort your manifest Appeale, And put your triall in the villaines mowth, Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the rascall: this is he I spoke of.

Esc. Why thou vnreuerend, and unhallowed Fryer: Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women, To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mowth, And in the witness of his proper eare, To call him villaine; and then to glance from him, To th' Duke himselfe, to taxe him with Iniustice? Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towcey you Ioyn by ioynr, but we will know his purpose: What? vniuist?

Duk. Be not so hot: the Duke dare No more stretch this finger of mine, then he Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not. Nor here Prouinciall: My businesse in this State Made me a looker on here in Vienna, Where I haue seene corruption boyle and bubble, Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop, As much in mocke, as marke.

Esc. Slander to th' State: Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither Goodman bald-pate, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice, I met you at the Prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Luc. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the Duke.

Duk. Most notably Sir.

Luc. Do you so Sir: And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duk. You must (Sir) change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeede spoke so of him, and

much more; much worse.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duk. I protest, I loue the Duke, as I loue my selfe. *Ang.* Harke how the villaine would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Esc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prison: Where is the Prouost? away with him to prison: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speake no more: away with those Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, resists he? helpe him Lucio.

Luc. Come sir, come sir, come sir: foh sir, why you bald-pated lying rascall: you must be hooded must you? show your knaues visage with a poxe to you: show your sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off?

Duk. Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad'st a Duke.

First Prouost, let me bayle these gentle three: Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you, Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may proue worse then hanging.

Duk. What you haue spoke, I pardon: sit you downe, We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue: Ha'st thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'st Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord, I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse, To thinke I can be vndiscerneable, When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine, Hath look'd vpon my paffes. Then good Prince, No longer Session hold vpon my shame, But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession: Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither Mariana,

Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly, Doe you the office (Fryer) which consummate, Returne him here againe: goe with him Prouost. Exit.

Esc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor, Then at the strangenesse of it.

Duk. Come hither Isabella,

Your Fryer is now your Prince: As I was then Aduertysing, and holy to your businesse, (Not changing heart with habit) I am still, Attun'd at your seruice.

Isab. Oh giue me pardon

That I, your vassalle, haue imploid, and pain'd Your vnknowne Soueraigntie.

Duk. You are pardon'd Isabella:

And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs, Your Brothers death I know sits at your heart:

And you may maruaile, why I obscur'd my selfe, Labouring to saue his life: and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden powre,

Then let him so be lost: oh most kinde Maid, It was the swift celestie of his death,

Which I did thinke, with slower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him, That life is better life past fearing death,

Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort,

So

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Prouost.

Isab. I doe my Lord.

Duk. For this new-married man, approaching here, Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well defended honor: you must pardon For Mariana's sake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother, Being criminall, in double violation Of sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach, Thereon dependant for your Brothers life, The very mercy of the Law cries out Most audible, euen from his proper tongue. An Angelo for Claudio, death for death: Haste still paces haste, and leasure, answers leasure; Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure: Then Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested; Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage. We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste, Away with him.

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord, I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband, Consenting to the safe-guard of your honor, I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choake your good to come: For his Possessions, Although by confiscation they are ours; We doe en-state, and widow you with all, To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my deere Lord, I craue no other, nor no better man.

Duk. Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

Mar. Gentle my Liege.

Duk. You doe but loose your labour.

Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet Isabella, take my part, Lend me your knees, and all my life to come, I'll lend you all my life to doe you seruice.

Duk. Against all fence you doe importune her, Should shee kneele downe, in mercie of this fact, Her Brothers ghost, his pained bed would breake, And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Isabella:

Sweet Isabella, doe yet but kneele by me, Hold vp your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all.

They say best men are moulded out of faults, And for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad: So may my husband.

Oh Isabella: will you not lend a knee?

Duk. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir,

Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd, As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke,

A due sinceritie governed his deedes, Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,

Let him not die: my Brother had but iustice, In that he did the thing for which he died.

For Angelo, his A& did not ore-take his bad intent, And must be buried but as an intent

That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duk. Your suite's vnprofitable: stand vp I say: I haue bethought me of another fault.

Prouost. how came it Claudio was beheaded

At an vnusuall howre?

Pro. It was commanded so.

Duk. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord: it was by priuate message.

Duk. For which I doe discharge you of your office, Giue vp your keyes.

Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord,

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not, Yet did repent me after more aduice,

For testimony whereof, one in the prison That should by priuate order else haue dide,

I haue refer'd alieue.

Duk. What's he?

Pro. His name is Barnardine.

Duk. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio:

Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

Esc. I am sorry, one so learned, and so wise

As you, Lord Angelo, haue stil appear'd,

Should slip so grosslie, both in the heat of bloud

And lacke of temper'd iudgement afterward.

Ang. I am forrie, that such sorrow I procure,

And so deepe sticks it in my penitent heart,

That I craue death more willingly then mercy,

'Tis my deseruing, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Prouost, Claudio, Julietta.

Duk. Which is that Barnardine?

Pro. This my Lord.

Duk. There was a Friar told me of this man.

Sirha, thou art said to haue a stubborne foule

That apprehends no further then this world,

And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,

But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,

And pray thee take this mercie to prouide

For better times to come: Friar aduise him,

I leaue him to your hand: What muffled fellow's that?

Pro. This is another prisoner that I sau'd,

Who should haue di'd when Claudio lost his head,

As like almost to Claudio, as himselfe.

Duk. If he be like your brother, for his sake

Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie sake

Giue me your hand, and say you will be mine,

He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:

By this Lord Angelo perceiues he's safe,

Methinkes I see a quickning in his eye:

Well Angelo, your euill quits you well.

Looke that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours

I finde an apt remission in my selfe:

And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,

You sirha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,

One all of Luxurie, an asse, a mad man:

Wherein haue I so deseru'd of you

That you extoll me thus?

Luc. Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the

trick: if you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather

it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duk. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.

Proclaime it Prouost round about the Citie;

If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow

(As I haue heard him sweare himselfe there's one

whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,

And he shall marry her: the nuptiall finish'd,

Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I beseech your Highnesse doe not marry me to

a Whore: your Highnesse said euen now, I made you a

Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making

me a Cuckold.

Duk. Vpon

Duke. Vpon mine honor thou shalt marrie her,
Thy flanders I forgive, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressing to death,
Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserves it.
She Claudio that you wrong'd, booke you restore.
Ioy to you Mariana, loue her Angelo.
I haue confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Escalus*, for thy much goodnesse,

There's more behinde that is more gratefull.
Thanks *Pronost* for thy care, and secrecie,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgiue him Angelo, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for Claudio's,
Th' offence pardons it selfe. Deere *Isabell*,
I haue a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing care incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll show
What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

Vincenzio: the Duke.

Angelo, the Deputie.

Escalus, an ancient Lord.

Claudio, a young Gentleman.

Lucio, a fantastique.

2. Other like Gentlemen.

Pronost.

Thomas. } 2. Priests.
Peter.

Elbow, a simple Constable.

Froth, a foolish Gentleman.

Clowne.

Abhorson, an Executioner.

Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.

Isabella, sister to Claudio.

Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.

Juliet, beloued of Claudio.

Francisca, a Nun.

Mistress Over-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.



The Comedie of Errors.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa,
Taylor, and other attendants.

Merchant.

Proceed Solinus to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Siracusa, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;

The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,

To Merchants our well-dealing Countreymen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their lues,

Haue seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds,
Excludes all pitty from our threatening lookes:

For since the mortall and intestine iarrs
Twixt thy seditious Countreymen and vs,

It hath in solemne Synodes bene decreed,
Both by the Siracusians and our selues,

To admit no trafficke to our aduerser townes:
Nay more, if any borne at Ephesus

Be seene at any Siracusian Marts and Fayres:
Again, if any Siracusian borne

Come to the Bay of Ephesus, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,

Vnlesse a thousand markes be leuied
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him:

Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount vnto a hundred Markes,

Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.
Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,

My woes end likewise with the euening Sonne.
Duk. Well Siracusian; say in briebe the cause.

Why thou departedst from thy native home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus?

Mer. A heauier taske could not haue bene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes vnspokeable:

Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence;

Ile vtter what my sorrow giues me leaue.
In Siracusa was I borne, and wedde

Vnto a woman, happy but for me, who was
And by me; had not our hap bene bad:

With her I liu'd in ioy, our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made

To Epidaurum, till my factors death, which was
And the great care of goods at random left;

Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not fixe months olde,

Before her selfe (almost at fainting vnder
The pleasing punishment that women beare)

Had made prouision for her following me,
And soone, and safe, arriv'd where I was:

There had she not bene long, but she became
A ioyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:

And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.

That very howre, and in the selfe-same lunc,
A meane woman was deliuer'd

Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,

I bought, and brought vp to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanelly proud of two such boyes,

Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vnwillling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboard.

A league from Epidaurum had we sail'd
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe

Gaue any Tragick Instance of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;

For what obscured light the heauens did grant,
Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes

A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my selfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,

Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,

And pittieous playnings of the prettie babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,

Forst me to seeke delays for them and me,
And this it was: (for other meanes was none)

The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
And left the ship then sinking ripe to vs:

My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had fastned him vnto a small spare Mast,

Such as sea-faring men prouide for stormes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,

Whil' I had bene like heedfull of the other,
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,

Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our selues at eyther end the mast,

And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.

At length the sonne gazing vpon the earth,
Disperst those vapours that offended vs,

And by the benefit of his wished light
The seas waxt calme, and we discouered

Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs:
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurum this,

But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.

Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,
H For

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Merch. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily rearm'd them mercilesse to vs:
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpfull ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this vniust diuorce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened
With lesser waight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the winde,
And in our fight they three were taken vp
By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to saue,
Gaue healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would haue rest the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe bene very slow of saile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus haue you heard me seuer'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.

Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,
What haue befallne of them and they till now.

Merch. My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eightene yeeres became inquisitiue
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant, so his case was like,
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I laboured of a loue to see,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.
Five Summers haue I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*:
Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leaue vnought
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But heere must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my trauells warrant me they liue.

Duke. Haplesse *Egeon* whom the fates haue markt
To beare the extremitie of dire mishap:
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not disanull,
My soule should sue as aduocate for thee:
But though thou art adiudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great disparagement:
Yet will I fauour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Taylor, take him to thy custodie.

Taylor. I will my Lord.

Merch. Hopelesse and helpelesse doth *Egeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his liuelesse end.

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore giue out you are of *Epidamium*,
Lest that your goods too soone be confiscate:

This very day a *Syracusan* Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the towne,
Dies ere the wearie sunne set in the West:
There is your monie that I had to keepe.

Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we host,
And stay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Peruse the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine Iune,
For with long trauaile I am stiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, hauing so good a meane.

Exit Dromio.

Ant. A trustie villaine sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry iests:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?

E. Mar. I am inuited sir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I craue your pardon, soone at five a clocke,
Please you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,
And afterward comfort you till bed time:
My present businesse calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe loofe my selfe,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.

E. Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.

Exit.

Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seeks another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnseene, inquisitiue) confounds himselfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (vnhappy) loofe my selfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soone.

E. Dro. Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit;
The clocke hath stricken twelue vpon the bell:
My Mistresse made it one vpon my cheek:
She is so hot because the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you haue no stomacke:
You haue no stomacke, hauing broke your fast:
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray:
Where haue you left the monie that I gaue you.

E. Dro. Oh fixe pence that I had a wensday last,
To pay the Sadler for my Mistresse crupper:
The Sadler had it sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportiue humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

E. Dro. I pray you iest sir as you sit at dinner:
I from my Mistresse come to you in post:
If I returne I shall be post indeede.

For.

For she will scoure your fault vpon my pate:
Me thinks your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, these iests are out of season,
Referue them till a merrier houre then this:
Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me sir? why you gaue no gold to me?

Ant. Come on sir knaue, haue done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you frō the Mart
Home to your house, the *Phanix* sir, to dinner;

My Mistresse and her sister staies for you.

Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you haue bestow'd my monie;
Or I shall breake that merrie scone of yours
That stands on tricks, when I am vndispos'd:
Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?

E. Dro. I haue some markes of yours vpon my pate:
Some of my Mistresse markes vpon my shoulders:
But not a thousand markes betwene you both.

If I should pay your worship those againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.

Ant. Thy Mistresse markes? what Mistresse hauest thou?

E. Dro. Your worships wife, my Mistresse at the *Phanix*;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:
And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face
Being forbid? There take you that sir knaue.

E. Dro. What meane you sir, for God sake hold your
Nay, and you will not sir, Ile take my heeles.

Exit.

Ant. Vpon my life by some deuile or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.
They say this towne is full of cozenage:
As nimble Iuglers that deceiue the eie:
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:
Disguis'd Cheaters, prating Mountebankes;
And manie such like liberties of sinne:
If it proue so, I will be gone the sooner:
Ile to the Centaur to goe seeke this slaue,
I greatly feare my monie is not safe.

Exit.

Actus Secundus.

*Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholus Sereptus, with
Luciana her Sister.*

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slaue return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath inuited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good Sister let vs dine, and neuer fret;
A man is Master of his libertie:

Time is their Master, and when they see time,
They'll goe or come; if so, be patient Sister.

Adr. Why should their libertie then ours be more?

Luc. Because their businesse still lies out adore.

Adr. Looke when I serue him so, he takes it thus.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is last with woe:
There's nothing situate vnder heauens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles:
Are their males subiects, and at their controules:
Man more diuine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde watty seas,
Indued with intellectuall fence and soules,
Of more preheminece then fish and fowles,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This seruitude makes you to keepe vnwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you wold bear some sway

Luc. Ere I learne loue, Ile practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home againe, I wold forbear.

Adr. Patience vnmu'd, no maruel though she pause,

They can be meeke, that haue no other cause:

A wretched soule bruis'd with aduersitie,

We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.

But were we burnd with like waight of paine,

As much, or more, we should our selues complaine:

So thou that hast no vnkinde mate to greeue thee,

With vrging helpelesse patience wold releue me;

But if thou liue to see like right bereft,

This foole-beg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:

Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my
two eares can witnesse.

Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou
his minde?

E. Dro. I, he told his minde vpon mine eare,

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could vnderstand it.

Luc. Spake hee so doubtfully, thou couldst not feele
his meaning.

E. Dro. Nay, hee strooke so plainly, I could too well
feeel his blowes; and withall so doubtfully, that I could
scarce vnderstand them.

Adr. But say, I prethee, is he comming home?

It seemes he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why Mistresse, sure my Master is home mad.

Adr. Home mad, thou villaine?

E. Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,

But sure he is starke mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:

'Tis dinner time, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:

Your meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:

Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:

Where is the thousand markes I gaue thee villaine?

The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:

My mistresse, sir, quoth I: hang vp thy Mistresse:

I know not thy mistresse, out on thy mistresse.

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house,

no wife, no mistresse: so that my arrant due vnto my

tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my shoulders:

for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go backe againe, thou slaue, & fetch him home.

Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home:

For Gods sake send some other messenger.

H 2

Adr. Backe

Adri. Backe slau, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse.
Dro. And he will blesse y^e crosse with other beating:

Betweene you, I shall haue a holy head.

Adri. Hence prating peasant, fetch thy Master home.

Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,

That like a foot-ball you doe spurne me thus?

You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,

If I last in this seruice, you must case me in leather.

Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.

Adri. His company must do his minions grace,

Whil' I at home starue for a merrie looke:

Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke

From my poore cheekes? then he hath wasted it.

Are my discourtes dull? Barten my wit,

If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,

Vnkindnesse blunts it more then marble hard.

Doe their gay vestments his affections baite?

That's not my fault, hee's master of my state.

What ruines are in me that can be found,

By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground

Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,

A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire.

But, too vnruely Deere, he breakes the pale,

And feedes from home; poore I am but his stale.

Luci. Selfe-harming Icelousie; fie beat it hence.

Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:

I know his eye doth homage other-where,

Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,

Would that alone, a loue he would detaine,

So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:

I see the Jewell best enamaled

Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bides still

That others touch, and often touching will,

Where gold and no man that hath a name,

By falshood and corruption doth it shame:

Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,

He weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.

Luci. How manie fond-fooles serue mad Icelousie?

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Eroty.

Ant. The gold I gaue to *Dromio* is laid vp

Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull slau

Is wandred forth in care to seeke me out

By computation and mine host's report.

I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first

I sent him from the Mart? see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracusa.

How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd?

As you loue stroakes, so iest with me againe:

You know no *Centaur*? you receiu'd no gold?

Your Mistresse sent to haue me home to dinner?

My house was at the *Phoenix*? Wast thou mad,

That thus so madlie thou didst answere me?

S.Dro. What answer sir? when spake I such a word?

E. Ant. Euen now, euen here, not halfe an howre since.

S.Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence

Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gaue me.

Ant. Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receit,

And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner,

For which I hope thou felst I was displeas'd.

S.Dro. I am glad to see you in this merrie vaine,

What meanes this iest, I pray you Master tell me?

Ant. Yea, dost thou iere & flowt me in the teeth?

Thinkst y^e I iest? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*

S.Dro. Hold fir, for Gods sake, now your iest is earnest,

Vpon what bargain do you giue it me?

Antiph. Because that I familiarie sometimes

Doe vse you for my foole, and chat with you,

Your sawcinesse will iest vpon my loue,

And make a Common of my serious howres,

When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,

But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:

If you will iest with me, know my aspect,

And fashion your demeanor to my looke,

Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S.Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leaue batter-

ring, I had rather haue it a head, and you vse these blows

long, I must get a sconce for my head, and Inconce it

to, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray

fir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S.Dro. Nothing fir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S.Dro. I fir, and wherefore; for they say, euery why

hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why first for flowing me, and then wherefore,

for vrging it the second time to me.

S.Dro. Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of

season, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither

time nor reason. Well fir, I thank you.

Ant. Thanke me fir, for what?

S.Dro. Marry fir, for this something that you gaue me

for nothing.

Ant. He make you amends next, to giue you nothing

for something. But say fir, is it dinner time?

S.Dro. No fir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue.

Ant. In good time fir: what's that?

S.Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well fir, then 'twill be drie.

S.Dro. If it be fir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S.Dro. Left it make you chollericke, and purchase me

another drie basting.

Ant. Well fir, learne to iest in good time, there's a

time for all things.

S.Dro. I durst haue denied that before you were so

chollericke.

Ant. By what rule fir?

S.Dro. Marry fir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald

pate of Father time himselfe.

Ant. Let's heare it.

S.Dro. There's no time for a man to recouer his haire

that growes bald by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?

S.Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer

the lost haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as

it is) so plentifull an excrement?

S.Dro. Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on

beasts, and what he hath scantd them in haire, hee hath

giuen them in wit.

Ant. Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire

then wit.

S.Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose

his haire.

Ant. Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain de-

lers without wit.

S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet hee loo-

seth it in a kinde of iollitie.

Ant. For what reason.

S.Dro. For two, and sound ones to.

Ant. No.

Adri. Nay, not found I pray you.

S.Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure in a thing falling.

S.Dro. Certaine ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S.Dro. The one to saue the money that he spends in

trying: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in

his porrage.

Ant. You would all this time haue prou'd; here is no

time for all things.

S.Dro. Marry and did fir: namely, in no time to re-

couer haire lost by Nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantiall, why there

is no time to recouer.

S.Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himselfe is bald, and

therefore to the worlds end, will haue bald followers.

Ant. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: but soft,

who waits vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke strange and frowne,

Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects:

I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldst vow,

That neuer words were musicke to thine eare,

That neuer obiect pleasing in thine eye,

That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,

That neuer meat sweet-sauour'd in thy taste,

Vnlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or car'd to thee.

How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thy selfe?

Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me:

That vndiuidable Incorporate

Am better then thy deere selfe better part.

Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me:

For know my loue: as easie maist thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,

And take vnmingled thence that drop againe

Without addition or diminishing,

As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.

How deere would it touch thee to the quicke,

Shouldst thou but heare I were licentious?

And that this body consecrate to thee,

By Russian Lust should be contaminate?

Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,

And hute the name of husband in my face,

And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,

And breake it with a deepe-diurcing vow?

I know thou canst, and therefore see thou doe it.

I am possest with an adulterate blor,

My bloud is mingled with the crime of lust:

For if we two be one, and thou play false,

I doe digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion:

Keep then faire league and truce with thy true bed,

I lue distain'd, thou vndishonoured.

Antiph. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:

In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old,

As strange vnto your towne, as to your talke,

Who eury word by all my wit being scan'd,

Wants wit in all, one word to vnderstand.

Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:

When were you wont to vse my sister thus?

She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio*? *Drom.* By me.

Adri. By thee, and this thou didst returne from him.

That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,

Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you conuerse fir with this gentlewoman:

What is the course and drift of your compact?

S.Dro. I fir? I neuer saw her till this time.

Ant. Villaine thou liest, for euen her verie words,

Didst thou deliuer to me on the Mart.

S.Dro. I neuer spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call vs by our names?

Vnlesse it be by inspiration.

Adri. How ill agrees it with your grauitie,

To counterfeit thus grossely with your slau,

Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come I will fasten on this sleeue of thine:

Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:

Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

If ought possesse thee from me, it is drosse,

Vsurping Iuie, Brier, or idle Mofse,

Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,

Infect thy sap, and lue on thy confusion.

Ant. To mee thee speakes, thee moues mee for her

theame;

What, was I married to her in my dreame?

Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?

What error drives our eies and eares amisse?

Vntill I know this sure vncertainie,

He entertaine the free'd fallacie.

Luc. *Dromio*, goe bid the seruants spred for dinner.

S.Dro. Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner.

This is the Fairie land, oh spight of spights,

We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;

If we obey them not, this will insue:

They'll sucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy selfe, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou *Dromio*, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot.

S.Dro. I am transformed Master, am I not?

Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and so am I.

S.Dro. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine owne forme.

S.Dro. No, I am an Ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Ass.

S.Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse.

'Tis so, I am an Ass, else it could neuer be,

But I should know her

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthazar the Merchant.

E. Anti. Good signior Angelo you must excuse vs all, My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres; Say that I lingerd with you at your shop To see the making of her Carkaner, And that to morrow you will bring it home. But here's a villaine that would face me downe He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him, And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold, And that I did denie my wife and house; Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?

E. Dro. Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know, That you beat me at the Mart I haue your hand to shew; If skin were parchment, & blows you gaue were ink, Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.

E. Anti. I thinke thou art an asse.

E. Dro. Marry so it doth appeare

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare, I should kicke being kicke, and being at that passe, You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.

E. An. Yare sad signior Balthazar, pray God our cheer May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.

E. An. Oh signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish, A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat sir is comon that euery churle affords.

Anti. And welcome more common, for thats nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.

Anti. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest: But though my cates be meane, take them in good part, Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart.

But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.

E. Dro. Mand, Briger, Marian, Cistey, Gullian, Ginn.

S. Dro. Mome, Malthorfe, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot, Patch,

Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the harch: Dost thou coniuere for wenches, that y callt for such flore.

When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.

E. Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master stayes in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee catch cold on's feet.

E. Anti. Who talks within there? ho, open the dore.

S. Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

Anti. Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to day.

S. Dro. Nor to day here you must not come againe when you may.

Anti. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe?

S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Dromio.

E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name,

The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame: If thou hadst bene Dromio to day in my place,

Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there? Dromio? who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my Master in Luce.

Luce. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.

E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Prouerbe,

Shall I set in my staffe.

Luce. Haue at you with another, that's when? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce thou hast answered him well,

Anti. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope?

Luce. I thought to haue askt you.

S. Dro. And you said no.

E. Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow for blow.

Anti. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knocke the doore hard.

Luce. Let him knocke till it ake.

Anti. You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.

Luce. What needs all that, and a paire of Rocks in the towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adri. Who is that at the doore y keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with vnruly boies.

Anti. Are you there Wife? you might haue come before.

Adri. Your wife sir knaue? go get you from the dore.

E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knaue would goe fore.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would faine haue either.

Balth. In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither.

Anti. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold.

Anti. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your knaues pate.

E. Dro. A man may breake a word with your sir, and words are but winde:

I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

S. Dro. It seemes thou want'st breaking, out vpon thee hinde.

E. Dro. Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fish haue no fin.

Anti. Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so; For

For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without a feather, If a crow help vs in fitt, wee'll plucke a crow together.

Anti. Goe get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.

Balth. Haue patience sir, oh let it not be so,

Heerein you warre against your reputation,

And draw within the compasse of suspect

Th'vniuolared honor of your wife.

Once this your long experience of your wisdom,

Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,

Plead on your part some cause to you vnknowne;

And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doores are made against you.

Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,

And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner.

And about euenng come your selfe alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint:

If by strong hand you offer to breake in

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it;

And that suppos'd by the common rowt

Against your yet vngrall'd estimation,

That may with foule intrusion enter in,

And dwell vpon your graue when you are dead;

For slander liues vpon succcession;

For euer howe'd, where it gets possession.

Anti. You haue prevail'd, I will depart in quiet,

And in despite of mirth meane to be merrie:

I know a wench of excellent discourse,

Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;

There will we dine: this woman that I meane

My wife (but I protest without desert)

Hath oftentimes vbraided me withall:

To her will we to dinner, get you home

And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,

Bring it I pray you to the Porpentine,

For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow

(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)

Vpon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste:

Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,

Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me.

Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.

Anti. Do so, this iest shall cost me some expence.

Exit.

Enter Juliana, with Antipholus of Syracuse.

Julia. And may it be that you haue quite forgot

A husbands office? shall Antipholus

Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot?

Shall loue in buildings grow so ruinate?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,

Then for her wealth's sake vse her with more kindnesse:

Or if you like else-where doe it by stealth,

Muffle your false loue with some shew of blindness:

Let not my sister read it in your eye:

Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:

Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:

Apparell vice like vertues harbinger:

Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,

Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Sainr,

Be secret false: what need the be acquainted?

What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?

Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy looks at boord:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,

Ile dees is doubled with an euill word:

Alas poore women, make vs not beleuee

(Being compact of credit) that you loue vs,

Though others haue the arme, shew vs the sleue:

We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.

Then gentle brother get you in againe;

Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wife;

'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,

When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.

S. Anti. Sweete Mistris, what your name is else I know not;

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:

Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,

Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine.

Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:

Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The foulded meaning of your words deceit:

Against my foules pure truth, why labour you,

To make it wander in an vnknowne field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine.

Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe:

Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:

Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy nore,

To drowne me in thy sister flood of teares:

Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote:

Spread ore the siluer waues thy golden haire;

And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie:

And in that glorious supposition thinke,

He gaires by death, that hath such meanes to die:

Let Loue, being light, be drowned if the sinke.

Luce. What are you mad, that you doe reason so?

Anti. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.

Luce. It is a fault that springeth from your eie.

Anti. For gazing on your beames faire sun being by.

Luce. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere your sight.

Anti. As good to winke sweet loue, as looke on night.

Luce. Why call you me loue? Call my sister so.

Anti. Thy sisters sister.

Luce. That's my sister.

Anti. No: it is thy selfe, mine owne selfe better part:

Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart;

My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;

My sole earths heauen, and my heauens claime.

Luce. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Anti. Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee;

Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my lifes;

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Giue me thy hand.

Luce. Oh soft sir, hold you still:

Ile fetch my sister to get her good will.

Exit.

Enter Dromio, Syracuse.

Anti. Why how now Dromio, where run'st thou so fast?

S. Dro. Doe you know me sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I my selfe?

Anti. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thy selfe.

Dro. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides my selfe.

Anti. What womans man? and how besides thy selfe?

Dro. Marrie sir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman: One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will haue me.

Anti. What

Anti. What claime laies she to thee?

Dro. Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would haue me as a beast, not that I being a beast she would haue me, but that she being a verie beastly creature layes claime to me.

Anti. What is she?

Dro. A very reuerent body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say sir reuerence, I haue but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Anti. How dost thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, & al greafe, and I know not what vse to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a Poland Winter: If she liues till doomsday, she'll burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

Anti. What complexion is she of?

Dro. Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? she sweats a man may goe ouer-shoes in the grime of it.

Anti. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No sir, 'tis in graine, Noahs flood could not do it.

Anti. What's her name?

Dro. Nell Sir: but her name is thre quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Anti. Then she beares some bredth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: she is sphericall, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Anti. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

Anti. Where Scotland?

Dro. I found it by the barrennesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

Anti. Where France?

Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reuered, making warre against her heire.

Anti. Where England?

Dro. I look'd for the chalkie Cliffes, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it stood in her chin by the salt rheume that ranne betwene France, and it.

Anti. Where Spaine?

Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

Anti. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. Oh sir, vpon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Armadoes of Carreets to be ballast at her nose.

Anti. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. Oh sir, I did not looke so low. To conclude, this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what priuie markes I had about mee, as the Marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my brest had not bene made of faith, and my heart of Steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

Anti. Go hie thee presently, post to the rode, And if the winde blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this Towne to night. If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,

Where I will walke till thou returne to me:

If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none,

'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,

So flie I from her that would be my wife.

Anti. There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,

And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:

She that doth call me husband, euen my soule

Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister

Posselt with such a gentle foweraigne grace,

Of such inchanting preface and discourse,

Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe:

But least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong,

Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr Antipholus.

Anti. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine,

I thought to haue rane you at the *Porpentine*,

The chaine vnfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Anti. What is your will that I shal do with this?

Ang. What please your selfe sir: I haue made it for you.

Anti. Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue:

Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,

And soone at supper time Ile visit you,

And then receiue my money for the chaine.

Anti. I pray you sir receiue the money now,

For feare you ne're see chaine, nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well.

Anti. What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell:

But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine,

That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine.

I see a man heere needs not lue by shifts,

When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:

Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* stay,

If any ship put out, then straight away.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know since Pentecost the sum is due, And since I haue not much importun'd you, Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To *Persia*, and want Gilders for my voyage:

Therefore make present satisfaction, Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Euen iust the sum that I do owe to you, Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,

And in the instant that I met with you, He had of me a Chaine, at five a clocke

I shall receiue the money for the same:

Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,

I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Countre.

Offi. That labour may you saue: See where he comes.

Anti. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou

And

And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow

Among my wife, and their confederates,

For locking me out of my doores by day:

But soft I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,

Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year, I buy a rope.

Eph. Anti. A man is well holpe vp that trusts to you,

I promised your presence, and the Chaine,

But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:

Belike you thought our loue would last too long

If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.

Gold. Saving your merrie humor: here's the note

How much your Chaine weighs to the vtmost charact,

The finesse of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,

Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more

Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,

I pray you see him presently discharg'd,

For he is bound to Sea, and staves but for it.

Anti. I am not furnish'd with the present monie:

Besides I haue some businesse in the towne,

Good Signior take the stranger to my house,

And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife

Disburse the summe, on the receipt thereof,

Perchance I will be there as soone as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your selfe.

Anti. No beare it with you, least I come not time enough.

Gold. Well sir, I will? Haue you the Chaine about you?

Anti. And if I haue not sir, I hope you haue:

Orelse you may returne without your money.

Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, giue me the Chaine:

Both winde and tide staves for this Gentleman,

And I too blame haue held him heere too long.

Anti. Good Lord, you vse this dalliance to excuse

Your breach of promise to the *Porpentine*,

I should haue chid you for not bringing it,

But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.

Mar. The houre steales on, I pray you sir dispatch.

Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.

Anti. Why giue it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Gold. Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen now,

Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.

Anti. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,

Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.

Mar. My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,

Good sir say, where you'l answer me, or no:

If not, Ile leaue him to the Officer.

Anti. I answer you? What should I answer you?

Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

Anti. I owe you none, till I receiue the Chaine.

Gold. You know I gaue it you halfe an houre since.

Anti. You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to say so.

Gold. You wrong me more sir in denying it.

Consider how it stands vpon my credit.

Mar. Well Officer, arrest him at my suite.

Offi. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.

Gold. This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this Officer.

Anti. Consent to pay thee that I neuer had:

Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.

Gold. Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer.

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorne me so apparantly.

Offi. I do arrest you sir, you heare the suite.

Anti. I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile.

But firrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,

As all the mettall in your shop will answer.

Gold. Sir, sir, I shall haue Law in *Ephesus*,

To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sirra. from the Bay.

Dro. Master, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,

That staies but till her Owner comes aboard,

And then sir she beares away. Our fraughtage sir,

I haue conuei'd aboard, and I haue bought

The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and Aqua-vitæ.

The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde

Blowes faire from land: they stay for nought at all,

But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.

Anti. How now? a Madman? Why thou pceuishest sheep

What ship of *Epidamium* staies for me.

S. Dro. A ship you sent me too, to hier wastage.

Anti. Thou drunken slaue, I sent thee for a rope,

And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a ropes end as soone,

You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Barke.

Anti. I will debate this matter at more leisure

And teach your eares to list me with more heede:

To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee straight:

Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske

That's couer'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie,

There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:

Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,

And that shall baile me: hie thee slaue, be gone,

On Officer to prison, till it come.

S. Dromio. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,

Where Dowlabell did claime me for her husband,

She is too bigge I hope for me to compassse,

Thither I must, although against my will:

For seruants must their Masters mindes fulfill.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?

Might'st thou perceiue austereely in his eie,

That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?

What obseruation mad'st thou in this case?

Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.

Luc. First he deni'de you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my spight

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger heere.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perswasion did he tempt thy loue?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might moue.

First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speake him faire?

Luc. Haue patience I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,

My tongue, though not my heart, shall haue his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere,

Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelasse euery where:

Vicious, vngentle, foolish, blunt, vnkinde,

Stigma-

Stigmaticall in making worse in minde.

Luc. Who would be iealous then of such a one?
No euill lost is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I say:
And yet would herein others eies were worse:
Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away;
My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the deske, the purse, sweet now make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse then hell:
A diuell in an euerlasting garment hath him;
On whose hard heart is button'd vp with Steele:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittileffe and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe:
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermaids
The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws dri-foot well,
One that before the Iudgmet carries poore soules to hel.
Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is rested on the case.
Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?

S. Dro. I know not at whose suite he is arrested well;
but is in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I tell,
will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in his deske.

Adr. Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he unknowne to me should be in debt:

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:

A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.

Adria. What, the chaine?

S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:

It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.

Adr. The houres come backe, that did I neuer here.

S. Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serieant, a turnes

backe for verie feare.

Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'st thou

reason?

S. Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then

he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a theefe too: haue you not heard men say,

That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If I be in debt and theft, and a Serieant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go *Dromio*, there's the monie, beare it straight,

And bring thy Master home immediately.

Come sister, I am prest downe with conceit:

Conceit, my comfort and my iniurie. *Exit.*

Enter Antipholus Siracusia.

There's not a man I meete but doth salute me

As if I were their well acquainted friend,

And euerie one doth call me by my name:

Some tender monie to me, some inuite me;

Some other giue me thanks for kindnesse;

Some offer me Commodities to buy,

Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,

And show'd me Silkes that he had bought for me;
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,
And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio Sir.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what

haue you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?

Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'st thou

meane?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise: but

that *Adam* that keeps the prison; hee that goes in the

calues-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that

came behinde you sir, like an euill angel, and bid you for-

take your libertie.

Ant. I vnderstand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like

a Bafe, Viole in a case of leather; the man sir, that when

gentlemen are tired giues them a sob, and rests them:

he sir, that takes pittie on decayed men, and giues them

suites of durance: he that sets vp his rest to doe more ex-

ploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

Ant. What thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. I sir, the Serieant of the Band: he that brings

any man to answer it that breaks his Band: one that

thinks a man alwaies going to bed, and saies, God giue

you good rest.

Ant. Well sir, there rest in your foolerie:

Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why sir, I brought you word an houre since,

that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then

were you hindered by the Serieant to carry for the *Hy*

Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliuer

you.

Ant. The fellow is distra't, and so am I,

And here we wander in illusions:

Some blessed power deliuer vs from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master *Antipholus*:

I see sir you haue found the Goldsmith now:

Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.

Ant. Sathan auoide, I charge thee tempt me not,

S. Dro. Master, is this Mistris *Sathan*?

Ant. It is the diuell.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the diuels dam:

And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and

thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's

as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is writ-

ten, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an

effect of fire, and fire will burne: ergo, light wenches will

burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are maruailous mettrie sir.

Will you goe with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or bespeake

a long spoone.

Ant. Why *Dromio*?

S. Dro. Marrie he must haue a long spoone that must

cate with the diuell.

Ant. Auoid then fiend, what tel'st thou me of sup-

Thou art, as you are all a forcereffe: (ping?)

I coniure thee to leaue me, and be gon.

Cur. Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,

And Ile be gone sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some diuels aske but the parings of ones naile,

a rush, a haire, a drop of blood, apin, a nut, a cherrie-
stone: but the more couetous, wold haue a chaine: Ma-
ster be wise, and if you giue it her, the diuell will shake
her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

Cur. I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine,

I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?

Ant. Auant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let vs go.

S. Dro. Flie pride saies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that

you know.

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad,

Else would he neuer so demean himselfe,

A Ring he hath of mine worth forrie Duckets,

And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine,

Both one and other he denies me now:

The reason that I gather he is mad,

Besides this present influence of his rage,

Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,

Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance.

Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the doores against his way:

My way is now to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,

He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce

My Ring away. This course I fittest choose,

For forie Duckets is too much to loose.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Tailor.

Ant. Feare me not man, I will not breake away,

Ile giue thee ere I leaue thee so much money

To warrant thee as I am rested for.

My wife is in a wayward moode to day,

And will not lightly trust the Messenger,

That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*.

I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a rope end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.

How now sir? Haue you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Ant. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why sir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Fiue hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

E. Dro. Ile serue you sir fiue hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end sir, and to that end am I re-

turn'd.

Ant. And to that end sir, I will welcome you.

Offi. Good sir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduer-

sities.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.

Ant. Thou whoreson senselesse Villaine.

E. Dro. I would I were senselesse sir, that I might

not feelee your blowes.

Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and

so is an Ass.

E. Dro. I am an Ass indeede, you may proue it by

my long eares: I haue serued him from the houre of my

Natiuitie to this instant, and haue nothing at his hands

for my seruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates

me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with

beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe: I rais'd with

it when I sit, driuen out of doores with it: when I goe

from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay

I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat:
and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with
it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Conrtizan, and a Schoole-
master, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yon-

der.

E. Dro. Mistris *respice finem*, respect your end, or ra-

ther the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Ant. Vilt thou still talke? *Beats Dro.*

Cur. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His inciuility confirms no lesse:

Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Coniurer,

Establish him in his true sence againe,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes.

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.

Pinch. Giue me your hand, and let mee feelee your

pulle.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feelee your care.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hons'd within this man,

To yeeld possession to my holie praiers,

And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight,

I coniure thee by all the Saints in heauen.

Ant. Peace doting wizard, peace: I am not mad.

Adri. Oh that thou wert not, poore distressed soule.

Ant. You Minion you, are these your Customers?

Did this Companion with the saffron face

Reuell and feast it at my house to day,

Whil't vpon me the guiltie doores were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house.

Adri. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home

Where would you had remain'd vntill this time,

Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

Ant. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest

thou?

Dro. Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut

out.

Ant. And did not she her selfe reuile me there?

Dro. Sans Fable, she her selfe reuil'd you there.

Ant. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and

scorne me?

Dro. Certis she did, the kitchen vefall scorn'd you.

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witness,

That since haue felt the vigor of his rage.

Adri. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine;

And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.

Ant. Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest

mee.

Adri. Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,

By *Dromio* heere, who came in haft for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,

But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets.

Adri. He came to me, and I deliuer'd it.

Luci. And I am witness with her that she did:

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witness,

That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistris, both Man and Master is posselt,

I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,

They

They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.

Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,

And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?

Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.

Dro. And gentle Mr I receiue'd no gold:

But I confesse fir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speake'st false in both

Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,

And art confederate with a damned packe,

To make a loathsome abiect scorne of me:

But with these nailes, Ile plucke out these false eyes,

That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

*Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him:
Hee shrines.*

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neere me.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him

Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.

Ant. What will you murder me, thou Iaior thou?

I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a re-

cue?

Offs. Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you

shall not haue him.

Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeuish Officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe?

Offs. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,

Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor,

And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.

Good Master Doctor see him safe conuey'd

Home to my house, oh most vnhappy day.

Ant. Oh most vnhappie strumpet.

Dro. Master, I am heere entred in bond for you.

Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad

me?

Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good

Master, cry the diuell.

Luc. God helpe poore soules, how idly do they

talke.

Adr. Go beate him hence, sister go you with me:

Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?

Exit. Manet Offs. Adri. Luci. Courtizan

Off. One Angelo a Goldsmith, do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: what is the summe he owes?

Off. Two hundred Duckets.

Adr. Say, how growes it due?

Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeake a Chain for me, but had it not.

Cur. When as your husband all in rage to day,

Came to my house, and rooke away my Rings,

The Ring I saw vpon his finger now,

Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.

Adr. It may be so, but I did neuer see it.

Come Iaior, bring me where the Goldsmith is,

I long to know the truth heereof at large.

*Enter Antipholus Siracusia with his Rapier drawne,
and Droanio Sirac.*

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.

Adr. And come with naked swords,

Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.

Runne all out.

Off. Away, they'll kill vs, I looke as if I were

Exit omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.

S. Ant. I see these Witches are affraid of swords.

S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from

you.

Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stufte from

thence:

Long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do

vs no harme: you saw they speake vs faire, giue vs gold:

me thinks they are such a gentle Nation, that but for

the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes marriage of me,

I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne

Witch.

Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,

Therefore away, to get our stufte aboard.

Exit

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I haue hindred you,

But I protest he had the Chaine of me,

Though most dishonestly he doth denie it.

Mar. How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie?

Gold. Of very reuerent reputation fir,

Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,

Second to none that liues heere in the Citie:

His word might beare my wealth at any t me.

Mar. Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Droanio againe.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that selfe chaine about his necke,

Which he forswore most monstrously to haue.

Good fir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him:

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much how I shal

That you would put me to this shame and trouble,

And not without some scandall to your selfe,

With circumstance and oaths, so to denie

This Chaine, which now you weare so openly.

Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You haue done wrong to this my honest friend,

Who but for staying on our Controuersie,

Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day:

This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it.

Mar. Yes that you did fir, and forswore it too.

Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forswore it?

Mar. These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee:

Fit on thee wretch, 'tis pittie that thou liu'st

To walke where any honest man resort.

Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,

Ile proue mine honor, and mine honestie

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:

Mar. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriane, Luciana, Courtizan, & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for Gods sake, he is mad,

Some get within him, take his sword away:

Binde Droanio too, and beate them to my house,

Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,

This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoild.

Exit to the Priorie.

Enter

Enter Ladie Abbesse.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,

Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast,

And beare him home for his recouerie.

Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mar. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Ab. How long hath this possession held the man.

Adr. This weeke he hath bene heauie, lower sad,

And much different from the man he was:

But till this afternoone his passion

Ne're brake into extremity of rage.

Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,

Buried some deere friend, hath not elsc his eye

Stray'd his affection in vnlawfull loue,

A sinne preuailing much in youthfull men,

Who giue their eies the liberty of gazing.

Which of these forrowes is he subiect too?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,

Namely, some loue that drew him off from home.

Ab. You should for that haue reprehended him.

Adr. Why so I did.

Ab. I but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modestie would let me.

Ab. Haply in priuate.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Ab. I, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.

In bed he slept not for my vrging it,

At boord he fed not for my vrging it:

Alone, it was the subiect of my Theame:

In company I often glanced it:

Still did I tell him, it was wilde and bad.

Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.

The venome clamors of a iealous woman,

Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.

It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou saidst his meate was saw'd with thy vpbraidings,

Vnquiet meales make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred,

And what's a feauer, but a fit of madnesse?

Thou sayest his sports were hindred by thy bralles.

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

But moodie and dull melancholly,

Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,

And at her heeles a huge infectious troope

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

In food, in sport, and life-preseruing rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:

The consequence is then, thy iealous fits

Hath scar'd thy husband from the vse of wits.

Luc. She neuer reprehended him but mildly,

When he deman'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,

Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my owne reproofe,

Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Ab. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your seruants bring my husband forth

Ab. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall priuledge him from your hands,

Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,

Or loose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,

And will haue no attorney but my selfe,

And therefore let me haue him home with me.

Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,

Till I haue vs'd the approoued meanes I haue,

With wholesome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers

To make of him a formall man againe:

It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,

A charitable dutie of my order,

Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leaue my husband heere:

And ill it doth beseme your holinesse

To separate the husband and the wife.

Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not haue him.

Luc. Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,

And neuer rise vntill my teares and prayers

Haue won his grace to come in person hither,

And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.

Mar. By this I thinke the Diall points at five:

Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person

Comes this way to the melancholly vale;

The place of depth, and forrie execution,

Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.

Gold. Vpon what cause?

Mar. To see a reuerent Siracusan Merchant,

Who put vnluckily into this Bay

Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,

Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Gold. See where they come, we wil behold his death

Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

*Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracusa
bare head, with the Headman, & other
Officers.*

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publicly,

If any friend will pay the summe for him,

He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Iustice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse.

Duke. She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,

It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholus my husband,

Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,

At your important Letters this ill day,

A most outrageous fit of madnesse rooke him:

That desprately he hurried through the streete,

With him his bondman, all as mad as he,

Doing displeasure to the Citizens,

By rushing in their houses: bearing thence

Rings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like,

Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,

Whil't to take order for the wrongs I went,

That heere and there his furie had committed,

Anon I wot not, by what strong escape

He broke from those that had the guard of him,

And with his mad attendant and himselfe,

Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords

Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs

Chac'd vs away: till raising of more aide

We came againe to binde them: then they fled

Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,

And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on vs,

And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,

Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence.

I

Therefore

</

Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.

Duke. Long since thy husband seru'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbess come to me:
I will determine this before I stirre.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Mistis, Mistis, shift and saue your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they haue sing'd off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailles of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My M^r preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nicks him like a foole:
And sure (vnclesse you send some present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Coniurer.

Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to vs.

Mess. Mistis, vpon my life I tel you true,
I haue not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Mistis: sic, be gone.

Duke. Come stand by me, feare nothing: guard with
Halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witnesse you,
That he is borne about inuisible,
Euen now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Iustice most gracious Duke, oh grant me iu-
Euen for the seruice that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe scarres to saue thy life; euen for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me iustice.

Mar. Ant. Vnclesse the feare of death doth make me
dote, I see my sonne Antipholus and Dromio.

E. Ant. Iustice (sweet Prince) against y^e Woman there:
She whom thou gau'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonored me,
Euen in the strength and height of iniurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt finde me iust.

E. Ant. This day (great Duke) she shut the doores
vpon me,

While she with Harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A greuous fault: say woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together: so befall my soule,
As this is false he burthens me withall.

Lue. Neré may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But she tels to your Highnesse simple truth.

Gold. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman iustly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am aduised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie-rash prouok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad,

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witnesse it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthasar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman.

There did this perjur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,
That I this day of him receiu'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer.
I did obey, and sent my Pefant home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the Officer
To go in person with me to my house.

By th' way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;

A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare lugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch;
A liuing dead man. This pernicious slaue,
Forsooth tooke on him as a Coniurer:

And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possesst. Then altogether
They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,

And in a darke and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beseech
To giue me ample satisfaction
For these deepe shames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnesse with him:
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
These people saw the Chaine about his necke.

Mar. Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,
Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him,
After you first forswore it on the Mart,

And thereupon I drew my sword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.

E. Ant. I neuer came within these Abbey wals,
Nor euer didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I neuer saw the Chaine, so helpe me heauen:

And this is false you burthen me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all haue drunke of *Circus* cup:

If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin.
If he were mad, he would not pleade so coldly:
You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?

E. Dro. Sir he din'd with her there, at the Porpen-
tine.

Cur. He did, and from my finger snatcht that Ring.

E. Ant. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?

Cur. As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why this is strange: Go call the Abbess heere
ther.

I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

Exit

Exit one to the Abbess.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:

Haply I see a friend will saue my life,

And pay the sum that may deliuer me.

Duke. Speake freely *Siracusan* what thou wilt.

Faib. Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholus*?

And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?

E. Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman sir,

But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,

Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, vnbound.

Faib. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. Our selues we do remember sir by you:

For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not *Pincher* patient, are you sir?

Faib. Why looke you strange on me? you know
me well.

E. Ant. I neuer saw you in my life till now.

Fa. Oh! grieve hath chang'd me since you saw me last,

And carefull houres with times deformed hand,

Haue written strange defeatures in my face:

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. Neither.

Fa. *Dromio*, nor thou?

Dro. No trust me sir, nor I.

Fa. I am sure thou dost?

E. Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatso-
euer a man denies, you are now bound to belecue him.

Faib. Not know my voice, oh times e tremity
Hast thou so crack'd and splited my poore tongue
In seuen short yeares, that heere my onely sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cares?

Though now this grained face of mine behid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
Yet hath my night of life some memorie:

My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little vse to heare:

All these old witnessses, I cannot erre.

Tell me, thou art my sonne *Antipholus*.

Ant. I neuer saw my Father in my life.

Fa. But seuen yeares since, in *Siracusa* boy
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in miserie.

Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witnesse with me that it is not so.

I ne're saw *Siracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee *Siracusan*, twentie yeares
Haue I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,

During which time, he ne're saw *Siracusa*:

I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess with Antipholus Siracusan,
and Dromio Sir.*

Abbess. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much
wrong'd.

All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me.

Duke. One of these men is *genius* to the other:

And so of these, which is the naturall man,

And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

S. Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.

E. Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.

S. Ant. *Egeon* art thou not? or else his ghost.

S. Drom. Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him
heere?

Abb. Who euer bound him, I will lose his bonds,

And gaine a husband by his libertie:

Speake olde *Egeon*, if thou bee'st the man

That hadst a wife once call'd *Emilia*,

That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?

Oh if thou bee'st the same *Egeon*, speake:

And speake vnto the same *Emilia*.

Duke. Why heere begins his Morning storieright:

These two *Antipholus*, these two so like,

And these two *Dromio*'s, one in semblance:

Besides her vrging of her wracke at sea,

These are the parents to these children,

Which accidentally are met together.

Fa. If I dreame not, thou art *Emilia*,

If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne

That floated with thee on the fatall rafte.

Abb. By men of *Epidamnium*, he, and I,

And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken vp;

But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*

By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them,

And me they left with those of *Epidamnium*.

What then became of them, I cannot tell:

I, to this fortune that you see mee in.

Duke. *Antipholus* thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.

S. Ant. No sir, not I, I came from *Siracusa*.

Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous
Warriour,

Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned Vnckle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?

S. Ant. I, gentle Mistis.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet did she call me so:

And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere

Did call me brother. What I told you then,

I hope I shall haue leisure to make good,

If this be not a dreame I see and heare.

Goldsmith. That is the Chaine sir, which you had of
mee.

S. Ant. I thinke it be sir, I denie it not.

E. Ant. And you sir for this Chaine arrested me,

Gold. I thinke I did sir, I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you monie sir to be your baile

By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiu'd from you,

And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:

I see we still did meete each others man,

And I was tane for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors are arose.

E. Ant. These Duckets pawne I for my father heere.

Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.

Cur. Sir I must haue that Diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good
cheere.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines

To go with vs into the Abbey heere,

And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes,

And all that are assembled in this place:

That by this sympathized one daies error

Haue suffer'd wrong. Go, keepe vs companie,

And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
My heauie burthen are deliuered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
After so long greefe such Natiuitie.

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast.

Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and
two Brothers.

S.Dro. Maist. shall I fetch your stufte from shipbord?

E.An.Dromio, what stufte of mine hast thou imbarct?

S.Dro. Your goods that lay at host fir in the Centaur.

S.An. Helpeakes to me, I am your master Dromio.

Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him.

S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife,
E.D. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to see their gossiping?

S.Dro. Not I fir, you are my elder.

E.Dro. That's a question, how shall we trie it.

S.Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
lead thou first.

E.Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Governour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a messenger.

Leonato.

Learn in this Letter, that Don Peter of Arragon, comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen haue you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it selfe, when the achieuer brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honor on a yong Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deseru'd on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better betted expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an Vnckle heere in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I haue already deliuered him letters, and there appeares much ioy in him, euen so much, that ioy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badg of bitterness.

Leon. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kinde ouerflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from the warres, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My cousin meanes Signior Benedicke of Padua.

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.

Beat. He set vp his bills here in Messina, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath hee kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'l be meeet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good seruice Lady in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent stomacke.

Mess. And a good souldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good souldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stufte with all honourable vertues.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stufte man: but for the stufing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (fir) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedicke, & her: they neuer meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, foure of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouern'd with one: so that if hee haue wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euery month a new sworne brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it euer changes with next block.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burne my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God helpe the noble Claudio, if hee haue caught the Benedicke, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Beat. Do good friend.

Leon. You'lne're run mad Neece.

Beat. No, not till a hot Ianuary.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balisbassar, and Iohn the bastard.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to auoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happinesse takes his leaue.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you askt her?

Leonato. Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You haue it full Benedicke, we may ghesse by this, what you are, being a man, truly the Lady fathers her selfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, she would not haue his head on her shoulders for al Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deere Ladie Disdaine! are you yet liuing?

Beat. Is it possible Disdaine should die, while shee hath such meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe must conuert to Disdaine, if you come in her presence.

Ben. Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I loue none.

Beat. A deere happinesse to women, they would else haue bene troubled with a pernicious Surer, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man sweare he loues me.

Ben. God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worke, and 'twere such a face as yours were.

Ben. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I haue done.

Beat. You alwaies end with a lades tricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the summe of all: *Leonato*, signior *Claudio*, and signior *Benedicke*; my deere friend *Leonato*, hath inuited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a month, and he heartily praies some occasion may detain vs longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

Leon. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duetie.

John. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

Leon. Please it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Maier Benedicke and Claudio.

Clau. Benedicke, didst thou note the daughter of signior *Leonato*?

Ben. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

Clau. Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

Ben. Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true iudgement? or would you haue me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe?

Clau. No, I pray thee speake in sober iudgement.

Ben. Why yfaith me thinks shee's too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can afford her, that were shee other then she is, she were vnhandsome, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her.

Clau. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Ben. Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

Clau. Can the world buie such a iewell?

Ben. Yea, and a case to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowingt iacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key shall aman take you to goe in the song?

Clau. In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer I lookt on.

Ben. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cosin, and she were not posselt with a furie, exceeds her as much in beautie, as the first of Maie doth the last of December: but I hope you haue no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Clau. I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had sworn the contrarie, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Ben. Ist come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I neuer see a bachelier of three score againe? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away fundaines: looke, don *Pedro* is returned to seeke you.

Enter don Pedro, John the bastard,

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatos*?

Bened. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would haue you thinke so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in loue, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how short his answer is, with *Hero*, *Leonatos* short daughter.

Clau. If this were so, so were it vttered.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so.

Clau. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is verie well worthie.

Clau. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speake my thought.

Clau. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine.

Clau. That I loue her, I feele.

Pedro. That she is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how shee should be loued, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast euer an obstinate heretique in the despight of Beautie.

Clau. And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

Ben. That

Ben. That a woman conceiued me, I thanke her: that she brought mee vp, I likewise giue her most humble thanks: but that I will haue a rechate winded in my chankes: or hang my bugle in an inuisible baldricke, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to trust none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will liue a Batchellor.

Pedro. I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.

Ben. With anger, with sicknesse, or with hunger, my Lord, not with loue: proue that euer I loose more blood with loue, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel-house for the signe of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if euer thou doost fall from this faith, thou wilt proue a notable argument.

Ben. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd *Adam*.

Pedro. Well, as time shall trie: In time the sauge Bull doth beare the yoke.

Ben. The sauge bull may, but if euer the sensible *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in such great Letters as they write, heere is good horse to hire: let them signifie vnder my signe, here you may see *Benedicke* the married man.

Clau. If this should euer happen, thou wouldst bee horne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid haue not spent all his Quiuer in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Ben. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leonatos*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Ben. I haue almost matter enough in me for such an Embassage, and so I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro. The sixt of Iuly. Your louing friend, *Benedicke*.

Ben. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but slightly basted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you.

Clau. My Liege, your Highnesse now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learne Any hard Lesson that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath *Leonato* any sonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but *Hero*, she's his onely heire.

Doest thou affect her *Claudio*?

Clau. O my Lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,

I look'd vpon her with a fouldiers eie,

That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand,

Than to driue liking to the name of loue:

But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts

Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes,

Come thronging soft and delicate desires,

All prompting mee how faire yong *Hero* is,

Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a louer presently, And tire the hearer with a booke of words:

If thou doost loue faire *Hero*, cherish it, And I will breake with her: wait not to this end,

That thou beganst to twist so fine a story?

Clau. How sweetly doe you minister to loue, That know loues griefe by his complexion!

But lest my liking might too sodaine seeme, I would haue salu'd it with a longer treatise.

Ped. What need'st bridge much broder then the flood? The fairest graunt is the necessitie:

Looke what will serue, is fit: 'tis once, thou lonest,

And I will fit thee with the remedie,

I know we shall haue reuelling to night,

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell faire *Hero* I am *Claudio*,

And in her bosome Ile vnclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong incounter of my amorous tale:

Then after, to her father will I breake,

And the conclusion is, shee shall be thine,

In practise let vs put it presently.

Exeunt.

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my colen your son: hath he provided this musicke?

Old. He is very busie about it, but brother, I can tell you newes that you yet dreamt not of.

Leo. Are they good?

Old. As the euents stamps them, but they haue a good couer: they shew well outward, the Prince and Count

Claudio walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: the Prince discovered to *Claudio* that hee loued my niece your daughter,

and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good sharpe fellow, I will send for him, and question him your selfe.

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it appeare it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: coo-fins, you know what you haue to doe, O I crie you mercie friend, goe you with mee and I will vse your skill, good cosin haue a care this busie time.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir John the Bastard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadnesse is without limit.

Con. You should heare reason.

John. And when I haue heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance,

John. I wonder that thou (being as thou saist thou art, borne vnder *Saturne*) goest about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying mischief: I cannot hide what I am: I must bee sad when I haue cause, and smile at no mans iests, eat when I haue stomacke, and wait for no mans leisure: sleepe when I am drowsie, and tend on no mans businesse, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full shew of this, till you may doe it without controllment, you haue of late

late stood out against your brother, and hee hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the faire weather that you make your selfe, it is needful that you frame the season for your owne haruest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob loue from any: in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I am trusted with a muffell, and enfranchis'd with a clog, therefore I haue decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and seeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no vse of your discontent?

John. I will make all vse of it, for I vse it onely. Who comes here? what newes *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can giue you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serue for any Modell to build mischief on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himselfe to vnquietnesse?

Bor. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

Bor. Euen he.

John. A proper squier, and who, and whe, which way lookes he?

Bor. Mary on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leonato*.

John. A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smooching a musty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince should wooe *Hero* for himselfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue her to Count *Claudio*.

John. Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food to my displeasure, that young start-up hath all the glorie of my ouerthrow: if I can crosse him any way, I bleesse my selfe euery way, you are both sure, and will assist mee?

Con. To the death my Lord.

John. Let vs to the great supper, their cheere is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: shall we goe proue whats to be done?

Bor. Wee'll wait vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman.

Leonato. Was not Count *John* here at supper?

Brother. I saw him not.

Beatrice. How tartly that Gentleman looks, I neuer can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an howre after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made iust in the mid-way betwene him and *Benedicke*, the one is too like an image and saies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldest sonne, euermore tatling.

Leon. Then halfe signior *Benedicke*'s tongue in Count *John*'s mouth, and halfe Count *John*'s melancholy in Signior *Benedicke*'s face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot vnckle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt neuer get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Brother. In faith thee's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more then curst, I shall lessen Gods sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curst Cow short hornes, but to a Cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no hornes.

Beat. Iust, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing I am at him vpon my knees euery morning and evening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leonato. You may light vpon a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice. What should I doe with him? dresse him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is lesse then a man: and hee that is more then a youth, is not for mee: and he that is lesse then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will euen take sixepence in earnest of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuill meete mee like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and say, get you to heauen *Beatrice*, get you to heauen, heere's no place for you maids, so deliuer I vp my Apes, and away to S. Peter: for the heauens, hee shewes mee where the Batchellers sit, and there liue wee as merry as the day is long.

Brother. Well neece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my cosens dutie to make curtsie, and say, as it please you: but yet for all that cosin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make an other cursie, and say, father, as it please me.

Leonato. Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other met-tall then earth, would it not grieve a woman to be out-mastred with a peece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? no vnckle, ile none: *Adams* sonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sinne to match in my kinred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe solicit you in that kinde, you know your answer.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the musicke cosin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the Prince bee too important, tell him there is measure in euery thing, & so dance out the answer, for heere me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suite is hot and hasty like a Scotch jigge (and full as fantastical) the wedding manerly modett, (as a measure) full of state & aunchenty, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinkes into his graue.

Leonato.

Leonato. Cosin you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beatrice. I haue a good eye vnckle, I can see a Church by daylight.

Leon. The reuellets are entring brother, make good roome.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthasar, or dumbe Iohn, Maskers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hero. So you walke softly, and looke sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walke, and especially when I walke away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your fauour, for God defend the Lute should be like the case.

Pedro. My visor is *Philemons* rooffe, within the house is Loue.

Hero. Why then your visor should be thatcht.

Pedro. Speake low if you speake Loue.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your owne sake, for I haue manie ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I lay my prayers alowd.

Bene. I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dauncer.

Balt. Amen.

Mar. And God keepe him out of my sight when the daunce is done: answer Clarke.

Balt. No more words the Clarke is answered.

Virgilia. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthony*.

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Virgilia. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfet him.

Virgilia. You could neuer doe him so ill well, vnlesse you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down, you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a word I am not.

Virgilia. Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? goe to, mummie, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, belecue me.

Beat. Did he neuer make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes iester, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in deuising impossible flanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleasesh men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, hee'l but breake a comparison or two on me, which peradventure (not markt, or not laugh'd at) strikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing saued, for the foole will eate no supper that night. We must follow the Leaders.

Bene. In euery good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them at the next turning.

Musicke for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Borachio. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you signior *Benedicke*?

Clau. You know me well, I am hee.

John. Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his leue, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you disswade him from her, she is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loues her?

John. I heard him sweare his affection.

Bor. So did I too, and he swore he would marrie her to night.

John. Come, let vs to the banquet. *Ex. manet Clau.*

Clau. Thus answer I in name of *Benedicke*, But heere these ill newes with the eares of *Claudio*:

'Tis certaine so, the Prince woos for himselfe:

Friendship is constant in all other things,

Sauie in the Office and affaires of loue:

Therefore all hearts in loue vse their owne tongues,

Let euery eye negotiate for it selfe,

And trust no Agent: for beaurie is a witch,

Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood:

This is an accident of hourly proofe,

Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore *Hero*.

Enter Benedicke.

Bene. Count *Claudio*.

Clau. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither?

Bene. Euen to the next Willow, about your own business, Count. What fashion will you weare the Car-land off? About your necke, like an *Vsurers* chaine? Or vnder your arme, like a *Lieutenants* scarfe? You must weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Clau. I wish him toy of her.

Bene. Why hat's spoken like an honest Drouier, so they sel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince would haue serued you thus?

Clau. I pray you leaue me.

Bene. Ho now you strike like the blindman, 'twas the boy that stole your meate, and you'l beat the post.

Clau. If it will not be, Ile leaue you. *Exit.*

Bene. Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into sedges: But that my Ladie *Beatrice* should know me, & not know me: the Princes foole! Hah! It may be I goe vnder that title, because I am merrie: yea but so I am apt to do my selfe wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the base (though bitter) disposition of *Beatrice*, that putt's the world into her person, and so giues me out: well, Ile be reuenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see him?

Bene.

Bene. Troth my Lord, I haue played the part of Lady Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-joyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his companion, and he steales it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not bene amisse the rod had bene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might haue worne himselfe, and the rod hee might haue bestowed on you, who (as I take it) haue stolne his birds nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunt with her, told her shee is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O she misfusse me past the indurance of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue answered her: my very vior began to asstume life, and scold with her: shee told mee, not thinking I had bene my selfe, that I was the Princes lester, and that I was duller then a great thaw, huddling iest vpon iest, with such impossible conueiance vpon me, that I stood like a man at a marke, with a whole army shooting at me: shee speakes poynards, and euery word stabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no living neere her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not marry her, though she were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgressed, she would haue made *Hercules* haue turnd spit, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God some scholler would coniure her, for certainly while she is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, and people sinne vpon purpose, because they would goe thither, to indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Looke heere she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any seruice to the worlds end? I will goe on the slightest errand now to the Antypodes that you can deuise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of *Proserpines* foot: fetch you a hayre off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words conference, with this Harpy: you haue no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God sir, heeres a dish I loue not, I cannot indure this Lady tongue. *Exit.*

Pedro. Come Lady, come, you haue lost the heart of Signior *Benedicke*.

Beat. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I gaue him vse for it, a double heart for a single one, marry ouce before he wonne it of mee, with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I haue lost it.

Pedro. You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, I should prooue the mother of fooles: I haue brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seeke.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherfore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sicke?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and something of a iealous complexion.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though Ile be sworne, if hee be so, his conceit is false: heere *Claudio*, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace say, Amen to it.

Beat. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest Herauld of ioy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my selfe for you, and doat vpon the exchange.

Beat. Speake cosin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kisse, and let not him speake neither.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady you haue a merry heart.

Beat. Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepees on the windy side of Care, my cosin tells him in his care that he is in my heart.

Claud. And so she doth cosin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes euery one to the world but I, and I am sun-born'd, I may sit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather haue one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you haue me? Lady.

Beat. No, my Lord, vnlesse I might haue another for working-daies, your Grace is too costly to weare euery day: but I beseech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry howre.

Beat. No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a starre daunt, and vnder that was I borne: cosins God giue you ioy.

Leonato. Neece, will you looke to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Graces pardon.

Exit Beatrice.

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, she is neuer sad, but when she sleepes, and not euert sad then: for I haue heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappinesse, and wakt her selfe with laughing.

Pedro. Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suite.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedicke*.

Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married,

married, they would talke themselves madde.

Prince. Counte *Claudio*, when meane you to goe to Church?

Claud. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Loue haue all his rites.

Leonato. Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is hence a iust seuen night, and a time too brieft too, to haue all things answer minde.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breaching, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not goe dully by vs, I will in the interim, vndertake one of *Hercules* labors, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other. I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall giue you direction.

Leonato. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you to gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will doe any modest office, my Lord, to helpe my cosin to a good husband.

Prin. And *Benedicke* is not the vnhopefullest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble straine, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty, I will teach you how to humour your cosin, that shee shall fall in loue with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpees, will so practise on *Benedicke*, that in despite of his quicke wit, and his queasie stomacke, hee shall fall in loue with *Beatrice*: if wee can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely loue-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exit.*

Enter John and Borachio.

John. It is so, the Count *Claudio* shal marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

Bor. Yea my Lord, but I can crosse it.

John. Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and whatsoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euently with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly my Lord, but so couertly, that no dishonesty shall appeare in me.

John. Shew me breefely how.

Bor. I thinke I told your Lordship a yeere since, how much I am in the fauour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bor. I can at any vnseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poyson of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whose estimation do you mightily hold vp, to a contaminated stale, such a one as *Hero*.

John. What prooffe shall I make of that?

Bor. Prooffe enough, to misfusse the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to vndoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for any other issue?

John. Onely to despight them, I will endeaour any thing.

Bor. Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hero* loues me, intend a kinde of zeale both to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a loue of your brothers

honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be cosen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you haue discover'd thus: they will scarcely beleue this without triall: offer them instances which shall beare no lesse likelihood, than to see mee at her chamber window, heare me call *Margaret, Hero*; heare *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent, and there shall appeare such seeming truths of *Heroes* disloyaltie, that iealousie shall be cal'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrowne.

John. Grow this to what aduerse issue it can, I will put it in practise: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducates.

Bor. Bethou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presentlie goe learne their day of marriage. *Exit.*

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard. *Exit.*

Boy. I am heere already sir.

Bene. I know that, but I would haue thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behauiours to loue, will after hee hath laugh't at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne scorn, by falling in loue, & such a man is *Claudio*, I haue known when there was no musicke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake caruing the fashion of a new dublet: he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose (like an honest man & a souldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantasticall banquet, iust so many strange dishes: may I be so conuerted, & see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee sworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyster, but Ile take my oath on it, till he haue made an oyster of me, he shall neuer make me such a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: rich shee shall be, that's certaine: wise, or Ile none: vertuous, or Ile neuer cheapeen her: faire, or Ile neuer looke on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good discourse: an excellent Musitian, and her haire shal be of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and Monsieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilson.

Prin. Come, shall we heare this musicke?

Claud. Yea my good Lord: how still the euening is, As hush't on purpose to grace harmonic.

Prin. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himselfe?

Claud. O very well my Lord: the musicke ended, Wee'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Prin. Come *Balthasar*, wee'll heare that song againe.

Balth. O good my Lord, taxe not so bad a voyce,

To slander musicke any more then once.

Prin. It is the witness still of excellency,

To slander Musicke any more then once.

Prince. It is the witnesse still of excellencie,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.

Balth. Because you talke of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit,
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos,
Yet will he sweare he loues.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Note notes forsooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now diuine aire, now is his soule rauisht, is it
not strange that sheeps guts should hale foules out of
mens bodies? well, a home for my money when all's
done.

The Song.

*Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceiuers euer,
One foote in Sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant neuer,
Then sigh not so, but let them goe,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
Converting all your sorrows of woe,
Into hey nonny nonny.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of men were euer so,
Since summer first was leauy,
Then sigh not so, &c.*

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill finger, my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a
shift.

Bene. And he had been a dog that should haue howld
thus, they would haue hang'd him, and I pray God his
bad voyce bode no mischief, I had as lief haue heard
the night-rawen, come what plague could haue come af-
ter it.

Prince. Yea marry, dost thou heare *Balthasar*? I pray
thee get vs some excellent musick: for to morrow night
we would haue it at the Lady *Hero's* chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my Lord. *Exit Balthasar.*

Prince. Do so, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what
was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice*
was in loue with signior *Benedicke*?

Clau. O I, stalke on, stalke on, the foule fits. I did ne-
uer thinke that Lady would haue loued any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she
should so dote on Signior *Benedicke*, whom shee hath in
all outward behauiours seemed euer to abhorre.

Bene. Is't possible? fits the winde in that corner?

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to
thinke of it, but that she loues him with an inrag'd affe-
ction, it is past the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be she doth but counterfeit,

Clau. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counter-
feit of passion, came so neere the life of passion as she dis-
couers it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion shewes she?

Clau. Baite the hooke well, this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects my Lord? shee will fit you, you
heard my daughter tell you how.

Clau. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would
haue thought her spirit had beene inuincible against all
assaults of affection.

Leo. I would haue sworne it had, my Lord, especially
against *Benedicke*.

Bene. I should thinke this a gull, but that the white-
bearded fellow speaks it: knauery cannot sure hide
himselfe in such reuerence.

Clau. He hath tane th' infection, hold it vp.

Prince. Hath shee made her affection known to *Bene-
dicke*?

Leonato. No, and sweares she neuer will, that's her
torment.

Clau. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter saies: shall
I, saies she, that haue so oft encountered him with scorn,
write to him that I loue him?

Leo. This saies shee now when shee is beginning to
write to him, for shee'll be vp twenty times a night, and
there will she sit in her smocke, till she haue writ a sheet
of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

Clau. Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember
a pretty iest your daughter told vs of.

Leon. O when she had writ it, & was reading it ouer,
she found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the sheete.

Clau. That.

Leon. O she tore the letter into a thousand halpence,
raild at her self, that she should be so immodest to write,
to one that shee knew would scorne her: I measure him,
saies she, by my owne spirit, for I should scorne him if hee
writ to mee, yea though I loue him, I should.

Clau. Then downe vpon her knees she falls, weeper,
sobs, beates her heart, reares her hayre, praies, curses, O
sweet *Benedicke*, God giue me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter saies so, and the
extasie hath so much ouerborne her, that my daughter is
sometime afraid she will doe a desperate out-rage to her
selfe, it is very true.

Prince. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by some
other, if she will not discouer it.

Clau. To what end? he would but make a sport of it,
and torment the poore Lady worse.

Prin. And he should, it were an almes to hang him,
shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspicion)
she is vertuous.

Clau. And she is exceeding wise.

Prince. In euery thing, but in louing *Benedicke*.

Leon. O my Lord, wisdom and bloud combating in
so tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that bloud
hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I haue iust cause,
being her Vncle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would shee had bestowed this dotage on
mee, I would haue daft all other respects, and made her
halfe my selfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare
what he will say.

Leon. Were it good thinke you?

Clau. *Hero* thinks surely she wil die, for she saies she
will die, if hee loue her not, and shee will die ere shee
make her loue knowne, and she will die if hee wooe her,
rather than shee will bate one breath of her accustomed
crossenesse.

Prin. She doth well, if she should make tender of her
loue,

loue, 'tis very possible hee'l scorne it, for the man (as you
know all) hath a contemptible spirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happines.

Clau. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wise.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like
wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Hector*; I assure you, and in the managing of
quarrels you may see hee is wise, for either hee auoydes
them with great discretion, or vndertakes them with a
Christian-like feare.

Leon. If hee doe feare God, a must necessarilie keepe
peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a
quarrell with feare and trembling.

Prin. And so will hee doe, for the man doth feare God,
howsoeuer it seemes not in him, by some large icasts hee
will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe
(see *Benedicke*), and tell him of her loue.

Clau. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out
with good counsell.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart
out first.

Prin. Well, we will heare further of it by your daugh-
ter, let it coole the while, I loue *Benedicke* well, and I
could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see
how much he is vnworthy to haue so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not doat on her vpon this, I wil neuer
trust my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and
that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry:
the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of ano-
thers dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I
would see, which will be mecerly a dumbe shew: let vs
send her to call him into dinner. *Exeunt.*

Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly
borne, they haue the truth of this from *Hero*, they seeme
to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections haue the full
bent: loue me? why it must be requited: I heare how I
am censur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I
perceiue the loue come from her: they say too, that she
will rather die than giue any signe of affection: I did ne-
uer thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are
they that heare their detractions, and can put them to
mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can
beare them witnesse: and vertuous, tis so, I cannot re-
prooue it, and wise, but for louing me, by my troth it is
no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her
folly, for I wil be horribly in loue with her, I may chance
haue some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken
on mee, because I haue rail'd so long against marriage:
but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meat in
his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips
and sentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe
a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world
must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I
did not thinke I should liue till I were married, here comes
Beatrice: by this day, shee's a faire Lady, I doe spie some
markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to
dinner.

Bene. Faire *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then
you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I
would not haue come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea iust so much as you may take vpon a kniues
point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no stomacke
signior, fare you well. *Exit.*

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come
into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke
no more paines for those thankes then you tooke paines
to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I
take for you is as easie as thankes: if I do not take pittie
of her I am a villaine, if I doe not loue her I am a Jew, I
will goe get her picture. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Virgula.

Hero. Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour,
There shalt thou finde my Cofin *Beatrice*,
Proposing with the Prince and *Claudio*,
Whisper her eare, and tell her I and *Virgula*,
Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her, say that thou over-heardst vs,
And bid her steale into the pleached bower,
Where hony-suckles ripened by the sunne,
Forbid the funne to enter: like fauourites,
Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride,
Against that power that bred it, there will shee hide her,
To listen our purpose, this is thy office,
Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant you presently.

Hero. Now *Virgula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley vp and downe,
Our talke must onely be of *Benedicke*,
When I doe name him, let it be thy part,
To praise him more then euer man did merit,
My talke to thee must be how *Benedicke*
Is sicke in loue with *Beatrice*: of this matter,
Is little *Cupid's* crafty arrow made,
That onely wounds by heare-say: now begin,
Enter Beatrice.

For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

Virg. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden ores the siluer streame,
And greedily deuoure the treacherous baite:
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who euen now,
Is couched in the wood-bine couerture,
Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.

Her. Then go we neare her that her eare loose nothing,
Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it:
No truly *Virgula*, she is too disdainfull,
I know her spirits are as coy and wilde,
As Haggards of the rocke.

Virgula. But are you sure,
That *Benedicke* loues *Beatrice* so intirely?

Her. So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Virg. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,
But I perswaded them, if they lou'd *Benedicke*,

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To

To with him wrastle with affection,
And neuer to let *Beatrice* know of it.
Virgilia. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deferue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer *Beatrice* shall couch vpon?

Hero. O God of loue! I know he doth deferue,
As much as may be yeilded to a man:
But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,
Of powder stiffe then that of *Beatrice*:
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it selfe so highly, that to her
All matter else seemes weak: she cannot loue,
Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,
Shée is so selfe indeared.

Virgilia. Sure I thinke so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd.
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildie cur:

If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If silent, why a blocke moued with none.

So turnes the euerie man the wrong side out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.

Virgilia. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? if I should speake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me
Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit,
Therefore let *Benedicke* like couered fire,
Consume away in sighes, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Virgilia. Yet tell her of it, heare what shée will say.

Hero. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,
And counsaile him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ile deuise some honest flanders,
To staine my cosin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impposon liking.

Virgilia. O doe not doe your cosin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true iudgement,
Hauing so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priske to haue, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as signior *Benedicke*.

Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio*.

Virgilia. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke*,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formeost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Virgilia. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?

Hero. Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile shew thee some attires, and haue thy counsell,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Virgilia. Shée's tane I warrant you,
We haue caught her Madame?

Hero. If it proue so, then louing goes by haps,

Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, some with traps. *Exit*.

Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory liues behinde the backe of such.
And *Benedicke*, loue on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand:
If thou dost loue, my kindenesse shall incite thee
To binde our loues vp in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deferue, and I
Beleeue it better then reportingly. *Exit*.

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be consum-
mate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claudio. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouch-
safe me.

Prince. Nay, that would be as great a foyle in the new
glosse of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat
and forbid him to wear it. I will onely bee bold with
Benedicke for his companie, for from the crowne of his
head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice
or thrice cut *Cupids* bow: string, and the little hang-man
dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as found as a bell,
and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks,
his tongue speakes.

Benedicke. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.

Leo. So say I, methinks you are sadder.

Claudio. I hope he be in loue.

Prince. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud
in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be sad, he wants
money.

Benedicke. I haue the tooth-ach.

Prince. Draw it.

Benedicke. Hang it.

Claudio. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Prince. What? sigh for the tooth-ach.

Leo. Where is but a humour or a worne.

Benedicke. Well, euerie one cannot master a griefe, but hee
that has it.

Claudio. Yet say I, he is in loue.

Prince. There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnlesse
it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a
Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnlesse hee
haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee
is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare
he is.

Claudio. If he be not in loue vvith some vvoman, there
is no beleeuing old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings,
What should that bode?

Prince. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?

Claudio. No, but the Barbers man hath beene seene with
him, and the olde ornament of his cheekes hath alreadie
stufte tennis balls.

Leo. Indeed he lookes yonger than hee did, by the
losse of a beard.

Prince. Nay a rubs himselfe vvith Ciuit, can you smell
him out by that?

Claudio. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in
loue.

Prince. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claudio. And vvhen vvvas he vvont to vvash his face?

Prince. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare
vvhat they say of him.

Claudio. Nay, but his iesting spirit, vvich is now crept
into a lute-string, and now gouern'd by stops.

Prince.

Prince. Indeed that tels a heauy tale for him: conclude,
he is in loue.

Claudio. Nay, but I know who loues him.

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that
knowes him not.

Claudio. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all,
dies for him.

Prince. Shée shall be buried with her face vpwards.

Benedicke. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old sig-
nior, walke aside with mee, I haue studied eight or nine
wise words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses
must not heare.

Prince. For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice*.

Claudio. 'Tis euen so, *Hero* and *Margaret* haue by this
played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares
will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter John the Bastard.

Bast. My Lord and brother, God saue you.

Prince. Good den brother.

Bast. If your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you.

Prince. In priuate?

Bast. If it please you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare,
for what I would speake of, concerns him.

Prince. What's the matter?

Bast. Meanes your Lordship to be married to mor-
row?

Prince. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Claudio. If there be any impediment, I pray you disco-
uer it.

Bast. You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare
hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will ma-
nifest, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in
dearenesse of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing
marriage: surely sure ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prince. Why, what's the matter?

Bastard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances
shortned, (for she hath beene too long a talking of) the
Lady is disloyall.

Claudio. Who *Hero*?

Bast. Euen shée, *Leonato*es *Hero*, your *Hero*, euerie
mans *Hero*.

Claudio. Disloyall?

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wicked-
nesse, I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse
title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further war-
rant: goe but with mee to night, you shal see her cham-
ber window entred, euen the night before her wedding
day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it
would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Claudio. May this be so?

Prince. I will not thinke it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not
that you know: if you will fellow mee, I will shew you
enough, and when you haue seene more, & heard more,
proceed accordingly.

Claudio. If I see any thing to night, why I should not
marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold
wedde, there will I shame her.

Prince. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will
ioyne with thee to disgrace her.

Bast. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my
witnesses, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue
shew it selfe.

Prince. O day vntowardly turned!

Claudio. O mischiefie strangelic thwarting!

Bastard. O plague right well preuented! so will you
say, when you haue seene the sequele. *Exit*.

Enter Dogberry and his compartner with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verges. Yea, or else it were pittie but they should suffer
saluation body and soule.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for
them, if they should haue any allegiance in them, being
chosen for the Princes watch.

Verges. Well, giue them their charge, neighbour
Dogberry.

Dog. First, who thinke you the most defartlesse man
to be Constable?

Watch 1. *Hugh Ot-cake* sir, or *George Sea-coale*, for
they can write and reade.

Dog. Come hither neighbour *Sea-coale*, God hath
blest you with a good name: to be a wel-fauoured man,
is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by
Nature.

Watch 2. Both which Master Constable

Dog. You haue: I knew it would be your answer:
well, for your fauour sir, why giue God thanks, & make
no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that
appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are
thought heere to be the most senslesse and fit man for the
Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lan-
thorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all
vagromen, you are to bid any man stand in the Prin-
ces name.

Watch 3. How if a will not stand?

Dog. Why then take no note of him, but let him go,
and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and
thanke God you are ridde of a knaue.

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is
none of the Princes subiects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but
the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noise in the
streetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most
tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch. We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know
what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet
watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend:
only haue a care that your bills be not stolne: well, you
are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are
drunke get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why then let them alone till they are sober, if
they make you not then the better answer, you may say,
they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch. Well sir.

Dog. If you meet a theefe, you may suspect him, by
vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such
kinde of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them,
why the more is for your honestie.

Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not
lay hands on him.

Dog. Truly by your office you may, but I thinke they
that touch pitch will be defild: the most peaceable way
for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him shew him-
selfe what he is, and steale out of your company.

Verges. You haue bin alwaies cal'd a mercifull mā partner.

Dog. Truly I would not hang a dog by my will, much
more a man who hath anie honestie in him.

K 2

Verges.

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleepe and will not heare vs?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it baes, will neuer answere a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. 'Tis verie true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may staie him.

Verges. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may staie him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeede the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verges. Birladie I thinke it be so.

Dog. Hah ha, well masters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chances, call vp me, keepe your fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well masters, we heare our charge, let vs go sit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior Leonatoes doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew, be vigilant I beseech you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, Conrade?

Watch. Peace, stir not.

Bor. Conrade I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answere for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee close then vnder this penthouse, for it driffels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vtter all to thee.

Watch. Some treason masters, yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I haue earned of Don Iohn a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deate?

Bor. Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible anie villanie should be so rich? for when rich villians haue neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but seest thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bor. Did'st thou not heare some bodie?

Con. No, 'twas the vaine on the house.

Bor. Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed theefe this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hor-

blonds, betweene foureteene & fiftie & thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like *Pharoses* souldiours in the rechie painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old Church window, sometime like the shauen *Hercules* in the smircht worm-eaten tapestrie, where his cod-peece seemes as massie as his club.

Con. All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy selfe giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither, but know that I haue to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Heroes* gentle woman, by the name of *Hero*, she leanes me out at her mistris chamber window, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Master planted, and placed, and possessed by my Master *Don Iohn*, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the diuell my Master knew she was *Margaret* and partly by his oathes, which first posselt them, partly by the darke night which did deceiue them, but chiefly, by my villanie, which did confirme any slander that *Don Iohn* had made, away vvent *Claudio* enraged, swore hee would meete her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her with vwhat he saw o're night, and send her home againe without a husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name stand.

Mar. 2. Call vp the right master Constable, vve haue here recovered the most dangerous peece of lechery, that cuer vvas knowne in the Common-wealth.

Watch. 3. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a vveares a looke.

Con. Masters, masters.

Watch. 4. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you,

Con. Masters, neuer speake, vve charge you, let vs obey you to goe vvith vs.

Bor. We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of these mens bills.

Con. A commoditie in question I warrant you, come vvecle obey you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hero and Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good *Ursula* wake my cosin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

Ursula. I will Lady.

Her. And bid her come hither.

Ursula. Well.

Mar. Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

Boro. No pray thee good *Meg*, Ile vveare this.

Marg. By my troth's not so good, and I vvarrant your cosin vwill say so.

Boro. My cosin's a foole, and thou art another, ile vveare none but this.

Mar. I like the new tye vvithin excellently, if the haire vvere a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of *Milaine* gowne that they praise so.

Boro. O that exceeds they say.

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd vvith filuer, set vvith pearles, downe sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round vvnderborn vvith a blewish tinsel, but for a fine queint grace, full and excellent fashion, yours is vvorth ten on't.

Boro. God

Hero. God giue mee joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy.

Marga. 'Twill be heauier soone, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie vpon thee, art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue me say, sauing your reuerence a husband: and bad thinking doe not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heauy, aske my Lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet *Hero*.

Hero. Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar. Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light aloue vvith your heeles, then if your husband haue stables enough, you'll looke he shall laeke no bannes.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorne that vvith my heeles.

Beat. 'Tis almost fise a clocke cosin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more laying by the starre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God send euery one their harts desire.

Hero. These gloues the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuf cosin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and stuf! there's goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God help me, how long haue you profest apprehension?

Mar. Euer since you left it, doth not my wit become meracly?

Beat. It is not seene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickst her vvith a thissell.

Beat. *Benedictus*, why *benedictus*? you haue some morall in this *benedictus*.

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet *Benedicke* was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore hee would neuer marry, and yet now in despight of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be conuered I know not, but me thinkes you looke vvith your eies as other women doe.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepe.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Enter Ursula.

Ursula. Madam, vvithdraw, the Prince, the Count, signior *Benedicke*, *Don Iohn*, and all the gallants of the towne are came to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Helpe to dresse mee good coze, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*.

Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you vvith mee, honest neighbour?

Const. Dog. Mary sir I would haue some confidence vvith you, that decernes you nearly.

Leon. Brieft I pray you, for you see it is a busie time vvith me.

Const. Dog. Mary this it is sir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is sir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con. Do. Goodman *Verges* sir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God helpe I would desire they were, but infaith honest as the skin betweene his browes.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man liuing, that is an old man, and no honeste then I.

Con. Dog. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Con. Dog. It pleases your vvorship to say so, but weare the poore Dukes officers, but truly for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to bestow it all of your vvorship.

Leon. All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?

Const. Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Wvrrship as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you haue to say.

Head. Marry sir our vvatch to night, excepting your vvorships p'rence, haue tane a couple of as arrant knaues as any in *Messina*.

Con. Dog. A good old man sir, hee will be talking as they say, vvhen the age is in the vvit is out, God helpe vs, it is a vvorld to see: well said yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behinde, an honest foule yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as cuer broke bread, but God is to bee vvorshipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Con. Do. Gifts that God giues.

Leon. I must leaue you.

Con. Dog. One word sir, our vvatch sir haue indeede comprehended two aspicious persons, & we would haue them this morning examined before your vvorship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare vvnto you.

Const. It shall be suffigance. *(Exit.)*

Leon. Drinke some vvine ere you goe: fare you well.

Messenger. My Lord, they stay for you to giue your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait vvpon them, I am ready.

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inke horne to the Gaole: we are now to examine those men.

Verges. And we must doe it vvise.

Dogb. Wee will spare for no vvitte I warrant you:

K 3

heere,

heere's that shall drue some of them to a non-come, on-ly get the learned writer to set downe our excommuni-cation, and meet me at the Taile. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come *Frier Francis*, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leo. To be married to her: *Frier*, you come to mar-rie her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conioyned, I charge you on your soules to utter it.

Clau. Know you anie, *Hero*?

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you anie, Count?

Leo. I dare make his answer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. How now! interfections? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, hee.

Clau. Stand thee by *Frier*, father, by your leave,

Will you with free and unconstrained soule as to be glad?

Giue me this maid your daughter?

Leo. As freely sonne as God did giue her me.

Clau. And what haue I to giue you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:

There *Leonato*, take her backe againe,

Giue not this rotten Orange to your friend,

Shes but the signe and semblance of her honour:

Behold how like a maid she blushes heere!

O what authoritie and shew of truth

Can cunning sinne couer it selfe withall!

Comes not that bloud, as modest euidence,

To witness simple Vertue? would you not sware

All you that see her, that she were a maide,

By these exterior shewes? But she is none:

She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:

Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,

Not to knit my soule to an approued wanton.

Leo. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne prooffe,

Haue vanquish't the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity.

Clau. I know what you would say: if I haue knowne

You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the forehead sinne: No *Leonato*,

I neuer tempted her with word too large,

But as a brother to his sister, shew'd

Bashfull sinceritie and comely loue.

Hero. And seem'd I euer otherwise to you?

Clau. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,

You seeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe,

As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne:

But you are more intemperate in your blood,

Than *Venus*, or those pampred animals,

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?

Leo. Sweete Prince, why speake not you?

Prin. What should I speake?

I stand dishonour'd that haue gone about

To link my deare friend to a common stale,

Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?

Bast. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God!

Clau. *Leonato*, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?

Is this face *Heroes*? are our eyes our owne?

Leo. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but moue one question to your daugh-

ter, And by that fatherly and kindly power,

That you haue in her, bid her answer truly,

Leo. I charge thee doe, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me how am I beset?

What kinde of catechizing call you this?

Clau. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name

With any iust reproach?

Clau. Marry that can *Hero*.

Hero. It selfe can blot out *Heroes* vertue.

What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,

Out at your window betwixt twelue and one?

Now if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man at that houre my Lord.

Prin. Why then you are no maiden.

Leonato. I am sorry you must heare: vpon mine honor,

My selfe, my brother, and this grieved Count

Did see her, heare her, at that houre last night,

Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,

Who hath indeed most like a libell villaine,

Confest the vile encounters they haue had

A thousand times in secret.

Leo. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,

Not to be spoken of,

There is not chastitie enough in language,

Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty Lady

I am sorry for thy much misgouernment.

Clau. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou beene

If halfe thy outward graces had beene plac'd

About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?

But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell

Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie,

For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,

And on my eye-lids shall Coniecture hang,

To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,

And neuer shall it more be gracious.

Leo. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Bast. Why how now cousin, wherfore sink you down?

Bast. Come, let vs go: these things come thus to light,

Smother her spirits vp.

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Bast. Dead I thinke, helpe vncle,

Hero. why *Hero*, Vncle, Signor *Benedicke*, *Frier*,

Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,

Death is the fairest couer for her shame

That may be wish't for.

Beat. How

Beat. How now cousin *Hero*?

Frier. Haue comfort *Ladie*.

Leo. Dost thou looke vp?

Frier. Yes, wherfore should she not?

Leo. Wherfore? Why doth not eury earthly thing

Cry shame vpon her? Could she heere denie

The storie that is printed in her blood?

Do not the *Hero*, do not open thine eyes

For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy flames,

My selfe would on the reward of reproaches

Strike at thy life. Grief'd I, I had but one?

Child, I, for that at frugal Natures frame

O one too much by thee: why had I one?

Why euer was't thou louelic in my eyes?

Why had I not with charitable hand

Tooke vp a beggars issue at my gates,

Who might haue thus, and mix'd with infamie,

This shame deuines it selfe from vnknowne loines,

But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on mine so much,

That my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:

Valewing of her, why she, O she is false

Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,

And salt too little, which may season giue

To her soule tainted flesh.

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired

in wonder, I know not what to say.

Bast. O on my soule my cousin is belied.

Bene. *Ladie*, were you her bedfellow last night?

Bast. No truly: not although vnill last night

I haue this twelue month bin her bedfellow.

Leo. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made

Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.

Would the Princes lie, and *Claudio* lie,

Who lou'd her so, that speaking of her foulnesse,

Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.

Frier. Heare me a litle, for I haue onely bene silent so

long, and giuen way vnto this course of fortune, by no-

ting of the *Ladie*, I haue markt.

A thousand blushing apparitions,

To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,

In Angel whitenesse beare away those blushes,

And in her cie there hath appear'd a fire

To burne the errors that these Princes hold

Against her maiden truth: Call me a foole,

Trust not my reading, nor my obseruations,

Which with experimental scale doth warrant

The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,

My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,

If this sweet *Ladie* lye not guiltlesse heere,

Vnder some biting error.

Leo. *Frier*, it cannot be.

Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,

Is, that she wil not adde to her damnation,

A sinne of periury, the not denies it:

Why seek'st thou then to couer with excuse,

That which appears in proper nakednesse?

Frier. *Ladie*, what manis he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none:

If I know more of any man aliue

Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,

Let all my sinnes lacke mercy: O my Father,

Proue you that any man with me conuert,

At houres vnmeet, or that I yesternight

Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Frier. There is some strange misprision in the Princes.

Bene. Two of them haue the verie bent of honor,

And if their wisedomes be mislead in this:

The practise of it liues in *John* the bastard,

Whose spirits coile in frame of villanies.

Leo. I know not: if they speake but truth of her,

These hands shall reare her: If they wrong her honour,

The proudest of them shall wel heare of it.

Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,

Nor age so eate vp my invention,

Nor Fortune made such hauocke of my meanes,

Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,

But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,

Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,

Ability in meanes, and choise of friends,

To quit me of them thoroughly.

Frier. Pause awhile:

And let my counsell sway you in this case.

Your daughter heere the *Princesse* (last for dead)

Let her awhile be secretly kept in,

And publish it, that she is dead indeed:

Maintaine a mourning ostentation,

And on your Families old monument,

Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,

That appertaine vnto a buriall.

Leo. What shall become of this? What wil this do?

Frier. Marry this well caried, shall on her behalfe,

Change slander to remorse, that is some good,

But not for that dreame I on this strange course,

But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:

She dying, as it must be so maintain'd

Vpon the instant that she was accus'd,

Shall be lamented, pittied, and excus'd

Ofevery hearer: for it so falls out,

That what we haue, we prize not to the worth,

Whiles we enioy it: but being lack'd and lost,

Why then we racke the value, then we finde

The vertue that possession would nor shew vs

Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with *Claudio*:

When he shal heare she dyed vpon his words,

Th Idea of her life shal sweetly creepe

Into his study of imagination.

And eury louely Organ of her life,

Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite,

More mouing delicate, and ful of life,

Into the eye and prospect of his soule

Then when she liu'd indeed: then shal he mourne,

If euer Loue had interest in his Liuer,

And wish he had not so accus'd her:

No, though he thought his accusation true:

Let this be so, and doubt not but successe

Wil fashion the euent in better shape,

Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.

But if all ayme but this be leueld false,

The supposition of the *Ladies* death,

Will quench the wonder of her infamie.

And if it fort not well, you may conceale her,

As best befits her wounded reputation,

In some reclusiue and religious life,

Out of all eyes, rongnes, mindes and iniuries.

<

Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As secretly and iustlie, as your soule
Should with your bodie.

Leon. Being that I flow in greece,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Frier. 'Tis well consented, presently away,
For to strange sores, strangely they straine the cure.
Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience & endure. *Exit.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, haue you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You haue no reason, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surdie I do beleue your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserue of mee
that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A verie euen way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the world so well as you,
is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as
possible for me to say, I loued nothing so well as you, but
beleue me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor
I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword Beatrice thou lou'st me.

Beat. Doe not sweare by it and eat it.

Bene. I will sweare by it that you loue mee, and I will
make him eat it that sayes I loue not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sawce that can be deuised to it, I pro-
test I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bene. What offence sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You haue stayed me in a happy howre, I was a-
bout to protest I loued you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with so much of my heart, that none
is left to protest.

Bened. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarrie sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue
in you, nay I pray you let me goe.

Bene. Beatrice.

Beat. Infaith I will goe.

Bene. Wee'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easer be friends with mee, than fight
with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is a not approoued in the height a villaine, that
hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O
that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntill they
come to take hands, and then with publike accusation
vncouered slander, vnmittigated rancour? O God that I
were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Heare me Beatrice.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper
saying.

Bene. Nay but Beatrice.

Beat. Sweet Hero, she is wrong'd, shee is slandered,
she is vndone.

Bene. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties! surelie a Princely testi-
monie, a goodly Count, Comfekt, a sweet Gallant sure-
lie, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any
friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is mel-
ted into curfies, valour into complement, and men are
onely turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now
as valiant as *Heracles*, that only tells a lie, and sweares it:
I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a wo-
man with grieuing.

Bene. Tarry good Beatrice, by this hand I loue thee.
Beat. Vse it for my loue some other way then swea-
ring by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your soule the Count Claudio
hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I haue a thought, or a soule.

Bene. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I
will kisse your hand, and so leave you: by this hand *Claudio*
shall render me a deere account: as you heare of me,
so thinke of me: goe comfort your cousin, I must say she
is dead, and so farewell.

*Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke
in gownes.*

Keeper. Is our whole dissembly appeard?

Cowley. O a Roole and a cushion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. Nay that's certaine, wee haue the exhibition
to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be ex-
amin'd, let them come before master Constable.

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is
your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Kemp. Pray write downe Borachio. Yours sirra.

Con. I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is *Conrade*.

Kee. Write downe Master gentleman *Conrade*: mai-
sters, doe you serue God: masters, it is proued alreadye
that you are little better than false knaues, and it will goe
neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your
felues?

Con. Marry sir, we say we are none.

Kemp. A marvellous witty fellow I assure you, but I
will goe about with him: come you hither sirra, a word
in your eare sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false
knaues.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are both in
a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?

Sext. Master Constable, you goe not the way to ex-
amine, you must call forth the watch that are their ac-
cusers.

Kemp. Yea marry, that's the esteest way, let the watch
come forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name,
accuse these men.

Watch 1. This man said sir, that *Don Iohn* the Princes
brother was a villaine.

Kemp. Write down, Prince *Iohn* a villaine: why this
is flat periuire, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Bor. Master Constable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke
I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Watch 2. Marry that he had receiued a thousand Du-
kates of *Don Iohn*, for accusing the Lady *Hero* wrong-
fully.

Kem.

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as euer was committed.

Conf. Yea by th'masse that it is.

Sexton. What else fellow?

Watch 1. And that Count Claudio did meane vpon his
words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and
not marry her.

Kemp. O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into euer-
lasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more masters then you can deny,
Prince *Iohn* is this morning secretly stolne away: *Hero*
was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd,
and vpon the griefe of this sodainly died: Master Con-
stable, let these men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*,
I will goe before, and shew him their examination.

Conf. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sext. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcombe*.

Kemp. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write
downe the Princes Officer *Coxcombe*: come, binde them
thou naughty varlet.

Cowley. Away, you are an asse, you are an asse.

Kemp. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not
suspect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee
downe an asse! but masters, remember that I am an asse:
though it be not written downe, yet forget not y I am an
asse: No thou villaine, yart full of piety as shall be prou'd
vpon thee by good witness, I am a wise fellow, and
which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houshoul-
der, and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as any in
Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich
fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had losses,
and one that hath two gownes, and every thing hand-
some about him: bring him away: O that I had been writ
downe an asse!

Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe,
And 'tis not wisdom to thus to second griefe,
Against your selfe.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsaile,
Which falls into mine eares as profitlesse,
As water in a sieue: giue not me counsaile,
Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,
But such a one whole wrongs doth sute with mine.

Bring me a father that so lou'd his childe,
Whose ioy of her is ouerwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speake of patience,

Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it answere euery straine for straine,
As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such,
In euery lineament, branch, shape, and forme:

If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And bid him speake of patience,

Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it answere euery straine for straine,
As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such,
In euery lineament, branch, shape, and forme:

If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And bid him speake of patience,

Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it answere euery straine for straine,
As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such,
In euery lineament, branch, shape, and forme:

If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And bid him speake of patience,

Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it answere euery straine for straine,
As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such,
In euery lineament, branch, shape, and forme:

If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And bid him speake of patience,

Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it answere euery straine for straine,
As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such,
In euery lineament, branch, shape, and forme:

Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thred,
Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,

No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience
To those that wring vnder the load of sorrow:
But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie

To be so morall, when he shall endure
The like himselfe: therefore giue me no counsaile,
My griefs cry lowder then aduertisement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ,
Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and bloud,
For there was neuer yet Philosopher,

That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How euer they haue writ the stile of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme vpon your selfe,
Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason, nay I will doe so,
My soule doth tell me, *Hero* is belied,
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the Prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Broth. Here comes the Prince and Claudio hastily.

Prim. Good den, good den.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Heare you my Lords?

Prim. We haue some haste *Leonato*.

Leo. Some haste my Lord! wel, fareyouwel my Lord,
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

Prim. Nay, do not quarrell with vs, good old man.

Broth. If he could rite himselfe with quarrelling,
Some of vs would lie low.

Clau. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry y dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:
Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy sword,
I feare thee not.

Clau. Marry befhrew my hand,
If it should giue your age such cause of feare,
Infaith my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leonato. Tush, tush, man, neuer feere and iest at me,
I speake not like a dotard, nor a foole,
As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge,
What I haue done being yong, or what would doe,
Were I not old, knew Claudio to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent childe and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,
And with grey haire and bruiſe of many daies,
Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,
I say thou hast belied mine innocent childe.
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O in a tombe where neuer scandall slept,
Saue this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.

Clau. My villany?

Leonato. Thine Claudio, thine I say.

Prim. You say not right old man,

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,

He proue it on his body if he dare,
Delpight his nice fence, and his actiue practise,
His Maie of youth, and bloome of lustihood.

Clau. Away, I will not haue to do with you.

Leo. Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kild my child,
If thou kilst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Bro. He shall kill two of vs, and men indeede,
But that's no matter, let him kill one first:

Win

Win me and weare me, let him answer me,
Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Bro. Content your self, God knows I lou'd my neece,
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villaines,
That dare as well answer a man indeede,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boyes apes, braggarts, lackes, milke-fops.

Leon. Brother Anthony.

Bro. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they weigh, euen to the vtmost scruple,
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boyes,
That lye, and cog, and flout, depraue, and slander,
Goe antiquely, and show outward hidiousnesse,
And speake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.
And this is all.

Leon. But brother Anthony.

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience
My heart is sorry for your daughters death:
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of prooffe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Prin. I will not heare you.

Enter Benedicke.

Leo. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exit ambo.

Bro. And shall, or some of vs will smart for it.

Prin. See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.

Clau. Now signior, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Prin. Welcome signior, you are almost come to part
almost a fray.

Clau. Wee had likt to haue had our two noses snap
off with two old men without teeth.

Pri. Leonato and his brother, what think'st thou had
wee fought, I doubt we should haue bene too yong for them.

Ben. In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came
to seeke you both.

Clau. We haue bene vp and downe to seeke thee, for
we are high prooffe melancholly, and would faine haue it
beaten away, wilt thou vse thy wit?

Ben. It is in my scabbard, shall I draw it?

Prin. Doeft thou weare thy wit by thy side?

Clau. Neuer any did so, though verie many haue been
beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the mini-
strels, draw to pleasure vs.

Prin. As I am an honest man he looks pale, art thou
sicke, or angrie?

Clau. What, courage man: what though care kil'd a
cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and
you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another sub-
iect.

Clau. Nay then giue him another staffe, this last was
broke crosse.

Prin. By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke
he be angrie indeede.

Clau. If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I speake a word in your eare?

Clau. God blesse me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villaine, I esteem not, I will make it good
how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare,
do me right, or I will protest your cowardise: you haue
kill'd a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall heauie on
you, let me heare from you.

Clau. Well, I will meete you, so I may haue good
cheare.

Prin. What, a feast, a feast?

Clau. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues
head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carue most cu-
riously, say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a wood-
cocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.

Prin. He tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the o-
ther day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: true saies shee, a fine
little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies shee, a great
grosse one: nay said I, a good wit: iust said shee, it hurts
no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certain said
shee, a wise gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues:
that I beleue said shee, for hee swore a thing to me on
munday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning:
there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did
shee an howie together trans-shape thy particular ver-
ues, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the
properest man in Italie.

Clau. For the which she wept heartily, and said shee
car'd not.

Prin. Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if shee
did not hate him deadlie, shee would loue him dearly,
the old mans daughter told vs all.

Clau. All, all, and moreover, God saw him vvhhen he
was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when shall we see the sauge Bulls hornes
on the sensible Benedicke's head?

Clau. Yea and text vnderneath, heere dwells Bene-
dicke the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will
leauue you now to your gossip-like humor, you breake
icfts as braggards do their blades, which God be thank-
ed hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courtesies I thank
you, I must discontinue your companie, your brother
the Bastard is fled from Messina: you haue among you,
kill'd a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lacke-
beard there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be
with him.

Prin. He is in earnest.

Clau. In most profound earnest, and Ile warrant you,
for the loue of Beatrice.

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee.

Clau. Most sincerely.

Prin. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his
doubler and hose, and leaues off his wit.

Enter Constable, Conrade, and Benachio.]

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape
a Doctor to such a man.

Prin. But soft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and
be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

Const. Come you sir, if iustice cannot tame you, shee
shall nere weigh more reasons in her ballance, nay, and
you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be lookt to.

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? Be-
nachio one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence haue these men done?

Con. Marrie

Const. Marrie sir, they haue committed false report,
moreouer they haue spoken vntruths, secondarily they
are slanders, sixt and lastly, they haue belied a Ladie,
thirdly, they haue verified vnjust things, and to conclude
they are lying knaues.

Prin. First I aske thee what they haue done, thirdlie
I aske thee vvhats their offence, sixt and lastlie why they
are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their
charge.

Clau. Rightlie reasoned, and in his owne diuision, and
by my troth there's one meaning vvell sured.

Prin. Who haue you offended masters, that you are
thus bound to your answer? this learned Constable is too
cunning to be vnderstood, vvhats your offence?

Ben. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine an-
swere: do you heare me, and let this Count, kill mee: I
haue deceiued euen your verie eies: vvhats your wife-
domes could not discouer, these shallow fooles haue
brought to light, vvhho in the night ouerheard me con-
fessing to this man, how Den Iohn your brother incensed
me to slander the Ladie Hero, how you were brought
into the Orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's
garments, how you disgrac'd her vvhhen you should
marrie her: my villanie they haue vpon record, vvhich
I had rather seale vvhith my death, then repeate ouer to
my shame: the Ladie is dead vpon mine and my masters
false accusation: and briefelie, I desire nothing but the
reward of a villaine.

Prin. Runs not this speech like yron through your
bloud?

Clau. I haue drunke poison whiles he vtter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother set thee on to this?

Ben. Yea, and paid me richly for the practise of it.

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie,
And fled he is vpon this villanie.

Clau. Sweet Hero, now thy image doth appeare
In the rare semblance that I lou'd it first.

Const. Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time
our Sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter:
and masters, do not forget to specifie when time & place
shall serue, that I am an Assle.

Con. 2. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and
the Sexton too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villaine? let me see his eies,

That when I note another man like him,

I may auoide him: vvhich of these is he?

Ben. If you vvhould know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou thou the slaue that with thy breath
hast kild mine innocent childe?

Ben. Yea, euen I alone.

Leon. No, not so villaine, thou beliefst thy selfe,

Here stand a paire of honourable men,

A third is fled that had a hand in it:

I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,

Record it with your high and worthie deedes,

'Twas brauely done, if you be thinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,

Yet I must speake, choose your reuenge your selfe,

Impose me to what penance your inuention

Can lay vpon my sinne, yet sin'd I not.

Ben. In mistaking, you haue bene deceiued by me.

Prin. By my soule nor I, nor you deceiued.

And yet to satisfie this good old man,

I vvhould bend vnder anie heauie vvaight,

That heele enioyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,

That vvere impossible, but I praie you both,

Possesse the people in Messina here,

How innocent shee died, and if your loue

Can labour aught in sad inuention,

Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,

And sing it to her bones, sing it to night:

To morrow morning come you to my house,

And since you could not be my sonne in law,

Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,

Almost the copie of my childe that's dead,

And she alone is heire to both of vs,

Giue her the right you should haue giu'n her cousin,

And so dies my reuenge.

Clau. O noble sir!

Your ouerkindnesse doth wring teares from me,

I do embrace your offer, and dispose

For henceforth of poore Claudio.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your coming,

To night I take my leave, this naughtie man

Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,

Who I beleue was packt in all this wrong,

Hired to it by your brother.

Ben. No by my soule she was not,

Nor knew not what shee did when shee spoke to me,

But alwaies hath bin iust and vertuous,

In anie thing that I do know by her.

Const. Moreover sir, which indeede is not vnder white

and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee

asse, I beseech you let it be remembered in his punish-

ment, and also the vvathe heard them talke of one De for-

med, they say he weares a key in his eare and a lock hang-

ing by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which

he hath vs'd so long, and neuer paid, that now men grow

hard-hearted and will lend nothing for Gods sake: praie

you examine him vpon that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.

Const. Your vvorship speakes like a most thankfull

and reuerend youth, and I praife God for you.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Const. God saue the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I

thanke thee.

Const. I leaue an arrant knaue vvhith your vvorship,

which I beseech your worship to correct your selfe, for

the example of others: God keepe your vvorship, I

wish your worship vvell, God restore you to health,

I humbly giue you leaue to depart, and if a mer-

rie meeting may be wisht, God prohibite it: come

neighbour.

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exit.

Ben. Farewell my Lords, vve looke for you to mor-

row.

Prin. We will not faile.

Clau. To night ile mourne with Hero.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on, weel talke vvhith

Margaret, how her acquaintance grew vvhith this lewd

fellow.

Exit.

Enter Benedicke and Margaret.

Ben. Praie thee sweete Mistis Margaret, deserue

vvell at my hands, by helping mee to the speech of Bea-

trice.

Mar. Will

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Bene. In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man liuing shall come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou deseruest it.

Mar. To haue no man come ouer me, why, shall I alwaies keepe below staires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I giue thee the bucklers.

Mar. Giue vs the swords, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you vse them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges.

Exit *Margaret*.

Bene. And therefore will come. The God of loue that sits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deserue. I meane in fingring, but in louing, *Leon* der the good swimmer, *Troilus* the first imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpe-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the euen rode of a blanke verse, why they were neuer to truely turned ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue: marrie I cannot shew it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to *Ladie* but *babie*, an innocent rime: for scorne, horne, a hard time: for schoole foole, a babling time: verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming Planner, for I cannot wooe in festiuall tearmes:

Enter *Beatrice*.

(sweete *Beatrice* wouldst thou come when I cal'd thee?)

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past betwene you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, therefore I will depart vnkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sence, to forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* vndergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in loue with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politique a state of euill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer loue for me?

Bene. Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do suffer loue indeede, for I loue thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart I thinke, alas poore heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will neuer loue that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to wooe peaceably.

Beat. It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wife man among twentie that will praise himselfe.

Bene. An old, an old instance *Beatrice*, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect this age his owne tombe ere he dies; hee shall liue no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Bene. Question, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhyeme, therefore is it most expedient for the wife, if *Don worne* (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witnesse is praise worthe, and now tell me, how doth your cosin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter *Ursula*.

Bene. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leaue you too, for here comes one in haste.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your Vncle, yonders old coile at home, it is prooued my *Ladie Hero* hath bin falselie accus'd, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightilie abus'd, and *Don Iohn* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy cies: and moreover, I will goe with thee to thy Vncles.

Exeunt.

Enter *Claudio*, *Prince*, and three or foure with Tapers.

Cla. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Lord. It is my Lord. Epitaph.

Done to death by slanderous tongues,

Was the *Hero* that here lies:

Death in gherdon of her wrongs,

Gines her fame which neuer dies:

So the life that dyed with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there vpon the tombe,

Praising her when I am tombe.

Cla. Now mulick sound & sing your solemn hymne

Song.

Pardon goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight assist our mone, helpe us to sigh and grone,
Heauily, heauily,
Graces yanne and yeelde your dead,
Till death be vttered,
Heauently, heauently.

(this right)

Lo. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do

Prin. Good morrow masters, put your Torches out,

The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day

Before the wheelies of *Phoebus*, round about

Dapples the drowfie East with spots of grey:

Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.

Cla. Good morrow masters, each his feuerall way.

Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,

And then to *Leonatos* we will goe.

Cla. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,

Then

Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. Exeunt.

Enter *Leonato*, *Bene*, *Marg*, *Ursula*, *old man*, *Frier*, *Hero*.

Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leo. So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her,

Vpon the error that you heard debated:

But *Margaret* was in some fault for this,

Although against her will as it appeares,

In the true course of all the question.

Old. Well, I am glad that all things fort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being elsie by faith enforc'd

To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by your selues,

And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:

The *Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this howre

To visit me, you know your office Brother,

You must be father to your brothers daughter,

And giue her to young *Claudio*. Exeunt Ladies.

Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinke.

Frier. To doe what Signior?

Bene. To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them:

Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,

Your neece regards me with an eye of fauour.

Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Bene. And I doe with an eye of loue requite her.

Leo. The sight whereof I thinke you had from me,

From *Claudio*, and the *Prince*, but what's your will?

Bene. Your answer fir is Enigmatically,

But for my will, my will is, your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be conioyn'd,

In the state of honourable marriage,

In which (good Frier) I shall desire your helpe.

Leo. My heart is with your liking.

Frier. And my helpe.

Enter *Prince* and *Claudio*, with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly.

Leo. Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio*:

We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,

To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Cla. He hold my minde were she an *Ethiope*.

Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

Prin. Good morrow *Benedicke*, why what's the matter?

That you haue such a *Februarie* face,

So full of frost, of storme, and clowdinesse.

Cla. I thinke he thinks vpon the sauage bull:

Tush, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,

And all *Europa* shall reioyce at thee,

As once *Europa* did at lusty *Ioue*,

When he would play the noble beast in loue.

Bene. Bull *Ioue* sir, had an amiable low,

And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,

A got a Calf in that same noble feat,

Much like to you, for you haue iust his bleat.

Enter brother, *Hero*, *Beatrice*, *Margaret*, *Ursula*.

Cla. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Which is the Lady I must seize vpon?

Leo. This same is she, and I doe giue you her.

Cla. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

Leo. No that you shal not, till you take her hand,

Before this Frier, and I weare to marry her.

Cla. Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,

I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liu'd I was your other wife,

And when you lou'd, you were my other husband.

Cla. Another *Hero*?

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One *Hero* died, but I doeliue,

And surely as I liue, I am a maid.

Prin. The former *Hero*, *Hero* that is dead.

Leo. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her slander liu'd.

Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,

When after that the holy rites are ended,

Ile tell you largely of faire *Heroes* death:

Meane time let wonder seeme familiar,

And to the chappell let vs presently.

Bene. Soft and faire Frier, which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?

Bene. Doe not you loue me?

Beat. Why no, no more then reason.

Bene. Why then your Vncle, and the *Prince*, & *Claudio*,

haue bene deceiued, they swore you did.

Beat. Doe not you loue mee?

Bene. Troth no, no more then reason.

Beat. Why then my Cosin *Margaret* and *Ursula*

Are much decci'd, for they did sweare you did.

Bene. They swore you were almost sicke for me.

Beat. They swore you were wel-nye dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not loue me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leo. Come Cosin, I am sure you loue the gentlemā.

Cla. And Ile be sworne vpon't, that he loues her,

For heres a paper written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his owne pure braine,

Fashioned to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And heeres another,

Writ in my cosins hand, stolne from her pocket,

Containing her affection vnto *Benedicke*.

Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands against our

hearts: come I will haue thee, but by this light I take

thee for pittie.

Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I

yeeld vpon great perswasion, & partly to saue your life,

for I was told, you were in a consumption.

Leo. Peace I will stop your mouth.

Prin. How dost thou *Benedicke* the married man?

Bene. He tell thee what *Prince*: a Colledge of witte-

crackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, dost thou

think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will

be beaten with braines, a shall weare nothing handsome

about him: in briebe, since I do purpose to marry, I will

thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say a-

gainst it, and therefore neuer flout at me, for I haue said

against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my con-

clusion: for thy part *Claudio*, I did thinke to haue beaten

thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, liue vn-

bruis'd, and loue my cosin.

Cla. I had well hop'd I would haue denied *Beatrice*,

I might haue cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make

thee a double dealer, which out of questiō thou wilt be,

if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's haue a dance

ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts,

and our wiues heeles.

Leo. Wee'll haue dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my vvord, therefore play musick. *Princes*,

thou art sad, get thee a vvife, get thee a vvife, there is no

staf more reuerend then one tip with horn. Enter *Mess*.

Messen. My Lord, your brother *Iohn* is tane in flight,

And brought with armed men backe to *Messina*.

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile deuise

thee braue punishments for him: strike vp Pipers, Dance.

L

F I N I S.



Loues Labour's lost.

Actus primus.

Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longanill, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

Et Fame, that all hunt after in their liues,
 Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes:
 And then grace vs in the disgrace of death:
 when spight of cormorant deuouring Time,
 Th'endeuour of this present breath may buy:
 That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,
 And make vs hayres of all eternitie.
 Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,
 That warre against your owne affectionis,
 And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.
 Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
 Nauarre shall be the wonder of the world.
 Our Court shall be a little Academie,
 Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.
 You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longanill,
 Haue sworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:
 My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
 That are recorded in this scedule heere.
 Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:
 That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
 That violates the smallest branch heerein:
 If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,
 Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.
 Longanill. I am resolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast.
 The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
 Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dainty bits,
 Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.
 Dumaine. My louing Lord, Dumaine is mortified,
 The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
 He throwes vpon the grosse worlds baser slaues:
 To loue, to wealth, to pompe, to pine and die,
 With all these liuing in Philosophie.
 Berowne. I can but say their protestation ouer,
 So much, deare Liege, I haue already sworne,
 That is, to liue and study heere three yeeres.
 But there are other strict obseruances:
 As not to see a woman in that terme,
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
 And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
 And but one meale on euery day beside:
 The which I hope is not enrolled there.
 And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,
 And not be seene to winke of all the day.
 When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
 And make a darke night too of halfe the day:

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
 O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
 Not to see Ladies, study, fast, nor sleepe.

Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from these.
 Berow. Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,
 I onely swore to study with your grace,
 And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.
 Longa. You swore to that Berowne, and to the rest.
 Berow. By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.
 What is the end of study, let me know?
 Fer. Why that to know which else wee should not know.

Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) frō cōmon sense.
 Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.
 Berow. Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,
 To know the thing I am forbid to know:
 As thus, to study where I well may dine,
 When I to fast expressly am forbid.
 Or studie where to meet some Mistresse fine,
 When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
 Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oath,
 Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
 If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
 Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
 Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no.

Ferd. These be the stops that hinder studie quite,
 And traine our intellects to vaine delight.
 Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine
 Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
 As painefull to poore vpon a Booke,
 To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while
 Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:
 Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
 So ere you finde where light in darknesse lies,
 Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.
 Studie me how to please the eye indeede,
 By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,
 Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
 And giue him light that it was blinded by.
 Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
 That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes:
 Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
 Saue base authoritie from others Bookes.
 These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
 That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
 Haue no more profit of their shining nights,
 Than those that walke and wot not what they are.
 Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
 And euery Godfather can giue a name.
 Fer. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.
 Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the
 weeding.
 Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geese are a
 breeding.

Dum. How follows that?
 Ber. Fit in his place and time.
 Dum. In reason nothing,
 Ber. Something then in rime.
 Ferd. Berowne is like an enuious sneaping Frost,
 That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.

Ber. Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
 Before the Birds haue any cause to sing?
 Why should I ioy in any abortiue birth?
 At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
 Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled shewes:
 But like of each thing that in season growes,
 So you to studie now it is too late,

That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate.
 Fer. Well, fit you out: go home Berowne: adue.
 Ber. No my good Lord, I haue sworn to stay with you.
 And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more,
 Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
 Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,
 And bide the penance of each three yeeres day.
 Giue me the paper, let me reade the same,
 And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.

Ferd. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame.
 Ber. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile
 of my Court.

Hath this bin proclaimed?
 Lon. Four dayes agoe.
 Ber. Let's see the penaltie.
 On paine of losing her tongue.
 Who deuis'd this penaltie?
 Lon. Marry that did I.
 Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?
 Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
 A dangerous law against gentilitie.
 Item, If any man be seene to talke with a woman with-
 in the tearme of three yeeres, hee shall indure such
 publique shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly
 deuise.

Ber. This Article my Liedge your selfe must breake,
 For well you know here comes in Embassie
 The French Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:
 A Maide of grace and compleate maifestue,
 About surrender vp of Aquitaine:
 To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father.
 Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
 Or vainly comes th'admired Princeesse hither.
 Fer. What say you Lords?

Why, this was quite forgot.
 Ber. So Studie euermore is ouershot,
 While it doth study to haue what it would,
 It doth forget to doe the thing it should:
 And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
 'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.

Ferd. We must of force dispence with this Decree,
 She must lye here on meere necessitie.

Ber. Necessity will make vs all forsworne
 Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
 For euery man with his affects is borne,
 Not by might maistred, but by speciall grace.
 If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,
 I am forsworne on meere necessitie.

So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
 And he that breakes them in the least degree,
 Stands in attainer of eternall shame.
 Suggestions are to others as to me:
 But I beleue although I seeme so loth,
 I am the last that will last keepe his oth.

But is there no quicke recreation granted?
 Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted
 With a refined trauailer of Spaine,
 A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
 That hath a mint of phraes in his braine:
 One, who the musicke of his owne vaine tongue,
 Doth rauish like inchanting harmonie:
 A man of complements whom right and wrong
 Haue chose as vmpire of their mutinie.
 This childe of fancie that Armado hight,
 For interim to our studies shall relate,
 In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
 From tawnie Spaine loft in the worlds debate,
 How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
 But I protest I loue to heare him lie,
 And I will vse him for my Mistrislie.

Berow. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
 A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight.
 Lon. Costard the swaine and he, shall be our sport,
 And so to studie, three yeeres is but short.

Enter a Constable with Costard with a Letter.

Const. Which is the Dukes owne person.
 Ber. This fellow, What would'st?
 Con. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am
 his graces Tharborough: But I would see his own person
 in flesh and blood.

Ber. This is he.
 Con. Signior Arme, Arme commends you:
 Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
 Clo. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching
 mee.

Ferd. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
 Ber. How low soeuer the matter, I hope in God for
 high words.

Lon. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs pa-
 tience.

Ber. To heare, or forbear hearing.
 Lon. To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderately,
 or to forbear both.

Ber. Well sir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to
 cline in the merrinesse.

Clo. The matter is to me sir, as concerning Iaquenetta.
 The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Ber. In what manner?

Clo. In manner and forme following fir all those three.
 I was seene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with
 her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the
 Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme
 following. Now fir for the manner: It is the manner
 of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some
 forme.

Ber. For the following fir.
 Clo. As it shall follow in my correction, and God de-
 fend the right.

Ferd. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Ber. As we would heare an Oracle.
 Clo. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the
 flesh.

Ferdinand.
Great Deparie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole dominator of Nauar, my soules earths God, and bodies string patrone:

Cost. Not a vword of Costard yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most wholesome Physicke of thy health-giving ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time When? about the first houre, When beasts most graze, birds best pecke, and men sit downe to that nourishment which is called supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walkt vpon, it is eclipsed, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obscure and most preposterous cunint that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou viewest, beholdst, suruayest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minnow of thy myrth, (Clown. Meete?) that vnlettered small knowing soule, (Clow. Me?) that shallow vassall (Clow. Still mee?) which as I remember, hight Costard, (Clow. O me) sorted and comforted contrary to thy established proclaymed Edict and Continent, Cannon: Which with, & with, but with this I passion to say where with:

Clow. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eve, a female; or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my euer esteemed dutie pricketh me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue the meed of punishment by thy sweet Graces Officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation.

Anth. Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

Ferd. For Iaquenetta (so is the weaker vessell called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keeper her as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriana de Armado.

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

Fer. I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clow. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clow. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damofell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damofell.

Clow. This was no Damofell nyther sir, there was a Virgin.

Fer. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clow. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maide will not serue your turne sir.

Clow. This Maide will serue my turne sir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clow. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Kin. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Berowne, see him deliuer'd ore, And goe we Lords to put in practice that,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat, These oathes and lawes will proue an idle scoone.

Sirra, come on.

Clow. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with Iaquenetta, and Iaquenetta is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sower cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe; and vntill then sit downe sorrow.

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arma. Boy, What signifie it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

Brag. Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe-same thing deare impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender Iuuenall?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the workings, my tough signeur.

Brag. Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy. Why tender Iuuenall? Why tender Iuuenall?

Brag. I spoke it tender Iuuenall, as a congruent apatheton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt, or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Ecce with the same praise.

Brag. What? that an Ecce is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Ecce is quicke.

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou hearst my bloud.

Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Brag. I loue not to be crost.

Boy. He speaks the meere contrary, crosses loue not.

Br. I haue promis'd to study iij. yeeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre sir.

Brag. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Br. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester sir.

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deus-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Br. True. Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yerres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A

Brag. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will heereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is bafe for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a bafe wench.

If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French Courtier for a new deuiss'd curtise. I thinke scoone to sigh, me thinkes I should out-swear Cupid.

Comfort me Boy, What great men haue bene in loue?

Boy. Hercules Master.

Brag. Most sweete Hercules: more authority deare Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampson Master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit Sampson, strong ioynted Sampson; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was Sampsons loue my deare Moth?

Boy. A Woman, Master.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes Sampson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a Greene wit.

Brag. My Loue is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd vnder such colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee.

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and patheticall.

Boy. If shee be made of white and red,

Her faults will nere be knowne:

For blush-in cheekes by faults are bred,

And feares by pale white shewne:

Then if she feare, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know,

For still her cheekes possesse the same,

Which nature she doth owe:

A dangerous rime master against the reason of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty president.

Boy. I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall binde Costard: she deserues well.

Brag. To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Master.

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heavy in loue.

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.

Brag. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be past.

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe Costard safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke: for this Damfell, I must keepe her at the Parke, there is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well.

Exit.

Brag. I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.

Maide. Man.

Brag. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Maide. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is situate.

Maide. Lord how wise you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Maide. With what face?

Brag. I loue thee.

Maide. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so farewell.

Maide. Faire weather after you.

Clow. Come Iaquenetta, away.

Exeunt.

Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clow. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.

Brag. Thou shalt be heauily punished.

Clow. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Clow. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.

Boy. Come you transgressing slau, away.

Clow. Let mee not bee pent vp sir; I will fast being loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Clow. Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I haue seene, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some see?

Clow. Nay nothing, Master Moth, but what they looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God,

haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

Exit.

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is bafe) where her shooe (which is bafe) guided by her foote (which is bafe) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsly attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet Sampson was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was Salomon so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. Cupids Butshaft is too hard for Hercules Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue my turne: the Passado hee respects not, the Duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valour, rust Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth.

Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Exit.

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secunda.

Enter the Princeesse of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits, Consider who the King your father sends: To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie. Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme, To parlee with the sole inheritor Of all perfections that a man may owe, Matchlesse *Nauarre*, the plea of no lesse weight Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene. Be now as prodigall of all deare grace, As Nature was in making Graces deare, When she did starue the generall world beside, And prodigally gaue them all to you.

Queen. Good *L. Boyet*, my beauty though but mean, Needs not the painted flourish of your praise: Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye, Not vttred by base sale of chapmens tongues: I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth, Then you much willing to be counted wise, In spending your wit in the praise of mine. But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,

Prim. You are not ignorant all-telling fame Doth noyfe abroad *Nauarre* hath made a vow, Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares, No woman may approach his silent Court: Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe Bold of your worthinesse, we single you, As our best mouing faire soliciter: Tell him the daughter of the King of France, On serious businesse crauing quicke dispatch, Importunes personall conference with his grace. Haste, signifie so much while we attend, Like humble visag'd suiters his high will.

Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*
Prim. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so: Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow-fellowes with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. *Longanill* is one.
Prim. Know you the man?

Lady. I know him Madam at a marriage feast, Betweene *L. Perigord* and the beaurious heire Of *Iaques Fanconbridge* solemnized.

In *Normandie* saw I this *Longanill*, A man of soueraigne parts he is esteem'd: Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes: Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.

The onely foyle of his faire vertues glosse, If vertues glosse will staine with any soyle, Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will: Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills, It should none spare that come within his power.

Prim. Some merry mocking Lord belike, is't so?
Lad. 1. They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prim. Such short liu'd wits do wither as they grow. Who are the rest?

Lad. 2. The yong *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,

Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued. Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill: For he hath wit to make an ill shape good, And shape to win grace though she had no wit. I saw him at the Duke *Alansoes* once, And much too little of that good I saw, Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Rossa. Another of these Students at that time, Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth. *Beroune* they call him, but a merrier man, Within the limit of becomming mirth, I neuer spent an houres talke withall. His eye begets occasion for his wit, For euery obiect that the one doth catch, The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest. Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor) Deliuers in such apt and gracious words, That aged cares play treuant at his tales, And yonger hearings are quite rauished. So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prim. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in loue? That euery one her owne hath garnished, With such bedecking ornaments of praise.

Ma. Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter *Boyet*.

Prim. Now, what admittance Lord?
Boyet. *Nauarre* had notice of your faire approach, And he and his competitors in oath, Were all addrest to meere you gentle Lady Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt, He rather means to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court, Then seeke a dispensation for his oath: To let you enter his vnpeopled house.

Enter *Nauarre*, *Longanill*, *Dumaine*, and *Beroune*.

Heere comes *Nauarre*.
Nau. Faire Princeesse, welcom to the Court of *Nauarre*.

Prim. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcomel haue not yet: the roofof this Court is too high to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

Nau. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Prim. I will be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oath.

Prim. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.

Nau. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

Prim. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.

Nau. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

Prim. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.

I heare your grace hath sworne out Housekeeping: 'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord, And sinne to breake it:

But pardon me, I am too fodaine bold, To teach a Teacher ill befeemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming, And fodainly resolute me in my suite.

Nau. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prim. You will the sooner that I were away, For you'll proue perur'd if you make me stay.

Beroune. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Rossa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ber. 1

Ber. I know you did.
Rossa. How needlesse was it then to ask the question?
Ber. You must not be so quicke.
Rossa. 'Tis long of you y' spur me with such questions.
Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Rossa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?

Rossa. The howre that foolcs should aske.
Ber. Now faire befall your maske.

Rossa. Faire fall the face it couers.
Ber. And send you many louers.

Rossa. Amen, so you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I be gone.

Kim. Madam, your father heere doth intimate, The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,

Being but th'one halfe, of an intire summe, Disbur'd by my father in his warres.

But say that he, or we, as neither haue Recei'd that summe; yet there remanes vnpaid

A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which, One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,

Although not valued to the moneys worth. If then the King your father will restore

But that one halfe which is vnatisfied, We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,

And hold faire friendship with his Maicstie: But that it seemes he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to haue repaie, An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands

One payment of a hundred thousand Crownes, To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.

Which we much rather had depart withall, And haue the money by our father lent,

Then *Aquitaine*, so gueldest as it is. Deare Princeesse, were not his requests so farre

From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make A yeelding gainst some reason in my breast,

And goe well satisfied to France againe.
Prim. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name, In so vnseeming to confesse receiue

Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.
Kim. I doe protest I neuer heard of it,

And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe, Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.

Prim. We arrest your word:
Boyet. you can produce acquittances

For such a summe, from special Officers, Of *Charles* his Father.

Kim. Satisfie me so.
Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come

Where that and other specialties are bound, To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.

Kim. It shall suffice me; at which interview, All liberall reason would I yeeld vnto:

Meane time, receiue such welcome at my hand, As Honour, without breach of Honour may

Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse. You may not come faire Princeesse in my gates,

But heere without you shall be so recei'd, As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,

Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house: Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,

To morrow we shall visit you againe.
Prim. Sweet health & faire desires consort your grace.

Kim. Thy own will with thee, in euery place. *Exit.*

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.

La. Ro. Pray you doe my commendations, I would be glad to see it.

Boy. I would you heard it grone.

La. Ro. Is the soule sicke?

Boy. Sicke at the heart.

La. Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.

Boy. Would that doe it good?

La. Ro. My Phisicke faies I.

Boy. Will you prick't with your eye.

La. Ro. No paynt, with my knife.

Boy. Now God saue thy life.

La. Ro. And yours from long liuing.

Ber. I cannot stay thank'-giuing. *Exit.*

Enter *Dumaine*.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that fame?

Boy. The heire of *Alansoes*, *Rosalin* her name.

Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounfier fare you well.

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boy. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.

Boy. Shee hath but one for her selfe,

To desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you sir, whose daughter?

Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.

Long. Gods blessing a your beard.

Boy. Good sir be not offended,

Shee is an heire of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:

Shee is a most sweet Lady. *Exit Long.*

Boy. Not vnlike sir, that may be.

Enter *Beroune*.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.

Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

Boy. To her will sir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adieu.

Boy. Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*

La. Ma. That last is *Beroune*, the merry mad-cap Lord.

Not a word with him, but a iest.

Boy. And euery iest but a word.

Prim. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.

La. Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie: you o'd

And wherefore not Ships?

Boy. No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) vnlesse we feed on your

La. You Sheepe & I pasture: shall that finish the iest?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me.

La. Not so gentle beast.

My lips are no Common, though feuerall they be.

Boy. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and me.

Prim. Good wits will be iangling, but gentles agree.

This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed

On *Nauarre* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.

Boy. If my obseruation (which very seldome lies

By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)

Deceiue me not now, *Nauarre* is infected.

Prim. With what?

Boy. With that which we Louers intitle affected.

Prim. Your reason.

Boy. Why all his behauiours doe make their retire,

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.

His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,

Proud

Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and nor see,
Did stumble with haste in his eie-sight to be,
All fences to that fence did make their repaire,
To seele onely looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his fences were lockt in his eye,
As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy. (glast,
Who tending their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you past.
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eies enchanted with gazes.
He giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,
And you giue him for my sake, but one louing Kisse.

Prin. Come to our Pauillion, *Boyer* is disposed.

Bro. But to speak that in words, which his eie hath dif-
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie, (clos'd.
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakest
skilfully.

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and leagnes news
of him.

Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her fa-
ther is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

Lad. 1. No.

Boy. What then do you see?

Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Broggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hea-
ring.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tenderesse of yeares: take
this Key, giue enlargement to the Iwaime, bring him fe-
stinatly hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my
Loue.

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra. How meanest thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat master, but to ligge off a tune
at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour
it with turning vp your eie: sigh a note and sing a note,
sometime through the throate: if you swallowed loue
with singing, loue sometime through: nose as if you
snust vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse-
like ore the shop of your eies, with your armes croft on
your thinbellie doubler, like a Rabbet on a spit, or your
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting,
and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away:
these are complements, these are humours, these betraie
nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and
make them men of note: do you note men that most are
affected to these?

Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy. By my penne of obseruation.

Brag. But O, but O, how dost thou do it?

Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.

Bra. Cal'st thou my loue Hobbie-horse.

Boy. No Master, the Hobbie-horse is but a Cole; and
and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie.

But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almost I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Master: all those three I will
proue.

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vp-
on the instant: by heart you loue her, because your heart
cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, because your
heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her,
being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.

Brag. I am all these three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing
at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a
letter.

Boy. A message well simpatis'd, a Horse to be em-
balladour for an Assie.

Brag. Ha, ha, What saiest thou?

Boy. Marrie fir, you must send the Assie vpon the Horse
for he is verie slow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead fir.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a
mettall heauie, dull, and slow?

Boy. Minime honest Master, or rather Master no.

Brad. I say Lead is slow.

Boy. You are too swift fir to say so.

Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Buller that's he:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Bra. A most acute Iuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Page. A wonder Master, here's a *Costard* broken in a
shin.

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenny*
begin.

Cl. No egma, no riddle, no *Lenny*, no *salue*, in thee
male fir. Or fir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *Lenny*, no
Lenny, no *salue* fir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By verue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie
thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes
me to ridiculous smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth
the inconsiderate take *salue* for *Lenny*, and the word *len-
ny* for a *salue*?

Page. Doe the wise thinke them other, is not *Lenny* a
salue?

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse, to make
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faire.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my *Lenny*.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,

Were still at oddes, being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,

Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Page. A good *Lenny*, ending in the Goose: would you
desire more?

Cl. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's
flat

Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *Lenny*, I that's a fat Goose.

Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?

Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then cal'd you for the *Lenny*.

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:

Then the Boyes fat *Lenny*, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market:

Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Costard* broken in
a shin?

Page. I will tell you fencibly.
Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*,

I will speake that *Lenny*.
I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,

Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.
Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Len-
ny*, some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at li-
bertie. Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured,
restrained, captiuat, and bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation,
and let me loose.

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance,
and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:
Beare this significant to the country Maide *laquenetta*:
there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours
is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

Page. Like the sequell I.
Signeur Costard adew.

Clow. My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-conic
Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-far-
things: Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price
of this yncle? i. d. no, He giue you a remuneration: Why?
It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then
a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and sell out of this
word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Costard*, exceedingly well met.
Clow. Pray you fir, How much Carnation Ribbon
may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?
Cost. Marrie fir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke.
Cost. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

Ber. O stay slaue, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,

Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.
Clow. When would you haue it done fir?

Ber. O this after-noon.

Cl. Well, I will doe it fir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.

Cl. I shall know fir, when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou must know first.

Cl. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.
Ber. It must be done this after-noon.

Cl. Marke slaue, it is but this:
The Princessse comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her:
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-vp counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.
Cl. Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remune-
ration, a leuence-pence-farthing better: most sweete gar-
don. I will doe it fir in print: gardon, remuneration.
Exit.

Ber. O, and I forsooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humerous sigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Constable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortal so magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,
This signior *Lunio* gyant drawfe, don *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed soueraigne of sighes and groanes:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.
Sole Emperor and great generall
Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may still goe right.
Nay, to be periurde, which is worst of all:
And among three, to loue the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.
With two pitch bals flucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deede,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde.
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, sue, grone,
Some men must loue my Lady, and some Ioue.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter the Princessse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and
her Lords.*

Qu. Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,
Against the steepe vprising of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Qu. Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords, to day we shall haue our dispatch,

On Saterday we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush

That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.

Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote,
And thereupon thou speake'st the fairest shoote.

For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.

Qu. What, what? First praise me, & then again say no.
O short liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.

For. Yes

For. Yes Madam faire.

Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:
Faire paiement for foule words, is more then due.

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Qu. See, see, my beautie will be fau'd by merit,
O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,

A giuing hand, though foule, shall haue faire praise,
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:

Thus will I laue my credit in the shoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.

And out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory grows guiltie of detested crimes,

When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.

As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.

Boy. Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-foueraigntie
Onely for praise sake, when they strue to be

Lords ore their Lords?
Qu. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head
Lady?

Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that haue
no heads.

Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?
Qu. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clo. The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.
And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.

Are not you the chiefe womā? You are the thickest here?
Qu. What's your will fir? What's your will?

Clo. I haue a Letter from Monsieur Berowne,
To one Lady Rosaline.

Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a side good bearer.

Boyet, you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serue.

This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to Iaquenetta.

Qu. We will reade it, I sweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue care.

Boyet reade.

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true
that thou art. beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art
louely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beauteous,
truer then truth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy heroi-
call Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustre King
Cophetua set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Beg-
ger Zenelophon: and he it was that might rightly say, *Ve-
ni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O
base and obscure vulgar; *videlisset*, He came, See, and o-
uercame: hee came one; see, two; couercame three:
Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why

did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the
Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercame
he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose
side? the King: the captiue is inrich: On whose side?
the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose
side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am
the King (for so stands the comparifon) thou the Beg-
ger, for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command
thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could.
Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou ex-
change for ragges, robes: for tittles titles, for thy selfe
mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on
thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy
euerie part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industrie,

Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
Submissiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou strue (poore foule) what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this
Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you
euer heare better?

Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.
Qu. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it crewlike.

Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court
A Phantasmie, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clo. I told you, my Lord.

Qu. To whom shouldst thou giue it?

Clo. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clo. From my Lord Berowne, a good master of mine,
To a Lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Qu. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here sweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day.

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?
Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I may continent of beautie.

Rosa. Why the that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.

Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not
neare. Finely put on indeede.

Maris. You still wrangle with her Boyet, and shee
strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower:
Haue I hit her now.

Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying, that
was a man when King Pippin of France was a little boy, as
touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may answere thee with one as old that
was a woman when Queene Chimoner of Brittain was a
little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:

And I cannot, another can.

Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A marke maruculous well shot, for they both
did hit.

Boy. A marke, O marke but that marke: a marke saies
my Lady.

Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeepe a'must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit
the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand
is in.

Clo. Then will shee get the vpshoot by cleauing the
is in.

Ma. Come, come, you talke greafely, your lips grow
foule.

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, fir challenge her
to boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good
Oule.

Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.

Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.

O my troth most sweete icsts, most inconie vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were,
to fit.

Armatooth to the side, O a most dainty man.

To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.

To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will
sweare:

And his Page at other side, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is most patheticall nit.

Sowla, sowla.

Shoote within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent sport trucly, and done in the testi-
mony of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood,
ripe as a Pomewater, who now hangeth like a Jewell in
the eare of Celo the skie; the welken the heauen, and a-
non falleth like a Crab on the face of Terra, the soyle, the
land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Trucly M. Holofernes, the epythithes are
sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but fir I assure
ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, hand credo.

Dul. 'Twas not a hand credo, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of insi-
puation, as it were in via, in way of explication facere: as
it were replication, or rather ostentare, to shew as it were
his inclination after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneduca-
ted, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rather
vnconfirmed fashion, to inferre againe my hand credo
for a Deare.

Dul. I said the Deare was not a hand credo, 'twas a
Pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicitie, bis colit, O thou mon-
ster Ignorance, how deformed doost thou looke.

Nat. Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are
bred in a booke.

He hath not cate paper as it were.

He hath not drunke inke.

His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animall,
onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants
are set before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we
taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in
vs more then he.

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, in discreet, or
a foole;

So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a
Schoole.

But omne bene say I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your
wit, What was a month old at Cains birth, that's not fife
weekes old as yet?

Hol. Dittissima Goodman Dull, dittissima Goodman
Dull.

Dul. What is dittima?

Nat. A title to Phibe, to Luna, to the Moone.

Hol. The Moone was a month old when Adam was
no more.

And wrought not to fife-weekes when he came to fife-
Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the
Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds
in the Exchange.

Dul. And I say the polusion holds in the Exchange:
for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I say be-
side that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princeesse kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you heare an extemporall
Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour
the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princeesse kill'd a
Pricket.

Nat. Perge, good M. Holofernes, perge, so it shall
please you to abrogate scurilitie.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues
facilitie.

The prayfull Princeesse pearst and prickt

a prettie pleasing Pricket,

Some say a Sore, but not a sore,

till now made sore with shooting.

The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,

then Sorell tumps from thicket:

Or Pricket, sore, or else Sorell,

the people fall a boating.

If Sore be sore, then ell to Sore,

makes fiftie sores O sorell:

Of one sore I an hundred make

by adding but one more L.

Nat. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him
with a talent.

Nat. This is a gift that I haue simple: simple, a foo-
lish extravagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, ob-
iects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, reuolutions. These
are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nourish in the
wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing
of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is
acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my
parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you,
and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you
are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nat. Me hercle, If their Sonnes be ingennous, they
shall

shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapiens quia pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine salueth vs.

Enter Laquenetta and the Clowne.

Iagu. God giue you good morrow *M. Person.*

Nath. Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should be perst, Which is the one?

Cl. Marry *M.* Schoolemaster, hee that is likeliest to a hogthead.

Nath. Of persting a Hogthead, a good luster of conceit in a turp of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iagu. Good Master Person be so good as read mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Cofard*, and sent mee from *Don Armato*: I beseech you reade it.

Nath. *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub umbrarum*, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice*, *venetie*, *vencha*, *que non te vnde, que non te perreche*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderstandeth thee not, *ut re sol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horrace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Hol. I sir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a stasse, a stanze, a verse, *Leges domine*.

If *Loue* make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue? Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beauteie vowed.

Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee I faithfull proue. Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Officers bowed.

Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes. Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.

All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder. Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;

Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire. Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong;

That sings heauens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Ped. You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangener.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poesie caret: *O-middius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horfe his rider: But *Damofella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iagu. I sir from one mounfier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the superscript.

To the snow-whise hand of the most beaustious Lady *Rosaline*. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your Ladyship in all desired employment, *Berowne*.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and

goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgiue thy duetie, adue.

Maid. Good *Cofard* go with me:

Sir God saue your life.

Cof. Haue with thee my girlie.

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father faith

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marneilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, vnder take your *bien voinio*, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for Societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare, I am courting my selfe.

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toying in a pyrrh, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this

Loue is as mad as *Diad*, it kills mee, it kills mee, I a sheepe: Well proued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throat. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath raught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholic: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholic. Well, she hath one a my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: Sweet Clowne, sweet Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He stands aside. The King entreats.

Kin. Ayme!

Bero. Shot by heauen: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left papin faith secrets.

King. So sweete a kisse the golden Sonne giues not, To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose,

As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot. The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flows.

Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright, Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,

As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light: Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe,

No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee: So ridest thou triumphing in my woes,

Do behold the teares that swell in me, And they thy glory through my grieve will show:

But

But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.

O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell, No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell,

How shall she know my griefes? He drop the paper. Sweet leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longaule. The King steps aside.

What *Longaule*, and reading? listen eare.

Bero. Now in thy likeness, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ayme, I am forsworne.

Bero. Why he comes in like a periture, wearing papers.

Long. In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.

Bero. One drunkard loues another of the name.

Long. Am I the first? haue been periu'd so? (know,

Bero. I could put thee in comfort, nor by two that I Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,

The shape of *Loues* Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicitie. I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue.

Long. I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue. O sweet *Maria*, Emperesse of my Loue,

These numbers will I teare, and write in prose. *Bero.* O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hose,

Disfigure not his Shop.

Long. This same shall goe. *He reads the Sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly Rhetorick of thine eye, Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Peruade my heart to this false periu'ie? Vowes for thee broke deferre not punishment.

A Woman I forswore, but I will proue, Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee.

My Vow was earthly, thou a heavenly Loue. Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is. Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhaust this vapor-vow, in thee it is: If broken then, it is no fault of mine:

If by me broke, what foole is not so wise, To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?

Bero. This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deity. A Greene Goose, a Goddess, pure pure Idolatry.

God amend vs; God amend, we are much out o' th' way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lou. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.

Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play, Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,

And wretched fooler secrets heedfully ore-eye. More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wish,

Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish. *Dum.* O most diuine Kate.

Bero. O most prophane coxcombe, *Dum.* By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.

Bero. By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye. *Dum.* Her Amber haire for foule hath amber coted.

Bero. An Amber coloured Rauens was well noted. *Dum.* As vp right as the Cedar.

Bero. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child. *Dum.* As faire as day.

Bero. I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine. *Dum.* O that I had my wish?

Long. And I had mine. *Kin.* And mine too good Lord.

Bero. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word? *Dum.* I would forget her, but a Feuer she Raignes in my blood, and will remember be;

Bero. A Feuer in your blood, why then incision

Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprison.

Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.

Bero. Once more Ile marke how *Loue* can varry Wit.

Dumaine reads his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:

Loue, whose Month is euery May,

Spied a blossome passing faire,

Playing in the wanton ayre:

Through the Velluet, leanes the minde,

All vnseene, ean passage finde.

That the Louer sicke to death,

With himselfe the heauens breath.

Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,

Ayre, would I might triumph so.

But alacke my hand is sworne,

Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:

Vow alacke for youth vnmeet,

Youth so apt to plucke a sweet.

Do not call it sinne in me,

That I am forsworne for thee.

Thou for whom I would sweare,

Iuno but an *Aethiop* were,

And denie himselfe for *Loue*,

Turning mortall for thy Loue.

This will I send, and something else more plaine.

That shall expresse my true-loves fasting paine.

O would the King, *Berowne* and *Longaule*,

Were Louers too, ill to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:

For none offend, where all alike doe dote.

Long. *Dumaine*, thy *Loue* is farre from charitie,

That in *Loues* grieve desirest societie:

You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,

To be ore-heard, and taken napping so.

Kin. Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such,

You chide at him, offending twice as much.

You doe not loue *Maria*? *Longaule*,

Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile;

Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart

His louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart.

I haue beene closely shrowded in this bush,

And markt you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty Rimes, obseru'd your fashion:

Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.

Aye me, sayes one! O *Loue*, the other cries!

On her haire were Gold, Christall the others eyes.

You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,

And *Loue* for your *Loue* would infringe an oath.

What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare

Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.

How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?

How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?

For all the wealth that euer I did see,

I would not haue him know so much by me.

Bero. Now step I forth to whip hypocritie.

Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.

Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove

These wormes for louing, that art most in loue?

Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.

There is no certaine Princeesse that appeares.

You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:

Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting:

But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not

All three of you, to be thus much ore shot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I seene.
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what strict patience haue I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat?
To see great Hercules whipping a Gigge,
And profound Salomon tuning a lygge?
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boyes,
And Crittickes Tymon laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good Dumaine;
And gentle Longuill, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the brest:
A Candle hoa!

King. Too bitter is thy iest.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that hold it sinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in,
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconstancie.
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for Ioue? or spend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a
hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest,
a waste, a legge, a limme.

King. Soft, Whither a-way so fast?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.
Ber. I post from Ioue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Clowne.

Jaqu. God blesse the King.
King. What Present hast thou there?
Clo. Some certaine treason.
King. What makes treason heere?
Clo. Nay it makes nothing sir.
King. If it marre nothing neither,
The treason and you goe in peace away together.
Jaqu. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said.
King. *Berowne*, read it ouer. *He reads the Letter.*
King. Where hadst thou it?
Jaqu. Of *Costard*.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of *Dum* *Adramadio*, *Dum* *Adramadio*.
King. How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needs not
feare it.

Long. It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's
heare it.

Dum. It is *Berowne's* writing, and heere is his name.
Ber. Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne
to doe me shame.

Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.
King. What?

Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make
vp the messe.

He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purses in Ioue, and we deserue to die.
O dismissthis audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is euen.
Berow. True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles
be gone?

King. Hence firs, away.
Clo. Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay.

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as flesh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some loue of
thine?

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heauenly
That (like a rude and sauage man of *Inde*.)
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,
Kisses the base ground with obedient brest?
What peremptory Eagle-sighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maiestie?

King. What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,
Shew (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd foueraignty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheekie,
Where feuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rethoricke, O shee needs it not,
To things of false, a sellers praise belongs:
She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fiescore winters worne,
Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.

O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.
King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine!
A wife of such wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that she leame not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full so blacke.

King. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties cresset becomes the heauens well.

Ber. Diuels sooneft tempt resembling spirits of light,
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vsurping haire
Should rauish doters with a false aspect:
And therefore is she borne to make blacke, faire.
Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
For native bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,
Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.
Long. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King. And *Ethiops* of their sweet complexion crake.
Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your mistresses dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours should be washt away.

King. 'Twere good yours did: for fir to tell you plaine,
He finde a fairer face nor washt to day.

Ber. He proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.
King. No Diuell will fright thee then so much as shee.

Dum. I neuer knew man hold vile stufte so deere.
Long. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face see.

Ber. O if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.
Dum. O vile, then as she goes what vpward lyes?

The street should see as she walk'd ouer head.
King. But what of this; are we not all in loue?

Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne,
King. Then leaue this chat, & good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our sayth not torne.

Dum. I marie there, some flattery for this euill,
Long. O some authority how to proceed;

Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the diuell.
Dum. Some salue for periurie.

Ber. O 'tis more then neede.
Haue at you then affections men at armes;

Consider what you first did sweare vnto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman:

Flat reason against the Kingly state of youth;
Say, Can you fast? your stomachs are too young;

And abstinance ingenders maladies;
And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords)

In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.
Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.

For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of studies excellence;

Without the beauty of a womans face;
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue;

They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achademes,
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.

Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp
The nimble spirits in the arteries,

Asmotion and long during action tyres
The sinnowy vigour of the trauailer.

Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes:

And studie too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a womans eye;
Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,

And where we are, our Learning likewise is;
Then when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,

With our selues.
Doe we not likewise see our learning there?

O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:

For when would you (my Leage) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out

Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors haue enrich'd you with:

Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine;
And therefore finding barraine practizers,

Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toyle.
But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,

Liues not alone emured in the braine;
But with the motion of all elements,

Courses as swift as thought in euery power,
And giues to euery power a double power;

About their functions and their offices,
It adds a precious seeing to the eye:

A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde,
A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound;

When the suspicious head of cheft is stoopt,
Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,

Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bacchus* grosse in taste;

For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules* in task;
Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides* to fetch

Subtile as *Sphinxes*, as sweet and musically as *Jocell*.

As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire,
And when Loue speaks, the voyce of all the Gods,

Make heauen drowie with the harmonic.
Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,

Vntill his lute were tempred with Loues sighes:
O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,

And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue:

They sparke still the right *Promethean* fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes;

That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
Else none at all in ought proues excellent.

Then fooles you were these women to forswear:
Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles;

For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men loue:
Or for Loues sake, a word that loues all men.

Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:
Or Womens sake, by whom we men are Men;

Let's once loose our oathes to finde our selues,
Or else we loose our selues, to keepe our oathes:

It is religion to be thus forsworne.
For Charity it selfe fulfills the Law:

And who can seuer loue from Charity?
King. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.

Ber. Aduaunce your standards, & vpon them Lords,
Pell-mell, downe with them: but be first aduis'd,

In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.
Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these gloses by,

Shall we resolute to woe these giles of France?
King. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuise,

Some entertainment for them in their Tents.
Ber. First from the Park lee vs conduct them thither,

Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone

We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,

For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
Fore-runne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowres.

King. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.

Ber. Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Iustice alwaies whittles in equall measure:

Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsworne,
If so, our Copper buyes no better treasur.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid sufficit.
Curat. I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner

haue beene sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scur-
rillity, witty without affection, audacious without im-

puency, learned without opinion, and strange without
heresie: I did conuerse this quondam day with a compa-

nion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called,
Don Adriano de Armato.

Ped. Noni hominum tanquam te, His humour is lofty,
his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye

ambitious, his gate maiestical, and his generall behai-
our vaine, ridiculous, and thrafonicall. He is too picked,

too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too pere-
grinat, as I may call it.

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithar,
Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbotie, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantasticall phantasies, such infociable and poynt deuise companions, such rackers of ortagraphe, as to speake dour fine, when he should say doubt; der, when he should pronounce debt; d e b t, not der: he clepeth a Calf, Cause: halfe, haufe; neighbour vocatur nebour; neighbreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it inuatieth me of infanie: ne intelligis domine, to make franticke, lunaticke

Curat. Lais deo, bene intelligo.
Peda. Borne boon for boon prescian, a little scratcht, twil serue.
Enter Bragart, Boy.
Curat. Vides ne quis venit?
Peda. Video, & gaudio.
Brag. Chittra.
Peda. Quare Chittra, not Sirra?
Brag. Men of peace well incourted.
Peda. Most millitarie fir salutation.
Boy. They haue bene at a great feast of Languages, and (solae the scraps.

Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the almes-basket of words. I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.
Page. Peace, the peale begins.
Brag. Mounier, are you not letted?
Page. Yes, yes, he reaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?
Peda. Ba, puericia with a horne added.
Page. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne; you heare his learning.
Peda. Quis quis, thou Consonant?
Page. The last of the siue Vowels if You repeat them, or the fift if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e i o u.
Page. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.
Brag. Now by the salt waue of the mediteranium, a sweet tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, flip snap, quick & home; it reioyceeth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-olde.
Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?
Page. Hornes.
Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Page. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie vnum cita a gigge of a Cuck-olds horne.
Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfe penny purfe of wit, thou Pidgion-egge of discretion. O & the heauens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to, thou hast it ad dungil, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, dungel for vngum.
Brag. Art-man prescubulat, we will bee singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or Mons the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.
Peda. I doe sans question.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princeesse at her Paulion, in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noonne.

Peda. The posteriors of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noonne: the word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe assure you sir, I doe assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward betwene vs, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & most serious designes, and of great import: indeed too; but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleaseh his greatnesse to impart to Armado a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath scene the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart, I do implore secrete, that the King would haue mee present the Princeesse (sweet chucked) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and fodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to craue your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Holofemes, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posteriors of this day, to be rendered by our assistants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustre and learned Gentleman, before the Princeesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them?

Peda. Iudas, your selfe: my selfe, and this gallant gentleman Iudas Machabees: this Swaine (because of his great limme or ioynt) shall passe Pompey the great, the Page Hercules.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thump, hee is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall bee strangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Page. An excellent deuise: so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done Hercules, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Page. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this sadge not, an Antique, I beseech you follow.

Peda. King good-man Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderstood none neither.

Peda. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so.

on

on the rader to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.
Peda. Most Dull, honest Dull, to our sport away. Exit.

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in.

A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I haue from the louing King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime, As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper.

Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all, That he was faine to seale on Cupids name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax: For he hath bene siue thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I and a shrewd vnhappy gallows too.

Rosa. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and so she died: had she bene Light like you, of such a merrie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long.

Rosa. What's your darke meaning moufe, of this light word?

Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Rosa. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in iustice: Therefore lle darkely end the argument.

Rosa. Look what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wenche.

Rosa. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Kat. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Rosa. Great reason: for past care is still past cure.

Qu. Well banded both, a set of Wit well played.

But Rosaline, you haue a Faouour too?

Who sent it? and what is it?

Rosa. I would you knew.

And if my face were but as faire as yours, My Faouour were as great, be witnesse this.

Nay, I haue Verses too, I thanke Berowne, The numbers true, and were the numbring too, I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Qu. Any thing like?

Rosa. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Qu. Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion.

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Rosa. Ware pensals, How? Let me not die your debtor, My red Dominical, my golden letter.

O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that iest, and I besheew all Shrowes: But Katherine, what was sent to you From faire Dumaine?

Kat. Madame, this Gloue.

Qu. Did he not send you twaine?

Kat. Yes Madame: and moreover, Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.

A huge translation of hypocritic, Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent Longanile. The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.

Mar. For I would these hands might neuer part.

Qu. We are wise girls to mocke our Louers so.

Rosa. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.

That same Berowne ile torture ere I goe.

O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,

How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,

And wait the season, and obserue the times,

And spend his prodigall wits in bootles rimes.

And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,

And make him proud to make me proud that iests.

So pertaunt like would I o'refway his state,

That he should be my foole, and I his fate.

Qu. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,

As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisdome hatch'd:

Hath wisdome warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,

And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

Rosa. The bloud of youth burns not with such excesse,

As grauities reuolt to wantons be.

Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,

As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes Boyet, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

Qu. Thy newes Boyet?

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.

Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,

Against your Peace, Loue dorth approach, disguis'd:

Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.

Muste your Wits, stand in your owne defence,

Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.

Qu. Saint Dennis to S. Cupid: What are they,

That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say.

Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamore,

I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:

When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,

Toward that shade I might behold addrest,

The King and his companions: warely

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And ouer-heard, what you shall ouer-heare:

That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.

Their Herald is a pretty knauish Page:

That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,

Action and accent did they teach him there.

Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.

And euer and anon they made a doubt,

Preferre maiesticall would put him out:

For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:

Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously.

The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:

I should haue fear'd her, had she bene a deuill.

With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,

Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.

One rub'd his elboe thus, and flect'd, and swore,

A better speech was neuer spoke before.

Another with his finger and his thumb,

Cry'd via, we will doo't, come what will come.

The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:

With that they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zelous laughter so profound,

That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,

To checke their folly passions solemne teares.

Qu. But what, but what, come they to visit vs?

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,

Like Muscotes, or Russians, as I gesse.

Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,

And every one his Love-fear will aduance,
Vnto his feuerall Mistrisse: which they'll know
By fauours feuerall, which they did bestow.

Queen. And will they for the Gallants shall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will every one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
Despight of iure, to see a Ladies face.
Hold *Rosaline*, this Fauour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my Sweet, and giue me thine,
So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.
And change your Fauours too, so shall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by these remoues.

Rosa. Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?

Queen. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is ouely my intent.
Their feuerall counsels they vnbosome shall,
To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
With Visages displayd to talke and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire vs too?
Quee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.

Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.

So shall we stay mocking extended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with shame. *Sound.*

Boy. The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers
come.

*Enter Black-mooues with musicke, the Boy with a speech,
and the rest of the Lords disguised.*

Page. All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.
Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.

Page. A holy parcell of the fairest dames that euer turn'd
their backs to mortall vewes.

The Ladies turne their backs to him.
Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

Page. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall vewes.
Out.

Boy. True, out indeed.
Page. Out of your fauours heavenly spirits vouchsafe
Not to behold.

Ber. Once to behold, rogue.
Page. Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,
With your Sunne beamed eyes.

Boy. They will not answer to that Epythite,
You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.

Page. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.
Ber. Is this your perfectness? be gon you rogue.

Rosa. What would these strangers?
Know their mindes *Boyet*.

If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will
That some plaine man recount their purposes.

Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?

Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Rosa. Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.

Boy. She saies you haue it, and you may be gon.
Kin. Say to her we haue measur'd many miles,

To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.
Boy. They say that they haue measur'd many a mile,

To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.
Rosa. It is not so. Aske them how many inches

Is in one mile? If they haue measur'd manie,
The measure then of one is easlie told.

Boy. If to come hither, you haue measur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princeesse bids you tell,

How many inches doth fill vp one mile?
Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary steps,

Boy. She heares her selfe.
Rosa. How manie wearie steps,

Of many wearie miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?

Ber. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,

That we may doe it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,

That we (like sauages) may worship it.
Rosa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.

Kin. Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds doe.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,

(Those clouds remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.
Rosa. O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter,

Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water.
Kin. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.

Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.
Rosa. Play musicke then: nay you must doe it soone.

Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.
Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus

stranged?
Rosa. You rooke the Moone at full, but now she's

changed?
Kin. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.

Rosa. The musick playes, vouchsafe some motion to
it: Our eares vouchsafe it.

Kin. But your legges should doe it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,

Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.
Kin. Why take you hands then?

Rosa. Onlie to part friends.
Curtise sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.

Kin. More measure of this measure, be not nice.
Rosa. We can afford no more at such a price.

Kin. Prise your selues: What buyes your companie?
Rosa. Your absence onlie.

Kin. That can neuer be.
Rosa. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,

Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.
Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In priuate then.
Kin. I am best pleas'd with that.

Ber. White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.
Ros. Honey, and Milke, and Sugar: there is three.

Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:

There's halfe a dozen sweets.
Que. Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,

He play no more with you.
Ber. One word in secret.

Que. Let it not be sweet.
Ber. Thou greu'st my gall.

Queen.

Que. Gall, bitter.
Ber. Therefore meete.

Que. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Que. Name it.

Mar. Faire Ladies: shall I bid you vouchsafe?
Que. Say you for faire Lord: shall I bid you vouchsafe?

Take you that for your faire Lady.
Que. Please it you, bid adieu.

As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tong?

Long. I know the reason Ladie why you aske.
Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.

Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask.
And would afford my speechlesse vizard halfe.

Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a
Calf?

Long. A Calf faire Ladie?
Mar. No, a faire Lord Calf.

Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe: of one I die.

Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.
Long. Look how you but your selfe in these sharpe

mockes.
Mar. Will you giue hornes chaff Ladie? Do not so.

Mar. Then die a Calf before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in priuate with you ere I die.

Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the Razors edge, inuifible:
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,

About the fence of fence so sensible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,

Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thought, swifter things
Rosa. Not one word more my maides, breake off,

breake off.
Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.

King. Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple
wits. *Exeunt.*

Que. Twentie adieus my frozen Muscouits.
Are these the breed of wits so wondrous at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes
puff out.

Rosa. Well, like wits they haue, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.
Que. O povertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.

Will they not (thinke you) hang themselves to night?
Or euer but in vizards shew their faces:

This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.
Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases.

The King was vweeping ripe for a good word.
Que. *Berowne* did sweare himselfe out of all suite.

Mar. *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my seruant straight was pruce.

Ka. Lord *Longanill* said I came ore his hart:
And trow you vwhat he call'd me?

Que. Quallme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.

Que. Go sicknesse as thou art.
Ros. Well, better wits haue worne plain statute caps,

But vvil you heare; the King is my loue sworne.
Que. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.

Kat. And *Longanill* was for my seruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistresses giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere

In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.

Que. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,

And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,

Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.
Que. How blowv? how blowv? Speake to bee vnder-

stood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:

Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.

Que. Auant perplexitie: What shall vve do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?

Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'll be aduis'd,
Let vs mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:

Disguis'd like Muscouits in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what end

Their shallow shewes, and Prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,

Should be preiented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.
Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princeesse?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons peafe,

And vtters it againe, when *Loue* doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retails his Wares,

At Wakes, and Waffels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,

Haue not the grace to grace it with such shew.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleue.

Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.
He can carue too, and luse: Why this is he,

That kist away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monsieur the nice,

That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can sing

A meane most meanly, and in Vihering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.

The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that limles on euerie one,

To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consciences that wil not die in debt,

Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued *Boyet*.
King. A blifter on his sweet tongue with my hart,

That put *Armatboes* Page out of his part.
Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behaviour what wer't thou,
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?

King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.
Que. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Que. Then wish me better, I wil giue you leaue.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.

Que. This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The

The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.
Q. You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:
 For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
 Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
 As the vnfallied Lilly, I protest,
 A world of tortments though I should endure,
 I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:
 So much I hate a breaking cause to be
 Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.

Kin. O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
 Vnseene, vnvisited, much to our shame.

Q. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
 We haue had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,
 A messe of Russians left vs but of late.

Kin. How Madam? Russians?

Q. I in truth, my Lord.

Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

Rosa. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:

My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)

In curtesie giues vnderstanding praise.

We foure indeed confronted were with foure

In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,

And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)

They did not blesse vs with one happy word.

I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,

When they are thirtie, fooles would faine haue drinke.

Ber. This left is drie to me. Gentle sweete,

Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greete

With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:

By light we loose light: your capacitie

Is of that nature, that to your huge store,

Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

Ros. This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie

Ber. I am a foole, and full of pueritie.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Ber. O, I am yours and all that I possesse.

Ros. All the foole mine.

Ber. I cannot giue you lesse.

Ros. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?

Ber. Where? when? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,

That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

Kin. We are discried,

They'l mocke vs now downeright.

Da. Let vs confesse, and turne it to a iest.

Quc. Amaz'd my Lord? Why looks your Highnes

fade?

Rosa. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l sound: why looke

you pale?

Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscouie.

Ber. Thus poure the stars down plagues for periury.

Can any face of brasse hold longer out?

Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout.

Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.

Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:

And I will wish thee neuer more to dance,

Nor neuer more in Russian habit waite.

O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,

Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.

Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers fongue,

Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,

Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affections;

Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
 Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
 I do forswear them, and I heere protest,
 By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
 Henceforth my wing minde shall be exprest
 In russet yeas, and honest kerfies noes.

And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,

My loue to thee is sound, sans cracke or flaw.

Rosa. Sans, sans, I pray you.

Ber. Yet I haue a tricke

Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.

He leaue it by degrees: soft, let vs see,

Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on those three,

They are infected, in their hearts it lies:

They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes.

These Lords are visited, you are not free:

For the Lords tokens on you do I see.

Quc. No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.

Ber. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndo vs.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Ber. Speake for your selues, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach vs sweete Madame, for our rude trans-

gression, some faire excuse.

Quc. The fairest is confession.

Were you not heere but euen now, disguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Quc. And were you well aduis'd?

Kin. I was faire Madame.

Quc. When you then were heere,

What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

King. That more then all the world I did respect her.

Quc. When shee shall challenge this, you will reiect

her.

King. Vpon mine Honor no.

Quc. Peace, peace, forbear:

your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.

Quc. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline*,

What did the Russian whisper in your eare?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare

As precious eye-sight, and did value me

Above this World: adding thereto moreouer,

That he would Wed me, or else die my Louer.

Quc. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord

Most honorably doth vphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame?

By my life, my troth,

I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.

Ros. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,

you gaue me this: But take it fir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,

I knew her by this Iewell on her sleue.

Quc. Pardon me fir, this Iewell did she weare,

And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.

What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?

Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.

I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,

Some mutable-newes, some trencher-knight, some Dick

That smiles his cheek in yeares, and knowes the trick

To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd:

Told

Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
 The Ladies did change Fauxours; and then we

Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of the

Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,

We are againe foist worne in will and error.

Much vpon this tis: and might not you

Forefall our sport, to make vs thus vntire?

Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th' squier?

And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?

And stand betwene her backe fir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, lesting merillie?

You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.

Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shroud.

You leete vpon me, do you? There's an eie

Wounds like a Lead en sword.

Boy. Full merillie hath this braue manager, this car-

reere bene run.

Ber. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter *Clowne*.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.

Cl. O Lord fir, they would kno,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Ber. What, are there but three?

Cl. No fir, but it is vana fine,

For euerie one purfents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Cl. Not so fir, vnder correction fir, I hope it is not so.

You cannot beg vs fir, I can assure you fir, we know what

we know: I hope fir three times thrice fir.

Ber. Is not nine.

Cl. Vnder correction fir, wee know where-vntill it

doth amount.

Ber. By Ioue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord fir, it were pittie you should get your

living by reckning fir.

Ber. How much is it?

Cl. O Lord fir, the parties themselves, the actors fir

will shew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne

part, I am (as they say), but to perfect one man in one

poore man, *Pompey* the great fir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cl. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey*

the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of

the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare.

Cl. We will turne it finely off fir, we wil take some

care.

King. *Berowne*, they will shame vs:

Let them not approach.

Ber. We are shame-prooue my Lord: and 'tis some

posseie, to haue one shew worse then the Kings and his

companye.

Kin. I say they shall not come.

Quc. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how

Where Zeale strives to content, and the contents

Dis in the Zeale of that which it presents:

Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth;

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter *Braggart*.

Br. Annoted, I implore so much expence of thy

Told

royall sweet breath, as will viter a brace of words.

Quc. Doth this man serue God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Quc. He speak's not like a man of God's making.

Br. That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch:

For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical:

Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they

say) to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of minde

most royall supplement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;

He presents *Helior* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* great,

the Parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Heracles*,

the Pedant *Indas Machabens*: And if these foure Wor-

thies in their first shew thrue, these foure will change

habites, and present the other fiue.

Ber. There is fiue in the first shew.

Kin. You are deceiued, tis not so.

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the

Foole, and the Boy,

Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,

Cannot pricke out fiue such, take each one in's vaine.

Kin. The ship is vnder saile, and here the coms amain.

Enter *Pompey*.

Cl. I *Pompey* am.

Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Cl. I *Pompey* am.

Boy. With Libbards head on knee,

Ber. Well said old mocker,

I must needs be friends with thee.

Cl. I *Pompey* am, *Pompey* swam'd the big.

Da. The great.

Cl. It is great fir: *Pompey* swam'd the great:

That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,

did make my foe to sweat:

And traunailing along this coast, I heere am come by chance,

And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet *Lasse* of

France.

If your Ladiship would say thankes *Pompey*, I had done.

La. Great thankes great *Pompey*.

Cl. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was per-

fect. I made a little fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, *Pompey* proues the

best Worthie.

Enter Curate for *Alexander*.

Cur. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Com-

mander:

By East, West, North, or South, I sped my conquering might

My scutcheon plaine declares that I am *Alisander*.

Boier. Your nose saies no, you are not:

For it stands too right.

Ber. Your nose smells no, in this most tendat smel-

ling Knight.

Quc. The Conqueror is dismaid:

Proceede good *Alexander*.

Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worldes Com-

mander.

Boier. Most true, 'tis right: you were so *Alisander*.

Ber. *Pompey* the great.

Cl. your seruant and Costard.

Br. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*

this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close
foole, will be giuen to Ajax. He will be the ninth wor-
thie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away
for shame *Alisander*. There an't shall please you: a foo-
lish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dash it.
He is a maruellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie
good Bowler: but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a
little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a coming,
will speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Cu.*

Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great Hercules is presented by this Impe,
Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Mamus*:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologic.

Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish. *Exit Boy*

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. Not *Iscariot* fr.

Iudas I am, yelped *Machabens*.

Dum. *Iudas Machabens* clapt, is plaine Iudas.

Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas*?

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. The more shame for you *Iudas*.

Ped. What meane you sir?

Boi. To make *Iudas* hang himselfe.

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber. Because thou hast no face.

Ped. What is this?

Boi. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.

Boi. The pummell of *Cassius* Faulchion.

Dum. The car'd-bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. *S. Georges* halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance

Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.

Ber. False, we haue giuen thee faces.

Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou wert a Lion, we would do so.

Boi. Therefore as he is, an Ass, let him go:

And so adieu sweet *Iudas*. Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the *Ass* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iudas* as a

way.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boi. A light for monsieur *Iudas*, it growes darke, he

may stumble.

Que. Alas poore *Machabens*, how hath hee beene

baited.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in

Armes.

Dum. Though my mocker come home by me, I will

now be merrie.

King. *Hector* was but a Trojan in respect of this,

Boi. But is this *Hector*?

Lon. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Boi. No, he is best indur'd in the small.

Ber. This cannot be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. The *Armipotent Mars*, of *Launces* the almighty,

gaue *Hector* a gift.

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No clouen.

Brag. The *Armipotent Mars*, of *Launces* the almighty,

gaue *Hector* a gift, the beire of *Ilion*:

A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea

From morne till night, out of his *Paullion*.

I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Lon. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweet Lord *Longanill* reine thy tongue.

Lon. I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes a-

gainst *Hector*.

Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.

Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,

Sweet chukes, beat not the bones of the buried:

But I will forward with my deuice;

Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the fence of hearing.

Berowne steppes forth.

Qu. Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.

Brag. I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

Boi. Loues her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Brag. This *Hector* farre surmounted *Hanniball*.

The partie is gone.

Cl. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths

on her way.

Brag. What meane thou?

Cl. Faith vntil you play the honest Trojan, the

poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags

in her belly already: tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamozize me among Potentates?

Thou shalt die.

Cl. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquetta* that

is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by

him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey*.

Boi. Renowned *Pompey*.

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*:

Pompey the huge.

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Ber. *Pompey* is moued, more Acres more Acres strike

them, or stirre them on.

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Ber. I, if a haue no more mans blood in's belly, then

will sup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Cl. I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man:

He do it by the sword: I pray you let mee be-
row my Armes againe.

Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies.

Cl. He do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey*.

Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower:

Do you not see *Pompey* is vncausing for the combat: what

meane

meane you? you will lose your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will

not combat in my shirt.

Qu. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the

challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Ber. What reason haue you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt,

I go woolward for penance.

Boi. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want

of Linnen: since when, He be sworne he wore none, but

a dishclout of *Iaquetta*, and that hee weares next his

heart for a fauour.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God saue you Madame.

Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest

our merriment.

Mar. I am forrie Madame, for the newes I bring is

heauie in my tongue. The King your father

Qu. Dead for my life.

Mar. Euen so: My tale is told.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I

haue seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of

discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies

Kin. How fare's your Maiestie?

Qu. Boyet prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.

Qu. Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords

For all your faire deuotions and entreats:

Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,

In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,

The liberall opposition of our spirits,

Ifouer-boldly we haue borne our selues,

In the conuerse of breath (your gentlenessse

Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:

A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.

Excuse me so, comming so short of thanks,

For my great suite, so easily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes

All causes to the purpose of his speed:

And often at his verie loose decides

That, which long processe could not arbitrate.

And though the mourning brow of progenie

Forbid the smiling cortesse of Loue:

The holy suite which faue it would conuince,

Yet since loues argument was first on foote,

Let not the cloud of sorrow iustle it

From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,

Is not by much so wholsome profitable,

As to reioyce at friends but newly found.

Qu. I vnderstand you not, my griefes are double.

Ber. Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of griefe

And by these badges vnderstand the King,

For your faire sakes haue we neglected time,

Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies

Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humors

Euen to the opposed end of our intents.

And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:

As Loue is full of vnbesitting strains,

All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.

Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.

Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes

Varying in subiects as the eie doth roule,

To euerie varied obiect in his glance:

Which partie-coated presence of loose loue

Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,

Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauities.

Those heauenlie eies that looke into these faults,

Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies

Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes

Is likewise yours. We to our selues proue false,

By being once false, for euer to be true

To those that make vs both, faire Ladies you.

And euen that falshood in it selfe a sinne,

Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace.

Qu. We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue:

Your Fauours, the Ambassadors of Loue.

And in our maiden counsaile rated them,

At courtship, pleasant iest, and curtesie,

As bumbast and as lining to the time:

But more deuout then these are our respects

Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues

In their owne fashion, like a merriment.

Du. Our letters Madame, shew'd much more then iest.

Lon. So did our lookes.

Rosa. We did not coat them so.

Kin. Now at the latest minute of the houre,

Grant vs your loues.

Qu. A time me thinkes too short,

To make a world-without-end bargain in;

No, no my Lord, your Grace is perur'd much,

Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this:

If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)

You will do ought, this shall you do for me.

Your oth I will not trust: but go with speed

To some forlorne and naked Hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world:

There stay, vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes

Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.

If this austere insociable life,

Change not your offer made in heate of blood:

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds

Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue,

But that it beare this triall, and last loue:

Then at the expiration of the yeare,

Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,

And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine,

I will be thine: and till that instant shur

My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,

Raining the teares of lamentation,

For the remembrance of my Fathers death.

If this thou do denie, let our hands part,

Neither intitled in the others hart.

Kin. If this, or more then this, I would denie,

To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,

The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eie.

Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breast.

Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Rosa. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.

You are attaint with faults and periurie:

Therefore if you my fauor meane to get,

A tweluemonth shall you spend, and neuer rest,

But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke.

He marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:

Then if I haue much loue, He giue you some.
Dum. He serue thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen!

Lon. What saies *Maria*?
Mari. At the tweluemonths end,
He change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon. He stay with patience: but the time is long.
Mari. The liker you, few taller are so yong.
Ber. Studies my Ladie? Mistresse, looke on me,

Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble suite attends thy answer there,
Impose some seruice on me for my loue.

Ref. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,

Full of comparifons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit.

To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won:

You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,
Visite the speechlesse sickle, and still conuerse
With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,

With all the fierce endeour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.
Ref. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A iests prosperitie, lies in the care

Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly cares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,

Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,

And I shall finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
Ber. A tweluemonth? Well: befall what will befall,

He iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall.
Qu. I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leaue.
King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our woiing doth not end like an old Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courties
Might wel haue made our sport a Comedie.

Kim. Come fir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,
And then 'twil end.
Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.
Brag. Sweet Maicesty vouchsafe me.
Qu. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.
Brag. I wil kisse thy royal finger, and take leaue,
I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaqueveta* to holde the

Plough for her (sweet loue three yeares. But most effect-
med greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two
Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle and
the Cuckow? It should haue followed in the end of our
shew.

Kim. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.
Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.
This side is *Hicms*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The Song.
When Daisies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:

And Ladie-smockes all siluer white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,

Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,

Vnpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten straws,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,

And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.
When Isicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sphepherd blowes his naile;

And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in pail:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,

Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And cossing drownes the Parsons saw:
And birds sit brooding in the snow,

And Marrians nose looks red and raw:
When roasted Crabs hiss in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,

Tu-whit to who:
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are harsher after the songs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

FINIS.

A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

Ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinks, how slow
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuennew.

Hip. Foure daies wil quickly steep theselues in night:
Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a siluer bow,
Now bent in heauen, shal behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go *Philoftrate*,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

Enter *Egeus* and his daughter *Hermia*, *Lysander*,
and *Demetrius*.

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*:

Stand forth *Demetrius*.
My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marrie her.

Stand forth *Lysander*.
And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:

Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast giuen her rimmes,
And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe:
Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
With fainting voice, verses of faining loue,

And stolne the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, Nose-gaies, sweet meates (messengers
Of strong preuailment in vnhardned youth)

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborn harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,
Consent to marrie with *Demetrius*.
I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you *Hermia*? be aduis'd faire Maide,
To you your Father should be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her. So is *Lysander*.
The. In himselfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes must with his iudgment looke.
Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modestie
In such a presence heere to pleade my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to dye the death, or to abiure
For euer the society of men.
Therefore faire *Hermia* question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liverie of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,
To liue a barren sister all your life,

Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happie is the Rose distill'd,

Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.

Her. So will I grow, so lue, so die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordship, whose vnwished yoke,
My soule consents not to giue soueraignty.
The. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon
The scaling day betwixt my loue and me,
For euerm-lasting bond of fellowship:
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For disobedience to your fathers will,
Or else to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
Or on *Dianes* Altar to protect
For aie, austeritie, and single life.

Dem. Relent sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lys. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermias*: do you marry him.

Egeus. Scornfull *Lysander*, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my loue shall render him,
And she is mine, and all my right of her,
I do estate vnto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he,
As well posselt: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes euery way as fairly ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all these boasts can be)
I am belou'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her soule: and she (sweet Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confesse, that I haue heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to haue spoke thereof:
But being ouer-full of selfe-affaires,
My minde did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.

For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.

Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:
I must imploy you in some businesse
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you
Of something, neerely that concerns your selues.

Ege. With dutie and desire we follow you. *Exeunt*
Manet Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. How now my loue? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the Roles there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. For ought that euer I could reade,
Could euer heare by tale or historie,
The coult of true loue neuer did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.

Her. O crosse! too high to be entral'd to loue.
Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.

Her. O spight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.
Lys. Or else it stood vpon the choise of merit.

Her. O hell! to chooise loue by anothers eie.
Lys. Or if there were a simparchie in choise,

Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a sound:

Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolde both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The iawes of darknesse do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Louers haue bene euer crost,
It stands as an edict in destinie:

Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Because it is a customarie crosse,

As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and fighes,
Withes and teares; poore Fancies followers.

Lys. A good perswasion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,

Of great reuennew, and she hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remou'd seuen leagues,

And she respects me, as her onely sonne:
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,

And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue vs. If thou lou'st me, then

Steale forth thy fathers house to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,

(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do obseruance for a morne of May)

There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
If weare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,

By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicitie of Venus Doves,

By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,

When the false Trojan vnder saile was seene,
By all the vov'es that euer men haue broke,

(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.

Lys. Keepe promise loue: looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.
Her. God speede faire *Helena*, whither away?

Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnlay,
Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!

Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to shepheards eare,

When wheate is Greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sicknesse is catching: O were fauor so,

Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melody,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,

The rest Ile giue to be to you translated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art

you sway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.

Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still.
Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles

such skil.

Her. I giue him curses, yet he giues me loue.
Hel. O that my prayers could such affection moue.

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly *Helena* is none of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine.

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,
Lysander and my selfe will flie this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.

O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.

Lys. *Helena*, to you our minde we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when *Phabe* doth behold

Her siluer visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse

(A time that Louers flights doth still conceale)
Through Athens gates, haue we deuiz'd to steale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,

Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld:
There my *Lysander*, and my selfe shall meete,

And thence from Athens turne away our eyes
To seeke sweet friends and strange companions,

Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.

Keepe word *Lysander* we must starue our fight,
From louers soode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.
Lys. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,

As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lysander.*
Hel. How happy some, ore other some can be?

Through Athens I am thought as faire as she.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so:

He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee eies, doting on *Hermias* eyes;

So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vild, holding no quantity,

Loue can transpore to forme and dignity,
Loue looks not with the eyes, but with the minde,

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blinde,
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taste:

Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haire,
And therefore is Loue said to be a childe,

Because in choise he is often beguil'd,
As waggish boyes in game themselves forswear;

So the boy Loue is periu'd euery where.
For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,

He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.
And when this Haile some heat from *Hermia* felt,

So he dissol'd, and shewres of oathes did melt,
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:

Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Pursue her; and for his intelligence,

If I haue thanks, it is a deere expence:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,

To haue his sight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Tayner, Bottom the Weaver, Flute the bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by
man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which
is thought fit through all Athens, to play in our Enter-

lude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding
day at night.

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats
on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on to appoint.

Quin. Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedie,
and most cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a

merry, Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors
by the scrowle. Masters spread your selues.

Quince. Answer as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the
Weauer.

Bottom. Ready; name what part I am for, and
proceed.

Quince. You *Nicke Bottom* are set downe for *Py-*
ramus.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Louer that kills himselfe most gallantly for
loue.

Bot. That will aske some teares in the true perform-
ing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies:

I will moue stormes; I will condole in some measure.
To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could

play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all
split the raging Rocks; and shivering shocks shall break

the locks of prison gates, and *Phibbus* carre shall shine
from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This

was lefey. Now name the rest of the Players. This
is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condo-

ling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the Bellows-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You must take *Thisbe* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisbe*, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must loue.

Flu. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a
beard comming.

Quin. That's all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and
you may speake as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbe* too:
Ile speake in a monstrous little voyce; *Thisbe*, *Thisbe*, ah

Pyramus my louer deare, thy *Thisbe* deare, and Lady
deare.

Quin. No no, you must play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you
Thuby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. *Robin Starveling* the Taylor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quince. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisbe*'s
mother?

Tom Snout, the Tinker.

Snout. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my self, *Thisbe* father;
Snug the loyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there
is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? pray you if
be, giue it me, for I am slow of studie.

Quin. You may doe it extempore, for it is nothing
but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I
will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare,

that I will make the Duke say, Let him roare againe, let
him roare againe.

Quin. If you should doe it too terribly, you would
fright the Dutcheffe and the Ladies, that they would
strike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs euery anothers sonne.

Bottom. I graunt you friends, if that you should
fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would
haue no more discretion but to hang vs: but I will ag-
grauate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as
any sucking Doue; I will roare and 'twere any Nightin-
gale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyra-*
mus

mus is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day; a most lovely Gentleman-like man, therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawne beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French Crownes haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obsequiously and couragiously. Take paines, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings.

Exeunt

A Thus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Quer hil, ouer dale, through bush, through briar, ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire, I do wander euerie where, swifter then y^e Moons sphere; And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the The Cowslips tall, her perfoners bee, (green) In their gold coats, spots you see, Those be Rubies, Fairie fauors, In those freckles, liue their fauors, I must go seeke some dew drops heere, And hang a pearle in euerie cowslips eare. Farewell thou Lob of spirits, he be gone, Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night, Take heed the Queene come not within his sight, For Oberon is pasing fell and wrath, Because that she, as her attendant, hath A lovely boy stolne from an Indian King, She neuer had so sweet a changeling, And ielous Oberon would haue the childe Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde. But she (perforce) with-holds the loued boy, Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy. And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene, By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene, But they do square, that all their Elues for feare Creep into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite, Or else you are that shrew'd and knauish spirit Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee, That frights the maidens of the Villagere, Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne, And bootlesse make the breathlesse hufwife cherne, And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harme, Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke, You do their worke, and they shall haue good lucke, Are not you hee?

Rob. Thou speak'st aright; I am that merrie wanderer of the night: I leet to Oberon, and make him smile, When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile, Neighing in likeness of a silly foale, And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole, In very likeness of a roasted crab: And when she drinks, against her lips I bob, And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale. The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale, Sometime for three-foot foole, mistaketh me, Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she, And tailour cries, and falls into a coffe, And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe, And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare, A merrier houre vvas neuer wasted there. But roome Fairy, heere comes Oberon.

Fair. And heere my Mistris: Would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light, Proud Tytania.

Qu. What, ielous Oberon? Fairy skip hence. I haue forsworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarric rafh Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know When thou vvasst stolne away from Fairy Land, And in the shape of *Corin*, late all day, Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue To amorous *Phyllida*. Why art thou heere Come from the farthest steeps of *India*? But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon* Your buskin'd Mistress, and your Warrior loue, To *Theseus* must be Wedded; and you come, To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania*, Glance at my credite, with *Hippolita*? Knowing I know thy loue to *Theseus*? Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night From *Peregina*, whom he rauished? And make him vwith faire Eagles breake his faith With *Ariadne*, and *Antiope*?

Qu. These are the forgeries of ielousie, And neuer since the middle Summers spring Met vve on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead, By paused fountaine, or by rushie brooke, Or in the beached margent of the sea, To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde, But vwith thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport, Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine, As in reuenge, haue suck'd vp from the sea Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land, Hath euerie petty Riuer made so proud, That they haue ouer-borne their Continents. The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vaine, The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne Hath rotted; ere his youth attain'd a beard: The fold stands empty in the drowned field, And Crowses are fatted with the murrion stocke,

The

The nine mens Morris is fill'd vp with mud, And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene, For lacke of tread are vndistinguishable. The humane mortals want their winter heere, No night is now with hymne or caroll blest; Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods) Pale in her anger, washes all the aire; That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound. And through this distemperature, we see The seasons alter; hoared headed frosts Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose, And on old *Hyems* chinne and Ice crowne, An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds! Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer, The chiding Autumne, angry Winter change Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world, By their increase, now knows not which is which; And this same progeny of euills, Comes from our debate, from our diffention, We are their parents and originall.

Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you, Why should *Tytania* crosse her *Oberon*? I do but beg a little changeling boy, To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at rest, The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me, His mother was a Votresse of my Order, And in the spiced *Indian* aire, by night Full often hath she gossipt by my side, And sat with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands, Marking th'embarked traders on the flood, When we haue laught to see the sailes conceiue, And grow big bellied with the wanton winde: Which she with pretty and with swimming gate, Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire) Would imitate, and saile vpon the Land, To fetch me trifles, and returne againe, As from a voyage, rich with merchandize. But she being mortall, of that boy did die, And for her sake I doe reare vp her boy, And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Qu. Perchance till after *Theseus* wedding day. If you will patiently dance in my Round, And see our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs; If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Giue me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away: We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou shalt not from this groue, Till I torment thee for this iniury. My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembrest Since once I sat vpon a promontory, And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe, Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath, That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song, And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares, To heare the Sea-maids musike.

Puc. I remember.

Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not) Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth, *Cupid* all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke At a faire Vestall, thrond by the West, And loos'd his loue-shaft smartly from his bow, As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts; But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft

Quencht in the chaste beames of the warry Moone; And the imperiall Votresse passed on, In maiden meditation, fancy free. Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell. It fell vpon a little western flower; Before, milke-white; now purple with lous wound, And maidens call it, Loue in idleness. Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee once, The iuyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid, Will make or man or woman madly dote Vpon the next liue creature that it sees. Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe, Ere the *Leuiathan* can swim a league.

Pucke. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

Ober. Hauing once this iuyce, Ile watch *Tytania*, when she is asleepe, And drop the liquor of it in her eyes: The next thing when she waking lookes vpon, (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull, On meddling Monkey, or on busie Ape) Shee shall pursue it, with the soule of loue. And ere I take this charme off from her sight, (As I can take it with another hearbe) Ile make her render vp her Page to me. But who comes heere? I am inuisible, And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I loue thee not, therefore pursue me not, Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia*? The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me. Thou toldst me they were stolne into this wood; And heere am I, and wood within this wood, Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more. *Hel.* You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant, But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart Is true as Steele, Leauie you your power to draw, And I shall haue no power to follow you.

Deme. Do I entice you? do I speake you faire? Or rather doe I not in plainest truth, Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?

Hel. And euen for that doe I loue thee the more; I am your spaniell, and *Demetrius*, The more you beat me, I will fawne on you. Vse me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me, Neglect me, lose me; onely giue me leauie (Vnworthy as I am) to follow you. What worser place can I beg in your loue, (And yet a place of high respect with me) Then to be vsed as you doe your dogge.

Deme. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit, For I am sicke when I do looke on thee.

Hel. And I am sicke when I looke not on you.

Deme. You doe impeach your modesty too much, To leaue the Citie, and commit your selfe Into the hands of one that loues you not, To trust the opportunity of night, And the ill counsell of a desert place, With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: for that It is not night when I doe see your face. Therefore I thinke I am not in the night, Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,

N 3

For

For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me?

Dem. He run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beafts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;
The *Doe* pursues the *Griffin*, the milde *Hinde*
Makes speed to catch the *Tyger*. Bootlesse speede,
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleue,
But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. In the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You doe me mischief. *Fye Demetrius*,
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sexe:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To die vpon the hand I loue so well. *Exit.*

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou shalt flie him, and he shall seeke thy loue.
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee giue it me.

I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxslips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouer-cannop'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet muske roses, and with Eglantine;
There sleepest *Tytania*, sometime of the night,
Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the snake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.

And with the iuyce of this Ile streak her eyes,
And make her full of barefull fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this groue;
A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in loue
With a disdainfull youth: annoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he espies,
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.

Effect it with some care, that he may proue
More fond on her, then she vpon her loue;
And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

Pu. Feare not my Lord, your seruant shall do so. *Exit.*

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muske rose buds,
Some warre with *Remise*, for their leathern wings,
To make my small *Elues* coates, and some keepe backe
The clamorous *Owle* that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing.

You spotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomela with melody.

Sing in your sweet Lullaby.

Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Newer harme, nor spell, nor charme,
Come our lonely Lady nye,
So good night with Lullaby.

2. *Fairy.* Weaving Spiders come not neere,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere;
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
Philomela with melody, &c.

1. *Fairy.* Hence away, now all is well;
One alsoofe, stand Centinell.

Shesleepe.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou see'st when thou dost wake,
Doe it for thy true Loue take:
Loue and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,
In thy eye that shall appeare,
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,
Wake when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Faire loue, you faint with wandring in y woods,
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way:
Wee'll rest vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so *Lysander*; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will rest my head.

Lys. One turfe shall serue as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere.

Lys. O take the sence sweet, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying so, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride;
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
But gentle friend, for loue and courtesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;
Thy loue nere alter, till thy sweet life end.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, sleepe giue thee all his rest.

Her. With halfe that wish, the withers eyes be prest.
Enter Pucke. *They sleepe.*

Puck. Through the Forrest haue I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
One whose eyes I might approue
This flowers force in stirring loue.
Night and silence: who is heere?
Weedes of *Athen* he doth weare:
This is he (my master said)
Despised the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden sleeping found,

On

On the danke and dirty ground.
Pretty soule, she durst not lye
Neere this lacke-loue, this kill-curtisie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let loue forbid
Sleepe his fate on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to *Oberon*.

Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete *Demetrius*.
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not so.
De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chase,
The more my prayer, the lesse is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, wherefore she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
If so, my eyes are oftner washt then hers.
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;
For beafts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no maruaile, though *Demetrius*
Doe as a monster, flie my prelence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* sphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground;
Deade or asleepe? I see no blood, no wound,
Lysander, if you liue, good sir awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent *Helena*, nature her shewes art,
That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so:
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* still loues you; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I loue;
Who will not change a Rauens for a *Doe*?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
And reason saies you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their season;
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deserue this scorn?
Ist not enough, ist not enough, yong man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deserue a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth you do me wrong (good-sooth you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleness.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd.

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* sleepe thou there,
And neuer maist thou come *Lysander* neere;

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings:
Or as the heresies that men do leaue,
Are hated most of those that did deceiue:
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all be hated; but the most of me;
And all my powers addresse your loue and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *Exit.*

Her. Helpe me *Lysander*, helpe me; do thy best
To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.
Aye me, for pitty; what a dreame was here?
Lysander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,
And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey.
Lysander, what remou'd? *Lysander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:
Speake of all loues; I found almost with feare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a maruailous conuenient
place for our rehearseall. This Greene plot shall be our
stage, this hauthorne brake our tiring house, and we will
do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter quince?

Peter. What saist thou, bully *Bottom*?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and
Thisby, that will neuer please. First, *Piramus* must draw a
sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.
How answer you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.

Star. I belecue we must leaue the killing out, when
all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well.
Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say,
we will do no harme with our swords, and that *Piramus*
is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance,
tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottom* the
Weauer; this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well, we will haue such a Prologue, and it shall
be written in eight and sixe.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight
and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be ascar'd of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selues, to
bring in (God shield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most
dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde
foule then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke
to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not
a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face
must be seene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe
must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect;
Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would
request

request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the ioyner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber for you know, *Piramus* and *Thibby* meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Enter Pucke.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leaue a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement.

Quin. I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must haue a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thibby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can neuer bring in a wall. What say you *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him haue some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall *Piramus* and *Thibby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. *Piramus*, you begin; when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns haue we swagging here,

So neere the Cradle of the Faerie Queene?

What a Play toward? He be an auditor,

An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speake *Piramus*: *Thibby* stand forth.

Pir. *Thibby*, the flowers of odious fauours sweete.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours fauours sweete,

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thibby* deare.

But hark, a voyce: stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit, Pir.*

Puck. A stranger *Piramus*, then ere plaid here.

Thib. Must I speake now?

Pet. I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thib. Most radiant *Piramus*, most Lilly white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,

Most briskly Iuuenall, and eke most loucly Iew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,

Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Nimius* toombe.

Pet. *Nimius* toombe man: why, you must not speake that yet; that you answered to *Piramus*: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is past; it is neuer tyre.

Thib. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pet. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Thib. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pet. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Thib. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pet. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Thib. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pet. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Thib. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pet. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Thib. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pet. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Thib. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pet. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Thib. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pet. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Thib. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pet. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Thib. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pet. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Thib. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pet. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Thib. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pet. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Thib. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, *Thibby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray masters, flye masters, helpe.

The Clownes all Exit.

Puck. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round, Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound: (bryer, A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire, And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne, Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

Enter Piramus with the Ass-head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afear'd. *Enter Snug.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an Ass-head of your owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Bless thee *Bottom*, blisse thee; thou art translated.

Bot. I see their knauery; this is to make an ass of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid.

The Woodcocke, so blacke of hew,

With Orange-tawny bill.

The Throate, with his note so true,

The Wren and little quill.

Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,

The plain-song Cuckow gray;

Whose note full many a man doth marke,

And dares not answer, nay.

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?

Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer so?

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,

Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;

On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee,

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.

Bot. Me-thinkes mistresse, you should haue little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and loue keepe little company together, now-a-days.

The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occasion.

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,

Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate:

The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,

And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,

Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:

And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,

That thou shalt like an airie spirit goe.

Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede, and foure Fairies.

Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

Tita. Be

Tita. Be kinde and courteous to this Gentleman,

Hop in his walke, and gambole in his eyes,

Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,

With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,

The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,

And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,

And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,

To haue my loue to bed, and to arise,

And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,

To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes.

Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worshipps mercy hartly; I beseech

your worshipps name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good

Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold

with you.

Your name honest Gentleman?

Peaf. Pease-blossome.

Bot. I pray you commend mee to mistresse Squash,

your mother, and to master Peasecod your father. Good

master Pease-blossome, I shal desire of you more acquaintance to. Your name I beseech you fir?

Mus. Mustard-seede.

Peaf. Pease-blossome.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seede, I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe

bath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere

now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seede.

Tita. Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower.

The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a w. trie eie,

And when she weepes, weepe euerie little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastitie.

Tye vp my lovers tongue, bring him silently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Pharies, solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;

Then what it was that next came in her eye,

Which she must dote on, in extremitie.

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,

What night-rule now about this gaunted grouer?

Puck. My Mistress with a monster is in loue,

Neere to her clofe and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,

A crew of patches, rude Mechanicall,

That worke for bread vpon *Athenian* stals,

Were met together to rehearse a Play,

Intended for great *Theseus* nuptiall day:

The shallowest thick-skinn of that barren sort,

Who *Piramus* presented in their sport,

Forsooke his Seeke, and entred in a brake,

When I did him at this aduantage take;

An Asses nole I fixed on his head,

Anon his *Thibby* must be answered,

And forth my Mimicke comes: when they him spie,

As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,

Or rusted-pated choughes, many in sort

(Rising and cawing at the guns report) doo

Seuer themselves, and madly sweepe the skyes:

So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,

And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals;

He murther cries, and helpe from *Athen* calls,

Their sense thus weake, lost with their fears thus strong,

Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong.

For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,

Some sleeues, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,

I led them on in this distracted feare,

And left sweete *Piramus* translated there:

When in that moment (so it came to passe)

Tytania wak'd, and straightway lou'd an Ass.

Ob. This fals out better then I could deuise:

But hast thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,

With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee doe?

Rob. I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)

And the *Athenian* woman by his side,

That when he wak't, of force she must be cyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loues you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should vse thee worse.

For thou (I feare) hast giuen me cause to curse,

If thou hast slaine *Lysander* in his sleepe,

Being ore-shoos in blood, plunge in the deepe, and kill me too:

The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,

As he to me. Would he haue stollen away,

From sleeping *Hermia*? He beleue as soone

This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone

May through the Center creepe, and so displease

Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.

It cannot be but thou hast murdered him,

So should a muttherer looke, so dead, so grim:

Dem. So should the murderer looke, and so should I,

Pierst through the heart with your steame cruelty:

Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,

As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare.

Her. What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?

Ab good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him me?

Dem. I'de rather giue his carcase to my hounds:

Her. Out dog, out cur, thou drin'st me past the bounds

Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?

Henceforth be neuer numbred among men:

Oh, once tell true, euen for my sake,

Durst thou a lookt vpon him, being awake?

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O braue cutch

Could not a worrne, an Adder do so much?

An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue

Then thine (thou serpent) neuer Adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispri'd mood,

I am not guiltie of *Lysanders* blood:

Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A priuiledge, neuer to see me more;

And from thy hated presence part I see me no more.

Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce yaine,

Here therefore for a while I will remaine.

So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier grow,

For debt that bankrupt slip doth sorrow owe,

Which now in some flight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay.

Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the loue iuyce on some true loues sight:

Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.

All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,
With sighes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare.

By some illusion see thou bring her heere,
He charme his eyes against the doth appeare.

Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe.

Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,

Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth espie,

Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the sky.

When thou wak'st if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,

And the youth, mistooke by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.

Shall we their fond Pageant see?
Lord, what fooles these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noy's they make,
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
That must needs be sport alone:

And those things doe best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think I should wooe in scorn?
Scorne and derision neuer comes in tears:

Looke when I vow I weep; and vowes so borne,
In their nativity all truth appeares.

How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.

Hel. You doe aduance your cunning more & more,
When truth kills truth, O diuelish holy fray!

These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.

Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.

Lys. *Demetrius* loues her, and he loues not you. *Awa.*
Dem. O *Helena*, goddesse, nymph, perfect, diuine,

To what my loue, shall I compare thine eyne?
Christall is muddy, O how ripe in show,

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting growl
That pure congealed white, high *Tanarus* snow,

Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou hold'st vp thy hand. O let me kisse

This Princess of pure white, this scale of blisse
Hel. O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent

To set against me, for your meriment
If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,

You would not doe me thus much iniury.

Lie downe.

Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you must ioyne in soules to mocke me to?

If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not vse a gentle Lady so;

To vow, and swaie, and superpraise my parte,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*;
And now both Riuals to mocke *Helena*.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To coniure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,

With your derision; none of noble sort,
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort

A poore soules patience, all to make you sport,
Lysa. You are vnkind *Demetrius*; be not so,

For you loue *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,

In *Hermias* loue I yeeld you vp my part;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,

Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.
Hel. Neuer did mockers waite more idle breath.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.

My heart to her, but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to *Helena* it is home return'd,

There to remaine.
Lys. It is not so.

De. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Left to thy perill thou abide it deare.

Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quick of apprehension makes,

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It paises the hearing double recompence.

Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that sound,

But why vnkindly didst thou leaue me so? *(to goe)*
Lysan. Why should hee stay whom Loue doth presse?

Her. What loue could presse *Lysander* from my side?
Lys. *Lysanders* loue (that would not let him bide)

Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fierie oes, and eyes of light,

Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy,

Now I perceiue they haue conioyn'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.

Iniurious *Hermia*, most vngratefull maid,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd

To baite me, with this foule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,

The sisters vowes, the houres that we haue spent,
When wee haue chid the hasty footed time,

For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All schooledaies friendship, child-hood innocence?

We *Hermia*, like two Artificiall gods,
Haue with our needles, created both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;

As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes
Had bene incorporate. So we grew together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a vnion in partition,

But yet a vnion in partition,

Two

Two louely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,

Two of the first life coars in Heraldry,
Due butto one and crowned with one crest.

And will you rent our ancient loue asunder,
To ioyne with men in scorning your poore friend?

It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,

Though I alone doe feeble the iniurie.
Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,

I scorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me.
Hel. Haue you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne

To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other loue, *Demetrius*

(Who euen but now did spurne me with his foote)
To call me goddesse, nymph, diuine, and rare,

Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speakes he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lysander*

Denie your loue (so rich within his soule)
And tender me (forsooth) affection,

But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,

so hung vpon with loue, so fortunate?
(But miserable most, to loue vnlovd)

This you should pittie, rather then despise.
Her. I vnderstand not what you meane by this.

Hel. I doe, perseuer, counterfeit sad lookes,
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,

Winke each at other, hold the sweete iest vp:
This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.

If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners;
You would not make me such an argument:

But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or absence soone shall remedie.

Lys. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuse;
My loue, my life, my soule, faire *Helena*.

Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweete, do not scorne her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell.
Lys. Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.

Thy threats haue no more strength then her weak praise.
Helena, I loue thee, by my life I doe;

I weare by that which I will lose for thee,
To proue him false, that saies I loue thee not.

Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, with-draw and proue it too.

Dem. Quick, come.
Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Eriopoe*.
Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose;

Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go;

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou but-vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you growne so rude?
What change is this sweete Loue?

Lys. Thy loue? our tawny *Tartar* out;
Our loathed medicine; O hated poison hence!

Her. Do you not iest?
Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue

A weake bond holds you; He not trust your word.
Lys. What should I thinke her, strike her, kill her dead?

Although I hate her, He not harme her so?
Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?

Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?

Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.

Since night you leu'd me; yet since night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid

In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. I, by my life;

And neuer did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no iest,
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*.

Her. O me, you iugler, you canker blossome,
You theefe of loue; What haue you come by night,

And stolne my loues heart from him?
Hel. Fine yfaith:

Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulnesse? What will you teare

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet? why so? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that she hath made compare

Betweene our staturs, she hath vrg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,

Her height (forsooth) she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you growne so high in his esteeme,

Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,

How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curst:

I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;

Let her not strike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my selfe,

That I can match her.
Her. Lower? harke againe.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,

Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wrangled you,
Saw that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,

I told him of your stealth vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,

But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too;

And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,

And follow you no further. Let me go,
You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone? who ist that hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leaue here behinde.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?
Her. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee *Helena*.
Dem. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when she's angry, she is keene and shrewd,
She was a vixen when she went to schoole,

And though she be but little, she is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her, I will not let her go.

Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot-grasse made,

You bead, you acorne,
Dem. You are too officious,

In her behalfe that scornes your seruices.

Let

Let her alone, speake not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Neuer so little shew of loue to her,
Thou shalt abide it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow: Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by
iowle.

Her. You Mistris, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, goe not backe.

Hel. I will not trust you I,
Nor longer stay in your curst companie.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaueries willingly.

Puck. Beleeue me, King of shadows, I mistooke,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And so farre blamelesse proues my enterprize,
That I haue pointed an *Athenian* eies,
And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,
As thus their iangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou see'st these Lovers seeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouercast the night,
The starrie Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead these testie Riuals so astray,
As one come not within anothers way.

Like to *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;
And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creepe;

Then crush this hearbe into *Lysanders* eie,
Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-balls role with wonted light.

When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,
And backe to *Athens* shall the Lovers wend
With league, whose date till death shall neuer end.

Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian Boy*;
And then I will her charmed eie release
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Aurora* harbingers;
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and flouds haue buriall,

Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
For feare least day should looke their shames ypon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with blacke browd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made sport,
And like a Horrester, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Easterne gate all fieriered,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire blessed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.

But notwithstanding haste, make no delay:
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade
them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne.
Goblin, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lysander.
Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speake thou now.

Rob. Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.
Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lysander*, speake againe;
Thou run away, thou coward, art thou fled?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defild

That drawes a sword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Rob. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.
Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he calls, then he's gone.

The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:
I followed fast, but faster he did flye;
That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,

And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day:
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this sight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.
Rob. Ho, he, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
Thou runst before me, shifting euery place,
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.

Where art thou?
Rob. Come hither, I am here.
Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this
deere.

If euer I thy face by day-light see,
Now goe thy way: faintnesse constraineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approach looke to be visited.

Enter Helena.
Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East,
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light.

From these that my poore companie detest;
And sleepe that sometime shuts vp sorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie.

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.

Here she comes, curst and sad,
Cupid is a knauish lad,

Thus to make poore females mad.
Her. Neuer so wearie, neuer so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.

Here will I rest me till the breake of day,
Heauens shield *Lysander*, if they meane a fray;
Rob. On the ground sleepe, found,

Ile apply your eie gentle lower, remedys,
When thou wak'st, thou shalt
True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eyes.

And the Country Prouerb knowne,
That euery man should take his owne,
In your waking shall be shewne.
Icke shall haue *Lill*, nought shall goe ill,
The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall bee
well. They sleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter Queen of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the
King behinde them.*

Tita. Come, sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.

Clow. Where's *Pease-blossome*?
Peas. Ready.

Clow. Scratch my head, *Pease-blossome*. Where's *Moun-
sieur Cobweb*?

Cob. Ready.
Clow. Mounseieur *Cobweb*, good Mounseieur get your
weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-bee,

on the top of a thistle; and good Mounseieur bring mee
the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the
action, Mounseieur; and good Mounseieur haue a care the
hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue yon ouer-
flowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounseieur
Mustardseed?

Must. Ready.
Clow. Giue me your neafe, Mounseieur *Mustardseed*.
Pray you leaue your courtiesse good Mounseieur.

Must. What's your will?
Clow. Nothing good Mounseieur, but to help *Cavalery
Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounseieur, for
me-thinks I am maruellous hairy about the face. And I
am such a tender asse, if my haire do but tickle me, I must
scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet
loue.

Clow. I haue a reasonable good eare in musicke. Let
vs haue the tongs and the bones.

Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.
Tita. Or say sweete Loue, what thou desirest to eat.

Clow. Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch
your good dry Oates. Me-thinks I haue a great desire
to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fel-
low.

Tita. I haue a venturous Fairie,
That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clow. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried
pease. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I
haue an exposition of sleepe come vpon me.

Tita. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honiuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Iuy so
Enrings the baky fingers of the Elme.

O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*:
See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dorage now I doe begin to pittie,
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking sweet fauors for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraide her, and fall out with her.

For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers,
And that same dew which sometime on the buds,
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles;

Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in milde termes beg'd my patience,

I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which straight she gaue me, and her Fairie sent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.

And now I haue the Boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And gentle *Pucke* take this transformed scalpe,
From off the head of this *Athenian* swaine;

That he awaking when the other doe,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.

But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

*Be thou as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see.
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath such force and blessed power.*

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queene.
Tita. My *Oberon*, what visions haue I seene!

Me-thought I was enamoured of an Ass.
Ob. There lies your loue.

Tita. How came these things to passe?
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence a while, *Robin* take off his head:
Titania, musick call, and strike more dead
Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the sense.

Tita. Musicke, he musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.
Musick still.

Rob. When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eies
peepe.

Ob. Sound musick; come my Queene, take hands with
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be:
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly
Dance in Duke *Thebes* house triumphantly,
And blesse it to all faire posterity.

There shall the paires of faithfull Lovers be
Wedded, with *Thebes*, all in iollity.

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,
I doe heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene in silence sad,
Trip we after the nights shade;
We the Globe can compass foone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping heere was found,

Sleepers Lye still.

With

With these mortals on the ground.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Theseus. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester, For now our obseruation is perform'd. And since we haue the reward of the day, My Loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds. Vncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe. Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester. We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top. And marke the muscicall confusion. Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hippolita. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once, When in a wood of Crete they bayed the Beare. With hounds of Sparta; neuer did I heare Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues, The skies, the fountaines, every region neere, Seeme all one mutuell cry. I neuer heard So muscicall a discord, such sweet thunder.

Theseus. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kinde, So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung With eares that sweepe away the morning dew, Crooke kneed, and dew-lap'd like Theffolians Buls, Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells, Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne, In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Theffaly. Iudge when you heare. But for what nimphe are these?

Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe, And this Lysander, this Demetrius is, This Helena, olde Nedar's Helena, I wonder of this being heere together.

Theseus. No doubt they rose vp early, to obserue The right of May; and hearing our intent, Came heere in grace of our solemnity. But speake Egeus, is not this the day That Hermia should giue answer of her choice?

Egeus. It is, my Lord. They then we are awake; let's follow him, and by the way let vs recount our dreames.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all start vp.

Theseus. Good morrow friends: Saint Valentines is past, Begin these wood birds but to couple now?

Lysander. Pardon my Lord.

Theseus. I pray you all stand vp. I know you two are Riual enemies. How comes this gentle concord in the world, That hatred is so farre from ialousie, To sleepe by bare, and feare no enmity.

Lysander. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly, Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare, I cannot truly say how I came heere. But as I thinke (for truly would I speake) And now I doe bethinke me, so it is; I came with Hermia hither. Our intent Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be Without the perill of the Athenian Law.

Egeus. Enough, enough, my Lord; you haue enough; I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head; They would haue stolne away, they would Demetrius, Thereby to haue defeated you and me: Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Demetrius. My Lord, faire Helena told me of their stealth, Of this purpose hither, to this wood,

And I in furie hither followed them. Faire Helena, in fancy followed me. But my good Lord, I wot not by what power, (But by some power it is) my loue To Hermia (melted as the snow) Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaudie, Which in my childehood I did doat vpon: And all the faith, the vertue of my heart, The obiect and the pleasure of mine eye, Is onely Helena. To her, my Lord, Was I betroth'd, ere I see Hermia, But like a sicknesse did I loath this food, But as in health, come to my naturall taste, Now doe I wish it, loue it, long for it, And will for euermore be true to it.

Theseus. Faire Lovers, you are fortunately met; Of this discourse we shall heare more anon. Egeus, I will ouer-bear your will; For in the Temple, by and by with vs, These couples shall eternally be knit. And for the morning now is something worne, Our purpos'd hunting shall be left aside. Away, with vs to Athens; three and three, We'll hold a feast in great solemnity. Come Hippolita.

Exit Duke and Lords. Demetrius. These things seeme small & vndisturbable, Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Hermia. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye, When euery thing seemes double.

Helena. So me-thinks: And I haue found Demetrius, like a iewell, Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Demetrius. It seemes to mee, That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke, The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

Hermia. Yea, and my Father.

Helena. And Hippolita.

Lysander. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

Demetrius. Why then we are awake; let's follow him, and by the way let vs recount our dreames.

Bottome wakes. Exit Lovers. Bottome. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, most faire Piramus. Hey ho. Peter Quince! Plute the bellows-mender? Snout the tinker? Starveling? Gods my life! Stolen hence, and left me asleepe: I haue had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Ass, if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seen, mans hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called Bottomes Dreame, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

Enter Quince, Plute, Thisbe, Snout, and Starveling. Quince. Haue you sent to Bottomes house? Is he come home yet?

Starveling. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Thisbe.

Thisbe. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quince. It is not possible: you haue not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Piramus but he.

Thisbe. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quince. Yea, and the best person too, and hee is a very Paramour, for a sweet voyce.

Thisbe. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bleesse vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Ioyner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married: If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made men.

Thisbe. O sweet bully Bottome, thus hath he lost sixpence a day, during his life; he could not haue scaped sixpence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him sixpence a day for playing Piramus, he be hang'd. He would haue deferred it. Sixpence a day in Piramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bottome. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts? Quince. Bottome, o most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bottome. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you euery thing as it fell out.

Quince. Let vs heare, sweet Bottome.

Bottome. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete presently at the Palace, euery man looke ore his part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferred: In any case let Thisbe haue cleane linnen; and let not him that plays the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to vtter sweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Hippolita. 'Tis strange my Theseus, these lovers speake of.

Theseus. More strange then true. I neuer may beleuee These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes, Lovers and mad men haue such seething braines, Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more Then coole reason euer comprehends. The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compact. One sees more diuels then vast hell can hold; That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke, Sees Helens beauty in a brow of Egypt. The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things Vnknowne; the Poets pen turns them to shapes, And giues to aire nothing, a locall habitation, And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That if it would but apprehend some ioy, It comprehends some bringer of that ioy. Or in the night, imagining some feare,

How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

Hippolita. But all the storie of the night told ouer, And all their minds transfigur'd so together, More witnesse then fancies images, And growes to something of great constancie; But howsoeuer, strange, and admirable.

Enter Iouers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Theseus. Heere come the Iouers, full of ioy and mirth: Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh dayes Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lysander. More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes, your boord, your bed.

Theseus. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall we haue,

To weare away this long age of three houres, Between our after supper, and bed-time?

Where is our vsuall manager of mirth?

What Renels are in hand? Is there no play,

To eate the anguish of a torturing houre?

Call Egeus.

Egeus. Heere mighty Theseus.

Theseus. Say, what abridgement haue you for this evening?

What maske? What musicke? How shall we beguile The lazic time, if not with some delight?

Egeus. There is a breefe how many sports are rise: Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first.

Lysander. The battell with the Centaurs to be sung By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

Theseus. Wee'l none of that. That haue I told my Loue In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lysander. The riot of the tipple Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage?

Theseus. That is an old deuice, and it was plaid

When I from Thebes came last a Conqueror.

Lysander. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death of learning, late decaft in beggerie.

Theseus. That is some Satire keene and critically,

Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremonie.

Lysander. A tedious breefe Scene of yong Piramus,

And his loue Thisbe; very tragically mirth.

Theseus. Merry and tragically? Tedious, and briefe? That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall wee finde the concord of this discord?

Egeus. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long, Which is as breefe, as I haue knowne a play;

But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,

There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.

And tragically my noble Lord it is: for Piramus

Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw

Reheart, I must confesse, made mine eyes water:

But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter

Neuer shed.

Theseus. What are they that do play it?

Egeus. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere, Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now;

And now haue toyed their vnbreathed memories

With this same play, against your nuptiall.

Theseus. And we will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnlesse you can finde sport in their intents,
Extreamely stretch, and cond with cruell paine,
To doe you seruice.

Thes. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amisse, when simpleness and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
And duty in his seruice perishing.

Thes. Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He saies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

Thes. The kinder we, to giue them thanks for nothing
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I haue come, great Clarkekes haue purposed
To grette me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue seene them shuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete,
Out of this silence yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of fauoy and audacious eloquence.
Loue therefore, and tongue-ride simplicity,
In least, speake most, to my capacity.

Egeus. So please your Grace, the Prologue is adrest.
Duke. Let him approach. *Flor. Trum.*

Enter the Prologue. Quince.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is, All for your delight,
We are not heere. That you should here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thes. This fellow doth not stand vpon points.
Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he
knowes not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not
enough to speake, but to speake true.

Hip. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a
childe on a Recorder, a sound, but not in gouernment.

Thes. His speech was like a tangled chaine: nothing
impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Tanyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-shine, and Lyon.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers funder:
And through walls chink (poor soules) they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,
Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,
By moone-shine did these Louers thinke no scorne
To meet at *Ninnes* toombe, there, there to wooe:

This grizy beast (which *Lyon* hight by name)
The trusty *Thisby*, comming first by night,
Did scarre away, or rather did affright:
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which *Lyon* vile with bloody mouth did staine.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweet youth and tall,
And findes his *Thisbies* Mantle staine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloudy breast,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-shine*, *Wall*, and *Louers* twaine,
At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.

Exit all but Wall.

Thes. I wonder if the *Lion* be to speake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one *Lion* may, when
many *Asses* doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisbie, and Moone-shine.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would haue you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the *Louers*, *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loame, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same *Wall*; the truth is so.
And this the cranny is, right and sinifter,
Through which the fearefull *Louers* are to whisper.

Thes. Would you desire *Lime* and *Haire* to speake
better?

Deme. It is the vviertiest partition, that euer I heard
discourse, my Lord.

Thes. *Pyramus* drawes neere the *Wall*, silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Py. O grim look night, O night with hue so blacke,
Onight, which euer art, when day is not:
Onight, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promise is forgot.
And thou O vvall, thou sweet and louely vvall,
That stands betwene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou vvall, O vvall, O sweet and louely vvall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through vwith mine eie.
Thankes courteous vvall, I see shield thee vwell for this,
But vwhat see I? No *Thisbie* doe I see.

O vicked vvall, through vvhom I see no blisse,
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiuing mee.

Thes. The vvall me-thinkes being sensible, should
curse againe.

Py. No in truth sir, he should not. Deceiuing me,
Is *Thisbies* cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy
Her through the vvall. You shall see it vwill fall.

Enter Thisbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes.

This. O vvall, full often hast thou heard my mones,

For parting my faire *Pyramus*, and me.

My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;

Thy stones vwith *Lime* and *Haire* knit vp in thee.

Py. I see a voyce; now vwill I to the chinke,

To spy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisbie?*

This. My *Loue* thou art, my *Loue* I thinke.

Py. Thinke vwhat thou vwill, I am thy *Louers* grace,

And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

This. And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.

Py. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was so true.

This. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Py. O

Py. O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.

This. I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all.

Py. Wilt thou at *Ninnes* tombe meete me straight
way?

This. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus haue I *Wall*, my part discharged so;

And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Claw.*

Du. Now is the morall downe betwene the two
Neighbors.

Deme. No remedie my Lord, when *Wals* are so vil-
full, to heare without vvarning.

Du. This is the filliciest stuffe that ere I heard.

Du. The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the
worst are no worle, if imagination amend them.

Du. It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.

Duke. If wee imagine no worle of them then they of
themselues, they may passe for excellent men. Here com
two noble beasts, in a man and a *Lion*.

Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do feare
The smallest monstrous moule that creeps on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When *Lion* rough in wildest rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one *Sung* the loyner am
A *Lion* fell, nor else no *Lions* dam:
For if I should as *Lion* come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.

Du. A verie gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Deme. The verie best at a beast, my Lord, y ere I saw.

Lys. This *Lion* is a verie Fox for his valor.

Du. True, and a Goose for his discretion.

Deme. Not so my Lord: for his valor, cannot carrie
his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.

Du. His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor:
for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to
his discretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.

Moone. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone pre-
sent.

Du. He should haue worne the hornes on his head.

Du. Hee is no crescent, and his hornes are inuisible,
within the circumference.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone pre-
sent: My selfe, the man, 'th Moone doth seeme to be.

Du. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man
should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man
'th Moone?

Deme. He dares not come there for the candle. A *baa*
For you see, it is already in snuffe.

Du. I am vvarie of this Moone; vwould he would
change.

Du. It appeares by his smal light of discretion, that
he is in the wane: but yet in courtesie, in all reason, vve
must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed Moone.

Moone. All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the
Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this
thorne bush, my thorne bush; and this dog, my dog.

Deme. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne: for
they are in the Moone. But silence; heere comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby.

This. This is old *Ninnes* tombe: where is my loue?

Lyon. Oh.

Deme. Well roard *Lion*.

The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.

Du. Well run *Thisby*.

Du. Well shone Moone.

Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.

Du. Wel mouz'd *Lion*.

Deme. And then came *Pyramus*.

Lys. And so the *Lion* vanishht.

Enter Pyramus.

Py. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisbies* sight.
But stay: O spight! but marke, poore Knight,
What dreadful dole is heere?
Eyes do you see! How can it be!
O dainty Ducke: O Deere!
Thy mantle good; what stained with blood!
Approch you Furies fell:
O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.

Du. This passion, and the death of a deare friend,
Would go neere to make a man looke sad.

Du. Beshrew my heart, but I pittie the man.

Py. O wherefore Nature, didst thou *Lions* frame?

Since *Lion* vilde hath heere deflour'd my deere:

Which is: no, no, which was the fairest Dame

That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.

Come teares, confound: Out sword, and wound!

The pap of *Pyramus*:

I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;

Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky,

Tongue lose thy light, Moone take thy flight,

Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

Deme. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Lesse then an ace man. For he is dead, he is no-

thing.

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet reco-

uer, and proue an *Ass*.

Du. How chance Moone-shine is gone before?

Thisby comes backe, and findes her *Louer*.

Enter Thisby.

Duke. She wil finde him by starre-light.

Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Du. Me thinkes shee should not vse a long one for

such a *Pyramus*: I hope she will be breefe.

Deme. A Moth wil turne the ballance, which *Pyramus*

which *Thisby* is the better. *(eyes.)*

Lys. She hath spied him already, with those sweete

Deme. And thus she meanes, *videlicet*.

This. Asleepe my *Loue*? What, dead my *Doue*?

O *Pyramus* arise:

Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe

Must couer thy sweet eyes.

These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,

These yellow Cowslip cheekes

Are gone, are gone: *Louers* make none:

His eyes were greene as Leekes.

O sisters three, come, come to mee,

With hands as pale as Milke,

Lay them in gore, since you haue shore

With sheeres, his thred of filke.

Tongue not a word: Come trusty sword:

Come blade, my brekt imbrue:

O 3

And

And farwell friends, thus *Thisbe* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duke, Moon-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomaske dance, betwene two of our company?

Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the plaiers are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himselfe in *Thisbe's* garter, it would haue bene a fine Tragedy: and so it is truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone. The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue. Louers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time. I feare we shall out-sleepe the coming morne, As much as we this night haue ouer-watched. This palpable grosse play hath well beguild The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed. A fortnight hold we this solemnity. In nightly Reuels; and new iollitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
Whilest the heauy ploughman snores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the wasted brands doe glow,
Whil't the scritch-owle, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darkeleisse like a dreame,
Now are frolicke; not a Mouse
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
I am sent with broome before,
To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.
Ob. Through the house giue glimmering light,

By the dead and drowne fier;
Euerie Elfe and Fairie spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.
Titia. First rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we sing and blesse this piece.

The Song.

Now until the breake of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray,
To the best Bride-bed with me,
Which by vs shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Euer shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three,
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Neuer mole, harelip, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are
Despised in Natinitie,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field dew consecrate,
Euerie Fairy take his gate,
And each seuerall chamber blesse,
Through this Pallace with sweet peace,
Euer shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by breake of day.

Robin. If we shadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you haue but slumbred heere,
While these visions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Centles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest *Pucke*,
If we haue vneamed lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the *Pucke* a lyar call.
So good night vnto you all,
Giue me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* shall restore amends.

FINIS.



The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Antonio, Salario, and Salanio.

Antonio.

AN sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me: you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and such a Want-wit sadnesse makes of mee,

That I haue much ado to know my selfe.

Sal. Your minde is toiling on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly saile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Do ouer-peere the petty Traffiquers
That curst to them, do them reuerence
As they flye by them with their wouen wings.

Salario. Beleeue me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the graske to know where sits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the sandie houre-glasse runne,
But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* docks in sand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks;
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side
Would scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?

But tell not me; I know *Antonio* is sad;
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize:
You say you know hee is: you say you know hee is:
Antonio. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it:
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate

Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:

Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of such vineger aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nessus* sweare the iest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes *Bassanio*,

Your most noble Kinsman,

Gratiano, and *Lorenzo*. Faryewell,

We leaue you now with better company.

Sola. I would haue staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard,

I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh & say,
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. Wee'll make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salario, and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you haue found *Antonio*
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time

I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.

Bass. I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well signior *Antonio*,

You haue too much respect vpon the world:

They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are maruellously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,

A stage, where euery man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Grat. Let me play the foole,

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.

Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Alabaster?

Hee sleepes when he wakes? and creep into the Jaundies
By

By being peeuish? I tell thee what *Antonio*, I loue thee, and it is my loue that speakes: There are a sort of men, whose visages Do creame and mantle like a standing pond, And do a wilfull stillnesse entertaine, With purpose to be drest in an opinion Of wisdom, grauity, profound conceit, As who should say, I am fir an Oracle, And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke. O my *Antonio*, I do know of these That therefore onely are repured wise, For saying nothing; when I am verie sure If they should speake, would almost dam those eares Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles: Ile tell thee more of this another time. But fish not with this melancholly bait For this foole Gudgin, this opinion: Come good *Lorenzo*, faryewell a while, Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time. I must be one of these same dumbe wise men, For *Gratiano* neuer let's me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo, Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thankes ifaith, for silence is onely commendable In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *Exit.*

Ant. It is that any thing now.

Bass. *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall seeke all day ere you finde them, & when you haue them they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well: tel me now, what Lady is the same

To whom you swore a secrete Pilgrimage That you to day promis'd to tel me of?

Bass. Tis not unknowne to you *Antonio*

How much I haue disabled mine estate,

By something shewing a more swelling port

Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:

Nor do I now make mone to be abridg'd

From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care

Is to come fairly off from the great debts

Wherein my time something too prodigall

Hath left me gag'd: to you *Antonio*

I owe the most in money, and in loue,

And from your loue I haue a warrantie

To vnburthen all my plots and purposes,

How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,

And if it stand as you your selfe still do,

Within the eye of honour, be assur'd

My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes

Lye all vnlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft

I shot his fellow of the selfesame flight

The selfesame way, with more aduised watch

To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,

I oft found both. I vrge this child-hood proofe,

Because what followes is pure innocence.

I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,

That which I owe is lost: but if you please

To shooe another arrow that selfe way

Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,

As I will watch the ayre: Or to finde both,

Or bring your latter bazard backe againe,

And thankfully rest debter for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time

To winde about my loue with circumstance,

And out of doubt you doe more wrong

In making question of my vttermoost

Then if you had made waste of all I haue:

Then doe but say to me what I should doe

That in your knowledge may by me be done,

And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,

And she is faire, and fairer then that word,

Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes

I did receiue faire speechlesse messages:

Her name is *Portia*, nothing vnderlewd

To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,

For the foure winde blow in from euery coast

Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,

Which makes her seat of *Belmont* *Cholcher* strand,

And many *Lasons* come in quest of her.

O my *Antonio*, had I but the meanes

To hold a riual place with one of them,

I haue a minde prefaces me such thrift,

That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Ant. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,

Neither haue I money, nor commodity

To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth

Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,

That shall be racke euen to the vttermoost,

To furnish thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.

Goe presently enquire, and so will I

Where money is, and I no question make

To haue it of my trust, or for my sake. *Exit.*

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth *Nerissa*, my little body is a wearie of this great world.

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I see, they are as sicke that surfeit with too much, as they that starue with nothing; it is no small happinesse therefore to bee seated in the meane, superfluitie comes sooner by white haire, but competence liues longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to doe were as easie as to know what were

good to doe, Chappels had bene Churches, and poore

mens cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Diuine that

followes his owne instructions; I can easie teach twentie

what were good to be done, then be one of the twentie

to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuise

lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a

colde decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip

ore the meshes of good counsaile the cripple; but this

reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O me,

the word choose, I may neither choose whom I would,

nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the wil of a liuing daughter

curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard *Nerissa*,

that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men

at their death haue good inspirations, therefore the loterie

that hee hath deuised in these three chests of gold,

siluer, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning,

chooses

chooses you, wil no doubt neuer be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly loue: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princely sutors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description leuell at my affection.

Ner. First there is the Neopolitane Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horse, and hee makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can shoo him himselfe: I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid false with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, and you will not haue me, choose: he heares merrie tales and smiles not, I feare hee will proue the weeping Philosopher when he growes old, being so full of vnmannerly sadnesse in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of these: God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounfier *Le Bonue*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neopolitane, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Trassell sing, he falls straight a capring, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twentie husbands: if hee would despise me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madnesse, I should neuer requite him.

Ner. What say you then to *Fauconbridge*, the yong Baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for hee vnderstands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court & sweare that I haue a poore pennie-worth in the *English*: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerse with a dumbe show? how ody he is suited, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italie*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germanie*, and his behaviour euery where.

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the *Englishman*, and swore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the *Frenchman* became his suretie, and seald vader for another.

Ner. How like you the yong *Germanie*, the Duke of *Saxones* Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when hee is sober, and most vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is best, he is a little worse then a man, and when he is worst, he is little better then a beast: and the worst fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to goe without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your Fathers will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deepe glasse of *Reinish*-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will doe any thing *Nerissa* ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the hauing any of

these Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more suite, vnlesse you may be won by some other fort then your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I liue to be as olde as *Sibilla*, I will dye as chaste as *Diana*: vnlesse I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his verie absence: and I wish them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fathers time, a *Venecian*, a Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in companie of the Marquesse of *Mount-ferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I thinke, so was hee call'd.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my foolish eyes look'd vpon, was the best deseruing a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The foure Strangers seeke you Madam to take their leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the Prince his Maister will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a diuell, I had rather hee should shrine me then wite me. Come *Nerissa*, firra go before; whiles wee shut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio with Shyllocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, well.

Bass. I sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you,

Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. *Antonio* shall become bound, well.

Bass. May you sted me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer.

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months,

and *Antonio* bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. *Antonio* is a good man.

Bass. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to haue you vnderstand me that he is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition: he hath an *Argo* sic bound to *Tripolis*, another to the *Indies*, I vnderstand moreouer vpon the *Ryalta*, he hath a third at *Mexico*, a fourth for *England*, and other ventures hee hath squandred abroad, but ships are but boords, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeuers, and land cheeuers, I meane *Pyrats*, and then there is the perill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Iew. I

Jew. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with *Antonio*?

Bass. If it please you to dine with vs.

Jew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite coniured the diuell into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior *Antonio*.

Jew. How like a fawning publican he looks.

I hate him for he is a Christian:

But more, for that in low simplicitie

He lends out money gratis, and brings downe

The rate of vsance here with vs in *Venice*.

If I can catch him once vpon the hip,

I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.

He hates our sacred Nation, and he railles

Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate

On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,

Which he calls interest: Cursed be my Trybe

If I forgieue him.

Bass. *Shylock*, doe you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my present store,

And by the neere gessie of my memorie

I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse

Offull three thousand ducats: what of that?

Tubal a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe

Will furnish me, but soft, how many months

Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior,

Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. *Shylock*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow

By taking, nor by giuing of excheffe,

Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

He breake a custome: is he yet posselt

How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.

Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,

Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow

Vpon aduantage.

Ant. I doe neuer vse it.

Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* sheepe,

This *Jacob* from our holy *Abram* was

(As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe)

The third possessor; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, nor as you would say

Directly interest, marke what *Jacob* did,

When *Laban* and himselfe were compremyz'd

That all the canelings which were freatekt and pied

Should fall as *Jacobs* hire, the Ewes being rancke,

In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,

And when the worke of generation was

Betweene these woolly breeders in the east,

The skilfull shepheard pil'd me certaine wands,

And in the dooing of the deede of kinde,

He flicke them vp before the fullsome Ewes,

Who then conceauing, did in caning time

Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacobs*.

This was a way to thrine, and he was blest:

And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

Ant. This was a venture fir that *Jacob* seru'd for,

A thing not in his power to bring to passe,

But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen.

Was this inferted to make interest good?

Or is your gold and siluer Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,

But note me signior.

Ant. Marke you this *Bassanio*,

The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,

An euill soule producing holy witnesse,

Is like a villaine with a smiling cheek,

A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylock*, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft

In the Ryalto you haue rated me

About my monies and my vñances:

Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,

(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)

You call me misbeleuer, cut-throate dog,

And spet vpon my lewish gaberdine,

And all for vse of that which is mine owne.

Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:

Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,

Shylock, we would haue monyes, you say so:

You that did void your rume vpon my beard;

And soote me as you spurne a stranger curie

Ouer your threshold, monyes is your suite.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,

Hath a dog mony? Is it possible

A curie should lend three thousand ducats? or

Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key

With bated breath, and whispering humblenesse,

Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;

You spurn'd me such a day; another time

You call'd me dog: and for these curtesies

Ile lend you thus much monyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,

To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends, for when did friendship take

A breede of barraine metall of his friend?

But lend it rather to thine enemy,

Who if he breake, thou maist with better face

Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,

I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,

Forget the shames that you haue staine me with,

Supplie your present wants, and take no doite

Of vsance for my monyes, and youle not heare me,

This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.

Shy. This kindnesse will I shoue,

Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there

Your single bond, and in a merrie sport

If you repaie me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum or sums as are

Exprest in the condition, let the forfeite

Be nominated for an euall pound

Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken

In what part of your bodie it pleasefeth me.

Ant. Content in faith, Ile seale to such a bond,

And say there is much kindnesse in the Jew.

Bass. You

Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for me, I

He rather dwell in my necessitie.

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfeite it, it will

Within these two months, that's a month before

This bond expires, I doe expect returne.

Of thrice three times the valew of this bond.

Shy. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,

Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect

The thoughts of others: Praise you tell me this, that

If he should breake his daie, what should I gaine

By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of mans flesh taken from a man, is

Is not so estimable, profitable neither,

As flesh of Muttons, Beeces, or Goates, I say

To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship,

If he will take it, so if not adieu,

And for my loue I praeie you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes *Shylock*, I will seale vnto this bond.

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,

Give him direction for this merrie bond,

And I will goe and purse the ducats straight.

See to my house left in the fearefull garde

Of an vnchristian' knaue: and presentlie

Ile be with you.

Ant. Hee thee gentle Jew. This Hebrew will turne

Christian, he growes kinder.

Bass. I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismaie,

My Shippes come home a month before the daie.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morchus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or

four followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa,

and their traine.

Fla. Cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,

The shadowed liuerie of the burnthe sunne,

To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.

Bring me the fairest creature Northward borne,

Where *Phabus* fire scarce thawes the yficles,

And let vs make incision for your loue,

To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine.

I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine

Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)

The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme

Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hud,

Except to seale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Por. In teares of choise I am not solie led

By nice direction of a maidens eyes:

Besides, the lottrie of my destenie

Bars me the right of voluntarie choosinge:

But if my Father had not scantred me,

And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe

His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,

Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire

As any commer I haue look'd on yere

For my affection.

Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,

Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets

To trie my fortune: By this Symitar

That fleye the Sophie, and a Persian Prince

That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,

I would ore-stare the sternest eyes that looke:

Out-braue the heart most daring on the earth:

Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beare;

Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray

To win the Ladie. But alas, the while

If *Hercules* and *Lycas* plaie at dice

Which is the better man, the greater throw

May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:

So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,

And to may I, blinde fortune leading me

Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,

And die with grieuing.

Por. You must take your chance,

And either not attempt to chooe at all,

Or sweare before you chooe, if you chooe wrong

Neuer to speake to Ladie afterward

In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance.

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,

To make me blest or curs'd (I among men,

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clow. Certainly, my conscience will serue me to run

from this Jew my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow,

and tempts me, saying to me, *Iobbe*, *Launcelot Iobbe*, good

Launcelot, or good *Iobbe*, or good *Launcelot Iobbe*, vse

your legs, take the start, run awaie: my conscience saies

no; take heede honest *Launcelot*, take heed honest *Iobbe*,

or as afore-said honest *Launcelot Iobbe*, doe not runne,

scorne running with thy heeles: well, the most coragil-

ous fiend bids me packe, *fiu* saies the fiend, away saies

the fiend, for the heauens roufe vp a braue minde saies

the fiend, and run; well, my conscience hanging about

the necke of my heart, saies verie wisely to me: my ho-

nest friend *Launcelot*, being an honest mans sonne, or ra-

ther an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did

something smacke something grow too; he had a kinde of

taste; wel, my conscience saies *Launcelot* bouge not, bouge

saies the fiend, bouge not saies my conscience, conscience

say I you counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well,

to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the Jew

my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of di-

uall; and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by

the fiend, who sauing your reuerence is the diuell him-

selfe: certainly the Jew is the verie diuell incarnation,

and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard

conscience, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the Jew;

the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile: I will runne

fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will

runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gob. Maister yong-man, you I praeie you, which is the

waie to Maister *Iemes*?

Lan. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who

being more then sand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows

me not, I will trie confusions with him.

Gob. Maister yong Gentleman, I praeie you which is

the waie to Maister *Iemes*?

Lan. Turne vpon your right hand at the next tur-

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indirectlie to the Jewes house.

Gob. Be Gods senties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one *Lancelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Lan. Talk you of yong Maister *Lancelet*, marke me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong Maister *Lancelet*?

Gob. No Maister fir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to liue.

Lan. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maister *Lancelet*.

Gob. Your worships friend and *Lancelet*.

Lan. But I praie you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of yong Maister *Lancelet*.

Gob. Of *Lancelet*, ant please your maistership.

Lan. *Ergo* Maister *Lancelet*, talke not of maister *Lancelet*, for the yong gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, & such branches of learning, is indeede deceaied, or as you would say in plaine tearmes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my verie prop.

Lan. Do I look like a cudgell or a houell-post, a staffe or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praie you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule alieue or dead.

Lan. Doe you not know me Father.

Gob. Alacke fir I am sand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, indeede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wife Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your son, giue me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Praie you fir stand vp, I am sure you are not *Lancelet* my boy.

Lan. Praie you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am *Lancelet* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Lan. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am *Lancelet* the Jewes man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* indeede, He be sworne if thou be *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worships might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my philhorse has on his taile.

Lan. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I lost saw him.

Gob. Lord bow art thou chang'd: how doost thou and thy Maister agree, I haue brought him a present; how gree you now?

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to run awaie, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground; my Maister's a verie Jew, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who indeede giues rare new Liueries, if I serue

not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Jew if I serue the Jew anie longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hastid that supper be readie at the farthest by five of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Liueries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Lan. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship.

Bass. Gramercie, wouldst thou ought with me.

Gob. Here's my sonne fir, a poore boy.

Lan. Not a poore boy fir, but the rich Jewes man that would fir as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection fir, as one would say to serue.

Lan. Indeeede the short and the long is, I serue the Jew, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. His Maister and he (saying your worships reuerence) are scarce caterconns.

Lan. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the Jew hauing done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue here a dish of Doues that I would bestow vpon your worship, and my suite is.

Lan. In verie briefe, the suite is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you fir.

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter fir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite, *Shyllocke* thy Maister spoke with me this daie, And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment To leaue a rich Jewes seruice, to become The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old prouerbe is verie well parted betwene my Maister *Shyllocke* and you fir, you haue the grace of God fir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakest it well; go Father with thy Son, Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire My lodging out, giue him a Liuerie More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue nere a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in *Italie* haue a fairer table which doth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wiues, alas, fiftene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, let me take my leaue of the Jew in the twinkling.

Exit Clowne.

Bass. I praie thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this, These things being bought and orderly bestowed Returne in haste, for I doe feast to night My best esteemd acquaintance, hee thee goe.

Leon. My best endeours shall be done herein. *Exit Leon.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maister.

Leon. Yonder

Leon. Yonder fir he walkes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*.

Bass. Gratiano.

Gra. I haue a sure to you.

Bass. You haue obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not denie me, I must goe with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why then you must; but heare thee *Gratiano*, Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce,

Parts that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;

But where they are not knowne, why there they show Something too liberall, pray thee take paine

To allay with some cold drops of modestie Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wilde behaviour

I be misconfider in the place I goe to, should at once And loose my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*, heare me, If I doe not put on a sober habite,

Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than, Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen:

Vie all the obseruance of ciuillitie Like one well studied in a sad ostent

To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me By what we doe to night.

Bass. No that were pittie, I would intreate you rather to put on

Your boldest suite of mirth, for we haue friends That purpose merriment: but far you well, I haue some businesse.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest, But we will visite you at supper time.

Exit.

Enter Iessica and the Clowne.

Ies. I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so, Our house is hell, and thou a merrie diuell Didst rob it of some taste of tediousnesse; But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee, And *Lancelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see *Lorenzo*, who is thy new Maisters guest, Giue him this Letter, doe it secretly, And so farewell: I would not haue my Father See me talke with thee.

Clo. Adue, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, most sweete Jew, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adue, these foolish drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit: adue.

Exit.

Ies. Farewell good *Lancelet*. Alacke, what hainous sinne is it in me To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe, But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*, If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife, Become a Christian, and thy louing wife.

Exit.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slinke away in supper time, Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gra. We haue not made good preparation.

Sal. We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers,

Sol. 'Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered, And better in my minde not vnderooke.

Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres To furnish vs; friend *Lancelet* what's the newes.

Enter Lancelet with a Letter.

Lan. And it shall please you to breake vp this, shall it seeme to signifie.

Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand. And whiter then the paper it writ on,

I the faire hand that writ.

Gra. Loue newes in faith.

Lan. By your leaue fir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Lan. Marry fir to bid my old Maister the Jew to sup

to night with my new Maister the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Iessica*

I will not faile her; speake it priuately:

Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to

night,

I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clowne.*

Sol. I marry, ile be gone about it stra t.

Sol. And so will I.

Lor. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging.

Some houre hence.

Sol. 'Tis good we do so. *Exit.*

Gra. Was not that Letter from faire *Iessica*?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed

How I shall take her from her Fathers house,

What gold and iewels she is furnisht with,

What Pages suite she hath in readinesse:

If ere the Jew her Father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughters sake;

And neuer dare misfortune crosse her foote,

Valesse she doe it vnder this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithlesse Jew:

Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,

Faire *Iessica* shall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Jew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Jew. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy iudge, The difference of old *Shyllocke* and *Bassanio*; What *Iessica*, thou shalt not gurmanceze As thou hast done with me: what *Iessica* And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out, Why *Iessica* I say.

Clo. Why *Iessica*.

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me

I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Iessica.

Ies. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper *Iessica*,

There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,

But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon

The prodigall Christian. *Iessica* my girle,

Looke to my house, I am right loath to goe,

There is some ill a bruing towards my rest,

For I did dreame of money bags to night.

Clo. I beseech you fir goe, my yong Maister

Doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So doe I his.

Clo. And they haue conspired together; I will not say

you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for

nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday

last,

last, at six a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on
ashwenfday was foure yeere in th' afternoone.

Shy. What are their masks? heare you me *Iessica*,
Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you vp to the casements then;
Nor thrust your head into the publike streete
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnished faces;
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow fopperie enter
My sober house. By *Iacobs* staffe I sweare,
I haue no minde of casting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me sirra,
Say I will come.

Clo. I will goe before sir.
Mistis looke out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Iewes eye.

Shy. What saies that foole of *Hagens* off-spring?
ha.

Ief. His words were farewell mistis, nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:
Snaile-slow in profit, but he sleepes by day
More then the wilde-cat: drones hiue not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would haue him helpe to waste
His borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;

*Doe as I bid you, shut doores after you, fast binde, fast
finde,*

A prouerbe neuer faile in thristie minde. *Exit.*

Ief. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost. *Exit.*

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenzo* is
Desired vs to make a stand.

Sal. His house is almost past.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out dwells his house,
For louers euer run before the clocke.

Sal. O ten times faster *Venus* Pidgeons flye
To steale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfeited.

Gra. That euer holds, who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?

Where is the horse that doth vtread againe
His tedious measures with the vnbarred fire,

That he did pace them first: all things that are,
Are with more spirit chafed then enioy'd.

How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her natie bay,

Hudg'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth she returne

With ouer-wicher'd ribs and ragged sailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this here-
after.

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long a-
bode,

Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait:
When you shall please to play the cheues for wines

He watch as long for you then: approach

Here dwells my father Iew. *Heda*, who's within?

Iessica above.

Ief. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I sweare that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy Loue.

Ief. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I so much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen and thy thoughts are witness that thou
art.

Ief. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,

For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Ief. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames?
They in themselves goodfooth are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discouery Loue,
And I should be obscure'd.

Lor. So you are sweet,
Euen in the lovely garnish of a boy: but come at once,
For the close night doth play the run-away,

And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* feast.

Ief. I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no few.

Lor. Bestrew me but I loue her heartily,
For she is wise, if I can iudge of her,

And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prou'd her selfe:

And therefore like her selfe, wife, faire, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Iessica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for vs stay. *Exit.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Antonio*?

Ant. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,

Bassanio presently will goe aboard,
I haue sent twenty out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delighe
Then to be vnder saile, and gone to night. *Exit.*

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer
The seuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:

Now make your choysse.

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire,

The second silver, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath,

How shall I know if I doe chooseth the right?

Por. The

How shall I know if I doe chooseth the right.

Por. The one of them contains my picture Prince,
If you chooseth that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,
I will suruay the inscriptions, backe againe:

What saies this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.

Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all

Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drossie,

He then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead:
What saies the Silver with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:
As much as he deserves; pause there *Morrocho*,

And weigh thy value with an euen hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation

Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:

And yet to be afeard of my deserting,
Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.

As much as I deserve, why that's the Ladie.
I doe in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then these, in loue I doe deserve.

What if I staid no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grau'd in gold.

Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:
Why that's the Ladie, all the world desires her:

From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.

The Hircanian deserts, and the vaste wildes
Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now

For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head

Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To stop the forraigne spirits, but they come

As ore a brooke to see faire *Portia*.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like that Lead contains her? were damnation
To thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse

To rib her sacred loath in the obscure graue:
Or shall I thinke in Silver she's immur'd

Being ten times vnderuallued to tride gold;
O full thought, neuer so rich a Iem

Was set in worfe then gold! They haue in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell

Stamp't in gold, but that's insculpt vpon:
But here an Angell in a golden bed

Lies all within. Deliu'r me the key:
Here doe I chooseth, and thirue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then I am yours.

Mor. Ohell! what haue we here, a carrion death,
Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule;

Heereadeth the writing,
All that glitters is not gold,
Often have you heard that said;

Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold;

Guided by this, doe wormes in fold:
Had you beene as wise as bold,

Tong in limbe, in iudgement old,
Your answer had not bene in fold,

Fareyouwell, your suite is cold,

Mor. Cold in deede, and labour lost,

Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart

To take a tedious leaue: thus loofers part. *Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go:
Let all of his complexion chooseth me so. *Exit.*

Enter Saluino and Solanio.

Flo. Corners.

Sal. Why man I saw *Bassanio* vnder sayle,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;

And in their ship I am iure *Lorenzo* is not.
Sol. The villaine *Iew* with outcries rais'd the Duke.

Who went with him to search *Bassanio's* ship.
Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vnder saile;

But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand
That in a Gondilo were scene together

Lorenzo and his amorous *Iessica*.
Besides, *Antonio* certified the Duke

They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.
Sol. I neuer heard a passion so confuld,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dogge *Iew* did vtter in the streets;

My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats!

Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
And iewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,

Stolne by my daughter: iustice, finde the girle,
She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sol. Let good *Antonio* looke he keepe his day
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,

Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscaried

A vessell of our countrey richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Antonio* when he told me,

And with in silence that it were not his.
Sol. Yo were best to tell *Antonio* what you heare.

Yet doe not suddainly, for it may grieue him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treats not the earth,

I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part,
Bassanio told him he would make some speede

Of his returne: he answered, doe not so,
Slubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,

But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the *Iewes* bond which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your minde of Ioue:
Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts

To courtship, and such faire ostents of loue
As shall conueniently become you there;

And euen there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,

And with affection wondrous fencible
He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

Sol. I thinke he onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out

And quicken his embraced heauinesse
With some delight or other.

Sal. Doe we so. *Exit.*

Enter Nerressa and a Sermiture.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
P 2 The

The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.
Flou. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choofe that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things;
First, neuer to vnfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, neuer in my life
To wooe a maide in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choise,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Ar. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.

What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see:
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choofe by show,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which prieth not to th'interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualtie.

I will not choofe what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Silver treasure house,
Tell me once more, what tittle thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues:
And well said too; for who shall goe about
To cosen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the stampe of meritt, let none presume
To weare an vn-deserued dignitie:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchast by the meritt of the wearer;
How many then should couer that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleafantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honor? And how much honor
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnisht: Well, but to my choise.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues.
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.
Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a scedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to Portia?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings?
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues.
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of oppos'd natures.

Ar. What is here?
The fier seauen times tried this,

Seauen times tried that indement is,
That did neuer choofe amis,
Some there be that shadowes kisse,
Such haue but a shadowes blisse:
There be fooles aline twice
Silver'd o're, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are sped.

Ar. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adue, he keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choofe,
They haue the wisdom by their wit to loofe.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.

Por. Come draw the curtaine Nerissa.

Enter Messenger.

Mef. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mef. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit (besides commendments and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Ambassador of loue.

A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou speid'st such high-day wit in praising him:
Come, come Nerissa, for I long to see
Quicke Cupids Post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio Lord, loue if thy will it be. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sol. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Antonio*
hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow seas; the
Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous
flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, ly
buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest wo-
man o'ther word.

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euery
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours belecue she wept
for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without
any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of
talke, that the good *Antonio*, the honest *Antonio*; o that
I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

Sol. Come, the full stop.

Sol. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost
a ship.

Sol. I

Sol. I would it might proue the end of his losses.
Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, least the diuell crosse
my praier, for here he comes in the iikenes of a *Jew*. How
now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter *Shylocke*.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of
my daughters flight.

Sol. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor
that made tie wings she flew withall.

Sol. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was
fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them al to leaue
the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sol. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her Iudge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Sol. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and bloud.

Sol. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and
hers, then betweene Ier and Iudrie, more betweene your
bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish: but
tell vs, doe you heare whether *Antonio* haue had anie
losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a
prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto,
a begger that was vfd to come to sing vpon the Mart:
let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me *Vürer*,
let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money
for a Christian curthe, let him looke to his bond.

Sol. Why I am sure if he forsaite, thou wilt not take
his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To baite fish withall, if it will feede nothing
else, it will feede my reuenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and
hindred me halfe a million, laugh't at my losses, mock't at
my gaires, scorn'd my Nation, thwarted my bargaines,
cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the
reason? I am a *Jew*: Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a
Jew hands, organs, dementions, senses, affections, passi-
ons, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same wea-
pons, subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same
meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and
Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not
bleede? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poison
vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not re-
uenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you
in that. If a *Jew* wrong a Christian, what is his humility,
reuenge? If a Christian wrong a *Jew*, what should his suf-
ferance be by Christian example, why reuenge? The vil-
lanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard
but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from *Antonio*.

Gentlemen, my maister *Antonio* is at his house, and
desires to speake with you both.

Sol. We haue bene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter *Tuball*.

Sol. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot
be marcht, vnlesse the diuell himselfe turne *Jew*.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*? hast
thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but can-
not finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, a diamond gone
cost me two thousand ducats in *Frankford*, the curle ne-
uer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now,
two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, preci-

ous iewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot,
and the iewels in her care: would she were hearst at my
foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them,
why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search:
why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone with so
much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfa-
ction, no reuenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights
a my shoulders, no fighes but a my breathing, no teares
but a my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, *Antonio* as I
heard in *Genowa*?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away coming from *Tri-
polis*.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped
the wracke.

Shy. I thanke thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good
newes: ha, ha, here in *Genowa*.

Tub. Your daughter spent in *Genowa*, as I heard, one
night fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my
gold againe, fourescore ducats at a sitting, fourescore du-
cats.

Tub. There came diuers of *Antonio*'s creditors in my
company to Venice, that sweare hee cannot choofe but
breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture
him, I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of
your daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out vpon her, thou torturest me *Tuball*, it was
my Turkies, I had it of *Leab* when I was a Bachelier: I
would not haue giuen it for a wilderness of Monkies.

Tub. But *Antonio* is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tuball*, see
me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will
haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Ve-
nice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tuball*,
and meete me at our Synagogue, goe good *Tuball*, at our
Synagogue *Tuball*. Exeunt.

Enter *Bassanio*, *Portia*, *Gratiano*, and all their traine.

Por. I pray you tarrie, pause a day or two

Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong

I loose your companie; therefore forbear a while,

There's something tells me (but it is not loue)

I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,

Hate counsailes not in such a quallitie;

But least you should not vnderstand me well,

And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,

I would detain you here some month or two

Before you venture for me. I could teach you

How to choofe right, but then I am forlorne,

So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,

But if you doe, youle make me with a sinne,

That I had bene forlorne: Beshrow your eyes,

They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,

One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,

Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours,

And so all yours; O these naughtie times

Put bars betweene the owners and their rights,

And so though yours, not yours (proue it so)

Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.

I speake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,

To ich it, and to draw it out in length,

To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the racke.
Por. Upon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse
What treason there is mingled with your loue.
Bass. None but that vglie treason of mistrust,
Which makes me feare the enioying of my loue:
There may as well be amitie and life,
Twene snow and fire, as treason and my loue.
Por. I, but I feare you speake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced doth speake any thing.
Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.
Por. Well then, confesse and live.
Bass. Confesse and loue
Had bene the verie sum of my confession:
O happie torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskers.
Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerressa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,
Then if he loofe he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musique. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
And wat'rie death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musique than? Than musique is
Euen as the flourish, when true subiects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no lesse presence, but with much more loue
Then yong *Alceides*, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanians wifes:
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th'exploit: Goe *Hercules*,
Linc thou, I live with much more dismay
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.
Here Musicke.

*A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the
Caskets to himselfe.*

*Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nourished.* *Replie, replie.*
*It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding dong bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least themselves
The world is still deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of euill? In Religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the grossenesse with faire ornament:
There is no voice so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;

How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As flayers of sand, weare yet vpon their chins:
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And these assume but valors extremitie,
To render them redoubt'd. Look on beautie,
And you shall see 'tis purchast by the weight,
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it:
So are those crisped snakie golden locks
Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon suppos'd fairenesse, often knowne
To be the dowrie of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea: the beauteous scarfe
Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
Twene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,
Thy palenesse moues me more then eloquence,
And here choose I, ioy be the consequence.
Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd delpaire:
And shuddring feare, and Greene-eyed ielousie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure raine thy ioy, leant this excess,
I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,
For feare I surfeit.

Bass. What finde I here?
Faile *Portia* counterfeite. What demie God
Hath come to neere creation? moue these cieles?
Or whether riding on the bales of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are seuer'd lips
Parted with finger breath, so sweet a barre
Should funder such sweet friends: here in her haire
The Painter plates the Spider, and hath wouen
A golden mesh 't' intrap the hearts of men
Faster then gnats in cobwebs; but her cieles,
How could he see to doe them? hauing made one,
Me thinks it should haue power to steale both his
And leane it selfe vnfurnisht: Yet looke how faire
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In vnderprising it, so farre this shadow
Doth limpe behinde the substance. Here's the scroule,
The continent, and summarie of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view
Chance as faire, and choose as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seeke no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your blisse,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kisse.*

Bass. A gentle scroule: Faile Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples cieles:
Hearing applause and vniuersall shout,
Giddie in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peates of praise be his or no.

So

So thrice faire Lady stand I euen so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You see my Lord *Bassanio* where I stand,
Such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full summe of me
Is sum of nothing: which to terme in grosse,
Is an vnlesioned gillie, vnlesioned d, vnlesioned d,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne: happier then this,
Shee is not bred so dull, but she can learne;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouverneur, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire mansion, master of my seruants,
Queene ore, my selfe: and euen now, but now,
This house, these seruants, and this fame my selfe
Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or giue away,
Let it preface the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.
Bass. Madam, you haue bereft me of all words,
Onely my blood speaks to you in my vaines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration failely spoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where euer something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, tane of ioy.
Exprest, and not exprest: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to say *Bassanio's* dead.
Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue stood by and seene our wishes prosper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.
Gra. My Lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the ioy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your Honours meane to solemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I doe beseech you
Euen at that time I may be married too.
Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you gaue got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours:
You saw the mistresse, I beheld the maid:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you:
Your fortune stood vpon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heere vntill I swer againe,
And swearing till my very rough was dry,
With oathes of loue, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this faire one heere,
To haue her loue: provided that your fortune
Achieu'd her mistresse.
Por. Is this true *Nerressa*?
Ner. Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall.
Bass. And doe you *Gratiano* meane good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.
Gra. Weele play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.
Ner. What and stake downe?
Gra. No, we shal nere win at that sport, and stake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What and my old Venetian friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Iessica, and Salerio.

Bass. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hether,
If that the youth of my new interest heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my verie friends and Countymen
Sweet *Portia* welcome.
Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate mee past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And I haue reason for it, Signior *Antonio*
Commends him to you.
Bass. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not sick my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,
Nor wel, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there
Wil shew you his estate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. *Nerressa*, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcome,
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good *Antonio*?
I know he vvil be glad of our successe,
We are the *Lafons*, we haue won the fleece.
Sal. I would you had vpon the fleece that hee hath
lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same
Paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassanio's* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What worse and worse?
With leane *Bassanio* I am halfe your selfe,
And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet *Portia*,
Heere are a few of the vnpleasant ft words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
When I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my vaines: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladie,
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then haue told you
That I was worse then nothing: for indeede
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his mere enemy
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
And euery word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*,

Hath

Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: neuer did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He pleyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the state
If they deny him iustice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,
But none can driue him from the enuious plea
Of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond.

Iessi. When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare
To *Tuball* and to *Chia*, his Country-men,
That he would rather haue *Antonio's* flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authoritie, and power denie not,
It will goe hard with poore *Antonio*.

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd, and vnwearied spirit
In doing curtesies: and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares
Then any that drawes breath in Italie.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?

Pay him fixe thousand, and deface the bond:
Double fixe thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a haire through *Bassanio's* fault.
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For neuer shall you lie by *Portia's* side
With an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerrissa*, and my selfe meane time
Will liue as maids and widdowes; come away,
For you shall hence vpon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Bassanio, my ships haue all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should liue, all debts are cleerd betwene you and I, if I might see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure, if your loue doe not perswade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O lone! dispatch all busines and be gone.
Bass. Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make hast; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interpos'd twixt vs twaine.

Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Antonio, and the Iaylor.

Jew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,

This is the foole that lends out money gratis,
Iaylor, looke to him!

Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylock*.
Jew. He haue my bond, speake not against my bond,
I haue sworne an oath that I will haue my bond:
Thou call'st me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me iustice, I do wonder
Thou naughty Iaylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee heare me speake.
Jew. He haue my bond, I will not heare thee speake,
He haue my bond, and therefore speake no more,
He not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To Christian intercessors: follow not,
He haue no speaking, I will haue my bond. *Exit Jew.*
Sol. It is the most impetetrable curre
That euer kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
He follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:
He seekes my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
Many that haue at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sol. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant
this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commoditie that strangers haue
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the iustice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
These greeses and losses haue so bated mee,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.
Well Iaylor, on pray God *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exit.*

Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica, and a man of Portia's.

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
You haue a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appeares most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you send releefe,
How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do conuerse and waste the timetogether,
Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of loue,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lymaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me thinke that this *Antonio*
Being the bosome louer of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I haue bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule;
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe;
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,

The

The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monastery too miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
Not to denie this imposition,
The which my loue and some necessity
Now layes vpon you.

Loren. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and *Iessica*
In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.
Iessi. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content.

Por. I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it backe on you: faryouwell *Iessica*. *Exit.*

Now *Balthasar*, as I haue euer found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,
And vse thou all the inuaduor of a man,
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this
Into my cosins hand, Doctor *Belaria*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Vnto the Traneet, to the common Ferric
Which trades to Venice; waste no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I goe with all conuenient speed.
Por. Come on *Nerrissa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands
Before they thinke of vs?

Nerrissa. Shall they see vs?
Portia. They shall *Nerrissa*: but in such a habit,
That they shall thinke we are accomplished
With that we lacke; He hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
He proue the prettier fellow of the two,

And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And speake betwene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two minsing steps
Into a manly stride; and speake of frays
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies fought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and died.
I could not doe withall: then He repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kil'd them;
And twentie of these punie lies He tell,
That men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
Abooue a twelue moneth: I haue within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Iacks,
Which I will practise.

Nerrissa. Why, shall wee turne to men?
Portia. Fie, what a questions that?
If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:

But come, He tell thee all my whole deuice
When I am in my coach, which stayes for vs
At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day. *Exit.*

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clowne. Yes truly; for looke you, the finnes of the

ther are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise
you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so
now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be of
good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is
but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is
but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Iessica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clowne. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father
got you not, that you are not the Jewes daughter.

Iessi. That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the
finns of my mother should be visited vpon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damned both by fa-
ther and mother: thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I
fall into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both
waies.

Iessi. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me
a Christian.

Clowne. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christi-
ans enow before, e'ne as many as could well liue one by a-
nother: this making of Christians will raise the price of
Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee shall not
shortlie haue a rather on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Iessi. He tell my husband *Lancelet* what you say, heere
he comes.

Loren. I shall grow iealous of you shortly *Lancelet*,
if you thus get my wife into corners?

Iessi. Nay, you need not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Lancelet*
and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee
in heauen, because I am a Jewes daughter: and hee saies
you are no good member of the common wealth, for
in conuerting Jewes to Christians, you raise the price
of Porke.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Common-
wealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes bel-
lie: the Moore is with childe by you *Lancelet*?

Clowne. It is much that the Moore should be more then
reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, shee is
indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euerie foole can play vpon the word, I
thinke the best grace of witte will shortly turne into si-
lence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely
but Parrats: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clowne. That is done sir, they haue all stomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-snapper are you,
then bid them prepare dinner.

Clowne. That is done to sir, onely couer is the word.

Loren. Will you couer than sir?

Clowne. Not so sir neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou
shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray
thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe
to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, scrue in the
meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clowne. For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the
meat sir, it shall bee couered, for your comming in to
dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall go-
uerne. *Exit Clowne.*

Lor. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I doe know
A many foolles that stand in better place,
Garnisht like him, that for a trickie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'ft thou *Iessica*,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,

How

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?
Iess. Past all expressing, it is very meete
 The Lord Bassanio liue an vpright life
 For hauing such a blessing in his Lady,
 He findes the ioyes of heauen here on earth,
 And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
 Is reason he should neuer come to heauen?
 Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
 And on the wager lay two earthly women,
 And *Portia* one: there must be something else
 Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
 Hath not her fellow.
Loren. Euen such a husband
 Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.
Iess. Nay, but aske my opinion of to that?
Lor. I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?
Iess. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke?
Lor. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,
 Then how som ere thou speakest among other things,
 I shall digest it?
Iess. Well, he set you forth.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is Antonio heere?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace?
Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answere
 A stonie adversary, an inhumane wretch,
 Vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
 From any dram of mercie.
Ant. I haue heard
 Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
 His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,
 And bid the maine blood baite his vsual height,
 Out of his enties reach, I do oppose
 My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
 To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
 The very tyranny and rage of his.

Du. Go one and cal the Jew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.
Du. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinks, and I thinke so to
 That thou but leadest this fashion of thy mallice
 To the last houre of act, and then 'tis thought
 Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange;
 Than is thy strange apparant cruelty;
 And where thou now exco't the penalty,
 Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
 Thou wilt not onely loofe the forfeiture,
 But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and loue:
 Forgive a moiety of the principall;
 Glancing an eye of pitty on his losses;
 That haue of late so huddled on his backe;
 Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe;
 And plucke commiseration of his state
 From brasse bosomes, and rough hearts of flints;
 From stubborn Turkes and Tarters neuer train'd on

To offices of tender curtisie,
 We all expect a gentle answer Iew?
Iew. I haue posselt your grace of what I purpose,
 And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne
 To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
 If you denie it, let the danger light
 Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
 You'l aske me why I rather choofe to haue
 A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue
 Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:
 But say it is my humor; Is it answered?
 What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
 And I be pleas'd to giue ten thousand Ducates
 To haue it bair'd? What are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:
 Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
 And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'th nose,
 Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
 Matters of passion swayes it to the moode
 Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer:
 As there is no firme reason to be rendred
 Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
 Why he a harmlesse necessarie Cat?
 Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
 Must yeeld to such inuitable shame,
 As to offend himselfe being offended:
 So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
 More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
 I beare Antonio, that I follow thus
 A loosing suite against him? Are you answered?
Bass. This is no answer thou vnfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Iew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not loue?
Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Euerie offence is not a hate at first.
Iew. What wouldst thou haue a Serpent sting thee
 twice?
Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Iew:
 You may as well go stand vpon the beach,
 And bid the maine flood baite his vsual height,
 Or euen as well vse question with the Wolfe,
 The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:
 You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
 To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heauen:
 You may as well do anything most hard,
 As seeke to soften that, then which what harder?
 His Iewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you
 Make no more offers, vse no farther meanes,
 But with all brieft and plaine conueniencie
 Let me haue iudgement, and the Iew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand Ducates heere is fix'd.
Iew. If euerie Ducat in fixe thousand Ducates
 Were in fixe parts, and euerie part a Ducate,
 I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?
Du. How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?
Iew. What iudgement shall I dread doing no wrong?
 You haue among you many a purchast slave,
 Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
 You vse in abiect and in slauish parts,
 Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
 Why sweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats
 Be season'd with such viands: you will answer

The

The slaues are ours. So do I answer you.
 The pound of flesh which I demand of him
 Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will haue it.
 If you deny me; fie vpon your Law, I'll stool blouie
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
 I stand for iudgement, answere, Shall I haue it?
Du. Vpon my power I may dismisst this Court,
 Vntill Bellario a learned Doctory shew
 Whom I haue sent for to determine this; now shew I
 Come heere to day.
Sal. My Lord, heere stayes without wth I
 A Messenger with Letters from the Doctory shew
 New come from Padua.
Du. Bring vs the Letters. Call the Messengers.
Bass. Good cheere Antonio. What man, courage yet!
 The Iew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones, and all;
 Ere thou shalt loofe for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted Wether of the flocke;
 Meete for death, the weakest kinde of fruit.
 Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me be.
 You cannot better be employ'd Bassanio, vills wa
 Then to liue still, and write mine Epitaph.
Du. Came you from Padua from Bellario?
Ner. From both, vth words haue beene vtter'd
 My Lord Bellario greets your Grace:
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there:
Gra. Not on thy scale: but on thy soule harsh Iew
 Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no metall can,
 No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenesse
 Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Iew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecutable dogge,
 And for thy life let iustice be accus'd
 Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith;
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
 That soules of Animals insute themselves
 Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
 Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
 Euen from the gallows did his fell soule fleet;
 And whilst thou layest in thy vnhallowed dam,
 Inuis'd it selfe in thee: For thy desires
 Are Woluish, bloody, sternd, and rauenous.
Iew. Till thou canst raile the scale from off my bond
 Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speake so loud:
 Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
 To endlesse ruine. I stand heere for Law.
Du. This Letter from Bellario doth commend
 A yong and Learned Doctory in our Court
 Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth heere hard by.
 To know your answer, whether you'l admit him.
Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
 Go giue him courteous conduct to this place,
 Meane time the Court shall heare Bellarios Letter.

Your Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receipt of your
 Letter I am very sicke: but in the instant that your mes-
 senger came, in louing visitation, was with me a yong Do-
 ctory of Rome, his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with
 the cause in Controuersie, betwene the Iew and Antonio
 the Merchant: we turn'd ouer many Bookes together: hee
 furnished with my opinion, which hee sett with his owne lear-
 ning, the greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, cometh

with him at my importunity, to fill up your Graces request on
 my bed. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment
 to let him haue a reuerend estimation: for I haue knowne so
 yong a body, with so old a head. I leane him to your gractious
 acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.
Duke. You heare the learned Bellario what he writes,
 And heere (I take it) is the Doctory come.
 Giue me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did my Lord.
Du. You are welcome: take your place.
 Are you acquainted with the difference
 That holds this present question in the Court?
Por. I am inform'd thoroughly of the cause.
 Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?
Du. Antonio and old Shylocke, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylocke?
Iew. Shylocke is my name.
Por. Of a strange name is the sure you follow?
 Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law
 Cannot impugne you as you do protest: I am iustice of T
 You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. I, so he sayes.
Por. Do you confesse the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Iew be mercifull.
Iew. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
 It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
 Vpon the place beneath: It is twice blest,
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes,
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
 The throned Monarch better then his Crowne,
 His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
 The attribute to awe and Maiestie,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
 But mercy is about this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
 It is an attribute to God himselfe,
 And earthly power doth then shew like Gods,
 When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Iew,
 Though Iustice be thy plea, consider this,
 That in the course of Iustice, none of vs
 Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,
 And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render.
 The deeds of mercie. I haue spoke thus much.
 To mitigate the iustice of thy plea:
 Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
 Must needs giue sentence gainst the Merchant there.
Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,
 The penaltie and forfeite of my bond,
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court.
 Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
 If this will not suffice, it must appeare
 That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
 Wrest once the Law to your authority,
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.
Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established:
 'Twill be recorded for a Preident;

And

And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state: It cannot be.

Jew. A *Daniel* come to iudgement, yea a *Daniel*.
O wise young Iudge, how do I honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.

Jew. Heere 'tis most reuerend Doctor, heere it is.

Por. *Shylocke*, there's thrice thy monie offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen:

Shall I lay perurie vpon my soule?

No not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,

And lawfully by this the Jew may claime

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Neereft the Merchants heart; be mercifull,

Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.

Jew. When it is paid according to the tenure.

It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge:

you know the Law, your exposition

Hath bene most found. I charge you by the Law,

Whereof you are a well-deferring pillar,

Procede to iudgement: By my soule I sweare,

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me: I stay heere on my bond.

An. Most heartily I do beseech the Court

To giue the iudgement.

Por. Why then thus it is:

you must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Jew. O noble Iudge, O excellent yong man.

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law

Hath full relation to the penaltie,

Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

Jew. 'Tis verie true: O wise and vpright Iudge,

How much more elder art thou then thy looks?

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Jew. I, his brest,

So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?

Neereft his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so: Are there ballance heere to weigh the

flesh?

Jew. I haue them ready.

Por. Haue by some Surgeon *Shylock* on your charge

To stop his wounds, leaft he should bleede to death.

Jew. It is not nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so exprest: but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charitie.

Jew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

An. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.

Giue me your hand *Bassanio*, fare you well.

Greue not that I am false to this for you:

For heerein fortune shewes her selfe more kinde

Then is her custome. It is still her vse

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow

An age of pouerty. From which lingring penance

Of such miserie, doth she cut me off:

Commend me to your honourable Wife,

Tell her the processe of *Antonio's* end:

Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death:

And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,

Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Loue:

Repent not you that you shall loose your friend,

And he repents not that he payes your debt.

For if the Jew do cut but deepe enough,

He pay it instantly, with all my heart.

Bas. *Antonio*, I am married to a wife,

Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,

But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world;

Are not with me esteem'd about thy life.

I would loose all, I sacrifice them all

Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you.

Por. Your wife would giue you little thanks for that.

If she were by to heare you make the offer.

Gra. I haue a wife whom I protest I loue;

I would she were in heauen, so she could

Intreat some power to change this curish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,

The wish would make else an vnquiet house.

Jew. These be the Christian husbands: I haue a daugh-

Would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*

Had bene her husband, rather then a Christian.

We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same marchants flesh is thine,

The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.

Jew. Most rightfull Iudge.

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his brest,

The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.

Jew. Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else,

This bond doth giue thee heere no iot of blood,

The words exprestly are a pound of flesh:

Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,

But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate

Vnto the state of Venice.

Gra. O vpright Iudge,

Marke Iew, & learned Iudge.

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:

For as thou vrgest iustice, be assur'd

Thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desirest.

Gra. O learned Iudge, mark Iew, a learned Iudge.

Jew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,

And let the Christian goe.

Bas. Heere is the money.

Por. Soft, the Jew shall haue all iustice, soft, no haste,

He shall haue nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more

But iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more

Or lesse then a iust pound, be it so much

As makes it light or heavy in the substance,

Or the deuision of the twentieth part

Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne

But in the estimation of a hayre,

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Iew,

Now infidell I haue thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause, take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe.

Bas. I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,

He shall haue meety iustice and his bond.

Gra. A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*,

I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,

To be taken so at thy perill Iew.

Shy. Why then the Deuill giue him good of it:

He stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry

Por. Tarry Iew,

The Law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,

If it be proued against an Alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts

He seeke the life of any Citizen,

The party gainst the which he doth contriue,

Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe

Comes to the priuie coffe of the State,

And the offenders life lies in the mercy

Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.

In which predicament I say thou standst:

For it appeares by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly to,

Thou hast contrin'd against the very life

Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd

The danger formerly by me rehearst.

Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,

And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord,

Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge.

Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:

For halfe thy wealth, it is *Antonio's*,

The other halfe comes to the generall state,

Which humbleness may driue vnto a fine.

Por. I for the state, not for *Antonio*.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustaine my house: you take my life

When you doe take the meanes whereby I liue.

Por. What mercy can you render him *Antonio*?

Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for Gods sake.

An. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court

To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,

I am content: so he will let me haue

The other halfe in vse, to render it

Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman

That lately stole his daughter.

Two things prouided more, that for this fauour

He presently become a Christian:

The other, that he doe record a gift

Heere in the Court of all he dies posselt

Vnto his sonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.

Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant

The pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por. Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,

I am not well, send the deed after me,

And I will signe it.

Duk. Get thee gone, but doe it.

Gra. In christning thou shalt haue two godfathers,

Had I been iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font. *Exit.*

Duk. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.

Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,

I must away this night toward Padua,

And it is meete I presently set forth.

Duk. I am sorry that your leysure serues you not:

Antonio, gratifie this gentleman,

For in my minde, you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traines.

Bas. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Haue by your wisdom bene this day acquitted

Of greuous penalties, in lieu whereof,

Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Jew

We freely copte your courteous paines withall.

An. And stand indebted ouer and aboue

In loue and seruice to you euermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,

And I deliuering you, am satisfied,

And therein doe account my ielfe well paid,

My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.

I pray you know me when we meete againe,

I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.

Bas. Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,

Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,

Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you

Not to denie me, and to pardon me.

Por. You presse mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,

Giue me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake,

And for your loue I'll take this ring from you,

Do not draw backe your hand, I'll take no more,

And you in loue shall not deny me this?

Bas. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,

I will not shame my selfe to giue you this.

Por. I wil haue nothing else but onely this,

And now methinks I haue a minde to it.

Bas. There's more depends on this then on the vawle,

The dearest ring in Venice will I giue you,

And finde it out by proclamation,

Onely for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,

You taught me first to beg, and now me thinks

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bas. Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,

And when she put it on, she made me vow

That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor lose it.

Por. That seuse serues many men to saue their gifts,

And if your wife be not a mad woman,

And know how well I haue deseru'd this ring,

Shee would not hold out enemy for euer

For giuing it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*

An. My *L. Bassanio*, let him haue the ring,

Let his deseruings and my loue withall

Be valued against your wiues commandement.

Bas. Goe *Gratiano*, run and ouer-take him,

Giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst

Vnto *Antonio's* house, away, make haste. *Exit Grati.*

Come, you and I will thither presently,

And in the morning early will we both

Flie toward *Belmont*, come *Antonio*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

He see if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.
Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
That they did giue the rings away to men;
But wee leaue out face them, and out-sweare them to:
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will carry.
Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troilus me thinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Cressid* lay that night.

Ies. In such a night
Did *Thubie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waite her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.

Ies. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an Vnchrist Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.

Ies. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrow)
Slander her Loue, and he forgave it her.

Iessi. I would our night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Mes. A friend.

(friend?)

Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you
Mes. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My Mistrisse will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
By holy croffes where she kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you it my Master yet return'd?

Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
And ceremoniously let vs vs prepare
Some welcome for the Mistrisse of the house,

Enter Clowne.

Cl. Sola, sola: wo ha ho, sola, sola,

Loren. Who calls?

Cl. Sola, did you see *M. Lorenzo*, & *M. Lorenzo*, Sola,

Lor. Leauing hollowing man, heere.

Cl. Sola, where, where?

Lor. Heere?

Cl. Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with
his horne full of good newes, my Master will be heere ere
morning sweet soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in?

My friend *Stephen*, signifie pray you
Within the house, your Mistrisse is at hand,
And bring your musique forth into the ayre.

How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musike
Creepe in our eares soft stilles, and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:

Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an Angell sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;

Such harmonie is in immortall soules,
With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistrisse eare,
Doth grossly close in it, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistrisse eare,
And draw her home with musike.

Iessi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musike.
Play musike.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentue:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,

If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any ayre of musike touch their eares,
You shall perceiue them make a mutuell stand,
Their saue eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musike: therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods,

Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musike for time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no musike in himselfe,
Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Erebus*,

Let no such man be trusted: marke the musike.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the can
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his state
Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: musike, harke.

Ner. It is your musike Madame of the house.
Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day?
Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madame.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Lark
When

When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When euery Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren?
How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Musike ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiu'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the
Cuckow by the bad voice: did you not heare it?
Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerissa*,
Giue order to my seruants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.
Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight sicke,
It looks a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their
Followers.*

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the sunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not belight,
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
And neuer be *Bassanio* so forme,

But God fort all: you are welcome home my Lord.
Bas. I thanke you Madam, giue welcom to my friend
This is the man, this is *Antonio*,

To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am wel acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curtisie.

Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
In faith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue so much at hart.

Por. A quarrel hoe already, what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That she did giue me, whose Poetrie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Vpon a knife; *Loue mee, and leaue mee not.*

Ner. What talke you of the Poetrie or the valew:
You swore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it til the houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your graue,

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should haue bene respectiue and haue kept it.
Gaued it a Iudges Clarke: but wel I know
The Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if he liue to be a man.

Nerissa. I, if a Woman liue to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth;

A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,

No higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clarke,

A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,

I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,
To part so slightly with your wiues first gift,

A thing sticke on with oathes vpon your finger,
And so riuerted with faith vnto your flesh,

I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him sweare
Neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:

I dare be sworn for him, he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth

That the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of greefe,

And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bas. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gaue his Ring away
Vnto the Iudge that beg'd it, and indeede

Deseru'd it too: and then the Boy his Clarke
That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,

And neyther man nor master would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gaue you my Lord?

Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me.

Bas. If I could adde a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger

Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone,
Por. Euen so voide is your false heart of truth,

By heauen I will nere come in your bed
Vntill I see the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe see mine.

Bas. Sweet *Portia*,

If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,

If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,

And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,

And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,

When nought would be accepted but the Ring,

You would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,

Or halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,

Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,

You would not then haue parted with the Ring:

What man is there so much vnreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to haue defended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modestie
To vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerissa teaches me what to beleue,
He die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?

Bas. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,
And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:
Euen he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweete Lady?
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and curtisie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue beg'd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctor?

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
Since he hath got the iewel that I loued;
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
He not deny him any thing I haue,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
If you doe not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
He haue the Doctor for my bedfellow.

Nerrissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd
How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,
For if I doe, it mar the yong Clarks pen.

Ant. I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieue not you,

You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong,

And in the hearing of these manie friends

I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes

Wherein I see my selfe.

Por. Marke you but that?

In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:

In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,

And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but heare me.

Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare

I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,

Which but for him that had your husbands ring

Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,

My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord

Will neuer more breake faith aduis'dlie.

Por. Then you shall be his suretie: giue him this,

And bid him keepe it better then the other.

Ant. Heere, Lord *Bassanio*, sweare to keepe this ring.

Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon *Bassanio*,

For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,

For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke

In lieu of this, last night did lye with me.

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high waies

In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:

What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it.

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leysure.

It comes from Padua from *Bellario*,

There you shall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,

Nerrissa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere

Shall witness I set forth as soone as you,

And but eu'n now return'd: I haue not yet

Entred my house. *Antonio* you are welcome,

And I haue better newes in store for you

Then you expect: vnseale this letter soone,

There you shall finde three of your Argosies

Are richly come to harbour sodainlie.

You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumbe.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. I, but the Clark that neuer means to doe it,

Vnlesse he liue vnill he be a man.

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. (Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life & liuing;

For heere I reade for certaine that my ships

Are safelie come to Rode.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*?

My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

Ner. I, and he giue them him without a fee.

There doe I giue to you and *Ioffica*

From the rich Iewe, a speciall deed of gift

After his death, of all he dies possell'd of.

Loren. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way

Of starued people.

Por. It is almost morning,

And yet I am sure you are not satisfied

Of these euents at fall. Let vs goe in,

And charge vs there vpon intergatories,

And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory

That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,

Whether till the next night she had rather stay,

Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day.

But were the day come, I should wish it darke,

Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.

Well, while I liue, I feare no other thing.

So fore, as keeping safe *Nerrissas* ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando. I remember *Adam*, it was vpon this fashion
bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand
Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my bro-
ther on his blessing to breed mee well: and
there begins my sadnesse: My brother *Laques* he keeps
at schoole, and report speaks goldenly of his profit:
for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speak
more properly) stales me heere at home vnkept: for call
you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that dif-
fers not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred
better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding,
they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders
deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder
him but growth, for the which his Animals on his
dunghills are as much bound to him as I: besides this no-
thing that he so plentifully giues me, the something that
nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from
me: hee lets mee feede with his Hinde, barres mee the
place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my
gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that
grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke
is within mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude.
I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wife
remedy how to auoid it.

Enter Oliuer.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.
Orlan. Goe a-part *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how
he will shake me vp.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then sir?

Orl. Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which
God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with
idleness.

Oliuer. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught
a while.

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with
them? what prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should
come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

Orl. O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom sir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I
know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle con-
dition of bloud you should so know me: the courtesie of
nations allows you my better; in that you are the first
borne, but the same tradition takes not away my bloud,
were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much

of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your com-
ming before me is neerer to his reuerence.

Oli. What Boy. (this.

Orl. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir
Rowland de Boys, he was my father, and he is thrice a vil-
laine that saies such a father begot villaines: wert thou
not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy
throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for laying
so, thou hast raild on thy selfe.

Adam. Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers
remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I say.

Orl. I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my
father charg'd you in his will to giue me good educati-
on: you haue train'd me like a pezan, obscuring and
hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit
of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer
endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may be-
come a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my
father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my
fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent?
Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with
you: you shall haue some part of your will, I pray you
leau me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee
for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I haue
lost my teeth in your seruice: God be with my olde ma-
ster, he would not haue spoke such a word. *Ex. Orl. Ad.*

Oli. Is it euen so, begin you to grow vpon me? I will
physicke your ranckenesse, and yet giue no thousand
crownes neyther: holla *Dennis*.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles* the Dukes Wraffler heere to
speake with me?

Den. So please you, he is heere at the doore, and im-
portunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to mor-
row the wraffling is.

Enter Charles.

Chs. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Mounfier *Charles*: what's the new newes
at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the
olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yon-
ger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing

Lords haue put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter bee banished with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cousen so loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloued of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They say hee is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they say many yong Gentlemen flocke to him every day, and fleet the time carelesly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke.

Cha. Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am giuen sir secretly to vnderstand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. *Charles*, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and haue by vnder-hand meanes laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. He tell thee *Charles*, it is the stubbornest yong fellow of *France*, full of ambition, an enuius emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriner against mee his naturall brother: therefore vse thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by payson, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day liuing. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I apathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment: if euer hee goe alone againe, Ile neuer wrastle for prize more: and so God keepe your worship. *Exit.*

Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I stirre this Gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, neuer school'd, and yet learned, full of noble deuise, of all sorts enchantingly beloued, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall cleare all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Rosalind*, and *Celia*.

Cel. I pray thee *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry.
Rof. Deere *Celia*; I show more mirth then I am mistress of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Heerein I see thou lou'st mee not with the full waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy banished father had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst bene still with mee, I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Rof. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to reioyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to haue; and truly when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee turne monster: therefore my sweet *Rose*, my deare *Rose*, be merry.

Rof. From henceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports: let mee see, what thinke you of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall; but loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neyther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in honor come off againe.

Rof. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let vs sit and mocke the good housewife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally.

Rof. I would wee could doe so: for her benefites are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes very ill fauouredly.

Rof. Nay now thou goest from *Fortunes* office to *Natures*: *Fortune* reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of *Nature*.

Enter *Clowne*.

Cel. No; when *Nature* hath made a faire creature, may she not by *Fortune* fall into the fire? though *Nature* hath giuen vs wit to flout at *Fortune*, hath not *Fortune* sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Rof. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures witte.

Cel. Peraduenture this is not *Fortunes* work neither, but *Natures*, who perceiue our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this *Naturall* for our whetstone, for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole, is the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether wander you?

Clow. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clow. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you

Rof.

Rof. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clow. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

Cel. How proue you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Rof. I marry, now vnuzzle your wisdom.

Clow. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clow. By my knaueerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight (swearing by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clow. One that old *Fredericke* your Father loues.

Rof. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

Clow. The more pittie that fooles may not speak wisely, what Wisemen do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes Monsieur the *Beau*.

Enter *Le Beau*.

Rof. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he vill put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Rof. Then shall we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we shalbe the more Marketable. *Boon-iour Monsieur le Beau*, what's the newes?

Le Beau. Faire Princesses, you haue lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour Madame? How shall I answer you?

Rof. As wit and fortune will.

Clow. Or as the destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clow. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Rof. Thou loost thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wrastling, which you haue lost the sight of.

Le Beau. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and if it please your Ladships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are coming to performe it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and preference.

Rof. With bills on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto all men by these presents.

Le Beau. The eldest of the three, wrastled with *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes: that there is little hope of life in him: So he seru'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittifull dole ouer them, that all the behol-

ders take his part with weeping.

Rof. Alas.

Clow. But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies haue lost?

Le Beau. Why this that I speake of.

Clow. Thus men may grow wiser euery day. It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Rof. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cofin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder sure they are coming. Let vs now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter *Duke*, *Lords*, *Orlando*, *Charles*, and *Attendants*.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated His owne perill on his forwardnesse.

Rof. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Euen he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successfully

Du. How now daughter, and Cousin:

Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

Rof. I my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue.

Du. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such oddes in the man: In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine dissuade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can moue him.

Cel. Call him hether good Monsieur *Le Beau*.

Duke. Do so: Ile not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesses calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Rof. Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the Wrastler?

Orl. No faire Princess: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares: you haue seene cruell prooue of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your eyes, or knew your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduenture would counsel you to a more equall enterprife. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safetie, and giue ouer this attempt.

Rof. Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that the wrastling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eyes, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that vvas neuer gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament me: the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing: onely in the world I fill vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I haue made it emptie.

Rof. The little strength that I haue, I would it vvere with you.

Cel.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.
Ref. Fare you well: praise heaven I be deceiv'd in you.
Cel. Your hearts desires be with you.
Char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duk. You shall trie but one fall.
Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that haue so mightilie perswaded him from a first.

Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you should not haue mockt me before: but come your waies.

Ref. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.
Cel. I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge.

Ref. Oh excellent yong man.
Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe.

Duk. No more, no more.
Orl. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How do'st thou Charles?
Le Ben. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him awaie:
 What is thy name yong man?

Orl. Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Roland de Boys.

Duk. I would thou hadst bene son to some man else, The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did finde him still mine enemy:
 Thou should'st haue better pleas'd me with this deede, Hadst thou descended from another house:
 But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
 I would thou hadst told me of another Father.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?
Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rolands sonne, His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling To be adopted heire to *Fredrick*.

Ref. My Father lou'd Sir Roland as his soule, And all the world was of my Fathers minde, Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne, I should haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties, Ere he should thus haue ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cosen,
 Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him:
 My Fathers rough and eniuious disposition Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deseru'd, If you doe keepe your promises in loue;
 But iustly as you haue exceeded all promise, Your Mistis shall be happie.

Ref. Gentleman,
 Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes, Shall we goe Coze?
Cel. I: fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp Is but a quintine, a meere liuelesse blocke.

Ref. He calls vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes, He aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
 Sir, you haue wrastled well, and ouerthrowne More then your enemies.

Cel. Will you goe Coze?
Ref. Haue with you: fare you well.

Orl. What passion hangs these waights vpon my tongue? I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.

Enter Le Ben.
 O poore Orlando! thou art ouerthrowne
 Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee,
 Le Ben. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you
 Te leaue this place; Albeit you haue deseru'd
 High commendation, true applause, and loue;
 Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
 That he misconfers all that you haue done:
 The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
 More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.
Orl. I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
 Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
 That here was at the Wrastling?

Le Ben. Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,
 But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
 The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
 And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle
 To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues
 Are deere then the naturall bond of Sisters:
 But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
 Hath tane displeasure gainst his gentle Neece,
 Grounded vpon no other argument,
 But that the people praise her for her vertues,
 And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake;
 And on my life his malice gainst the Lady
 Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
 Hereafter in a better world then this,
 I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
 Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,
 From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.
 But heauenly *Rosaline*.

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline.

Cel. Why Cosen, why *Rosaline*: *Cupid* haue mercie,
 Not a word?

Ref. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
 vpon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame mee
 with reasons.

Ref. Then there were two Cosenes laid vp, when the
 one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad
 without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Ref. No, some of it is for my childes Father: Oh
 how full of briars is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, Cosen, throwne vpon thee
 in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths
 our very petty-coates will catch them.

Ref. I could shake them off my coate, these burs are
 in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ref. I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.

Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.

Ref. O they take the part of a better wrastler then
 my selfe.

Cel. O, a good wish vpon you: you will trie in time

in dispiight of a fall: but turning these iests out of seruice,
 let vs talke in good earnest: is it possible on such a so-
 daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
 Rolands yongest sonne?

Ref. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deere lie.
Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his
 Sonne deere lie? By this kinde of chase, I should hate
 him, for my father hated his father deere lie; yet I hate
 not Orlando.

Ref. No faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserue well?

Enter Duke with Lords.
Ref. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him
 because I doe. Look, here comes the Duke!

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

Duk. Mistis, dispatch you with your safest haste,
 And get you from our Court.

Ref. Me Vncle.

Duk. You Cosen,

Within these ten daies if that thou best found
 So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,
 Thou diest for it.

Ref. I doe beseech your Grace
 Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:

If with my selfe I hold intelligence,
 Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires,

If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,
 (As I doe trust I am not) then deere Vncle,

Neuer so much as in a thought vnborne,
 Did I offend your highnesse.

Duk. Thus doe all Traitors,
 If their purgation did consist in words,
 They are as innocent as grace it selfe;

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ref. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;
 Tell me whereon the likelihood depends?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.
Ref. So was I when your highnesse took his Dukedome,
 So was I when your highnesse banish't him;

Treason is not inherited my Lord,
 Or if we did deriue it from our friends,
 What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
 Then good my Leige, mistake me not so much,
 To thinke my pouertie is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Soueraigne heare me speake.

Duk. I *Celia*, we staid her for your sake,
 Else had she with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to haue her stay,
 It was your pleasure, and your owne remorie,

I was too yong that time to value her,
 But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,
 Why so am I; we still haue slept together,
 Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
 And wherefore we went, like *Junos* Swans,
 Still we went coupled and inseperable.

Duk. She is too subtle for thee, and her smoothnes;
 Her verie silence, and per patience,

Speake to the people, and they pittie her:
 Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,
 And thou wilt show more bright, & seem more vertuous
 When she is gone: then open not thy lips;

Firme, and irremocable is my dooome,
 Which I haue past vpon her, she is banish'd;

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,
 I cannot lue out of her companie.

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice prouide your selfe,
 If you out-stay the time, vpon mine honor,
 And in the greatnesse of my word you die.

Exit Duke, &c.
Cel. O my poore *Rosaline*, whether wilt thou goe?
 Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine: I
 charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am.

Ref. I haue more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not Cosen,
 Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke
 Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ref. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? *Rosaline* lacks then the loue
 Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
 Shall we be fundred? shall we part sweete girls?
 No, let my Father seeke another heire:
 Therefore deuiſe with me how we may flie:
 Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs, vnto
 And doe not seeke to take your change vpon you,
 To beare your griefes your selfe, and leaue me out:
 For by this heauen, now at our sorrowes pale,
 Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.

Ref. Why, whether shall we goe?

Cel. To seeke my Vncle in the Forrest of *Ardene*.

Ref. Alas, what danger will it be to vs,
 (Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farte?
 Beautie prouoketh theeues sooner then gold:
Cel. Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire,
 And with a kinde of ymber smirch my face,
 The like doe you, so shall we passe along,
 And neuer stir assailants.

Ref. Were it not better,
 Because that I am more then common tall,
 That I did suite me all points like a man,
 A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh,
 A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart
 Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,
 Weele haue a swashing and a marshall outſide,
 As manie other mannish cowards haue,
 That doe outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ref. Ile haue no worſe a name then *Jones* owne Page,
 And therefore looke you call me *Ganymede*.
 But what will you by call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
 No longer *Celia*, but *Alienash*.

Ref. But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale
 The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court:
 Would he not be a comfort to our traualle?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
 Leau me alone to wooe him; Let's away
 And get our Jewels and our wealth together,
 Deuiſe the fittest time, and safest way,
 To hide vs from pursuite that will be made:
 After my flight: now goe in we content
 To libertie, and not to banishment.

Exit Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords.
Duk. Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brother's, exile;
 Hath not old custome made this life more sweete
 Then

Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
More free from perill then the envious Court?
Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*,
The seasons difference, as the Icie phange
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly perswade me what I am:
Sweet are the vses of aduersitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venomous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.

Amen. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornnesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

Du. Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?
And yet it irkes me the poore dapled foolcs
Being native Burgers of this desert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Haue their round hanches goard.

1. Lord. Indeed my Lord
The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that,
And in that kinde sweares you doe more vsurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,
Did steale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
The wretched animall heau'd forth such groanes
That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
In pittious chafe: and thus the haire foole,
Much marked of the melancholie *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Du. Sen. But what said *Iaques*?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more
To that which had too must: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his veluet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
The Fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse Heard
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And neuer staires to greet him: I quoth *Iaques*,
Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
'Tis iust the fashion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most inuestiely he pierceth through
The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are meere vsurpers, tyrants, and whats worse
To fright the Animals, and to kill them vp
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

D. Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation?

2. Lord. We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the sobbing Deere.

Du. Sen. Show me the place;
I loue to cope him in these fullen fies,
For then he's full of matter.
1. Lord. Ile bring you to him strait.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1. Lo. I cannot heare of any that did see her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistis.

2. Lo. My Lord, the roynish Clowne, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,
Hesperia the Princeesse Gentlewoman
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrafter
That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles*,
And the beleeues where euer they are gone
That youth is surely in their companie.

Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this sodainly;
And let not search and inquisition quaille,
To bring againe these foolish runawaies.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,
Oh my sweet master, O you memorie
Of old Sir *Rowland*; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to ouercome
The bonnie prifer of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, to seeme kinde of men,
Their graces serue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenuoms him that beares it?
Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O vnhappy youth,
Come not within these doores: within this rooffe
The enemy of all your graces liues
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means,
To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that

He

He will haue other meanes to cut you off;
I ouerheard him; and his practises:

This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;

Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.

Ad. Why whether *Adam* would'st thou haue me go?

Orl. No matter whether, so you come not here.

Orl. What would'st thou haue me go & beg my food,

Or with a bale and boistrous sword enforce

A theeuish liuing on the common roade?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can,

I rather will subiect me to the malice

Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.

Ad. But do not so: I haue five hundred Crownes,

The chrestie hire I saued vnder your Father,

Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,

When seruice should in my old limbs lie lame,

And vnregarded age in corners throwne,

Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,

Yea proudly caters for the Sparrow,

Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,

All this I giue you, let me be your seruant,

Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;

For in my youth I neuer did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,

Nor did not with vnbashfull forehead wee,

The meanes of weaknesse and debilitie,

Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,

Frostie, but kindly: let me goe with you,

Ile doe the seruice of a yonger man

In all your businesse and necessities.

Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares

The constant seruice of the antique world,

When seruice sweate for dutie, not for meede:

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweate, but for promotion,

And hauing that do choake their seruice vp,

Euen with the hauing, it is not so with thee:

But poore old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,

In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,

But come thy waies, wee'll goe along together,

And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,

Wee'll light vpon some settled low content.

Ad. Master goe on, and I will follow thee

To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,

From seauentie yeeres, till now almost fourescore

Here liued I, but now liue here no more

At seauentene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke

But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,

Yet fortune cannot recompence me better

Then to die well, and not my Masters debter.

the weaker vessel, as doubler and hose ought to show it
selfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good
Aliena.

Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no fur-
ther.

Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then
beare you: yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare
you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purse.

Ref. Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden*,

Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*, the more fooler I when I
was at home I was in a better place, but *Travellers* must
be content.

Enter *Corin* and *Silvius*.

Ref. I, be so good *Touchstone*: Look you, who comes
here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her seerie you still.

Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do loue her.

Cor. I partly guesse: for I haue lou'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou canst not guesse.

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As euer sigh'd vpon a midnight pillow,

But if thy loue were euer like to mine,

As sure I thinke did neuer man loue so

How many actions most ridiculous,

Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I haue forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didst then neuer loue so hartely,

If thou remembrest not the slightest folly

That euer loue did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lou'd.

Or if thou hast not sat as I doe now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistis praise,

Thou hast not lou'd.

O: if thou hast not broke from companie,

Abruptly as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lou'd.

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*.

Ref. Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would,

I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.

Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I

broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for

conuincing a night to *Lane Smile*, and I remember the kis-

sing of her bawler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie

chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing

of a peascod instead of her, from whom I tooke two

cods, and giuing her them againe, said with weeping

teares, weare these for my sake: wee that are true Lo-

uers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in

nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Ref. Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till

I breake my shins against it.

Ref. Ioue, Ioue, this Shepherds passion,

Is much vpon my fashion.

Clo. And mine, but it growes something stale with

mee.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon'd man,

If he for gold will giue vs any foode,

I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla: you Clowne.

Ref. Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ref. Peace

Ref. Peace I say; good euen to your friend.
 Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
 Ref. I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold
 Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
 Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed:
 Here's a yong maid with trauaile much opprested,
 And faints for succour.
 Cor. Faire Sir, I pitticher,
 And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,
 My fortunes were more able to releue her:
 But I am shepheard to another man,
 And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
 My master is of churlish disposition,
 And little wreakes to finde the way to heauen
 By doing deeds of hospitalitie.
 Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
 Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now
 By reason of his absence there is nothing
 That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
 And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
 Ref. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?
 Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but ere-
 while,
 That little cares for buying any thing.
 Ref. I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
 Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
 And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.
 Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
 I like this place, and willingly could
 Wastemy time in it.
 Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
 Go with me, if you like vpon report,
 The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
 I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
 And buy it with your Gold right sodainly.

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amiens, Jaques, & others.

Song.

Vnder the Greene wood tree,
 who loues to lye with mee,
 And turne his merrie Note,
 vnto the sweet Birds throte:
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Heere shall he see no enemies,
 But Winter and rough Weather.

Iaq. More, more, I prethee more.
 Amy. It will make you melancholly Monsieur Jaques
 Iaq. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
 I can sucke melancholly out of a song,
 As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I prethee more.
 Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please
 you.
 Iaq. I do not desire you to please me,
 I do desire you to sing:
 Come, more, another stanza: Cal you'em stanza's?
 Amy. What you wil Monsieur Jaques.
 Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee
 nothing. Will you sing?
 Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe.
 Iaq. Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke

you: but that they cal complement is like th' encounter
 of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily,
 me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me
 the beggerly thanks. Come sing; and you that wil not
 hold your tongues.

Amy. Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while,
 the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this
 day to looke you.

Iaq. And I haue bin all this day to auoid him:
 He is too dispartable for my companie:
 I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue
 Heauen thanks, and make no boast of them.
 Come, warble, come.

Song. Altogether heere.

Who doth ambition burne,
 and loues to lye i'th Sunne:
 Seeking the food he eates,
 and pleas'd with what he gets:
 Come hither, come hither, come hither,
 Heere shall he see, &c.

Iaq. Ile giue you a verse to this note,
 That I made yesterday in despiht of my Inuention.
 Amy. And Ile sing it.

Amy. Thus it goes.

If it do come to passe, that any man turne Ass:
 Leauing his wealth and ease,
 A strabornie will to please,
 Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
 Heere shall he see, grosse foole as he,
 And if he will come to me.

Amy. What's that Ducdame?

Iaq. 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fools into a cir-
 cle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all
 the first borne of Egypt.

Amy. And Ile go seeke the Duke,
 His banket is prepar'd.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further:
 O Idie for food. Heere lie I downe,
 And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master.
 Orl. Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee:
 Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
 If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage,
 I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:
 Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.
 For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while
 At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently,
 And if I bring thee not something to eate,
 I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest
 Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
 Wel said, thou look'st cheereely,
 And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
 In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
 To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
 For lacke of a dinner,
 If there liue any thing in this Desert.
 Cheereely good Adam.

Exeunt
 Scena

Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-lawes.

Du. Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
 For I can no where finde him, like a man.

Lord. My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,
 Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du. Sen. If he compact of iarres, grow Musically,
 We shall haue shortly discord in the Spheares:
 Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Jaques.

Lord. He saues my labor by his owne approach.
 Du. Sen. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
 That your poore friends must woe your companie,
 What, you looke merrily.

Iaq. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest,
 Amotley Foole (a miserable world!)
 As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
 Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
 In good set termes, and yet a motley foole.
 Good morrow foole (quoth I): no Sir, quoth he,
 Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune,
 And then he drew a diall from his poake,
 And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,
 Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:

Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world waggis:
 'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
 And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen;
 And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
 And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
 The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
 My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
 That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue:
 And I did laugh, fans intermission
 An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
 A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.

Du. Sen. What foole is this?

Iaq. O worthe Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
 And layes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
 They haue the gift to know it: and in his braiue,
 Which is as drie as the remainder bisket
 After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd
 With obseruation, the which he vents
 In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du. Sen. Thou shalt haue one.

Iaq. It is my onely suite,
 Provided that you weed your better iudgements
 Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
 That I am wise. I must haue liberty
 Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
 To blow on whom I please, for so fooles haue:
 And they that are most gauled with my folly,
 They most must laugh: And why fir must they so?
 The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:
 Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart:
 Seeme lesselesse of the bob. If not,
 The Wife-mans folly is anathomiz'd,
 Euen by the squandering glances of the foole.

Inuest me in my motley: Giue me leaue
 To speake my minde, and I will through and through
 Cleanse the foule bodie of th' infected world;
 If they will patiently receiue my medicine.

Du. Sen. Fit on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Du. Sen. Most mischeuous foule sin, in chiding sin:
 For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,
 As sensuall as the brutish stie it selfe,
 And all th'imbossed fores, and headed euils,
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the generall world?

Iaq. Why who cries out on pride,
 That can therein take any priuate party:
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
 Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.
 What woman in the Citie do I name,
 When that I say the Citie woman beares
 The cost of Princes on vnworthy shoulders?
 Who can come in, and say that I meane her,
 When such a one as free, such is her neighbor?
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That sayes his brauerie is not on my cost,
 Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites
 His folly to the mettle of my speech,
 There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
 My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free,
 why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
 Vnclaim'd of any. man But who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.

Iaq. Why I haue eate none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be seru'd.

Iaq. Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distress?
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
 That in civility thou seem'st so emptie?

Orl. You touch'd my veine at first, the thorny point
 Of bare distress, hath tane from me the shew
 Of smooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,
 And know some nourture: But forbeare, I say,
 He dies that touches any of this fruite,
 Till I, and my affaires are answered.

Iaq. And you will not be answer'd with reason,
 I must dye.

Du. Sen. What would you haue?

Your gentleness shall force, more then your force
 Moue vs to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me haue it.

Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table

Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
 I thought that all things had bin sauage heere,
 And therefore put I on the countenance
 Of sterne commandment. But what ere you are
 That in this desert inaccessible,
 Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes,
 Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
 If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:
 If euer bene where bells haue knoll'd to Church:
 If euer fate at any good mans feast:
 If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
 And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be,
 In the which hope, I bluss, and hide my Sword.

R

Du. c

Du. Sen. True is it, that we have scene better dayes,
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore sit you downe in gentleness,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary steppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suffic'd,
Opprest with two weak eyles, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go finde him out,
And we will nothing waste till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.

Du. Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone vnhappie:
This wide and vniuersall Theater
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Scene
Wherein we play in.

Id. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, meere Players;
They haue their *Exits* and their *Entrances*,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His *Acts* being seuen ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurses armes:
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Lover,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice,
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes seuer, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
And so he plays his part. The fixt age shifts
Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthfull hofe well sau'd, a world too wide,
For his shrunke thanke, and his biggemany voice,
Turning againe toward childish treble pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange euentfull historie,
Is second childishnesse, and meere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.

Enter Orlando with A lam.

Du. Sen. Welcome: set downe your venerable burthen,
and let him feede.

Orl. I thanke you most for him.

Ad. So had you neede,

I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I wil not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes:
Giue vs some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Song.

*Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not so vnkind, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not scene,
although thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
Most friendship, is sayning; most Louing, meere folly:
The heigh ho, the holly,
This life is most iolly.*

*Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bright so nigh
as benefitts forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
as freind remembred not.
Heigh ho, sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,
As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,
Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my Cause, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.

Du. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wherefoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well push him out of dores
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent vpon his house and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verse, in witness of my loue,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night suruey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spheare about
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.
O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charracter,
That euery eye, which in this Forrest looks,
Shall see thy vertue witnesse euery where.
Run, run *Orlando*, care on euery Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressive shue.

Exit.

Enter Corin & Clownes.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life *M^r Touchstone*

Cl.

Clow. Truly Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a
good life; but in respect that it is a shepherds life, it is
naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well:
but in respect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now
but in respect that it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in
respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare
life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no
more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke.
Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens,
the worse at ease he is: and that hee that wants money,
meanes, and content, is without three good friends. That
the proprietie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That
good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of
the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath lear-
ned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good
breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Cl. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:

Was't ever in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Cl. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Cl. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge,
all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Cl. Why, if thou neuer wast at Court, thou neuer
saw'st good manners: if thou neuer saw'st good maners,
then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin,
and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state shep-
heard.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchstone*, those that are good ma-
ners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as
the behaviour of the Countrey is most mockeable at the
Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but
you kisse your hands; that courtesie would be vncleanlie
if Courtiers were shepherds.

Cl. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their
fells you know are greasie.

Cl. Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and
is not the grease of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat
of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say:
Come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Cl. Your lips will feele them the sooner. Shallow a-
gain: a more founder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tart'd ouer, with the surgery
of our sheepe: and would you haue vs kisse Tarre? The
Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet.

Cl. Most shallow man: Thou wormes meate in re-
spect of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wise
and perpend: Ciuet is of a baser birth then Tarre, the
verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shep-
heard.

Cor. You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest.

Cl. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow
man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get
that I weare; owe no man hate, enue no mans happi-
nesse; glad of other mens good content with my harme:
and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, &
my Lambes sucke.

Cl. That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the
Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your
liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Bel-
weather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a tweluemonth

to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Rammie, out of all
reasonable match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, the
diuell himselfe will haue no shepherds, I cannot see else
how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Heere comes yong *M^r Ganimed*, my new Mistres-
ses Brother.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. From the east to westerne Inde,

no iewel is like *Rosalinde*,

His worth being mounted on the winde,
through all the world beares *Rosalinde*.

All the pictures fairest Linde,

are but blacke to *Rosalinde*:

Let no face bee kept in mind,

but the faire of *Rosalinde*.

Cl. Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners,
and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right
Butter-womens ranke to Market,

Ros. Out Foole.

Cl. For a taste.

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,

Let him seeke out *Rosalinde*:

If the Cat will after kuede,

so be sure will *Rosalinde*:

Wintred garments must be linde,

so must slender *Rosalinde*:

They that reap must sheafe and binde,

then to cart with *Rosalinde*.

Sweetest nut, hath sowrest rinde,

such a nut is *Rosalinde*.

He that sweetest rose will finde,

must finde *Loues* prick, & *Rosalinde*.

This is the verie false gallop of Verfes, why doe you in-
fect your selfe with them?

Ros. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Cl. Truly the tree yeelds bad fruite.

Ros. Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it
with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th coun-
try: for you'll be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's
the right vertue of the Medler.

Cl. You haue said: but whether wisely or no, let the
Forrest iudge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

Cel. Why should this Desert bee,

for it is vnpeopled? *Noe*:

Tonges Ile hang on euery tree,

that shall ciuill sayings bee.

Some, how briefe the Life of man

runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span,

buckles in his summe of age.

Some of violated vowes,

twixt the soules of friend, and friend:

But vpon the fairest bowes,

or at euery sentence end;

Will I *Rosalinda* write,

teaching all that reade, to know

The quintessence of euery sprite,

heauen would in little shew.

Therefore heauen Nature charg'd,

that one bodie should be fill'd

With all Graces wide enlarg'd,

nature presently distill'd

R

Exeunt

*Helens cheek, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's Maieftie:
Attalanta's better part,
sad Lucrecia's Modestie.
Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,
by Heauenly Synode was denis'd,
Of manie faces eyes, and hearts,
to haue the touches dearest pris'd.
Heauen would that shee these gifts should haue,
and I to line and die her flauie.*

Ref. O most gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.

Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little: go with him Sirrah.

Cla. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didst thou heare these verses?

Ref. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feete then the Verses would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare 5 verses. *Ref.* I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

Ref. I was seuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer so berim'd since *Pythagoras* time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Ref. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

Ref. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee remou'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ref. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ref. Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderfull, and after that out of all hooping.

Ref. Good my complexion, dost thou think though I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea of discouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and speake apace: I would thou couldst flammer, that thou might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ref. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ref. Why God will send more, if the man will bee thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wraistlers heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ref. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake fadde brow, and true maid.

Cel. I faith (Coz) tis he.

Ref. *Orlando*?

Cel. *Orlando*.

Ref. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one vword.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantuas mouth first: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechisme.

Ref. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wraistled?

Cel. It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolute the propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good obseruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Ref. It may vvel be cal'd Loues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam.

Ref. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Ref. Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it vvell becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I pre'thee: it curuettes vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

Ref. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ref. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I must speake: sweet, lay on.

Enter Orlando & Iaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

Ref. 'Tis he, flinke by, and note him.

Iaq. I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as lief haue beene my selfe alone.

Orl. And so had I: but yet for fashion sake I thanke you too, for your societie.

Iaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees vwith Writing Loue-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you marre no more of my verses with reading them ill-fauouredly.

Iaq. *Rosalinde* is your loues name? *Orl.* Yes, Iust.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Iaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Iust as high as my heart.

Iaq. You are full of pretty answers: haue you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wiues, & cond the out of rings?

Orl. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you haue studied your questions.

Iaq. You haue a nimble wit: I thinke 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you sitte downe with me, and wee two, will raile against our Mistis the world, and all our miserie.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but my selfe against

against whom I know most faults.

Iaq. The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue: I am wearie of you.

Iaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

Iaq. There I shal see mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. Ile tartie no longer with you, farewell good signior Loue.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur Melancholly.

Ref. I will speake to him like a sawcie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear For-

Orl. Verie wel, what would you? *(rester.*

Ref. I pray you, what i't a clocke?

Orl. You should aske me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

Ref. Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else fighting euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Ref. By no meanes sir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers persons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who Time gallops withall, and who he stands stil withall.

Orl. I pre'thee, who doth he trot withall?

Ref. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnizd: if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of teuen yeare.

Orl. Who ambles Time withall?

Ref. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt: for the one sleepes easily because hee cannot study, and the other liues merrily, because hee feelles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and wasteful Learning, the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withall.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withall?

Ref. With a theefe to the gallows: for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon there.

Orl. Who staires it stil withall?

Ref. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moues.

Orl. Where dwell you prettie youth?

Ref. With this Shepheardesse my sister: heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ref. As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so remoued a dwelling.

Ref. I haue bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vnkle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fel in loue, I haue heard him read many Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddie offences: as hee hath generally tax'd their whole sex withall.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils,

that he laid to the charge of women?

Ref. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault seeming monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I pre'thee recount some of them.

Ref. No: I wil not cast away my physick, but on those that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuses our yong plants with caruing *Rosalinde* on their barks; hangs Oades vpon Hawthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) defying the name of *Rosalinde*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him some good counfel, for he seemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

Orl. I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

Ref. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage of rushes, I am sure you art not prisoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Ref. A leane cheek, which you haue not: a blew eie and sunken, which you haue not: an vnquestionable spirit, which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you haue not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your hauing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennue: then your hose should be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbande'd, your sleue vnbutton'd, your shoe vntied, and euerie thing about you, demonstrating a carelesse desolation: but you are no such man; you are rather point device in your accoutrements, as louing your selfe, then seeming the Louer of any other. *(I Loue.*

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleuee

Ref. Me beleuee it? You may asoone make her that you Loue beleuee it, which I warrant she is apter to do, then to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the which women stil giue the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orl. I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.

Ref. But are you so much in loue, as your rimes speak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

Ref. Loue is meerey a madnesse, and I tel you, deserues as wel a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too: yet I profess curing it by counsell.

Orl. Did you euer cure any so?

Ref. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Mistis: and I set him euerie day to woeme. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greeue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of teares, full of smiles; for euerie passion something; and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forswear him: now weepe for him, then spit at him; that I draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor of madnes, & was to forswear the full stream of world, and to liue in a nooke meerey Monastick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take vpon mee to wash your Liuer as cleane as a found sheepes heart, that there shal not be one spot of Loue in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ref. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come euerie day to my Coat, and wooe me.

Orlan. Now by the faith of my loue, I will ; Tel me where it is.

Ref. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you : and by the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you liue : Will you go ?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ref. Nay, you must call mee *Rosalind* : Come sister, will you go ?

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.

Clo. Come apace good *Audrey*, I wil fetch vp your Goates, *Audrey* : and how *Audrey* am I the man yet ? Doth my simple feature content you ?

And. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features ?
Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest *Ouid* was among the Gothes.

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then loue in a thatch'd house.

Clo. When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, vnderstanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poeticall.

And. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in deed and word: is it a true thing ?

Clo. No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most faining, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.

And. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poetical ?

Clo. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didst feigne.

And. Would you not haue me honest ?

Clo. No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to Sugar.

Iaq. A materiall foole.

And. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honestie vpon a foule flut, were to put good meate into an vnclane dish.

And. I am not a flut, though I thanke the Goddess I am foule.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulness; flutishnesse may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir *Oliuer Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

Iaq. I would faine see this meeting.

And. Well, the Gods giue vs ioy.

Clo. Atten. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessaric. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, euen so poore men alone.

No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascal: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliuer Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir *Oliuer*: Sir *Oliuer Mar-text* you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell ?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman ?

Clo. I wil not take her on giuft of any man.

Ol. Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq. Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her.

Clo. Good euen good Mr what ye call: how do you Sir, you are verie wel met: goddild you for your last companie, I am verie glad to see you, euen a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd.

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley ?

Clo. As the Ox hath his bow sir, the horse his curb, and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibbling.

Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bush like a begger? Get you to church, and haue a good Priest that can tely you what marriage is, this fellow wil but ioine you together, as they ioine Waincot, then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuse for me hereafter, to leaue my wife.

Iaq. Goe thou with mee, And let me counsel thee.

Ol. Come sweete *Audrey*, We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey: Farewel good Mr *Oliuer*: Not O sweet *Oliuer*, O braue *Oliuer* leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them all shal flout me out of my calling.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celis.

Ref. Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to confider, that teares do not become a man.

Ref. But haue I not cause to weepe ?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire,

Therefore weepe.

Ref. His very haire.

Cel. Is of the dissembling colour.

Ref. Something browner then Iudas.

Cel. Marrie his kisses are Iudas.

Ref. Faith his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour.

Ref. Your Chessenit was euer the onely colour.

Ref. And his kissing is as full of sanctitie,

As the touch of holy bread.

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of *Diana*: a Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouslie, the very yce of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning, and comes not ?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Ref. Doe you thinke so ?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Ref. Not true in loue ?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Ref. You haue heard him sweare downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confimer of false reckonings, he attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ref. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe.

But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando* ?

Cel. O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verses, speaks braue words, sweares braue othes, and breakes them brauely, quite traners athwart the heart of his loue, as a puiſny Tilter, y' spurs his horse but on one side, breakes his staffe like a noble goole; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere ?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistresse and Master, you haue oft enquired

After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue,

Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph,

Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse

That was his Mistresse.

Cel. Well: and what of him ?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaid

Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue,

And the red glowe of scorne and proud disdain,

Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you

If you will marke it.

Ref. O come, let vs remoue,

The sight of Louers feedeth those in loue:

Bring vs to this sight, and you shall say

Ile proue a busie actor in their play.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* doe not scorne me, do not *Phebe*

Say that you loue me not, but say not so

In bitterness; the common executioner

Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard

Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,

But first begs pardon: will you sterner be

Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops ?

Phe. Enter *Rosalind*, *Celia*, and *Corin.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,

I fye thee, for I would not iniure thee:

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eyes,

'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,

That eyes that are the frailest, and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,

Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers.

Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,

And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:

Now counterfeit to swoound, why now fall downe,

Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,

Lye not, to say mine eyes are murderers:

Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scarre of it: Leane vpon a rush

The Cicatrice and capable impresseure

Thy palme some moment keeps: but now mine eyes

Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,

Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes

That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere *Phebe*,

If euer (as that euer may be neere)

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancie,

Then shall you know the wounds inuisible

That Loues keene arrows make.

Phe. But till that time

Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,

Afflict me with thy mockes, pittie me not,

As till that time I shall not pittie thee.

Ref. And why I pray you? who might be your mother

That you insult, exult, and all at once

Ouer the wretched? what though you haue no beauty

As by my faith, I see no more in you

Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:

Must you be therefore proud and pittilesse?

Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?

I see no more in you then in the ordinary

Of Natures sale-work: 'ods my little life,

I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too:

No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it,

'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke silke haire,

Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream

That can entame my spirits to your worship:

You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her

Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,

You are a thousand times a properer man

Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you

That makes the world full of ill-fauour'd children:

'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her,

And out of you she sees her selfe more proper

Then any of her lineaments can show her:

But Mistis, know your selfe, downe on your knees

And thanke heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue;

For I must tell you friendly in your eare,

Sell when you can, you are not for all markers:

Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer,

Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.

So take her to thee Shepheard, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,

I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

Ros. Hees false in loue with your foulness, & shee'll

Fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast

As she answers thee with frowning lookes, ile saue

Her with bitter words: why looke you so vpon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Ref. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,

For I am false then vowe made in wine:

Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,

'Tis at the tuft of Oliues, here hard by:

Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard:

Come

Come Sister: Shepherdesse, looke on him better:
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as hee.

Come, to our flocke, Exit.
Phe. Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,
Who euer lov'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*.
Phe. Hah: what saist thou *Silvius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* pittie me.
Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle *Silvius*.

Sil. Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:
If you doe sorrow at my griefe in loue,

By giuing loue your sorrow, and my griefe
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would haue you.

Phe. Why that were couetousnesse:
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;

And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,
But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,

Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:

But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my loue,
And I in such a pouerty of grace,

That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken eares after the man

That the maine haruest reapes: loose now and then
A scattred smile, and that Ile liue vpon. (while?)

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere-
Sil. Not very well, but I haue met him oft,

And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was Master of.

Phe. Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peeuish boy, yet he talkes well,

But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that heares:

It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;

Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:
He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:

His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,

A little ripen, and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheek: 'twas iust the difference

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be some women *Silvius*, had they markt him

In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere
To fall in loue with him: but for my part

I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him,

For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke;

And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
I maruell why I answer'd not againe,

But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:
Ile write to him a very ranting Letter,

And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou *Silvius*?
Sil. *Phebe*, with all my heart.

Phe. Ile write it straight:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,

I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
Goe with me *Silvius*. Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Rosalind*, and *Celia*, and *Iaques*.

Iaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted
with thee.

Rof. They say you are a melancholly fellow.
Iaq. I am so: I doe loue it better then laughing.

Rof. Those that are in extremity of either, are abhor-
minable fellowes, and betray themselves to euery mo-
derne censure, worse then drunkards.

Iaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.
Rof. Why then 'tis good to be a poete.

Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which
is emulation: nor the Musicians, which is fantasticall;

nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers,
which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politick:

nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which
is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, com-
pounded of many simples, extracted from many obiects,

and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my trauels, in
which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humo-
rous sadnesse.

Rof. A Traueller: by my faith you haue great rea-
son to be sad: I feare you haue sold your owne Lands,

to see other mens; then to haue seene much, and to haue
nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.
Enter *Orlando*.

Rof. And your experience makes you sad: I had ra-
ther haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to
make me sad, and to trauaile for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind*.
Iaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke
verse.

Rof. Farewell Mounseigneur Traueller: looke you
lisse, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefites
of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your
natiuitie, and almost chide God for making you that
countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue
swam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where
haue you bin all this while? you a loue? and you
serue me such another tricke, neuer come in my sight
more.

Orl. My faire *Rosalind*, I come within an houre of my
promise.

Rof. Breake an houres promise in loue? hee that
will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake
but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs
of loue, it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt
him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere *Rosalind*.
Rof. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my
sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snaille.

Orl. Of a Snaille?
Rof. I, of a Snaille: for though he comes slowly, hee
carries his house on his head; a better ioynture I thinke
then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie
with him.

Orl. What's that?
Rof. Why, hornes: & such as you are faine to be be-
holding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his
fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker: and my *Rosalind* is
vertuous.

Rof. And I am your *Rosalind*, as you are my *Orlando*.
Cel. It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a *Rosa-*

lind of a better leere then you.

Rof. Come, wooe me, wooe mee: for now I am in a
holy-day humor, and like enough to consent: What
would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie
Rosalind?

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke.
Rof. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you
were grau'd, for lacke of matter, you might take oc-
casion to kisse: verie good Orators when they are out,
they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God waine vs)
matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.

Orl. How if the kisse be denide?
Rof. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins
new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloued
Mistis?

Rof. Marrie that should you if I were your Mistis,
onl should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my suite?
Rof. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your
suite:

Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orl. I take some ioy to say you are, because I would
be talking of her.

Rof. Will, in her person, I say I will not haue you.
Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die.

Rof. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is
almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there
was not anie man died in his owne person (*videlicet*) in
a loue cause: *Troilus* had his braines dash'd out with a
Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before,

and he is one of the patternes of loue. *Leander*, he would
haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd
Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsummer-night, for
(good youth) he went but forth to wath him in the Hel-
lelpoint, and being taken with the crampe, was drown'd,

and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was
Hero of Cestos. But these are all lies, men haue died
from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not
for loue.

Orl. I would not haue my right *Rosalind* of this mind,
for I protest her frowne might kill me.

Rof. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come,
now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more comming-on dis-
position: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then loue me *Rosalind*.
Rof. Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?
Rof. I, and twentie such.

Orl. What saiest thou?
Rof. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.
Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a
good thing? Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and
marrie vs: giue me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you
say sister?

Orl. Pray thee marrie vs.
Cel. I cannot say the words.

Rof. You must begin, will you *Orlando*.
Cel. Goe too: wil you *Orlando*, haue to wife this *Rosa-*

lind?
Orl. I will.

Rof. I, but when?
Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs.

Rof. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for
wife.

Orl. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.
Rof. I might aske you for your Commission,

But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a
gidle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans
thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.
Rof. Now tell me how long you would haue her, af-
ter you haue posselt her?

Orl. For euer, and a day.
Rof. Say a day, without the euer: no, no *Orlando*, men
are Aprill when they wooe, December when they wed:
Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky chan-
ges when they are wiues: I will bee more ialous of
thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen, more
clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new-fang-
led then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a mon-
key: I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Foun-
taine, & I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merrie:
I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd
to sleepe.

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* doe so?
Rof. By my life, she will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but she is wise.
Rof. Or else shee could not haue the wit to doe this:

the wiser, the waywarder: make the doores vpon a wo-
mans wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and
'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill stie with the
smoake out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might
say, wit whether will't?

Rof. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you
met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit haue, to excuse that?
Rof. Marrie to say, she came to seeke you there: you
shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take
her without her tongue: o that woman that cannot
make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurse
her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For these two houres *Rosalind*, I will leaue thee.
Rof. Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock
I will be with thee againe.

Rof. I, goe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what
you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I
thought no lesse: that flattering tongue of yours wonne
me: 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o'-
clocke is your howre.

Orl. I, sweet *Rosalind*.
Rof. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God
mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dange-
rous, if you breake one iot of your promise, or come one
minute behinde your howre, I will thinke you the most
patheticall breake-promise, and the most hollow loue,
and the most vnworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that
may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the vnfaith-
full: therefore beware my censure, and keep your pro-
mise.

Orl. With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed
my *Rosalind*: so adieu.

Rof. Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all
such offenders, and let time try: adieu. Exit.

Cel. You haue simply misus'd our sexe in your loue-
prate:

prate: we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathome deepe I am in loue; but it cannot bee sounded; my affection hath an vnknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure affection in, in runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee iudge, how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.

Iag. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Iag. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you no song Forrester for this purpose?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Iag. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Musicke, Song.

*What shall he haue that kild the Deare?
His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:
Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;
Take thou no scorne to weare the horne,
It was a crest ere thou wast borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.*

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two a clock? And heere much *Orlando*.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain, He hath eane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth To sleepe: looke who comes heere.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth, My gentle *Phebe*, did bid me giue you this: I know not the contents, but as I guesse By the sterne brow, and waspish action Which she did vse, as she was writing of it, It beares an angry tenure; pardon me, I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

Ros. Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all: Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners, She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will, Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt, Why writes she so to me? well Sheheard, well, This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents, *Phebe* did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a foole, And turn'd into the extremity of loue. I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand, A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands: She has a hufwiues hand, but that's no matter: I say the neuer did inuent this letter, This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boysterous and a cruell stile, A stile for challengers: why, she defies me, Like Turke to Christian: vvwomens gentle braine Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention, Such Eithiop vvords, blacker in their effect Then in their countenance: vvill you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I neuer heard it yet:

Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie. *Ros.* She *Phebes* me: marke how the tyrant vvrites. Read. *Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd?*

That a maidens heart hath burn'd.

Can a vvoman raile thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Read. *Why, thy godhead laid a part,*

Was't thou with a womans heart?

Did you euer heare such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,

That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorne of your bright eie

Haue power to raise such lone in mine,

Alacke, in me, what strange effect

Would they worke in milde aspect?

Whiles you chide me, I did lone,

How then might your prayers mene?

He that brings this lone to thee,

Little knows this lone in me:

And by him scale vp thy minde,

Whether that thy youth and kinde

Will the faithfull offer take

Of me, and as't bar I can make,

Or else by him my lone denie,

And then Ile studie how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Sheheard.

Ros. Doe you pittie him? No, he deserues no pittie: wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an instrument, and play false straines vpon thee? not to be endured. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I will neuer haue her, vlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit, Sil.

Enter Oliuer.

Olin. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands

A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees. *Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame Left on your right hand, brings you to the place: But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe, There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then should I know you by description, Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire, Of femall fauour, and bestowes himselfe Like a ripe sifter: the woman low And browner then her brother: are not you The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,

And to that youth hee calls his *Rosalind*,

He lends this bloody napkin; are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we vnderstand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where

This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,

He left a promise to returne againe

Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,

Loe vvhat befell: he threw his eye aside,

And marke vvhat object did present it selfe

Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age

And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:

A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire

Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke

A greene and guiled snake had wreath'd it selfe,

Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd

The opening of his mouth: but sodainly

Seeing *Orlando*, it vnlink'd it selfe,

And with indented glides, did slip away

Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade

A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,

Lay cowering head on ground, with catlike watch

When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis

The royall disposition of that beast

To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:

This scene, *Orlando* did approach the man,

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,

And he did render him the most vnnaturall

That liu'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so doe,

For well I know he was vnnaturall.

Ros. But to *Orlando*: did he leaue him there

Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:

But kindnesse nobler euer then reuenge,

And Nature stronger then his iust occasion,

Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse:

Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling

From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conuersion

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:

When from the first to last betwixt vs two, Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd, As how I came into that Desert place. I brieue, he led me to the gentle Duke, Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment, Committing me vnto my brothers loue, Who led me instantly vnto his Caue, There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away, Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted, And cride in fainting vpon *Rosalinde*. Brieue, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound, And after some small space, being strong at heart, He sent me hither, stranger as I am To tell this story, that you might excuse His broken promise, and to giue this napkin Died in this blood, vnto the Sheheard youth, That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cel. Why how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it; Cosen *Ganimed*.

Oli. Looke, he recouers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. Wee'll lead you thither:

I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?

You lacke a mans heart.

Ros. I doe so, I confesse it:

Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I doe: but ysaith, I should haue beene a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good sir, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I: for I must beare answere backe

How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Ros. I shall deuise something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Clow. We shall finde a time *Awdrie*, patience gentle *Awdrie*.

Awd. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the olde gentlemen saying.

Clow. A most wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Awdrie*, a most vile *Mar-text*. But *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layes claime to you.

Awd. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee in the world: here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Clow. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by my

my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good eu'n *William*.

Will. And good eu'n to you *Sirs*.

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you friend?

Will. Fiue and twentie *Sir*.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, *Sir*.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I *Sir*, I thanke God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good answer:

Art rich?

Will. Faith *Sir*, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so:

Art thou wife?

Will. I *Sir*, I haue a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou faist well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lipps to open. You do loue this maid?

Will. I do *Sir*.

Clo. Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No *Sir*.

Clo. Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he *Sir*?

Clo. He *Sir*, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the societie of this female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better vnderstanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in Steele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with police: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry *Sir*.

Exit

Enter *Corin*.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audrey*, trip *Audrey*, I attend, I attend.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should loue her?

And louing woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And will you perseuer to enioy her?

Orl. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the pauerie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wooing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I loue *Aliena*: say with her, that she loues mee: consent with both, that we may enioy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the reuennew, that was old *Sir Rowlands* will I estate vpon you, and heere liue and die a Shepherd.

Enter *Rosalind*.

Orl. You haue my consent.

Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I

Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers:

Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you,

Heere comes my *Rosalinde*.

Ref. God laue you brother.

Orl. And you faire sister.

Ref. Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greets me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Ref. I thought thy heart had bene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ref. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to found, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ref. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Cesar's* Thraconicall bragge of I came, saw, and ouercome. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lou'd; no sooner lou'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these degrees, haue they made a paire of staires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee incontinent before marriage: they are in the verie wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eyes: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heavinesse. by how much I shal thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

Ref. Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne for *Rosalind*?

Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking.

Ref. I will wearie you then no longer, with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceits: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you are neither do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I haue, since I was three yeares old, conuers't with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rosalinde*, so nere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. I know in to what straits of Fortune she is driven, and it is, not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconvenient to you,

to ser her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speake't thou in sober meanings?

Ref. By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to *Rosalind* if you will.

Enter *Siluius & Phebe*.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a loue of hers.

Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse,

To shew the letter that I wrot to you.

Ref. I care not if I haue: it is my studie

To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you:

you are there followed by a faithful shepherd,

Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and teares,

And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ref. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and seruice,

And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ref. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes,

All adoration, dutie, and obseruance,

All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,

All puritie, all triall, all obseruance:

And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And so am I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ref. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Ref. Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee

to loue you.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heere.

Ref. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish Wolves against the Moone: I will helpe you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marrie you, if euer I marrie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you, if euer I satisfie'd man, and you shall bee married to morrow. I wil content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shal be married to morrow: As you loue *Rosalind* meet, as you loue *Phebe* meet, and as I loue no woman, Ile meet: so fare you wel: I haue left you commands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Clowne* and *Audrey*.

Cl. To morrow is the ioyfull day *Audrey*, to morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of y world?

Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. Pa. Wel met honest Gentleman.

Clo. By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

2. Pa. We are for you, sit i'th middle.

1. Pa. Shal we clasp into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. Pa. I faith, y faith, and both in a tune like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a Louer, and his lasse,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:

That o're the Greene corne feild did passe,

In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time,

When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,

Sweet Louers loue the spring,

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,

For Loue is crown'd with the prime,

In spring time, &c.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,

With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:

These prettie Country folks would lie,

In spring time, &c.

This Carrol they began that morn,

With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:

How that a life was but a Flower,

In spring time, &c.

Cl. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no great matter in the dittie, yet y note was very vtunable

1. Pa. you are deceiu'd *Sir*, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth yes! it count it but time lost to heare such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come *Audrey*.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Duke Senior*, *Amiens*, *Talques*, *Orlando*, *Oliver*, *Celia*.

Du. Sen. Dost thou beleeue *Orlando*, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do beleeue, and sometimes do not, As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter *Rosalind*, *Siluius*, & *Phebe*.

Ref. Patience once more, whiles our cōpaet is vrg'd: You say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*, You wil bestow her on *Orlando* heere?

Du. Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir.

Ref. And you say you wil haue her, when I bring hir?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms King.

Ref. You say, you'l marrie me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, should I die the houre after.

Ref. But if you do refuse to marrie me,

You'l giue your selfe to this most faithfull Shephard.

Phe. So is the bargaine.

Ref. You say that you'l haue *Phebe* if she will.

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.

S

Ref

Ros. I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen: Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter, *You* yours *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter: Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'll marrie me, Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard: Keepe your word *Silvius*, that you'll marrie her If she refuse me, and from hence I go To make these doubts all euen. *Exit Ros. and Celia.*

Du. Sen. I do remember in this shepheard boy, Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him, Me thought he was a brother to your daughter: But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne, And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies, by his vncle, Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

Iaq. There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

Clow. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Iaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Mortley-minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares.

Clow. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattered a Lady, I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine enemie, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

Iaq. And how was that tane vp?

Clow. Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon the seuenth cause.

Iaq. How seuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du. Se. I like him very well.

Clow. God'ld you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues to sweare, and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an il-fauor'd thing sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honestie dwels like a miser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oyster.

Du. Se. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious *Clow.* According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Iaq. But for the seuenth cause. How did you finde the quarrell on the seuenth cause?

Clow. Vpon a lye, seuen times remoued: (beare your bodie more seeming *Audrey*) as thus sir: I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest. If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my iudgment: this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well cut, he wold answer I spake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold say, This is call'd the counter-checke quarrellsome: and so for lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct.

Iaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clow. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantiall:

nor he durst not giue me the lye direct: and so wee measure'd swords, and parted.

Iaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

Clow. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip-modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fifth, the Counter-checke quarrellsome: the sixth, the Lye with circumstance: the seventh, the Lye direct: all these you may auoyd, but the Lye direct: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I knew when seuen Iustices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as if you saide so, then I saide so: and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

Iaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du. Se. He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Musicke.

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heauen, When earthly things made euen atone together.

Good Duke receiue thy daughter,

Hymen from Heauen brought her,

Tea brought her hether.

That thou mightst ioyne his hand with his,

Whose heart within his bosome is.

Ros. To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours,

To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.

Du. Se. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter,

Orl. If there be truth in fight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If fight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu.

Ros. He haue no Father, if you be not he:

He haue no Husband, if you be not he:

Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.

Hy. Peace hoa: I barre confusion,

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange euent:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To ioyne in *Hymen* bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you, no crosse shall part;

You and you, are hart in hart:

You, to his loue must accord,

Or haue a Woman to your Lord.

You and you, are sure together,

As the Winter to fowle Weather:

Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,

Feede your selues with questioning:

That reason, wonder may diminish

How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Iunos crowne,

O blessed bond of boord and bed:

'Tis Hymen peoples cherie towne,

High wedlock then be honored:

Honor, high honour and renowne

To Hymen, God of enerie Towne.

Du. Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,

Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.

ph.

Phe. I will not eate my word, now thou art mine, Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2. Bro. Let me haue audience for a word or two:

I am the second sonne of old *Sir Rowland*,

That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.

Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day,

Men of great worth resorted to this Forrest,

Addressed a mightie power, which were on foote

In his owne conduct, purposely to take

His brother heere, and put him to the sword:

And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;

Where, meeting with an old Religious man,

After some question with him, was conuerted

Both from his enterprize, and from the world:

His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,

And all their Lands restor'd to him againe

That were with him exil'd. This to be true,

I do engage my life.

Du. Se. Welcome yong man:

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers wedding:

To one his lands with-held, and to the other

A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedom.

First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends

That here were well begun, and wel begot:

And after, euerie of this happie number

That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,

Shal share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states.

Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,

And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie:

Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,

With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall.

Iaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,

The Duke hath put on a Religious life,

And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2. Bro. He hath.

Iaq. To him will I: out of these conuertites,

There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:

you to your former Honor, I bequeath

your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it:

you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:

you to your land, and loue, and great allies:

you to a long, and well-deserued bed:

And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage

Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleasures,

I am for other, then for dancing meazures.

Du. Se. Stay, *Iaq.* stay.

Iaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would haue,

He stay to know, at your abandon'd caue. *Exit.*

Du. Se. Proceed, proceed: we'll begin these rights,

As we do trust, they'll end in true delights. *Exit.*

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epi-

logue: but it is no more vnhandsome, then to see the

Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs

no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue.

Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes: and good

playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues:

What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epi-

logue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a

good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore

to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniure

you, and I begin with the Women. I charge you (O

women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much

of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men)

for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your

smirking, none of you hates them) that betweene you,

and the women, the play may please. If I were a Wo-

man, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that

pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that

I desir'd: not: And I am sure, as many as haue good

beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind

offer, when I make cur'tsie, bid me farewell. *Exit.*

FINIS.

S 2





THE Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger.
Le pheeze you in faith.
Host. A paire of stockes you rogue.
Beg. Yare a baggage, the *Slys* are no Rogues, Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Pauca pallabris*, let the world slide: Sella.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst?
Beg. No, not a denier: go by *S. Ieronimie*, got to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Headborough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answer him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly.

Wilde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds, Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curie is imbold, And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach, Saw'st thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault, I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.

Huntf. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord, He cried vpon it at the meereft losse, And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent, Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Eccho* were as fleet, I would esteeme him worth a dozen such: But sup them well, and looke vnto them all, To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Huntf. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?

Hun. He breath's my Lord, Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast how like a swine he lyes. Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image: Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed, Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers: A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,

Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

Hun. Belceue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choole.

H. It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd

Lord. Euen as a flatter'd dreame, or worthles fancie.

Then take him vp, and manage well the left: Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber, And hang it round with all my vntan pictures: Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters, And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweet: Procure me Musicke readie when he vvakes, To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound: And if he chance to speake, be readie straight (And with a lowe submissiue reuerence) Say, what is it your Honor vvil command: Let one attend him vvith a siluer Bason Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers, Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper, And say wilt please your Lordship doole your hands, Some one be readie with a costly suite, And aske him what apparel he will weare: Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse, And that his Ladie mournes at his disease, Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke, And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames, For he is nothing but a mightie Lord: This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs, It will be pastime passing excellent, If it be husbanded with modestie.

Huntf. My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part As he shall thinke by our true diligence He is no lesse then what we say he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him, And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds, Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes (Trauelling some journey) to repose him heere.

Enter Servingman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honor, Players That offer seruice to your Lordship.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neere:

Now fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your Honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?

Player. So please your Lordshippe to accept our

ducie.

Lord. With all my heart, This fellow I remember,

Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,

'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well:

I haue forgot your name: but sure that part

W

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
Sinckle. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.

Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:

Well you are come to me in happie time,

The rather for I haue some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning can assist me much:

There is a Lord will heare you play to night;

But I am doubtfull of your modesties,

Least (ouer-cying of his odde behauiour,

For yet his honor neuer heard a play)

You breake into some merrie passion,

And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,

If you should smile, he growes impatient.

Flai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selues,

Were he the veriest anticke in the world.

Lord. Go sirs, take them to the Butterie,

And giue them friendly welcome euerie one,

Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,

And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie:

That done, conuict him to the drunkards chamber,

And call him Madam, do him obeisance:

Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)

He beare himselfe with honourable action,

Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies

Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,

Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:

With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtesie,

And say: What is't your Honor will command,

Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,

May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.

And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosome

Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-ioyed

To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,

Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him

No better then a poore and loathsome begger:

And if the boy haue not a womans guift

To raine a shower of commended teares,

An Onion will do well for such a shift,

Which in a Napkin (being close conuey'd)

Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie:

See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,

Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.

Exit a servingman.

I know the boy will well vsurpe the grace,

Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:

I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,

And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,

When they do homage to this simple peasant,

Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence

May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene,

Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel,

Bason and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.

1. Ser. Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?

2. Ser. Wilt please your Honor taste of these Con-

serues?

3. Ser. What raiment wil your honor weare to day.

Beg. I am *Christophero Sly*, call not mee Honour nor

Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you giue

me any Conserues, giue me conserues of Beece: here ask

me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doub-

lets then backes: no more stockings then legges: no

no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more teete then

shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the o-

uer-leather.

Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor:

Oh that a mightie man of such descent,

Of such possessions, and so high esteeme

Should be infused with so foule a spirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Chri-*

stopher Sly, old Sies sonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a

Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a

Beare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker:

Aske *Marrion Hacker* the fat Alewife of Wineor, if shee

know me not: if she say I am not xiiii. d. on the score for

sheere Ale, score me vp for the lyingst knaue in Christen

domie. What I am not beltraught: here's—

3. Man. Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.

2. Mar. Oh this it is that makes your seruants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your

As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie. (house

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Oh Noble Lord, be thinke thee of thy birth,

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreames:

Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,

Each in his office readie at thy becke.

Wilt thou haue Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Musick*

And twentie caged Nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,

Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed

On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walke: we wil bestrow the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shal be trap'd,

Their harness fludded all with Gold and Pearle.

Dost thou loue hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare

About the morning Lark. Or wilt thou hunt,

Thy hounds shal make the Welkin answer them.

And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

1. Man. Say thou wilt course, thy gray-hounds are as

As breathed Stags: I fleetier then the Roe. (twist

2. M. Dost thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee strait

Adonis painted by a running brooke,

And Citherea all in fedges hid,

Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath,

Euen as the wauing fedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l shew thee *Loas* as she was a Maid,

And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,

As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.

3. Man. Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,

Scratching her legs, that one shal sweare she bleeds,

And at that sight shal sad Apollo weepe,

So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:

Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull,

Then any woman in this waining age.

1. Man. And til the teares that she hath shed for thee,

Like enuious fouds ore-run her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world,

And yet shee is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie?

Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?

I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:

I smel sweet fauours, and I feelee soft things:

Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,

And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Sly.

Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight,

And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.

2. Man

2. *Man.* Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your hands:

Oh how we ioy to see your wit restor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
These fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Beg. These fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer speake of all that time.

1. *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile vpon the Hostesse of the house,
And say you would present her at the Leete,
Because she brought stone-Iugs, and no scald quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacker.

Beg. I, the womans maide of the house.

3. *Man.* Why fir you know no house, nor no such maid
Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twentie more such names and men as these,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer saw.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends,
All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou shalt not loose by it.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife?

La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?
My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man.

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well, what must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. Alee Madam, or Ione Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies

Beg. Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd,
And slept about some fifteene yeare or more.

Lady. I, and the time seeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. 'Tis much, seruants leaue me and her alone:
Madam vndresse you, and come now to bed.

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set.

For your Physicians haue expressly charg'd,

In perill to incurre your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Beg. I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe:
I wil therefore tarric in despite of the flesh & the blood

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
For so your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon-

tie, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling trickes?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.

Beg. What, household stuffe.

Lady. It is a kinde of history.

Beg. Well, we'll see't:

Come Madam wife sit by my side,
And let the world slip, we shall nere be yonger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. *Tranio*, since for the great desire I had
To see faire *Padua*, nurserie of Arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My trustie seruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens
Gau me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Traffike through the world:
Vincenzio's come of the *Bentinoli*,
Vincenzio's sonne, brought vp in *Florence*,
It shall become to serue all hopes conceiv'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I studie,
Vertue and that part of Philosophie
Will I applie, that treats of happinesse,
By vertue specially to be achieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with facietie seekes to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Me Pardonato*, gentle master mine:
I am in all affected as your selfe,
Glad that you thus continue your resolute,
To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie.
Onely (good master) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall discipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no Rockes I pray,
Or so deuote to *Aristotles* checkes
As *Ouid*; be an out-cast quite abur'd:
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintance that you haue,
And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Musicke and Poesie vse, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphisickes
Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you:
No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane:
In brieffe fir, studie what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well dost thou aduise,
If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put vs in readinesse,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what companie is this?

Tra. Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.

*Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katherine & Bianca,
Gremio a Pantelowne, Hortensio sister to Bianca.
Lucen. Tranio, stand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolu'd you know:
That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder:
If either of you both loue *Katherine*,

Because

Because I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue shall you haue to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's to rough for mee,

There, there *Hortensio*, will you any Wife?

Kate. I pray you fir, is it your will

To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?

No mates for you,

Vnlesse you were of gentler milder mould.

Kate. I faith fir, you shall neuer neede to feare,

I wis it is not halfe way to her heart:

But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,

To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,

And paint your face, and vse you like a foole.

Hor. From all such diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Hush master, heres some good pastime toward;

That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward.

Lucen. But in the others silence do I see,

Maids milde behauiour and sobrietie.

Peace Tranio.

Tra. Well said Mr, mum, and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soone make good

What I haue said, *Bianca* get you in,

And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*,

For I will loue thee nere the lesse my girle.

Kate. A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye,
and she knew why.

Bian. Sister content you, in my discontent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,

On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.

Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maist heare *Minerva* speak.

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,

Sorry am I that our good will effects

Bianca's grieffe.

Gre. Why will you mew her vp

(Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,

And make her beare the penance of her tongue.

Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resould:

Goin *Bianca*.

And for I know she taketh most delight

In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry,

Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,

Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortensio*,

Or signior *Gremio* you know any such,

Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,

I will be very kinde and liberal,

To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,

And so farewell: *Katherine* you may stay,

For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*.

Exit.

Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?

What shall I be appointed houres, as though

(Belike) I knew not what to take,

And what to leaue? Ha.

Exit.

Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your guifts are
so good heere's none will holde you: Their loue is not
so great *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails together,
and fast it fairly out. Our cakes dough on both sides.
Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my sweet *Bianca*, if
I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that
wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I signior *Gremio*: but a word I pray:
Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd
partle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that
we may yet againe haue access to our faire Mistris, and

be happie riuals in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect
one thing specially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie fir to get a husband for her Sister.

Gre. A husband: a diuell.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a diuell: I think't thou *Hortensio*, though
her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be
married to hell?

Hor. Tush *Gremio*: though it passe your patience &
mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee
good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on
them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie
with this condition; To be whipt at the hie crosse euerie
morning.

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten
apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends,
it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by hel-
ping *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his
yongest free for a husband, and then haue too a fresh:
Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes
fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the
best horse in *Padua* to begin his woiing that would tho-
roughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the
house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Maner Tranio and Lucentio

Tra. I pray fir tel me, is it possible

That loue should of a sodaine take such hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,

I neuer thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idely I stood looking on,

I found the effect of Loue in idlenesse,

And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee

That art to me as secret and as deere

As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:

Tranio I burne, I pine, I perishe *Tranio*,

If I achieue not this yong modest gyrl:

Counsaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canst:

Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now,

Affection is not rated from the heart:

If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but so,

Redime te captam quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,

The rest wil comfort, for thy counsels found.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide,

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweet beantie in her face,

Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,

That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,

When with his knees he kist the Cretan stroud.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir sister

Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,

That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.

Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her corall lips to moue,

And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him frō his trance:

I pray awake fir: if you loue the Maide,

Bend thoughts and wits to atcheuee her. Thus it stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,

That til the Father rid his hands of her,

Master, your Loue must liue a maide at home,

And therefore has he closely mew'd her vp,

Because

Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he:
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke some care
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marry am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I haue it *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoole-master,
And vnder take the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincencio's* sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countermen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta, content thee: for I haue it full.

We haue not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it followes thus;

Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted:
Keepe house, and port, and seruants, as I should,

I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.

'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio* at once
Vncase thee: take my Conlond hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you neede:
In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,

For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be seruicable to my sonne (quoth he)

Although I thinke 'twas in another sence,
I am content to bee *Lucentio*,

Because so well I loue *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* be so, because *Lucentio* loves,
And let me be a slave, t'at chieue that maide,

Whose sodaine sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter *Biondello*.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?

Bion. Where haue I bene? Nay how now, where
are you? Maister, ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your
cloathes, or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the
newes?

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time

Your fellow *Tranio* heere to saue my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,

And I for my escape haue put on his:
For in a quarrell since I came a shore,

I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:

While I make way from hence to saue my life:
You vnderstand me?

Bion. I sir, ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So could I: faith boy, to haue the next wish af-
ter, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptista's* yongest daugh-
ter. But sirra, not for my sake, but your masters, I ad-
uise you vse your manners discretely in all kind of com-
panies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in

all places else, you master *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* let's go:

One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and waighy.

Exeunt. The Presenters aboue speakes.

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the
play.

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely:
Comes there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame
Ladie: would 'twere done. They sit and marke.

Enter *Petruchio*, and his man *Grumio*.

Petr. *Verona*, for a while I take my leaue,

To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloued and approued friend

Hortensio: & I trow this is his house:
Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say.

Grum. Knocke sir? whom should I knocke? Is there
any man ha's rebu'd your worship?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.

Grum. Knocke you heere sir? Why sir, what am I sir,
that I should knocke you heere sir.

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.

Grum. My Ma' is growne quarrellsome:
I should knocke you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Petr. Will it not be?
Faith sirrah, and you'll not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

Hearings him by the eares.

Grum. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.
Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah villaine.

Enter *Hortensio*.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend
Grumio, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all
at *Verona*?

Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray?

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto molto honorata signi-*
or mio Petruchio.

Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.

Grum. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine.

If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice,
looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him soundly

Well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so,
being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe

out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at first,
then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Petr. A fencelesse villaine: good *Hortensio*,

I bad the rascall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grum. Knocke at the gate? O heauens: spake you not
these words plaine? Sirra, knocke me heere: rappeme

heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And
come you now with knocking at the gate?

Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduise you.

Hor. *Petruchio's* patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:

Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Grumio*:

And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?

Petr. Such wind as scatters yongmen through y world,

To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.

Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me:

Antonio my father is deceast,

And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrice, as best I may:

Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. *Petruchio*, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And with thee to a shrew'd ill-fauour'd wife?

Thou'lt thanke me but a little for my counsell:

And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,

And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wish thee to her.

Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as wee,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know

One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woiing dance)

Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'd

As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worse:
She moues me not, or not remoues at least

Affections edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas,

I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:

If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Grum. Nay looke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his
minde is: why giue him Gold enough, and marrie him

to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a
tooth in her head, though she haue as manie diseases as

two and fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so
monie comes withall.

Hor. *Petruchio*, since we are step thus farre in,

I will continue that I broach'd in iest,

I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife

With wealth enough, and yong and beautilous,
Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.

Her onely fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,

And shrow'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my state farre worse then it is,

I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petr. *Hortensio* peace: thou know'st not golds effect,

Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:

For I will boord her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.

Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*,

An affable and courteous Gentleman,

Her name is *Katherine Minola*,

Renow'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,

And he knew my deceased father well:

I will not sleepe *Hortensio* til I see her,

And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this first encounter,

Vnlesse you wil accompanie me thither.

Grum. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts.

A my word, and she knew him as well as I do, she would
thinke scolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee

may perhaps call him halfe a score knaues, or so: Why
that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope

trickes. Ile tell you what sir, and she stand him but a lit-
tle, he wil throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir

with it, that shee shall haue no more eyes to see: whichall
then a Cat: you know him not sir.

Hor. Tarry *Petruchio*, I must go with thee.

For in *Baptista's* keepe my treasure is:

He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautilous *Bianca*,

And her with-holds from me. Other more
suitors to her, and riuals in my Loue:

Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I haue before rehearst,

That euer *Katherine* will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* tane,

That none shal haue access vnto *Bianca*,

Til *Katherine* the curst, haue got a husband.

Grum. *Katherine* the curst,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shal my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,

And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master

Well scene in Musicke, to instruct *Bianca*,

That so I may by this deuice at least
Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her,

And vn suspected court her by her selfe.

Enter *Grumio* and *Lucentio* disguis'd.

Grum. Heere's no knaerie. See, to beguile the olde-
folkes, how the yong folkes lay their heads together.

Master, master, looke about you: Who goes there? ha?

Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the riual of my Loue,

Petruchio stand by a while.

Grumio. A proper stripling, and an amorous.

Grumio. O very well, I haue perus'd the note:

Hearke you sir, Ile haue them verie fairly bound,

All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,

And see you reade no other Lectures to her:

You vnderstand me.ouer and beside

Signior *Baptista's* liberalitie,

Ile mend it with a Largeesse. Take your paper too,

And let me haue them verie wel perfum'd;

For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe

To whom they go to: what wil you reade to her.

Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,

As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,

As firmly as your selfe were still in place,

Yea and perhaps with more successfull words

Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler sir.

Grum. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

Grum. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Ass it is.

Petr. Peace sirra.

Hor. *Grumio* mum: God saue you signior *Grumio*.

Grum. And you are wel met, Signior *Hortensio*.

Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptista Minola*,

I promise to enquire carefully

About a schoolemaster for the faire *Bianca*,

And by good fortune I haue lighted well

On this yong man: For learning and behatiour

Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie

And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman

Hath promist me to helpe one to another,

A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris,

So shal I no whit be behinde in dutie

To faire *Bianca*, so beloued of me.

Grum. Beloued of me, and that my deeds shal proue.

Hor. *Grumio*, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,

Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,

Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.

Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met

Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curst *Katherine*,
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well:
Hortensio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know she is an irkefome brawling scold:
If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, sayst me so, friend? What Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Batoni*'s sonne:
My father dead, my fortune lines for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.
Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:
But if you haue a stomacke, too't a Gods name,
You shal haue me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gre. Will he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?
Haue I not heard the sea, puf vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chased with sweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,
As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.
Gre. For he feares none.
Gre. *Hortensio* hearkes:
This Gentleman is happily arriued,
My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor. I promise we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatsoere.
Gremio. And so we wil, provided that he winher.
Gre. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you
meane?
Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to—
Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.
Tranio. I loue no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be sir, is it any offence?
Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you
hence.
Tra. Why sir, I pray are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason I beseech you.
Gre. For this reason if you'l know, she is the
choise loue of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior *Hortensio*.
Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me with patience.
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more sutors haue, and me for one.
Faile *Ladas* daughter had a thousand wooers,
Then well one more may faile *Bianca* haue;
And so she shall: *Lucentio* shal make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.
Luc. Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a lade.
Petr. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer see *Baptista*'s daughter?
Tra. No sir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modestie.
Petr. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.
Petr. Sir vnderstand you this of me (insooth)
The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of sutors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Vntill the elder sister first be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before.
Tranio. If it be so sir, that you are the man
Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you breake the ice, and do this secke,
Atchieue the elder: set the yonger free,
For our access, whose hap shall be to haue her,
Wil not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceiue,
And since you do professe to be a sutor,
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tranio. Sir, I shal not be slacke, in signe whereof,
Please ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quasse carowles to our Mistresse health,
And do as aduersaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.
Gre. *Bion.* Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gone.
Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shal be your *Beau venue*.

Enter Katherine and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a bondmaide and a slave of mee,
That I disdain: but for these other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, wil I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.
Kate. Of all thy sutors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bianca. Belieue me sister, of all the men aliuie,
I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.
Kate. Minion thou lyest: Is't not *Hortensio*?
Bian. If you affect him sister, heere I sweare
Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal haue him.
Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You wil haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.
Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me so?
Nay then you iest, and now I wel perceiue
You haue but iested with me all this while:
I prethee sister *Kate*, vntie my hands.
Ka. If that be iest, then all the rest was so.

Enter

Enter Baptista.
Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this in-
solence?
Bianca stand aside, poore gyrl she weepes.
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou Hilding of a diuellish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did she crosse thee with a bitter word?
Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.
Bap. What in my sight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*
Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
She is your treasure, the must haue a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.
Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus greued as I?
But who comes heere.

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man,
Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy
bearing a Lute and Bookes.*

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista*.
Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio*: God saue
you Gentlemen.
Petr. And you good sir: pray haue you not a daugh-
ter, call'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous.
Bap. I haue a daughter sir, call'd *Katerina*.
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
Petr. You wrong me signior *Gremio*, giue me leaue:
I am a Gentleman of *Verona* sir,
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affability and bashfull modestie:
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauiour,
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse
Of that report, which I so oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Licio*, borne in *Mantua*.
Bap. Yare welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter *Katerina*, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.
Petr. I see you do not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my companie.
Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.
Petr. *Petruchio* is my name, a *Antonio*'s sonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
Gre. Sauiour your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let vs that are
poore petitioners speake too? *Bacare*, you are meruay-
lous forward.
Petr. Oh, Pardon me signior *Gremio*, I would faine be
doing.
Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
The like kindnesse my selfe, that haue bene
More kindly beholding to you then any:

Freely giue vnto this yong Schooller, that hath
Beene long studying at *Rhemes*, as vnyning
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes:
His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his seruice.
Bap. A thousand thanks signior *Gremio*:
Welcome good *Cambio*. But gentle sir,
Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming?
Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a stranger in this Citie heere,
Do make my selfe a sutor to your daughter,
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme resolute vnknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may haue welcome amongst the rest that woo,
And free access and fauour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:
Bap. *Lucentio* is your name, of whence I pray.
Tra. Of *Pisa* sir, sonne to *Vincentio*.
Bap. A mightie man of *Pisa* by report,
I know him well: you are verie welcome sir:
Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall go see your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.
Enter a Seruant.
Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them vse them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selues.
Petr. Signior *Baptista*, my businesse asketh haste,
And euery day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife.
Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twentie thousand Crownes.
Petr. And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she suruiue me
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoeuer,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.
Petr. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.
Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happy be thy speed:
But be thou arm'd for some vnhappy words.
Petr. I to the prooue, as Mountaines are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.
Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap.

Bap. How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale?

Hor. For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter proue a good Musitian?

Hor. I thinke she'l sooner proue a souldier, Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me:

I did but tell her she mistooke her frets, And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering, When (with a most impatient diuellish spirit)

Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them: And with that word she stroke me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way,

And there I stood amazed for a while,

As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,

While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,

And twangling Iacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes,

As had she studied to misse me so.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a lustie Wenche,

I loue her ten times more then ere I did,

Oh how I long to haue some chat with her.

Bap. Wel go with me, and be not so discomfited.

Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter,

She's apt to learne, and thankfull for good turnes:

Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you.

Exit. Maenet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,

And woo her with some spirit when she comes,

Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,

She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:

Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as cleere

As morning Roses newly washt with dew:

Say she be mute, and will not speake a word,

Then Ile commend her volubility,

And say she vttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:

If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day

When I shall aske the banns, and when be married.

But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* speake.

Enter Katherine.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.

Kate. Well haue you heard, but something hard of

hearing:

They call me *Katherine*, that do talke of me.

Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,

And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:

But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome,

Kate of *Kate*-hall, my super-daintie *Kate*,

For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*

Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation,

Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne,

Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

My selfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you

hether

Remoue you hence: I knew you at the first

You were a mouable.

Pet. Why, what's a mouable?

Kat. A ioynd stoole.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.

Kate. Asses are made to beare, and so are you,

Pet. Women are made to beare, and so are you.

Kate. No such lade as you, if me you meane.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,

For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

Kate. Too light for such a swaine as you to catch,

And yet as heauie as my waight should be.

Pet. Shold be, should: buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shal a buzzard take thee?

Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come you Waspe, y'faith you are too

angrie.

Kate. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knowes not where a Waspe does weare

his sting? In his taile.

Kate. In his tongue?

Pet. Whose tongue.

Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.

Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

Kate. That Ile trie.

Pet. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.

Kate. So may you loose your armes,

If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,

And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy booke.

Kate. What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?

Pet. A comlesse Cocke, so *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crowen.

Pet. Nay come *Kate*, come: you must not looke so

lowre.

Kate. It is my fashion when I see a Crab.

Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not

lowre.

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Kate. Had I a glasse, I would.

Pet. What, you meane my face.

Kate. Well aym'd of such a yong one.

Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

Kate. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kate. I care not.

Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. Insooth you scape not so.

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle:

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen,

And now I finde report a very liar:

For thou art pleasant, game some, passing courteous,

But slow in speech: yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a fconce,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke:

But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?

Oh stand'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig

Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:

Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not halt.

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did euer *Dian* so become a Groue

As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:

O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.

Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother wit.

Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kat. Yes, keepe you warme.

Pet. Marry so I meane sweet *Katherine* in thy bed:

And therefore setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on,

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,

For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,

Thou must be married to no man but me;

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,

And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*

Conformable as other household *Kates*:

Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall.

I must, and will haue *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter?)

Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my

Pet. How but well first how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amisse. (dumps?)

Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your

Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you

You haue shew'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Iacke,

That thinks with oathes to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world

That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:

If she be curst, it is for pollicie,

For shee's not froward, but modest as the Doue,

Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,

For patience shee will proue a second *Grissell*,

And *Romane Lucrece* for her chastitie:

And to conclude, we haue greed so well together,

That vpon sonday is the wedding day.

Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first. (first.)

Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay the godnight our part.

Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

Tell you 'tis incredible to beleuee

How much she loues me: oh the kindest *Kate*,

Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse

Shee v'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twinke shee won me to her loue.

Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see

How tame when men and women are alone,

A meacocke wretch can make the curstest firew:

Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*

To buy apparell gainst the wedding day;

Provide the feast father, and bid the guests,

I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but giue me your hãds,

God send you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

Gre. *Tra.* Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu;

I will to *Venice*, sonday comes apace,

We will haue rings, and things, and fine array;

And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a sonday.

Exit Petruchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was euer match clapt vp so sodainly?

Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,

And venture madly on a desperate Marriage.

Tra. T was a commodity lay fretting by you,

'T will bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,

Now is the day we long haue looked for,

I am your neighbour, and was suter first.

Tra. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more.

Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.

Gre. Yongling thou canst not loue so deare as I.

Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth frie,

Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you gentlemen, I wil cõpound this strife:

'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both

That can assure my daughter greatest dower;

Shall haue my *Bianca* loue.

Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City

Is richly furnished with plate and gold,

Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:

My hangings all of *Irish* tapestry:

In luory cofers I haue stuf't my crownes:

In Cyprus chests my arras counterpoints,

Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,

Fine Linnen, Turkey cushions bolt with pearle,

Vallens of *Venice* gold, in needle worke:

Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs

To house or house-keeping: then at my farme

I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,

Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this portio.

My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,

And if I die to morrow this is hers,

If whilst I liue she will be only mine.

Tra. That only came well in: sir, list to me,

I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,

If I may haue your daughter to my wife,

Ile leaue her houses three or foure as good

Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one

Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,

Besides two thousand Duckets by the yeere

Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her ioynter.

Shee is your owne, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a caull: he is olde, I young.
Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?
Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,
On sonday next, you know
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the sonday following, shall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:
If not, to Signior *Gremio*:
And so I take my leave, and thanke you both. *Exit.*
Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his wayning age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy. *Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of woiing,
A childe shall get a fire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.
Luc. Fidler forbear, you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.
Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patronage of heavenly harmony:
Then giue me leave to haue prerogative,
And when in Musicke we haue spent an houre,
Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous *Ale* that neuer read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the minde of man
After his studies, or his vsuall paine?
Then giue me leave to read Philosophy,
And while I pause, serue in your harmony.
Hort. Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine.
Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To strue for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,
Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife: heere sit we downe,
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.
Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be neuer, tune your instrument.
Bianc. Where left we last?
Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, hic est Sigeria*
tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.
Bianc. Conster them.
Luc. *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lu-*
centio, hic est, sonne vnto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeria tel-*
lus, disguised thus to get your loue, *hic steterat*, and that
Lucentio that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man *Tra-*
nio, regia, bearing my port, *celsa senis* that we might be-
guile the old *Pantalowne*.

Hort. Madam, my Instrument's in tune.
Bianc. Let's heare, oh sic, the treble iarrs.
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.
Bianc. Now let mee see if I can conster it. *Hic Ibat*
mois, I know you not, hic est Sigeria tellus, I trust you not,
hic steterat priami, take heede he heare vs not, *regia pro-*
fume not, Celsa senis, despaire not.
Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that iars.
Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,
Pedastule, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleue, yet I mistrust.
Bianc. Mistrust it not, for sure *Acides*
Was *Ajax* call'd so from his grandfather.
Hort. I must beleue my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,
But let it rest, now *Litio* to you:
Good master take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleasant with you both.
Hort. You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,
My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Musitian groweth amorous.
Hort. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, piry, and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing faicely drawne.
Bianc. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.
Hort. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortensio*.
Bianc. Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord:
Ave, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion:
Beeme, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord
Cfaut, that lowes with all affection:
D'solre, one Chiffe, two notes haue I,
Elami, show pity or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.
Enter a Messenger.
Nicke. Mistresse, your father prayes you leaue your
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp, (books,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
Bianc. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.
Luc. Faith Mistresse then I haue no cause to stay.
Hort. But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble
To cast thy wandring eyes on enery stale:
Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*
Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and
others, attendants.
Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,
And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

Kate. No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst
To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste, and meane to wed at leysure:
I told you I, he was a franticke toole,
Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauiour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meane to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio*'s wife
Which would please him come and marry her.
Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meane but well,
What euer fortune staves him from his word,
Though he be blent, I know him passing wile,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.
Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer seen him though.
Exit weeping.
Bap. Goe girl, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For such an iniurie would vex a very faint,
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.
Enter Biondello.
Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you
neuer heard of,
Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?
Bion. Why, is it not newes to heard of *Petruchio*'s
Bap. Is he come? (comming?)
Bion. Why no sir.
Bap. What then?
Bion. He is comming.
Bap. When will he be heere?
Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.
Tra. But say, what to thine olde newes?
Bion. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and
an old jerkin, a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd; a
paire of bootes that haue beene candle-cases, one buck-
led, another lac'd: an olde rusty sword tane out of the
Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelasse with
two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mo-
thy fiddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides posselt
with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, trou-
bled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full
of Windegalls, sped with Spauins, raied with the Yel-
lowes, past cure of the Fieues, starke spoyl'd with the
Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe,
and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a
half-checkt Bitte, & a headfall of sheepes leather, which
being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been
often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth fixe
times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which
hath two letters for her name, faicely set down in studs,
and heere and there peec'd with packthred.
Bap. Who comes with him?
Bion. Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Capari-
son'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and
a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and
blew list, an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt
in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell,
& not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lackey.
Tra. 'Tis some od humor prickt him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.
Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoeuer he comes.
Bion. Why sir, he comes not, he comes not.
Bap. Didst thou not say hee comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?
Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came. (backe.)
Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his
Bap. Why that's all one.
Bion. Nay by *S. Larry*, I hold you a penny a horse and
a man is more then one, and yet not many.
Enter Petruchio and Grumio.
Petr. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?
Bap. You are welcome sir.
Petr. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were.
Petr. Were it better I should rush in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is my louely Bride?
How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Comet, or vnusuall prodigie?
Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so vnprovided:
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemne festiuall.
Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe?
Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in some part inforced to digresse,
Which at more leysure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied with all.
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her.
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.
Tra. See not your Bride in these vncreuent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
Petr. Not I, beleue me, thus Ile visit her.
Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her. (words,
Petr. Good sooth even thus: therefore haue done with
To me she's married, not vnto my clothes:
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my selfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And seale the title with a louely kisse. *Exit.*
Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.
Bap. Ile after him, and see the euent of this. *Exit.*
Tra. But sir, Loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, wee'll fit him to our turne,
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater summes then I haue promised,
So shall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster
Doth watch *Bianca*'s steps so narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to steale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
Ile keepe mine owne despite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,

And watch our vantage in this businesse,
Wee'll ouer-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Musician, amorous *Lutio*,
All for my Masters sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroome say you? 'tis a groomer indeed,

A grumling groomer, and that the girl shall finde.

Tra. Cusier then she, why 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.

Tra. Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.

Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:

He tell you fir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe?

Gre. Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and
swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after ma-
ny ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth
he, as if he had bene aboard carowing to his Mates af-
ter a storme, quaff off the Muscadell, and threw the sops
all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason, but that
his beard grew thinn and hungerly, and seem'd to aske
him sops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the
Bride about the necke, and kist her lips with such a cla-
morous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did
echo: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and
after mee I know the rout is coming, such a mad mar-
riage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the min-
strels play.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to night?

Petr. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,
You would intreat me rather goe then stay:
And honest company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my selfe
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner.

Petr. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Petr. It cannot be.

Kat. Let me intreat you.

Petr. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to stay?

Petr. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kat. Now if you loue me stay.

Petr. *Gremio*, my horse.

Gre. I fir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the
horses.

Kate. Nay then,

Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,
The dore is open fir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your booties are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly surly groomer,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Petr. O Kate content thee, prethee be not angry.

Kat. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?

Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. I marry fir, now it begins to worke.

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,

I see a woman may be made a foole

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Petr. They shall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,

Obeie the Bride you that attend on her.

Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,

Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,

Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:

But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me:

Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,

I will be master of what is mine owne,

Shee is my goods, my chattells, she is my house,

My household-stuffe, my field, my barne,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing,

And heere she stands, touch her who euer dare,

Ile bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in *Padua*: *Gremio*

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theeues,

Rescue thy Mistress if thou be a man:

Feare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,

Ile buckler thee against a Million.

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. *Exeunt. P. & K.*

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laugh.

Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is *Kate*.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-

For to supply the places at the table, (groom wants

You know there wants no iunkers at the feast:

Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,

And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.

Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe.

Enter Gremio.

Gre. Fie, fie on all tired lades, on all mad Masters,

all foule waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man

so raide? was euer man so weary? I am sent before to

make a fire, and they are coming after to warme them:

now were not I a little pot, & soone hot; my very lippes

might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roote of my

mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire

to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my

selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I

will take cold: Holla, holla *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gre. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou shalt

slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no

greater

greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good

Curtis. Is my master and his wife comming *Gremio*?

Gre. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no

water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported.

Gre. She was good *Curtis* before this frost: but thou

know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it

hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and my

selfe fellow *Curtis*.

Gre. Away you three inch foole, I am no beast.

Curt. Am I but three inches? Why thy horse is a foot

and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire,

or shall I complaine on thee to our mistress, whose hand

(she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feece, to thy

cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I prethee good *Gremio*, tell me, how goes the

world?

Gre. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, &c

therefore fire: do thy duty, and haue thy dutie, for my

Master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Gremio*

the newes.

Gre. Why Iacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as

wilt thou.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conicatching.

Gre. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme

cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house

trim'd, tushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the seruingmen

in their new fustian, the white stockings, and euery offi-
cer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire with-
in, the Gills faire without, the Carpets laide, and euery
thing in order?

Curt. All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gre. First know my horse is tired, my master & mi-
stris faine out.

Curt. How?

Gre. Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby

hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't good *Gremio*.

Gre. Lend thine care.

Curt. Heere.

Gre. There.

Curt. This 'tis to feece a tale, not to heere a tale.

Gre. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this

Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech list-
ning: now I begin, in primis we came downe a fowle

hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistress.

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gre. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why a horse.

Gre. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me,

thou shouldst haue heard how her horse fel, and she r-
der her horse: thou shouldst haue heard in how miery a

place, how she was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the

horse vpon her, how he beat me because her horse stum-
bled, how she waded through the durt to plucke him off

me: how he swore, how she pra'd, that neuer pra'd be-
fore: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her

bride was burst: how I lost my crupper, with manie

things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obli-
uion, and thou returne vncapric'd to thy graue.

Curt. By this reckning he is more shrew then she.

Gre. I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall

finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this?

Call forth *Nathaniel*, *Ioseph*, *Nicholas*, *Phillip*, *Walter*, *Su-
ger* and the rest: let their heads bee stickely comb'd,

their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indiffe-
rent knit, let them curtie with their left legges, and not
presume to touch a haire of my Masters horse-taile, till
they kisse their hands. Are they all readie?

Curt. They are.

Gre. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you heare ho? you must meete my maister

to countenance my mistress.

Gre. Why she hath a face of her owne.

Curt. Who knowes not that?

Gre. Thou it seemes, that calls for company to coun-
tenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or five seruingmen.

Gre. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Gremio*.

Phil. How now *Gremio*.

Ios. What *Gremio*.

Nick. Fellow *Gremio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gre. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fel-

low you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce

companions, is all readie, and all things neat?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our master?

Gre. Ene at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be

not—Cockes passion, silence, I heare my maister.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Petr. Where be these knaues? What no man at doore

To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse?

Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Phillip*.

All ser. Heere, heere fir, heere fir.

Petr. Heere fir, heere fir, heere fir, heere fir.

You logger-headed and vnpolisht groomes:

What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?

Where is the foolish knaue I sent before?

Gre. Heere fir, as foolish as I was before.

Petr. You pezzant, swain, you horsen malt-horse drudg

Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,

And bring along these rascal knaues with thee?

Gremio. *Nathaniel*'s coat sir was not fully made,

And *Gabrels* pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heele:

There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat,

And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregory*,

The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly.

Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.

Petr. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in: *Ex. Ser.*

Where is the life that late I led?

Where are those? Sit downe *Kate*,

And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Enter seruingmen with supper.

Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie.

Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?

It was the Friar of Orders gray,

As he forth walked on his way.

Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,

And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:

One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.

Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue some water?

Come *Kate* and wash, & welcome heartily:

you horsen villaine, will you let it fall?

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knave:
Come Kate sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,
Will you giue thanks, sweete Kate, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?

1. Ser. 1.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. 1.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:

What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?

How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser

And serue it thus to me that loue it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmaner'd slaues.

What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

I pray you husband be not so disquiet,

The meate was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it:

For it engenders chollier, planteth anger,

And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,

Since of our selues, our selues are cholliericke,

Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh:

Be patient, to morrow't shall be mended,

And for this night we'll fast for companie.

Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Servants generally.

Nath. Peter didst euer see the like.

Peter. He kills her in her owne humor.

Grumio. Where is he?

Enter Curio a Servant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continencie to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that shee (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is coming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully:

My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,

And til she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,

For then the neuer lookes vpon her lye.

Another way I haue to man my Haggard,

To make her come, and know her keepers call:

That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,

That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:

She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.

Last night she slept nor, nor to night she shall not:

As with the meate, some vnderferued fault.

Ile finde about the making of the bed,

And heere Ile sling the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the Couerlet, another way the sheets:

I, and amid this hurle I intend,

That all is done in reuerend care: of her,

And in conclusion, she shall watch all night,

And if she chance to nod, Ile reile and bawle,

And with the clamor keepe her still awake:

This is a way to kil a Wife with kindnesse,

And thus Ile curb her mad and headstrong humor:

He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,

Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew. *Exit.*

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible friend Liso, that mistress Bianca

Doth fancie any other but Lucentio,

I tel you sir, she beares me sure in hand.

Luc. Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,

Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Mistress, profit you in what you reade?

Bian. What Master reade you first, resolue me that?

Hor. I reade, that I professe the Art to loue.

Bian. And may you proue sir Master of your Art.

Luc. While you sweet decree ptoue Mistress of my

heart.

Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,

you that durst sweare that your mistress Bianca

Lou'd me in the World so wel as Lucentio.

Tra. Oh despightful Loue, vnconstant womankind,

I tel thee Liso this is wonderfull.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not Liso,

Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,

But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,

For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,

And makes a God of such a Cullion:

Know sir, that I am call'd Hortensio,

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I haue often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca,

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightnesse,

I wil with you, if you be so contented,

Forswear Bianca, and her loue for euer.

Hor. See how they kisse and court: Signior Lucentio,

Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow

Never to woo her more, but do forswear her

As one vnworthie all the former fauours

That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.

Tra. And heere I take the like vnfaired oath,

Never to marrie with her, though she would intreate,

For on her, see how beafully she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn

For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.

I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,

Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,

As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard,

And so farewell signior Lucentio,

Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous looks

Shal win my loue, and so I take my leaue,

In resolution, as I swore before.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bleesse you with such grace,

As longeth to a Louers blessed case:

Nay, I haue care you napping gentle Loue,

And haue forsworne you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio you iest, but haue you both forsworne

me?

Tra. Mistress we haue.

Luc. Then we are rid of Liso.

Tra. I faith hee I haue a lustie Widdow now,

That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God giue him ioy.

Tra. I, and hee I tame her.

Bian. He sayes so Tranio.

Tra. Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole.

Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?

Tra. I mistress, and Petruchio is the master,

That teacheth trickes, eleuen and twentie long,

To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,

That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied

An ancient Angel coming downe the hill,

Wil serue the turne.

Tra. What is he Biondello?

Bion. Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,

I know not what, but formall in apparrell,

In gate and countenance surely like a Father.

Luc. And what of him Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,

Ile make him glad to see me Lucentio,

And giue assurance to Baptista Minola,

As if he were the right Vincentio.

Pet. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God saue you sir.

Tra. And you sir, you are welcome,

Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,

But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,

And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.

Tra. What Countreyman I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua Sir, marrie God forbid,

And come to Padua carelesse of your life.

Ped. My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua, know you not the cause?

Your ships are staied at Venice, and the Duke

For priuate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,

you might haue heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,

For I haue bills for monie by exchange

From Florence, and must heere deliuer them.

Tra. Wel sir, to do you courtesie,

This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you,

First tell me, haue you euer bene at Pisa?

Ped. I sir, in Pisa haue I often bin,

Pisa renowned for graue Citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:

A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,

In count'nance somewhat death resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.

Tra. To saue your life in this extremitie,

This fauor wil I do you for his sake,

And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,

That you are like to Sir Vincentio.

His name and credite shal you vndertake,

And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,

Looke that you take vpon you as you should,

you vnderstand me sir: so shal you stay

Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:

If this be court'ie sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh sir I do, and wil repute you euer

The patron of my life and libertie.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good,

This by the way I let you vnderstand,

My father is heere look'd for euerie day,

To passe assurance of a dowrie in marriage

'Twixt me, and one Baptista daughter heere:

In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,

Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherine and Grumio.

Grum. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.

Ka. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marrie me to famish me?

Beggars that come vnto my fathers doore,

Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,

If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:

But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,

Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,

Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:

With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,

And that which spights me more then all these wants,

He does it vnder name of perfect loue:

As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate,

'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.

I prethee go, and get me some repast,

I care not what, so it be holisome foode.

Grum. What say you to a Neats foote?

Kate. 'Tis pasing good, I prethee let me haue it.

Grum. I feare it is too cholliericke a meate.

How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?

Kate. I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.

Grum. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis cholliericke.

What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?

Kate. A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.

Grum. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.

Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.

Grum. Nay then I wil not, you shal haue the Mustard

Or else you get no beefe of Grumio.

Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grum. Why then the Mustard without the beefe.

Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue.

That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.

Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you

That triumph thus vpon my misery:

Go get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.

Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-morr?

Hor. Mistress, what cheere?

Kate. Faith as cold as can be.

Petr. Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vpon me,

Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,

To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.

I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'st it not;

And all my paines is sorted to no purpose.

Heere take away this dish.

Kate. I pray you let it stand.

Petr. The poorest seruice is repaid with thanks,

And so shall mine before you touch the meate.

Kate. I thanke you sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie you are too blame:

Come Mistress Kate, Ile beare you companie.

Petr. Eate it vp all Hortensio, if thou louest mee:

Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:

Kate eate apace; and now my honie Loue,

Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,

And reuell it as brauely as the best,

With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,

With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Farlingales, and things:

With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry,

With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry,

What hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leasure,

To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come

Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?

Fel. Heere is the cap your Worshipp did bespeake.

Per. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,

A Velvet dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,

Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knacke, a toy, a trickie, a babies cap:

Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.

Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,

And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.

Per. When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,

And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in hast.

Kate. Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,

And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,

Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde,

And if you cannot, best you stop your eares.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or els my heart concealing it will breake,

And rather then it shall, I will be free,

Euen to the vttermoſt as I please in words.

Per. Why thou saist true, it is paltie cap,

A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pie,

I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,

And it I will haue, or I will haue none.

Per. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs see't.

Oh mercie God, what masking stufie is heere?

Whats this? a sleeue? 'tis like demi cannon,

What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?

Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and flash,

Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:

Why what a deuils name Tailor call'st thou this?

Hor. I see shes like to haue neither cap nor gowne.

Tail. You bid me make it orderlie and well,

According to the fashion, and the time.

Per. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,

I did not bid you marre it to the time.

Go hop me ouer euery kennell home,

For you shall hop without my custome sir:

Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kate. I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne,

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:

Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

Per. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.

Tail. She saies your Worshipp meanes to make a

puppet of her.

Per. Oh monstrous arrogance:

Thou lyeſt, thou thred, thou thimble,

Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naille,

Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:

Brau'd in mine owne house with a skaine of thred:

Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt thinke on prating whilst thou liu'st:

I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.

Tail. Your worshipp is deceiu'd, the gowne is made

Iust as my master had direction:

Gremio gaue order how it should be done.

Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stufie.

Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Motio fir with needle and thred.

Tail. But did you not request to haue it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things,

Tail. I haue.

Gru. Face not mee: thou hast brau'd manie men

braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I say

vnto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did

not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou liest.

Tail. Why heere is the note of the fashion to testify.

Per. Reade it.

Gru. The note lies in's throte if he say I said so.

Tail. Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne.

Gru. Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, low

me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bot-

some of browne thred: I said a gowne.

Per. Proceede.

Tail. With a small compast cape.

Gru. I confesse the cape.

Tail. With a trunkie sleeue.

Gru. I confesse two sleeves.

Tail. The sleeves curiously cut.

Per. I there's the villanie.

Gru. Error ith bill sir, error ith bill? I commanded

the sleeves should be cut out, and fow'd vp againe, and

that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be ar-

med in a thimble.

Tail. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place

where thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue

me thy meat-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercie *Gremio*, then hee shall haue no

oddes.

Per. Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

Gru. You are it right sir, 'tis for my mistris.

Per. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vic.

Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Mistresse

gowne for thy masters vic.

Per. Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you thinke for,

Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vic.

Oh fie, fie, fie.

Per. *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the Tailor paide:

Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,

Take no vnkindnesse of his haffie words:

Away say, commend me to thy master. *Exit Tail.*

Per. Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,

Euen in these honest meane habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:

For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.

And as the Sunne breakes through the darkeſt clouds,

So honor peeereth in the meanest habit.

What is the Iay more precious then the Lark?

Because his feathers are more beautifull.

Or is the Adder better then the Eele,

Because his painted skin contents the eye.

Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worse

For this poore furniture, and meane array.

If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,

And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,

Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,

And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end,

There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote,

Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,

And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,

And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Per. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:

Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,

You

You are still crossing it, sir, let's alone.

Trin. I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,

It shall be what a clock I say it is.

Hor. Why so this gallant will command the sunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Trin. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceived,

Signior Baptista may remember me.

Trin. Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa*.

Trin. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,

'Tis well, and held your owne in any cafe

With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy,

'Twere good he were school'd.

Trin. Feare you not him: sirra *Biondello*,

Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you:

Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, feare not me.

Trin. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*?

Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,

And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.

Trin. 'Tis a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,

Here comes *Baptista*: see your countenance sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant booted

and bare headed.

Trin. Signior *Baptista* you are happilie met:

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,

I pray you stand good father to me now,

Giue me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft son: sir by your leaue, hauing com to *Padua*

To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*

Mademe acquainted with a waightry cause

Of loue betwene your daughter and himselfe:

And for the good report I heare of you,

And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,

And the to him: to stay him not too long,

I am content in a good fathers care

To haue him match, and if you please to like

No worse then I, vpon some agreement

Me shall you finde readie and willing.

With one consent to haue her so bestowed:

For curious I cannot be with you

Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,

Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:

Right true it is your sonne *Lucentio* here.

Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections:

And therefore if you say no more then this,

That like a Father you will deale with him,

And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,

The match is made, and all is done,

Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.

Trin. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best

We be affied and such assurance tane,

As shall with either parts agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio*, for you know

Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,

Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,

And happilie we might be interrupted.

Trin. Then at my lodging, and it like you

There doth my father lie: and there shal I night

Weele passe the businesse priuately and well:

Send for your daughter by your seruant here,

My Boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie,

The worst is this that at so slender warning,

You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:

Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her readie

straight:

And if you will tell what hath hapned,

Lucentio Father is arrived in *Padua*,

And how she's like to be *Lucentio* wife.

Biond. I praie the gods she may withall my heart.

Exit.

Trin. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptista*, shall I leade the way,

We come, one messe is like to be your cheere,

Come sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I follow you. *Exit.*

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. *Cambio*.

Luc. What saist thou *Biondello*?

Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon

you?

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?

Biond. Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde

to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and to-

kens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Biond. Then thus: *Baptista* is safe talking with the

deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne.

Luc. And what of him?

Biond. His daughters to be brought by you to the

supper.

Luc. And then.

Bion. The old Priest at *Saint Lukes Church* is at your

command at all houres.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a

counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *Cum*

preuilegio ad Imprimendum solem, to th' Church take the

Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you looke for, I haue no more to say,

But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou *Biondello*?

Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an

afternoone as shee went to the Garden for Parsley to

It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe;
Euermore crost and crost, nothing but crost.
Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe.
Kate. Forward I pray, since we haue come so farre,
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.
Petr. I say it is the Moone.
Kate. I know it is the Moone.
Petr. Nay, then you lye: it is the blessed Suane.
Kate. Then God be blest, it in the blessed sun,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not.
And the Moone changes euen as your minde:
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And so it shall be so for *Katherine*.
Hort. *Petruchio*, goe thy waies, the field is won.
Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should
And not vnluckily against the Bias: (run,
But soft, Company is comming here:

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away?
Tell me sweete *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman?
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heauenly face?
Faile louely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.

Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman
of him.

Kate. Yong budding Virgins, faire, and fresh, & sweet,
Whether away, or whether is thy abode?
Happy the Parents of so faire a childe:
Happier the man whom fauourable stars
A lots thee for his louely bedfellow.

Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.

Kate. Pardon old fathers my mistaking eyes,
That haue bin so bedazzled with the sunne,
That euery thing I looke on seemeth Greene:
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

Petr. Do good old grandsire, & withall make known
Which way thou trauestlest, if along with vs,
We shall be ioyfull of thy companie.

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,
That with your strange encounter much amasde me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visite
A friend of mine, which long I haue not scene.

Petr. What is his name?

Vin. *Lucentio* gentle sir.

Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy sonne:
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my louing Father;
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieued, she is of good esteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth:
Beside, so qualified, as may be seene
The spouse of any noble Gentleman:
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,

And wander we to see thy honest sonne,
Who will of thy arriual be full ioyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant traualors to breake a left
Vpon the companie you ouertake?

Hort. I doe assure thee father so it is.

Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hercof,
For our first merriment hath made thee zealous.

Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be vntoward. *Exit.*

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio
is out before.*

Biond. Softly and swiftly fir, for the Priest is ready.
Luc. I like *Biondello*; but they may chafce to neede
thee at home, therefore leaue vs.

Biond. Nay faith, he see the Church a your backe,
and then come backe to my mistress as I can.

Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

*Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Gremio
with Attendants.*

Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* house,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market place,
Thither must I, and here I leaue you fir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go,
I thinke I shall command your welcome here;

And by all likelihood some cheere is toward. *Knocke.*

Grem. They're busie within, you were best knocke
lowder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe
the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir?

Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or
two to make merrie withall?

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee
shall neede none so long as I liue.

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in
Padua: doe you heare sir, to leaue friuolous circumstan-
ces, I pray you tell signior *Lucentio* that his Father is
come from *Pisa*, and is here at the doore to speake with
him.

Ped. Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and
here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I fir, so his mother saies, if I may beleue her.

Petr. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat kna-
uerie to take vpon you another mans name.

Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleue a meane
to cosen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bio. I haue scene them in the Church together, God
send'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Ma-
ster *Vincentio*: now we are vndone and brought to no-
thing.

Vin. Come hither crackheipe.

Bion. I hope I may choote Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot
mee?

Biond. Forgot you, no fir: I could not forget you, for
I neuer saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What you norotious villaine, didst thou neuer
see thy Mistris father, *Vincentio*?

Bion. What

Bion. What my old worshipfull old master? yes
marie fir see where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. It is indeede. He beates *Biondello*.

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will mur-
der me.

Pedant. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior *Baptista*.

Petr. Pree the *Kate* let's stand aside and see the end of
this controuersie.

Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio.

Vin. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my ser-
uant?

Vin. What am I fir: nay what are you fir: oh immor-
tall Goddess: oh fine villaine, a silken doubler, a vel-
uet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am
vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband
at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the uni-
uersitie.

Vin. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Vin. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by
your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why
fir, whaternes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank
my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in
Bergamo.

Bapt. You mistake fir, you mistake fir, praie what do
you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue
brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and
his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Awaie, awaie mad asse, his name is *Lucentio*, and
he is mine onlie sonne and heire to the Lands of me sig-
nior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*: oh he hath murdred his Master; laie
hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my
sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son
Lucentio?

Vin. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to
the laile: father *Baptista*, I charge you see that hee be
forth comming.

Vin. Carrie me to the laile?

Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bapt. Talke not signior *Gremio*: I saie he shall goe to
prison.

Gre. Take heede signior *Baptista*, least you be con-
cuct in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right
Vincentio.

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'st.

Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.

Vin. Then thou wert best saie that I am not *Lu-
centio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.

Bapt. Awaie with the dotard, to the laile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh mon-
strous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are spoild, and yonder he is, denie him,
forswear him, or else we are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweete father.

Vin. Liues my sweete sonne?

Bion. Pardon deere father.

Bapt. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vin-
centio*.

That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eie.

Gre. Here's packing with a witnesse to deceiue vs all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?

Bapt. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. *Biancas* loue
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
And happilie I haue arriued at the last
Vnto the wished haue of my blisse:

What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to;
Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.

Vin. Hee fit the villaines nose that would haue sent
me to the laile.

Bapt. But doe you heare fir, haue you married my
daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, we will content you, goe to:
but I will in to be reveng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*

Bapt. And I to sound the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frown. *Exit.*

Gre. My cake is doug, hbut Ile in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

Kate. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.

Petr. First kisse me *Kate*, and we will.

Kate. What in the midst of the streete?

Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?

Kate. Mo fir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.

Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's
awaie.

Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kisse, now praie thee
Loue staie.

Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete *Kate*.
Better once then neuer, for neuer to late. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

*Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and
Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Gremio, and Widdow:*

*The Serving men with Tranio bringing
in a Banquet.*

Luc. At last, though long, our iarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,

To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,

While I with selfesame kindnesse welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katherina*,

And thou *Hortensio* with thy louing Widdow:
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,

My Banket is to close our stomakes vp
After our great good cheere: praie you sit downe,

For now we sit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.

Bapt. *Padua* affords this kindnesse, sonne *Petruchio*.

Petr. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Petr. Now for my life *Hortensio* feares his Widdow.

Wid. Then neuer trust me if I be asfeard.

Petr. You are verie fencible, and yet you misse
sence:
I meane *Hortensio* is asfeard of you.

Wid. He

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.
Petr. Roundlie replied.
Kat. Mistris, how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.
Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?
Hor. My Widdow saies, thus she conceiues her tale.
Petr. Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.

Kat. He that is giddie thinks the world turnes round, I praie you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your housband being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe: And now you know my meaning.

Kate. A verie meane meaning.

Wid. Right, I meane you.

Kat. And I am meane indeede, respecting you.

Petr. To her *Kate*.

Hor. To her Widdow.

Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.

Drinke to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes *Grumio* these quicke witted folkes?

Gre. Belceue me fir, they But together well.

Bian. Head, and but an hasty witted bodie,

Would say your Head and But were head and horne.

Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore he sleepe a-gaine.

Petr. Nay that you shall not since you haue begun: Haue at you for a better left or too.

Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush, And then pursue me as you draw your Bow. You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*

Petr. She hath preuented me, here signior *Tranio*, This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not, Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.

Tri. Oh fir, *Lucentio* slip me like his Gray-hound,

Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.

Petr. A good swift simile, but something curriish.

Tra. 'Tis well fir that you hunted for your selfe:

'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie.

Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*.

Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?

Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse:

And as the Iest did glaunce awaie from me,

'Tisten to one it main'd you too out right.

Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*,

I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Petr. Well, I say no: and therefore fir assurance,

Let's each one send vnto his wife,

And he whose wife is most obedient,

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content, what's the wager?

Luc. Twentie crownes.

Petr. Twentie crownes,

He venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,

But twentie times so much vpon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Petr. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistris come to me.

Bio. I goe.

Bap. Sonne, he be your halfe, *Bianca* comes. *Exit.*

Luc. He haue no halues: He beare it all my selfe.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes?

Bio. Sir, my Mistris sends you word

That she is busie, and she cannot come.

Petr. How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that an answer?

Gre. I, and a kinde one too:

Praie God fir your wife send you not a worse.

Petr. I hope better.

Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith. *Exit Bion.*

Petr. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needs come.

Hor. I am affraid fir, doe what you can

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She saies you haue some goodly Iest in hand,

She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Petr. Worse and worse, she will not come:

Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Mistris,

Say I command her come to me. *Exit.*

Hor. I know her answer.

Petr. What?

Hor. She will not.

Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katherine.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katherine*.

Kat. What is your will fir, that you send for me?

Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensio*'s wife?

Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire.

Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:

Away I say, and bring them hither straight.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.

Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,

An awfull rule, and right supremacie:

And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.

Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*:

The wager thou hast won, and I will adde

Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,

Another dowrie to another daughter,

For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin.

Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more signe of her obedience,

Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives

As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:

Katherine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,

Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.

Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a fillie passe.

Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?

Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:

The wifdome of your dutie faire *Bianca*,

Hath cost me five hundred crownes since supper time.

Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.

Petr. *Katherine* I charge thee tell these head-strong

women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and hus-

bands. *Wid.* Come,

Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no

telling. *Petr.* Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Petr. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that chetaining vnkinde brow,

And dart not scornfull glances from those eies,

To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour.

It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,

And in no sence is meete or amiable.

A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,

Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,

And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie

Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy soveraigne: One that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance. Commits his body

To painfull labour, both by sea and land:

To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,

Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,

And craues no other tribute at thy hands,

But loue, faire looks, and true obedience;

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,

Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:

And when she is froward, peeuish, sullen, sowre,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foule contending Rebell,

And gracelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?

I am ashamed that women are so simple,

To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:

Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,

When they are bound to serue, loue, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,

Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions, and our harts,

Should well agree with our externall parts?

Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,

My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,

My heart as great, my reason haplie more,

To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;

But now I see our Launces are but straws:

Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,

That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.

Then vale your stomackes, for it is no booste,

And place your hands below your husbands foote:

In token of which dutie, if he please,

My hand is readie, may it do him ease.

Petr. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse mee

Kate.

Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward,

Petr. Come *Kate*, wee'le to bed,

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,

And being a winner, God giue you good night. *Exit Petruchio*

Hortensio. Now goe thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst

Shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leaue, she wil be tam'd so.

FINIS.

V





ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter young Bertram Count of Rossilion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in blacke.

Mother.
Laf. In deliuering my sonne from me, I burie a second husband.
Ros. And I in going Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew; but I must attend his maiesties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euer more in subiection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband. Madam, you sir a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthinesse would stirre it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is such abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment?
Laf. He hath abandon'd his Placitions Madam, vnder whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other aduantage in the processe, but onely the loosing of hope by time.

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how sad a passage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honestie, had it stretch'd so far, would haue made nature immortal, and death should haue play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings sake hee were liuing, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous fir in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very lately spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to haue liu'd still, if knowledge could be set vp against mortallitie.

Ros. What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes of?

Laf. A Fistula my Lord.

Ros. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

Mo. His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my ouerlooking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vnclane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pittie, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse; she deriues her honestie,

and atcheeues her goodnesse.

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Mo. Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her prais in. The remembrance of her father neuer approaches her heart, but the tirrany of her sorrowes takes all liuelihood from her cheek. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then to haue

Hel. I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I haue it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive greefe the enemy to the liuing.

Mo. If the liuing be enemy to the greefe, the excessive makes it soone mortall.

Ros. Maddam I desire your holie wishes.

Laf. How vnderstand we that?

Mo. Be thou blest *Bertrame*, and succeed thy father, in manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse Share with thy birth-right. Loue all, trust a few, Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power then vfe; and keepe thy friend Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be cheere for silence, But neuer tax'd for speech. What heauen more will, That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe, Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord,
Tis an vnseason'd Courtier, good my Lord Aduise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best That shall attend his loue.

Mo. Heauen blese him: Farwell *Bertram*.

Ros. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be seruants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Mistis, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the credit of your father.

Hel. O were that all, I thinke not on my father, And these great teares grace his remembrance more I then those I shed for him. What was he like?

I haue forgot him. My imagination Carries no fauour in't but *Bertrams*.

I am vnclone, there is no liuing, none, If *Bertram* be away. T were all one,

That I should loue a bright particular starre, And think to wed it, he is so aboue me

In his bright radiance and colateral light,

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;
Th'ambition in my loue thus plagues it selfe:
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Must die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To see him enerie houre to sit and draw
His arched browes, his hauking eye, his eies
In our heares table: heart too capeable
Of euery line and cricke of his sweet fauour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Must sanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?

Enter Parrolles.

One that goes with him: I loue him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, folie a coward,
Yet these flat euils hee to sit in him;
That they take place, when Vertues steely bones
Looks bleake i'th cold wind: withall, full ofte we see
Cold wisdom weighing on superfluous follie.

Par. Saue you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. Is you haue some staine of fouldier in you: Let mee aske you a question: Man is enemy to virginitie, how may we barracado it against him?

Par. Keepe him out.

Hel. But he assailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: Man setting downe before you, will vndermine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Blese our poore Virginie from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow vp men?

Par. Virginie beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your selues made, you lose your City. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preferue virginie. Losse of Virginie, is rationall encrease, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till virginie was first lost. That you were made of, is metall to make Virgins. Virginie, by beeing once lost, may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer lost: tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's litle can bee saide in't, 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginie, is to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin: Virginie murders it selfe, and should be buried in highwayes out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate Offendresse against Nature. Virginie breeds mites, much like a Cheese, consumes it selfe to the very paying, and so dies with feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virginie is peeuish, proud, ydle, made of selfe-loue, which is the most inhibited sinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot choose but loose by't. Out with't: within ten yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increase, and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do fir, to loose it to her owne liking?

Par. Let mee see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil lose the glosse with lying: The longer kept, the lesse worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginie like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly suted, but vnfutureable, lust like the brooch & the toothpick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porridge, then in your cheek: and your virginie, your old virginie, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it looks ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a wither'd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd peare: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginie yet.

There shall your Master haue a thousand loues, A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend, A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy, A guide, a Goddesse, and a Soueraigne, A Counsellor, a Traitorese, and a Deare: His humble ambition, proud humilitie: His sarring, concord: and his discord, dulceta His faith, his sweet disafer: with a world Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes That blinking Cupid goffips. Now shall hee I know not what he shall, God fend him well, The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one faith?

Hel. That I wish well, 'tis pittie.

Par. What's pittie?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't, Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne, Whose baser starres do shut vs vp in wishes, Might with effects of them follow our friends, And shew what we alone must thinke, which neuer Returnes vs thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur *Parrolles*, My Lord calls for you.

Par. Little *Helena* farewell, if I can remember thee, I will thinke of thee at Court.

Hel. Monsieur *Parrolles*, you were borne vnder a charitable starre.

Par. Vnder *Mars* I.

Hel. I especially thinke, vnder *Mars*.

Par. Why vnder *Mars*?

Hel. The warres hath so kept you vnder, that you must needs be borne vnder *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for aduantage.

Hel. So is running away,

When feare proposes the safetie: But the composition that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare well.

Parolles. I am so full of businesse, I cannot answere thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my instruction shall serue to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers counsell, and vnderstand what aduice shall thrust vpon thee, else thou diest in thine vnthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou hast leysure, say thy praies: when thou hast none, remember thy Friends:

V 2

Get

Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee:
So farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selues do lye,
Which we ascribe to heauen: the fated skye
Giues vs free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we our selues are dull:
What power is it, which mounts my loue so hye,
That makes me see, and cannot see mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
To toyne like, likes; and kisse like natiue things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their paines in sence, and do suppose
What hath benee, cannot be. Who euer stroue
To shew her merit, that did misse her loue?
(The Kings disease) my proiect may deceiue me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me.

Flourish Cornets.

*Enter the King of France with Letters, and
diuers Attendants.*

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoy*s are by th'eares,
Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue
A brauing warre.

1. Lo. G. So tis reported sir.

King. Nay tis most credible, we heere receiue it,
A certaintie vouch'd from our *Cofin Austria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will moue vs
For speedie ayde: wherein our deere friend
Pridicates the businesse, and would seeme
To haue vs make deniall.

1. Lo. G. His loue and wisdome
Approu'd so to your Maiesty, may pleade
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And *Florence* is deni'd before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see
The *Tuscan* seruice, freely haue they leaue
To stand on either part.

2. Lo. E. It well may serue
A nurserie to our Gentrie, who are sicke
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1. Lo. G. It is the Count *Rosignoll* my good Lord,
Yong Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curious then in haist
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thanks and dutie are your Maiesties.
King. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First tride our souldier ship: he did looke farre
Into the seruice of the time, and was
Disciplin'd of the brauest. He lasted long,
But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,
And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obserue
To day in our yong Lords: but they may iest
Till their owne scorne returne to them vnnoted
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitternesse

Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,
His equall had swak'd them, and his honour
Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speake: and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He vs'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humilitie,
In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to these yonger times;
Which follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance sir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approofe liues not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech.

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies say,
(He thinks I heare him now) his plausiue words
He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime
When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee)
After my flame lacks oyle, to be the snuffe
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensiue senses
All but new things disdain; whose iudgements are
Meere fathers of their garments: whose constancies
Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.
I after him, do after him wish too:
Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,
I quickly were dissolued from my hieue
To giue some Labourers roome.

1. Lo. E. You'r loued Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.

King. I fill a place I know't: how long ist Count
Since the Physician at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord.

King. If he were liuing, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the rest haue worne me out
With feuerall applications: Nature and sicknesse
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
My sonne's no deerer.

Ber. Thanke your Maiesty.

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

Count. I will now heare, what say you of this gentle-
woman.

Stew. Maddam the care I haue had to euen your con-
tent, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past
endeuours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make
foule the clearnesse of our deseruings, when of our selues
we publish them.

Count. What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone
sirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all be-
leeue, 'tis my slownesse that I doe not: For I know you
lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough
to make such knaueries yours.

Clow. 'Tis not vknown to you Madam, I am a poore
fellow.

Count. Well sir.

Clow. No maddam,

'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie

of the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladships
good will to goe to the world, I sell the woman and w
will doe as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clow. I doe beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clow. In *Isabel*'s case and mine owne: seruice is no heri-
tage, and I thinke I shall neuer haue the blessing of God,
till I haue issue a my bodie: for they say barnes are ble-
sings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

Clow. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen
on by the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell
drives.

Count. Is this all your worships reason?

Clow. Faith Madam I haue other holie reasons, such as
they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clow. I haue bene Madam a wicked creature, as you
and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that
I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.

Clow. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue
friends for my wiues sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies knaue.

Clow. Yare shallow Madam in great friends, for the
knaues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of:
he that eies my Land, spares my teame, and giues mee
leave to lne the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my
drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of
my flesh and blood; hee that cherishes my flesh and
blood, loues my flesh and blood; he that loues my flesh
and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my
friend: if men could be contented to be what they are,
there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charbon* the
Puritan, and old *Poyfams* the Papist, how somere their
hearts are seuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one,
they may ioule horns together like any Deere i'th Herd.

Count. Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calum-
nious knaue?

Clow. A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the
next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full
true shall finde, your marriage comes by destinie, your
Cuckow sings by kinde.

Count. Get you gone sir, He talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen*
come to you, of her I am to speake.

Count. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with
her, *Hellen* I meane.

Clow. Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked *Troy*.

Fond done, done, fond was this King *Priams* ioy,
With that she sigh'd as she stood, *but*

And gaue this sentence then, among nine bad if one be
good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one
good in ten.

Count. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song
sirra.

Clow. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a pu-
rifying ath' song: would God would serue the world so
all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman
if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee might
haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing starre,
or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotteriewell, a
man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Count. Youle begone sir knaue, and doe as I command
you?

Clow. That man should be at woman's command, and
yet no hurt done, though honestie be no Puritan, yet
it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie
ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am go-
ing forsooth, the businesse is for *Helen* to come hither.

Exit.

Count. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman
intirely.

Count. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee,
and she her selfe without other aduantage, may lawfullie
make title to as much loue as shee findes, there is
more owing her then is paid, and more shall be paid
her then sheele demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then
I thinke shee wisht mee, alone shee was, and did
communicate to her selfe her owne words to her
owne eares, shee thought, I dare vowe for her, they
toucht not anie stranger sence, her matter was, shee
loued your Sonne; Fortune shee said was no god-
desse, that had put such difference betwix their two
estates: I loue no god, that would not extend his might
onlie, where qualities were leuell, *Queene* of Vir-
gins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd
without rescue in the first assault or ranfome after-
ward: This shee deliuer'd in the most bitter touch of
sorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held
my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, sithence in
the losse that may happen, it concerns you something
to know it.

Count. You haue discharg'd this honestie, keepe it
to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this
before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that
I could neither beleene nor misdoubt: praie you
leaue mee, stail this in your bosome, and I thanke
you for your honest care: I will speake with you fur-
ther anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

Old Count. Euen so it was with me when I was yong:
If euer vve are natures, these are ours, this thorne
Doth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong
Our blood to vs, this to our blood is borne,
It is the show, and seale of natures truth,
Where loues strong passion is imprest in youth,
By our remembrances of daies forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her eies sicke on't, I obserue her now.

Hell. What is your pleasure Madam?

Ol. Count. You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

Hell. Mine honorable Mistris.

Ol. Count. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I
sed a mother

Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of those
That were enwomb'd mine, 'tis often seene
Adoption strues with nature, and choise breedes
A natiue slip to vs from forraine seedes:
You nere oppress me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expresse to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercie maiden) doe it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? vwhat's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet?

The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?

Why, that you are my daughter?

Hell. That I am not.

Old. Cou. I say I am your Mother.

Hell. Pardon Madam.

The Count *Resillion* cannot be my brother:

I am from humble, he from honored name:

No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,

My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I

His seruant liue, and will his vassall die:

He must not be my brother.

Old. Cou. Nor I your Mother.

Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were

So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,

Indeepe my mother, or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,

So I were not his sister, cant no other,

But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

Old. Cou. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,

God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother

So striue vpon your pulse; vwhat pale agen?

My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see

The mistrie of your louelineesse, and finde

Your salt teares head, now to all fence 'tis grosse:

You loue my sonne, inuention is asham'd

Against the proclamation of thy passion

To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,

But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes

Confesse it 'ron tooth to th' other, and thine eies

See it so grossely showne in thy behauiours,

That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne

And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue

That truth should be suspected, speake, ift so?

If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe:

If it be not, forswear't how ere I charge thee,

As heauen shall worke in me for thine auail

To tell me true lie.

Hell. Good Madam pardon me.

Cou. Do you loue my Sonne?

Hell. Your pardon noble Mistris.

Cou. Loue you my Sonne?

Hell. Doe not you loue him Madam?

Cou. Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond

Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:

The state of your affection, for your passions

Haue to the full appeach'd.

Hell. Then I confesse

Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,

That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your

Sonne:

My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:

Be not offended, for it hurts not him

That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suite,

Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,

Yet neuer know how that desert should be:

I know I loue in vaine, striue against hope:

Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue,

I still poure in the waters of my loue

And lacke not to loose still; thus *Indian* like

Religious in mine error, I adore

The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,

But knowes of him no more. My deereft Madam,

Let not your hate incounter with my loue,

For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,

Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,

Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,

With chaffly, and loue dearly, that your *Dian*

Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie

To her whose state is such, that cannot choose

But lend and giue where she is sure to loose;

That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,

But riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies.

Cou. Had you not lately an intent, speake truly,

To goe to *Paris*?

Hell. Madam I had.

Cou. Wherefore tell true.

Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare:

You know my Father left me some prescriptions

Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading

And manifest experience, had collected

For generall soueraigntie: and that he wil'd me

In heede full't reservation to bestow them,

As notes, whose faculties in clusue were,

More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,

There is a remedie, approu'd, set downe,

To cure the desperate languishings whereof

The King is render'd lost.

Cou. This was your motiue for *Paris*, was it, speake?

Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;

Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,

Had from the conuersation of my thoughts,

Happily beene absent then.

Cou. But thinke you *Hellen*,

If you should tender your supposed aide,

He would receiue it? He and his Phisitions

Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:

They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit

A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles

Embowel'd of their doctrine, haue left off

The danger to it selfe.

Hell. There's something in't

More then my Fathers skill, which was the great't

Of his profession, that his good receipt,

Shall for my legacie be sanctified

By th' luckiest stars in heauen; and would your honor

But giue me leaue to trie successe, I'd venture

The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,

By such a day, an houre.

Cou. Doo'st thou beleue't?

Hell. I Madam knowingly.

Cou. Why *Hellen* thou shalt haue my leaue and loue,

Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings

To those of mine in Court, Ile staie at home

And praie Gods blessing inco thy attempt:

Begon to morrow, and be sure of this,

What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with diuers yong Lords, taking leaue for
the Florentine warre: Count, Rosse, and
Parrolles. Flourish Cornets.

King. Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles

Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:

Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all

The guift doth stretch it selfe as 'tis receiu'd,

And is enough for both.

Lord. G. 'Tis our hope fir,

After

After well entred souldiers, to returne

And finde your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart

Will not confesse he owes the mallady

That doth my life besiege: farwell yong Lords,

Whether I liue or die, be you the sonnes

Of worthy French men: let higher Italy

(Those bated that inherit but the fall

Of the last Monarchy) see that you come

Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when

The brauest questant shrinks: finde what you seeke,

That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.

L. G. Health at your bidding serue your Maiesty.

King. Those girles of Italy, take heed of them,

They say our French, lacke language to deny

If they demand: beware of being Captiues

Before you serue.

Bo. Our hearts receiue your warnings.

King. Farewell, come hether to me.

1. Lo. G. Oh my sweet Lord y you wil stay behind vs.

Parr. 'Tis not his fault the spark.

2. Lo. E. Oh 'tis braue warres.

Parr. Most admirable, I haue seene those warres.

Rosse. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,

Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.

Parr. And thy minde stand too't boy,

Seale away brauely.

Rosse. I shal stay here the for-horse to a smocke,

Creeking my shooes on the plaine Masonry,

Till honour be bought vp, and no sword worne

But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile steale away.

1. Lo. G. There's honour in the theft.

Parr. Commit it Count.

2. Lo. E. I am your necessary, and so farewell.

Ros. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.

1. Lo. G. Farewell Capitaine.

2. Lo. E. Sweet Mounfier *Parolles*.

Parr. Noble *Hermes*; my sword and yours are kinne,

good sparkes and lustrous, a word good mettals. You

shall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Capitaine

Sporio his featrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on

his finisier cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it:

say to him I liue, and obserue his reports for me.

Lo. G. We shall noble Capitaine.

Parr. *Mars* doate on you for his nouices, what will

ye doe?

Ros. Stay the King.

Parr. Vfe a more spacious ceremonie to the Noble

Lords, you haue restrain'd your selfe within the Lift of

too cold an adieu: be more expresse to them; for they

were themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster

true gate; eat, speake, and moue vnder the influence of

the most receiu'd starre, and though the deuill leade the

measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a

more dilated farewell.

Ros. And I will doe so.

Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue most si-

newie sword-men. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Lafew*.

L. Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.

King. Ile see thee to stand vp. (pardon,

L. Laf. Then heres a man stands that has brought his

I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,

And that at my bidding you could so stand vp.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate

And askt thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith a-crosse, but my good Lord 'tis thus,

Will you be cur'd of your infirmities?

King. No.

Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?

Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if

My royall foxe could reach them: I haue seen a medicine

That's able to breath life into a stone,

Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari

With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch

Is powerfull to araise King *Pippen*, nay

To giue great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand

And write to her a loue-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why doctore she: my Lord, there's one arriu'd,

If you will see her: now by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may conuay my thoughts

In this my light deliuerance, I haue spoke

With one, that in her sexe, her yeeres, profession,

Wifedome and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more

Then I dare blame my weaknesse: will you see her?

For that is her demand, and know her businesse?

That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now good *Lafew*,

Bring in the admiration, that we with thee

May spend our wonder too, or take off thine

By wondering how thou tookst it.

Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,

And not be all day neither.

King. Thus he his speciall nothing euer prologues.

Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter *Hellen*.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your waies,

This is his Maiesty, say your minde to him.

A Traitor you doe looke like, but such traitors

His Maiesty seldome feares, I am *Cressida* Vncle,

That dare leaue two together, far you well. *Exit.*

King. Now faire one, do's your busines follow vs?

Hell. Imy good Lord,

Gerard de Narbon was my father,

In what he did professe, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hell. The rather will I spare my praises towards him,

Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,

Many receipts he gaue me, chiefe one,

Which as the dearest issue of his practice

And of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,

He bad me store vp, as a triple eye,

Safer then mine owne two: more deare I haue so,

And hearing your high Maiesty is toucht

With that malignant cause, wherein the honour

Of my deare fathers gift, stands cheefe in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance,

With all bound humblenesse.

King. We thanke you maiden,

But may not be so credulous of cure,

When our most learned Doctors leaue vs, and

The congregated Colledge haue concluded,

That labouring Art can neuer ransom nature

From her inaydible estate: I say we must not

So staine our iudgement, or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past-cure malladie

Hell. My dutie then shall pay me for my paines :
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to beare me backe againe.

King. I cannot giue thee lesse to be cal'd gratefull :
Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and such thanks I giue,
As one neere death to those that with him liue:
But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set vp your rest 'gainst remedie :
He that of greatest woes is finisher,
Of doe them by the weakest minister :
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement showne,
When Iudges haue bin babes; great fouds haue flowne
From simple sources : and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the greatst bene denied.
Of expectation failes, and most oft there
Where most it promises : and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despaire most shifts.

King. I must not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,
Thy paines not vs'd, must by thy selfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

Hell. Inspired Merit so by breath is bard,
It is not so with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with vs, that square our guesse by shoues:
But most it is presumption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare sir, to my endeauors giue consent,
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Imposture, that proclaime
My selfe against the leuill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know most sure,
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hopt thou my cure?

Hell. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd her sleepey Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse
Hath told the theeuish minutes, how they passe:
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall sic,
Health shall liue free, and sicknesse freely dye.

King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venter?

Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A strumpets boldnesse, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads : my maidens name
Seard otherwise, ne worse of worst extended
With wilde torture, let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound, within an organ weake:
And what impossibility would stay

In common sence, sence faues another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can reape
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happines and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate,
Sweet praetiser, thy Physicke I will try,
That ministers thine owne death if I die.

Hell. If I breake time, or slinch in property
Of what I spoke, vnpietied let me die,

And well deseru'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.

King. Make thy demand.

Hell. But will you make it euen?

King. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

Hell. Then shalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooseth from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one thy vassall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow.

King. Heere is my hand, the premises obseru'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be seru'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy resolvd Patient, on thee still relye:
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know, could not be more to trust:
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest
Vnquestion'd welcome, and vndoubted blest,
Giue me some helpe heere ho, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Florisb. Exit.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Lady. Come on sir, I shall now pur you to the height
of your breeding.

Clowne. I will shew my selfe highly fed, and lowly
taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you spe-
ciall, when you put off that with such contempt, but to
the Court?

Clowne. Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any man-
ners, hee may easilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot
make a legge, put off's cap, kisse his hand, and say no-
thing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and in-
deed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the
Court, but for me, I haue an answer will serue all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull answer that fits all
questions.

Clowne. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes,
the pin buttocke, the quatch buttocke, the brawn but-
tocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your answer serue fit to all questions?

Clowne. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attor-
ney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as
Tibs rush for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for *Shroue*-
tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole,
the Cuckold to his home, as a scolding queane to a
wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth,
nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Haue you, I say, an answer of such fitnesse for
all questions?

Clowne. From below your Duke, to beneath your Con-
stable, it will fit any question.

Lady. It must be an answer of most monstrous size,
that must fit all demands.

Clowne. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned
should speake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs
to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no
harme to learne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a
foole in question, hoping to bee the wiser by your an-
swer.

Lady.

La. I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

Clowne. O Lord sir, there's a simple putting off: more,
more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poore freind of yours, that loues you.

Clowne. O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.

La. I thinke sir, you can eate none of this homely

meate.

Clowne. O Lord sir, nay put me too't, I warrant you.

La. You were lately whipe sir as I thinke.

Clowne. O Lord sir, spare not me.

La. Doe you crie O Lord sir at your whipping, and

spare not me? Indeede you O Lord sir, is very frequent

to your whipping: you would answere very well to a

whipping if you were but bound too't.

Clowne. I nere had worse lucke in my life in my O Lord

for I see things may serue long, but not serue euer.

La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to enter-
taine it so merrily with a foole.

Clowne. O Lord sir, why there't seru'es well agen.

La. And end sir to your businesse: giue *Hellen* this,

And vge her to a present answer backe,

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne,

This is not much.

Clowne. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much imployment for you, you vnder-
stand me.

Clowne. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legges.

La. Haue you agen.

Exit

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol. Laf. They say miracles are past, and we haue our
Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar
things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we
make trifles of terrors, enforcing our selues into see-
ming knowledge, when we should submit our selues to
an vnknowne feare.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that
hath shot out in our latter times.

Ref. And so 'tis.

Ol. Laf. To be relinquisht of the Artists.

Par. So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

Ol. Laf. Of all the learned and authentike fellows.

Par. Right so I say.

Ol. Laf. That gaue him out in cureable,

Par. Why there 'tis, so I too.

Ol. Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a

Ol. Laf. Vncertaine life, and sure death.

Par. Iust, you say well: so would I haue said.

Ol. Laf. I may truly say, it is a noueltie to the world.

Par. It is indeede if you will haue it in shewing, you
shall reade it in what do ye call there.

Ol. Laf. A shewing of a heauenly effect in an earth-
ly Actor.

Par. That's it, I would haue said, the verie same.

Ol. Laf. Why your Dolphin is not luster: fore mee
I speake in respect

Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the
breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facineri-
ous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the

Ol. Laf. Very hand of heauen.

Par. I so I say.

Ol. Laf. In a most weake

Par. And debile minister great power, great tran-
cendence, which should indeede giue vs a further vse to

be made, then alone the recou'ry of the king, as to bee
Ol. Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.

Par. I would haue said it, you say well: heere comes
the King.

Ol. Laf. Lustique, as the Dutchman saies: He like a
maide the Better whil'st I haue a tooth in my head: why
he's able to leade her a Carranto.

Par. *Mor du vinager* is not this *Helen*?

Ol. Laf. Fore God I thinke so.

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,

Sit my preferuer by thy patients side,

And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyue

The confirmation of my promis'd guilt,

Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell

Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,

Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice

I haue to vse thy franke election make,

Thou hast power to chooseth, and they none to forsake.

Hell. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris;

Fall when loue please, marry to each but one.

Ol. Laf. I'de giue bay curtall, and his furniture

My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,

And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:

Not one of those, but had a Noble father.

She addresses her to a Lord.

Hell. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, restor'd
the king to health.

All. We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you.

Hell. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest

That I protest, I simply am a Maide:

Please it your Maiestie, I haue done already:

The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee,

We blush that thou shouldst chooseth, but be refused;

Let the white death sit on thy cheekes for euer,

Wee'l nere come there againe.

King. Make choise and see,

Who shuns thy loue, shuns all his loue in mee.

Hell. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,

And to imperiall loue, that God most high

Do my sighes streame: Sir, wil you heare my suite?

1. *Lo.* And grant it.

Hell. Thanks sir, all the rest is mute.

Ol. Laf. I had rather be in this choise, then throw
Ames-ace for my life.

Hell. The honor sir that flames in your faire eyes,

Before I speake too threateningly replies:

Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboute

Her that so vvishes, and her humble loue.

2. *Lo.* No better if you please.

Hell. My wish receiue,

Which great loue grant, and so I take my leaue.

Ol. Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were sons
of mine, I'de haue them whip'd, or I would send them
to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

Hell. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,

Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne sake:

Blessing vpon your vov'es, and in your bed

Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed.

Ol. Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none
haue

haue heere : sure they are bastards to the English, the French nere got em.

La. You are too young, too happie, and too good To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood.

4. Lord. Faire one, I thinke not so.

Ol. Lord. There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father drunke wine. But if thou be't not an asse, I am a youth of fourteen : I haue knowne thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you, but I giue Me and my seruice, euer whilst I live Into your guiding power : This is the man.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her thee's thy wife.

Ber. My wife my Leige? I shal beseech your highnes In such a busines, giue me leaue to vse The helpe of mine owne eies.

King. Know'st thou not *Bertram* what thee ha's done for mee?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but neuer hope to know why I should marrie her.

King. Thou know'st thee ha's rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe Must answer for your raising? I knowe her well : Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge : A poore Physicians daughter my wife? Disdaine Rather corrupt me euer.

King. This onely title thou disdaint in her, the which I can build vp : strange is it that our bloods Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction : yet stands off In differences so mightie. If she bee

All that is vertuous (saue what thou dislik'st) A poore Phisitians daughter, thou dislik'st Of vertue for the name : but doe not so :

From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed, The place is dignified by th' doers deede.

Where great additions swell's, and vertue none, It is a dropied honour. Good alone,

Is good without a name? Vilenesse is so :

The propertie by what is is, should go,

Not by the title. Shee is young, wife, faire,

In these, to Nature thee's immediate heire :

And these breed honour : that is honours scorne,

Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,

And is not like the fire : Honours thrine,

When rather from our acts we them deriue

Then our fore-goers : the meere words, a slaue Deboish'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue :

A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,

Where dust, and damn'd obliuion is the Tombe.

Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be saide?

If thou canst like this creature, as a maide,

I can create the rest : Vertue, and shee Is her owne dower : Honour and wealth, from mee.

Ber. I cannot loue her, nor will strue to doo't.

King. Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou should'st strue to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad : Let the rest go.

King. My Honor's at the stake, which to defeat I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand,

Proud scornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift,

That dost in vile misprision shackle vp My loue, and her desert : that canst not dreame,

We poizing vs in her defectiue scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beame : That wilt not know, It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where

We please to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt :

Obeie Our will, which trauailes in thy good :

Beleeue not thy disdaine, but presentlie Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right

Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes.

Or I will throw thee from my care for euer Into the staggars, and the carelessse lapie

Of youth and ignorance : both my reuenge and hate Looking vpon thee, in the name of iustice,

Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord : for I submit My fancies to your eies, when I consider

What great creation, and what dole of honour Flies where you bid it : I finde that she which late

Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base : is now The praised of the King, who so ennobled,

Is as 'twere borne so.

King. Take her by the hand, And tell her she is thine : to whom I promise

A counterpoize : If not to thy estate,

A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the fauour of the King Smile vpon this Contract : whose Ceremonie

Shall seeme expedient on the now borne briebe, And be perform'd to night : the solempne Feast

Shall more attend vpon the coming space, Expecting absent friends. As thou lou'st her,

Thy loue's to me Religious : else, do's erie.

Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.

Laf. Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you.

Par. Your pleasure sir.

Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

Laf. I : Is it not a Language I speake?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to bee vnderstoode without bloudie succeeding. My Master?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Rossillion*?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts : to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man : Counts maister is of another stile.

Par. You are too old sir : Let it satisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man : to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries : to bee a prettie wife fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of thy trauell, it might passe : yet the scarffes and the banners about thee, did manifoldlie disswade me from beleeuing thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee, when I loose thee againe, I care not : yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th' our scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vpon thee.

Laf. Do not plunge thy selfe to farre in anger, least thou hasten thy triall : which if, Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice saue thee well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Giue me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity.

Laf.

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I haue not my Lord deseru'd it.

Laf. Yes good faith, eu'ry dramme of it, and I will not base thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Euen as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'st bound

in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I haue a desire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my poore doing eternall : for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue.

Par. Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord : Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. He beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conuenience, and he were double and double a Lord. He haue no more pittie of his age then I would haue of—He beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's newes for you : you haue a new Mistress.

Par. I most vnfaignedly beseech your Lordshippe to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serue aboute is my master.

Laf. Who? God.

Par. I sir.

Laf. The deuill it is, that's thy master. Why doest thou garter vp thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeves? Do other seruants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee : mee-think'st thou art a generall offence, and euery man should beate thee : I thinke thou wast created for men to breath themselves vpon thee.

Par. This is hard and vnderstode measure my Lord.

Laf. Go too sir, you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranar, you are a vagabond, and no true traveller : you are more sawcie with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'de call you knaue. I leaue you.

Enter Count Rossillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then : good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

Ref. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.

Par. What's the matter sweet-heart?

Rossil. Although before the solempne Priest I haue sworne, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what sweet heart?

Ref. O my *Parolles*, they haue married me : Ile to the *Tuscan* warres, and neuer bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits, The tread of a mans foot : too'th warres.

Ref. There's letters from my mother : What th' import is, I know not yet.

Par. I that would be knowne : too'th warres my boy, too'th warres :

He weares his honor in a boxe vnscene,

That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home,

Spending his manlie marrow in her armes

Which should sustaine the bound and high curuer

Of *Marses* fierie steed : to other Regions,

France is a stable, wee that dwell in't lades,

Therefore too'th warre.

Ref. It shall be so, Ile send her to my house,

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,

And wherefore I am fled : Write to the King

That which I durst not speake. His present gift

Shall furnish me to those Italian fields

Where noble fellowes strike : Warres is no strife

To the darke house, and the detected wife.

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure?

Ref. Go with me to my chamber, and aduise me.

Ile send her straight away : To morrow,

Ile to the warres, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why these bails bound, ther's noise in it. Tis hard

A yong man married, is a man that's mard :

Therefore away, and leaue her brauely : go,

The King ha's done you wrong : but hush'tis so. *Exit*

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

Cl. She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very merrie, but yet she is not well : but thanks be giuen she's very well, and wants nothing i'th world : but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be verie wel, what do's she ayle, that she's not verie well?

Cl. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things

Hel. What two things?

Cl. One, that she's not in heaven, whether God send her quickly : the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Blesse you my fortunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope sir I haue your good will to haue mine owne good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, haue them still. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie?

Cl. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would shee did as you say.

Par. Why I say nothing.

Cl. Marry you are the wiser man : for many a mans tongue shakes out his masters vndoing : to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knaue.

Cl. You should haue said sir before a knaue, th'art a knaue, that's before me th'art a knaue : this had beene truth sir.

Par. Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I haue found thee.

Cl. Did you finde me in your selfe sir, or were you taught to finde me?

Cl. The search sir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

Par. A good knaue ifaith, and well fed.

Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,

A verie serious businesse call's on him:
The great prerogative and rite of loue,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distill now in the curbed time,
To make the coming houre overflow with ioy,
And pleasure drowne the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leaue a'th king,
And make this haft as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthened with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.

Hel. What more commands hee?

Par. That hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In euery thing I waite vpon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you come firrah.

Exit Par.

Exit

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinke not him a
souldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approue.

Laf. You haue it from his owne deliuerance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie.

Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke
for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you my Lord he is very great in know-
ledge, and accordinglie valiant.

Laf. I haue then sinn'd against his experience, and
transgressed against his valour, and my state that way is
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:
Heere he comes, I pray you make vs friends, I will pur-
sue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done sir.

Laf. Pray you fir whose his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I fir, hee fir a good worke-
man, a verie good Tailor.

Ber. Is hee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will shee away to night?

Par. As you'le haue her.

Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Giuen order for our horses, and to night,
When I should take possession of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.

Laf. A good Trauailer is something at the latter end
of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vles a
known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should
bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God saue you Cap-
taine.

Ber. Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and
you Monsieur?

Par. I know not how I haue deserued to run into my
Lords displeasure.

Laf. You haue made shift to run into't, bootes and
spurres and all: like him that leapt into the Custard, and
out of it you'le runne againe, rather then suffer question
for your residence.

Ber. It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord.

Laf. And shall doe so euer, though I tooke him at's
prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleue this of

me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule
of this man is his clothes: Trust him not in matter of
heauie consequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know
their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I haue spoken better
of you, then you haue or will to deserue at my hand, but
we must do good against euill.

Par. An idle Lord, I sweare.

Ber. I thinke so.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Giues him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue fir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue
For present parting, onely he desires
Some priuate speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not meruaile *Helena* at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration, and required office

On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a businesse, therefore am I found
So much vnsted: This driues me to intreate you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse then aske why I intreate you,
For my respects are better then they seeme,
And my appointments haue in them a neede
Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, so
I leaue you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient seruant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And euer shall

With true obseruance seeke to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely starres haue fail'd
To equall my great fortune.

Ber. Let that goe: my haft is verie great. Farwell:
Hie home.

Hel. Pray fir your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthe of the wealth I owe,

Nor dare I say 'tis mine: and yet it is,

But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale
What law does vouch mine owne.

Ber. What would you haue?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haft to horse.

Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell.

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will neuer come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme:

Away, and for our flight.

Par. Brauely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,
with a troope of Souldiers.*

Duke. So that from point to point, now haue you heard

The

The fundamentall reasons of this warre,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

Lord. Holy seemes the quarrell
Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we meruaile much our Cousin France
Would in so iust a businesse, shut his bosome
Against our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,
But like a common and an outward man,

That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,
By selfe vnable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile,
As often as I guest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

French G. But I am sure the yonger of our nature,
That suffer on their ease, will day by day
Come heere for Physicke.

Duke. Welcome shall they bee:
And all the honors that can flye from vs,

Shall on them settle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your auailles they fell,
To morrow to'th the field.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, save
that he comes not along with her.

Clow. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a ve-
rie melancholly man.

Count. By what obseruance I pray you.

Clow. Why he will looke ypon his boote, and sing:
mend the Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke
his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of
melancholly hold a goodly Mannor for a song.

Lad. Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes
to come.

Clow. I haue no minde to *Isbell* since I was at Court,
Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing
like your old Ling and your *Isbel*: a'th Court: the brains
of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an
old man louts mouey, with no stomacke.

Lad. What haue we heere?

Clow. In that you haue there.

A Letter.

I haue sent you a daughter-in-Law, shee hath recovered the
King, and vndone me: I haue wooed her, not bedded her,
and sworne to make her eternall. You shall heare I am
runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee
breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance, My
duty to you.

Count. Your vnforgotten soure,
Bertram.

This is not well rash and vnbridled boy,
To flye the fauours of so good a King,

To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heauie newes within be-
tweene two souldiers, and my yong Ladie.

Lad. What is the matter.

Clow. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some
comfort your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thought
he would.

Lad. Why should he be kill'd?
Clow. So say I Madam, if he runne away, as I heare he
does, the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of
men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they
come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your
sonne was run away.

Enter Helen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saue you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.

French G. Do not say so.

Lad. I thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen, I
I haue felt so many quirks of ioy and greefe, I doe not know
That the first face of neither on the starre

Can woman me vntoo't. Where is my sonne I pray you?

French G. Madam he's gone to serue the Duke of Flo-
rence.

We met him thitherward, for thence we came
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,

Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Look on his Letter Madam, here's my Passport.

When thou canst get the Ring vpon my finger, which neuer
shall come off, and shew mee a childe begotten of thy bodie,
that I am father too, then call me husband: but in such a (then)

I write a Newes.

This is a dreadfull sentence.

Lad. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

French G. I Madam, and for the Contents take are sorrie
for our paines.

Old Lad. I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,

If thou engroffest, all the greefes are thine,
Thou robst me of a moiety: He was my sonne,

But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

French G. I Madam.

Lad. And to be a souldier.

French G. Such is his noble purpose, and beleue't
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor

That good conuenience claimes.

Lad. Returne you thither.

French E. I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed;

Hel. Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France;

'Tis bitter.

Lad. Finde you that there?

Hel. I Madam.

French E. 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand liaply, which
his heart was not consenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife in it.

There's nothing heere that is too good for him.

But onely she, and she deserues a Lord.

That twenty such rude boyes might read vpon,
And call her hourly Mistris. Who was with him?

French E. A seruant onely, and a Gentleman: which I
haue sometime knowne.

Lad. Parolles was it not?

French E. I my good Ladie, hee.

Lad. A verie tainted fellow; and full of wickednesse,
My sonne corrupts a well seru'd nature

With his inducement.

French E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of
that, too much, which holds him much to haue.

Lad. Yare welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you
when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can
neuer winne the honor that he looses: more Ile intreate
you

you written to beare along.
Fren. G. We serue you Madam in that and all your
 worthiest affaires.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies,
 Will you draw neerer? *Exit.*

Hel. Till I have no wife I have nothing in France.
 Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:

Thou shalt haue none *Rossillion*, none in France,
 Then hast thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I

That chafe thee from thy Countie, and expose
 Those tender limbes of thine, to the euent

Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,
 That driue thee from the sportiue Court, where thou

Wast shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
 Of smokie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride vpon the violent speede of fire,
 Fly with false ayme, moue the still-peering aire

That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
 Who euer shoots at him, I set him there.

Who euer charges on his forward brest
 I am the Caiiffe that do hold him too't,

And though I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected: Better 'twere

I met the ruine, Lyon when he roard
 With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,

That all the miseries which nature owes
 Were mine at once. No come thou home *Rossillion*,

Whence honor but of danger winnes a feare,
 As oft it looses all, I will be gone:

My being heere it is, that holds thee heere,
 Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no, although

The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,
 And Angles offic'd all: I will be gone;

That pittifull rumour may report my flight
 To console thine eare. Come night, end day,

For with the darke (poore theefe) I'll scale away. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, *Rossillion*,
drumme and trumpets, soldiers, Parrolles;

Duke. The Generall of our horse thou art, and we
 Great in our hope, lay our best loue and credence

Vpon thy promising fortune,
Ber. Sir it is as you say, I am as you say.

A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
 We'll striue to beare it for your worthy sake;

To th' extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth,

And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme
 As thy auspicious mistress.

Ber. This very day, I am as you say,
 Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,

Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall proue
 A loner of thy drumme, hater of loue. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
 Might you not know she would do, as she has done,

By sending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter. I have receiued
 I am *S. Iaques* Pilgrim, thither gone

And thus I haue in me offended,
 That bare-foot plod I the cold ground vpon

With fainte and my fault to him amended.

Write, write, that from the bloods cometh of warre,
 My dearest Master your deare sonne, may be,
 Blesse him at home in peace. While I from farre,
 His name with zealous fervour sanctifie:
 His taken labours bid him me forgive:
 I his despitfull Inno sent him forth,
 From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to line,
 Where death and danger dogges the heeles of worlde:
 He is too good and faire for death, and mee,
 Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.

Al what sharpe stings are in her mildest words?
Rynaldo, you did neuer lacke aduice so much,

As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,
 I could haue well diuerted her intents,

Which thus she hath prevented.
Ste. Pardon me Madam,

If I had giuen you this at ouer-night,
 She might haue bene ore-tane: and yet she writes

Pursuite would be but vaine.

La. What Angell shall
 Blesse this vnworthy husband, he cannot thrise,

Vnlesse her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare
 And loues to grant, repreece him from the wrath

Of greatest Iustice. Write, write *Rynaldo*,
 To this vnworthy husband of his wife,

Let euerie word waigh heauie of her worth,
 That he does waigh too light: my greatest greefe,

Though little he do seele it, set downe sharply.
 Dispatch the most conuenient messenger,

When haply he shall heare that she is gone,
 He will returne, and hope I may that shee

Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,
 Led hither by pure loue: which of them both

Is dearest to me, I haue no skill in fence
 To make distinction: provide this Messenger:

My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,
 Greefe would haue teares, and sorrow bids me speake. *Exeunt*

A Tucket as farre off.

Enter old Widow of Florence, her daughter, *Palmer*,
 and *Mariana*, with other Citizens.

Widow. May come,
 For if they do approach the City,

We shall loose all the fight.
Diana. They say, the French Count has done

Most honourable seruice.
Wid. It is reported,

That he has taken their great Commander,
 And that with his owne hand he slew

The Dukes brother: we haue lost our labour,
 They are gone a contrarie way: harke,

you may know by their Trumpets.
Maria. Come lets returne againe,

And suffice our selues with the report of it.
 Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,

The honor of a Maide is her name,
 And no Legacie is so rich

As honestie.
Widow. I haue told my neighbour

How you haue bene solicited by a Gentleman
 His Companion.

Maria

Maria. I know that knaue, hang him, one *Parolles*,
 a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young
 Earle, beware of them *Diana*: their promises, entice-
 ments, oathes, tokens, and all these engines of lost, are
 not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath bene
 seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so
 terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot
 for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed
 with the twiggies that threatens them. I hope I neede
 not to aduise you further, but I hope your owne grace
 will keepe you where you are, though there were no
 further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so
 lost.

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me.
 Enter *Hellen*.

Wid. I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know
 she will lye at my house, thither they send one another,
 Ile question her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are
 bound?

Hel. To *S. Iaques la grande*.
 Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the *S. Francis* heere beside the Port.
Hel. Is this the way? *A march as farre.*

Wid. I marrie ist. Harke you, they come this way:
 If you will tarrise holy Pilgrime

But till the troopes come by,
 I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,

The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse
 As ample as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe?
Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leisure.
Wid. you came I thinke from *France*?

Hel. I did so.
Wid. Heere you shall see a Countymen of yours

That has done worthy seruice.
Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rossillion*: knew you such a one?
Hel. But by the care that heares most nobly of him:

His face I know not.
Dia. What somere he is

He's brauely taken heere. He stole from *France*
 As 'tis reported: for the King had married him

Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?
Hel. I surely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that serues the Count,
 Reports but coufely of her.

Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monsieur *Parolles*.

Hel. Oh I beleue with him,
 In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane
 To haue her name repeated, all her deseruing

Is a referu'd honestie, and that
 I haue not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas poore Ladie,
 'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife

Of a detesting Lord.
Wid. I write good creature, wherefore she is,

Her hart waighes sadly: this yong maide might do her
 A shrewd turne if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?
 May be the amorous Count solicites her

In the vnlawfull purpose.
Wid. He does indeede,

And brokes with all that can in such a suite

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
 But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
 In honestest defence.

Drumme and Colours.
 Enter Count *Rossillion*, *Parrolles*, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddess forbid else.
Wid. So, now they come:

That is *Anthony* the Dukes eldest sonne,
 That *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. Hee,

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,
 I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honest

He were much goodlier. Is't not a handfom Gentleman
Hel. I like him well.

Di. 'Tis pittie he is not honest: yonds that same knaue
 That leads him to these places: were I his Ladie,

I would poison that vile Rascall.
Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That lacke an-apes with scarfes. Why is hee
 melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.
Par. Loofe our drum? Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he
 has spied vs.

Wid. Marrie hang you.
Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*

Wid. The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I will bring
 you, Where you shall host: Of inioyn'd penitents

There's foure or fve, to great *S. Iaques* bound,
 Alreadie at my house.

Hel. I humbly thanke you:
 Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide

To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking
 Shall be for me, and to requite you further,

I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,
 Worthy the note.

Both. Wee'l take your offer kindly. *Exeunt*

Enter Count *Rossillion* and the Frenchmen,
 as at first.

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him
 haue his way.

Cap. G. If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding,
 hold me no more in your respect.

Cap. E. On my life my Lord, a bubble.
Ber. Do you thinke I am so farre

Deceiu'd in him.
Cap. E. Beleue it my Lord, in mine owne direct

knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him
 as my kinsman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infi-

nite and endlesse Liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the
 owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships

entertainment.
Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, least reposing too

farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some
 great and trustie businesse, in a maine daunger, fayle

you.
Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try

him.
Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his

drumme, which you heare him so confidently vnder-
 take to do.

C. E. I with a troop of Florentines will sodainly sur-
 prize

X 2

prize him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will binde and hoodwinke him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the aduersaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliuer all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the dinne forfeite of his soule vpon oath, neuer trust my judgement in anie thing.

Cap. G. O for the loue of slaughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeit lump of ours will be melted if you giue him nor Iohn drummes entertainments, your inclining cannot be remoued. Heere he comes.

Enter Parrolles.

Cap. E. O for the loue of laughter hinder not the honor of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme ticks forely in your disposition.

Cap. G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme: Ist but a drumme? A drum so lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse vpon our owne wings, and to reade our owne souldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the seruice: it was a disaster of warre that Caesar him selfe could not haue prevented, if he had bene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our successe: some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might haue bene recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of seruice is sildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would haue that drumme or another, or his inces.

Ber. Why if you haue a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if you thinke your myserie in stratagem, can bring this instrument of honour againe into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on, I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, euen to the utmost syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a souldier I will vndertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. He about it this evening, and I will presently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my certaintie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation: and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe will be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th art valiant,

And to the possibility of thy souldier ship,

Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.

Par. I loue not many words.

Cap. E. No more then a fish loues water, Is not this

a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to vndertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damned then to doo't.

Cap. G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans favour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discoueries, but when you finde him out, you haue him euer after.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so seriously hee dooes adresse himselfe vnto?

Cap. E. None in the world, but returne with an inuention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we haue almost imboist him, you shall see his fall to night: for indeede he is not for your Lordships respect.

Cap. G. Weele make you some sport with the Foure ere we caue him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord Lafew, when his disguise and he is parted; tell me what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this vnto night.

Cap. E. I must go looke my twiggies, He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap. G. As't please your Lordship, Ile leave you.

Ber. Now wil I lead you to the house, and shew you The Lasse I spoke of.

Cap. E. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but once,

And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her

By this same Coxcombe that we haue i'th winde

Tokens and Letters, which she did reſend,

And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature,

Will you go see her?

Cap. E. With all my heart my Lord.

Enter Hellem and Widdow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not free,

I know not how I shall assure you further, &c.

But I shall loose the grounds I worke vpon.

Wid. Though my estate be false, I was well borne,

Nothing acquainted with these busineses,

And would not put my reputation now

In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.

First giue me trust, the Count he is my husband,

And what to your sworne counsaile I haue spoken,

Is so from word to word: and then you cannot

By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,

Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should belecue you,

For you haue shew'd me that which well approues

'Yare great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,

And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,

Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe

When I haue found it. The Count he woos your

daughter.

Layes downe his wanton sledge before her beautie,

Resolue to carrie her: let her in fine consent

As we'll direct her how 'tis best to beare it:

Now his important blood will naught denie,

That shee'l demand: a ring the Countie wearts,

That downward hath succeeded in his house.

From

From sonne to sonne, some foure or fiue descents, Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds

In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire,

To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,

How ere repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottome of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawfull then, it is no more,

But that your daughter ere she seemes as wonne,

Desires this Ring: appoints him an encounter;

In fine, deliuers me to fill the time,

Her selfe most chastly absent: after

To marry her, Ile adde three thousand Crownes

To what is past already.

Wid. I haue yielded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall perseuer,

That time and place with this deceit so lawfull

May proue coherent. Euery night he comes

With Musickes of all sorts, and songs compos'd

To her vnworthinesse: It nothing steeds vs

To chide him from our eues, for he persists

As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night

Let vs assay our plot, which if it speed,

Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;

And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,

Where both not sinne, and yet a finfull fact.

But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or sixe other souldiers in ambush.

1. Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you fallie vpon him, speake what terrible Language you will: though you vnderstand it not your selues, no matter: for we must not seeme to vnderstand him, vntill some one among vs, whom wee must produce for an Interpreter.

1. Sol. Good Captaine, let me be th Interpreter.

Lor. E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?

1. Sol. No sir I warrant you.

Lo. E. But what linie wolst thou to speake to vs againe.

1. Sol. E'n such as you speake to me.

Lo. E. He must thinke vs some band of strangers, i'th aduersaries entertainment. Now he hath a smacke of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we must euery one be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speak one to another: so we seeme to know, is to know straight

our purpose: Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seeme very politicke. But euen hie, heere hee comes, to beguile two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & swear the lies he forges:

1. Sol. I should belecue you,

For you haue shew'd me that which well approues

'Yare great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,

And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,

Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe

When I haue found it. The Count he woos your

daughter.

Layes downe his wanton sledge before her beautie,

Resolue to carrie her: let her in fine consent

As we'll direct her how 'tis best to beare it:

Now his important blood will naught denie,

That shee'l demand: a ring the Countie wearts,

That downward hath succeeded in his house.

From

Enter Parrolles.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within these three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I haue done? It must be a very plausible inuention that carries it. They beginne to smoake mee, and disgraces haue of late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars

before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lo. E. This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of.

Par. What the diuell should moue mee to vndertake the recouerie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must giue my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not giue, wherefore what's the instance. Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe another of *Bianzeiba* Mule, if you prattle mee into these perilles.

Lo. E. Is it possible he should know what hee is, and be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold serue the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lo. E. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

Lo. E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my clothes, and say I was stript.

Lo. E. Hardly serue.

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.

Lo. E. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo. E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be beleueed.

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would sweare I recouer'd it.

Lo. E. You shall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarm with him.

Lo. E. *Throca morousus*, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, willianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O ranfome, ranfome,

Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. *Boskos thromuldo boskos*.

Par. I know you are the *Mutkos* Regiment,

And I shall loose my life for want of language.

If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,

Italian, or French, let him speake to me,

Ile discouer that, which shal vndo the Florentine.

Int. *Boskos vawado*, I vnderstand thee, & can speake

thy tongue: *Kerelybonto* sir, betake thee to thy faith, for

seuenteene ponyards are at thy bolome.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,

Manka vethania dulche.

Lo. E. *Oscorbidulobos voluorco*.

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet,

And hoodwinke as thou art, will leade thee on

To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe

Something to saue thy life.

Par. O let me liue,

And all the secrets of our campe Ile shew,

Their force, their purposes: Nay, Ile speake that,

Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me.

Inter. *Acordo linta*.

Come on, thou art granted space.

A short Alarm with him.

X 3

Lo. E.

L.E. Go tell the Count *Rossilion* and my brother,
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him
Till we do heare from them.

Sol. Captaine I will.

L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our selues,
Informe on that.

Sol. So I will fir.

L.E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.

*Enter Bertram, and the Maide called
Diana.*

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fonzibell*.

Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana*.

Ber. Titled Goddesse,

And worth it with addition: but faire soule,
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet selfe was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but durie, such (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more a'that:

I prethee do not strue against my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee
By loues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of seruice.

Dia. If you serue vs

Till we serue you: But when you haue our Roses,
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our selues,
And mocke vs with our barrenesse.

Ber. How haue I sworne.

Dia. 'Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:

What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
But take the high st to witness: then pray you tell me,

If I should sweare by Loues great attributes,
I lou'd you deere, would you beleue my oathes,

When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding
To sweare by him whom I protest to loue

That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but vnseal'd

At left in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:

Be not so holy cruell: Loue is holie,

And my integritie ne're knew the crafts

That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,

But giue thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,

Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer

My loue as it begins, shall so perseuer.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarse,

That wee forsake our selues. Giue me that Ring.

Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power

To giue it from me.

Dia. Will you not my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,

Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,

Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,

In mee to loose.

Dia. Mine Honors such a Ring

My chastities the Jewell of our house,

Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wisdom
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaine assault.

Ber. Heere, take my Ring.

My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my cham-
ber window:

Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,

When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden bed,

Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:

My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,

When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd:

And on your finger in the night, Ile put

Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,

May token to the future, our past deeds.

Adieu till then, then faile not: you haue wonne

A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I haue won by wooing thee.

Dia. For which, liue long to thank both heaven & me,

You may so in the end.

My mother told me iust how he would woo,

As if the fate in's heart. She sayes, all men

Haue the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me

When his wife's dead: therefore Ile lye with him

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,

Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:

Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,

To cosen him that would vnjustly winne.

*Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three
Souldiours.*

Cap.G. You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.

Cap.E. I haue deliuer'd it an houre since, there is som

thing in't that stings his nature: for on the reading it,

he chang'd almost into another man.

Cap.G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him,

for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

Cap.E. Especially, hee hath incurred the euellasting

displeasure of the King, who had euen tun'd his bounty

to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but

you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap.G. When you haue spoken it 'tis dead, and I am

the graue of it.

Cap.E. Hee hath peruered a young Gentlewoman

heere in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, & this night

he fleshes his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath

giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinks himselfe

made in the vnchaste composition.

Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our

selues, what things are we?

Cap.E. Meereely our owne traitours. And as in the

common course of all treasons, we still see them reueale

themselves, till they attaine to their abhor'd ends: so

he that in this action contriues against his owne Nobility

in his proper streame, ore-flows himselfe.

Cap.G. Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trum-

peters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue

his company to night?

Cap.E. Not till after midnight: for hee's deere to

his house.

Cap.G. That approaches apace: I would gladly haue

him see his company anathemiz'd, that hee might take

a measure of his owne iudgements, wherein so curiously
he had set this counterfeit.

Cap.E. We will not meddle with him till he come;
for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap.G. In the meane time, what heere you of these
Warres?

Cap.E. I heere there is an ouerture of peace.

Cap.G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cap.E. What will Count *Rossilion* do then? Will he
trauaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap.G. I perceiue by this demand, you are not alto-
gether of his counsell.

Cap.E. Let it be forbid fir, so should I bee a great
deale of his act.

Cap.G. Sir, his wife some two months since fledde
from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Ia-*

ques le grand; which holy vnder-taking, with most au-
thoritie sanctimonie shee accomplisht: and there residing,

the tendernes of her Nature, became as a prey to her
griefe: in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now

she sings in heaven.

Cap.E. How is this iustified?

Cap.G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters,
which makes her storie true, euen to the poynt of her

death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office
to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector

of the place.

Cap.E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap.G. I, and the particular confirmations, point

from point, to the full arming of the veritie.

Cap.E. I am heartily sorrie that hee'l bee gladd of

this.

Cap.G. How mightily sometimes, we make vs com-
forts of our losses.

Cap.E. And how mightily some other times, wee

drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his

valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be en-
countered with a shame as ample.

Cap.G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne,

good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if

our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dis-
paire if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street fir, of whom hee

hath taken a solemne leaue: his Lordshippe will next

morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Let-
ters of commendations to the King.

Cap.E. They shall bee no more then needfull there,

if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Rossilion.

Ber. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings art-

nesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord,

is't not after midnight?

Ber. I haue to night dispatch'd sixteene busineses, a

moneths length a peece, by an abstract of successe: I

haue congi'd with the Duke, done my adieu with his

nearest buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my La-

die mother, I am returning, entrein'd my Conuoy, &

betwene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected ma-

ny nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I haue

not ended yet.

Cap.E. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this

morning your departure hence, it requires hast of your

Lordship.

Ber. I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing
to heare of it hereafter: but shall we haue this dialogue
betwene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring
forth this counterfeit module, ha's deceiu'd mee, like a
double-meaning Prophecie.

Cap.E. Bring him forth, ha's fate i'th stockes all night
poore gallant knaue.

Ber. No matter, his heeles haue deseru'd it, in vsur-
ping his spurres so long. How does he carry himselfe?

Cap.E. I haue told your Lordship already: The
stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be

vn-derstood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her
milke, he hath confest himselfe to *Morgan*, whom hee

supposes to be a Friar, frō the time of his remembrance
to this very instant disaster, of his setting i'th stockes:

and what thinke you he hath confest?

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap.E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read
to his face, if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleue you

are, you must haue the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague vpon him, muffled; he can say nothing
of me: hush, hush.

Cap.G. Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa*.

Inter. He calles for the tortures, what will you say
without em.

Par. I will confesse what I know without constraint,
If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

Int. *Boisko Chinnurcho*.

Cap. *Bolubindo chinnurcho*.

Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall

bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to liue.

Int. First demand of him, how many horse the Duke

is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or fixe thousand, but very weake and vn-
seruicicable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Com-
manders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and

credit, and as I hope to liue.

Int. Shall I set downe your answer so?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which
way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a past-sauing flauie is this?

Cap.G. Yare deceiu'd my Lord, this is Mounseur
Parolles the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase

that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his
scarfe, and the practise in the chape of his dagger.

Cap.E. I will neuer trust a man againe, for keeping
his sword cleane, nor beleue he can haue euerie thing

in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. Five or six thousand horse I sed, I will say true,

or thereabouts set downe, for Ile speake truth.

Cap.G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he

deliue's it.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you say.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. I humbly thanke you fir, a truth's a truth, the

Rogues are maruailous poore.

Interp. Demand of him of what strength they are a

foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth fir, if I were to liue this present

houre, I will tell true. Let mee see, *Spario* a hundred &

hiscie,

fiftie, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many: Guislian, Cosmo, Lodowicke, and Graty, two hundred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, Chitopher, Vau-mond, Bentj, two hundred fiftie each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, vpon my life amounts not to fiftie thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cascocks, least they shake themselves to peeces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Cap. G. Nothing, but let him haue thanks. Demand of him my condition: and what credite I haue with the Duke.

Int. Well that's set downe: you shall demand of him, whether one Capitaine Dumaine bee i'th Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres: or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-waighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Capitaine Dumaine?

Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Capitaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

Par. Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowlie.

Cap. G. Nay looke not so vpon me: we shall heare of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to turne him our a'th band. I thinke I haue his Letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry we'll searce.

Par. In good sadnesse I do not know, either it is there, or it is vpon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Heere'tis, heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap. G. Excellently.

Int. Dian, the Countess a foole, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Dukes letter sir: that is an aduertisement to a proper maide in Florence, one Diana, to take heede of the allurements of one Count Rosillion, a foolish idle boy: but for all that very ruttish. I pray you sir put it vp againe.

Int. Nay, he reade it first by your fauour.

Par. My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maide: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lasciuious boy, who is a'whale to Virginitie, and deuours vp all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue.

Int. Let. When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it:

After he scores, he neuer payes the score:
Halfe won is match well made, match and well made it,
He neuer payes after debts, take it before,
And say a souldier (Dian) told thee this:
Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kis.

For count of this, the Countess a Foole I know it,
Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.

Thinke as he vow'd to thee in thine care,
Parolles.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the Armie with this rime in's forehead.

Cap. E. This is your deuoted friend sir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent souldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceiue sir by your Generals lookes, weeshall besaine to hang you.

Par. My life sir in any case: Not that I am asfraid to dye, but that my offences beeing many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me liue sir in a dungeon, i'th stockes, or any where, so I may liue.

Int. We'll see what may bee done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Capitaine Dumaine: you haue answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honestie?

Par. He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloister: for rapes and rauishments he parallels Nessus. Hee professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then Hercules. He will lye sir, with such volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole: drunkenness is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunke, and in his sleepe hee does little harme, saue to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little more to say sir of his honesty, hee's euerie thing that an honest man should not haue; what an honest man should haue, he has nothing.

Cap. G. I begin to loue him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honestie? A pox vpon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

Par. Faith sir, he's led the drumme before the English Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his souldierish I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap. G. He hath out-villain'd villanie so farre, that the raritie redeemes him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a Cardene he will sell the fee-simple of his saluation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intail from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Capitaine Dumaine?

Cap. E. Why do's he aske him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'ne a Crow a'th same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deale in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat hee outrunnes any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee has the Crampe.

Int. If your life be saued, will you undertake to betray the Florentine.

Par. I, and the Capitaine of his horse, Count Rosillion.

Int. He whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.

Par. He no more drumming, a plague of all drummers, onely to seeme to deserue well, and to beguile the supposition.

sition of that lasciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run into this danger: yet who would haue suspected an ambush where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the Generall sayes, you that haue so traitorously discouerd the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serue the world for no honest vse: therefore you must dye. Come headesman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord sir let me liue, or let me see my dear husband.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends:

So, looke about you, know you any here?

Count. Good morrow noble Capitaine.

Lo. E. God blesse you Capitaine Parolles.

Cap. G. God saue you noble Capitaine.

Lo. E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord?

Cap. G. Good Capitaine will you giue me a Copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalfe of the Count Rosillion, and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell it of you, but far you well.

Int. You are vndone Capitaine all but your scarfe, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Int. If you could finde out a Countie where but women were that had receiued so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well sir, I am for France too, we shall speake of you there.

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great 'Twould burst at this: Capitaine he be no more,

But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft As Capitaine shall. Simply the thing I am

Shall make me liue: who knowes himselfe a braggart Let him feare this: for it will come to passe,

That euery braggart shall be found an Ass.

Rust sword, coole bluffs, and Parolles liue Safest in shame: being fool'd, by foolrie thrives;

There's place and meane for euery man aliue. He after them.

Enter Helen, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my suretie: for whose throne 'tis needfull

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.

Time was, I did him a desired office Deere almost as his life, which gratitude

Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth, And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,

His grace is at Marcella, to which place We haue conuenient conuoy: you must know

I am supposed dead, the Army breaking, My husband hies him home, where heauen ayding,

And by the leaue of my good Lord the King, Wee'l be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam, You neuer had a seruant to whose trust

Your busines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Mistresse

Euer a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour To recompence your loue: Doubt not but heauen

Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower, As it hath fared her to be my motiue.

And helper to a husband. But O strange men, That can such sweet vse make of what they hate, When sawle trusting of the cosin'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play With what it loathes, for that which is away, But more of this heereafter: you Diana, Vnder my poore instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honestie Go with your impositions, I am yours Vpon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:

Put with the word the time will bring on summer, When Briars shall haue leaues as well as thornes, And be as sweet as sharpe: we must away, Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuiues vs, All's well that ends well, still the fines the Crowne; What ere the course, the end is the renowne.

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your sonne was mist with a snipt raffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron wold haue made all the vnback'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had bene aliue at this houre, and your sonne heere at home, more aduanc'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speak of.

La. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature had prais'd for creating. If she had pertaken of my flesh and cost mee the deereft groanes of a mortier, I could not haue owed her a more rooted loue.

Laf. Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee may picke a thousand fallers ere wee light on such another hearbe.

Clow. Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the faller, or rather the hearbe of grace.

Laf. They are not hearbes you knaue, they are nose-hearbes.

Clowne. I am no great Nabuchadnezzar sir, I haue not much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether doest thou professe thy selfe, a knaue or a foole?

Clow. A foole sir at a womans seruice, and a knaue at a mans.

Laf. Your distinction.

Clow. I would coulen the man of his wife, and do his seruice.

Laf. So you were a knaue at his seruice indeed.

Clow. And I would giue his wife my bauble sir to doe her seruice.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole.

Clow. At your seruice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clow. Why sir, if I cannot serue you, I can serue as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whose that, a Frenchman?

Clow. Faith sir a has an English maine, but his sishomie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clow. The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darkenesse, alias the diuell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purse, I giue thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st off, serue him still.

Clow.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loued a great fire, and the master I speak of euer keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselves may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a wearie of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be wel look'd too, without any trickes.

Clo. If I put any trickes vpon em sir, they shall bee Iades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature.

Laf. A shrewd knaue and an vnhappy.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authoritie hee remains heere, which he thinkes is a patten for his sawcinesse, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was vpon his returne home. I moued the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maiestie out of a selfe-gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to stoppe vp the displeasure he hath conceiued against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

Lad. With verie much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highnesse comes post from *Marcellus*, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am decei'd, by him that in such intelligence hath feldome fail'd.

Lad. Irreioyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I haue letters that my sonne will be heere to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Lad. You neede but pleade your honourable priuiledge.

Laf. Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with a patch of veluet on's face, whether there bee a scar vnder't or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Veluet, his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheek is worne bare.

Laf. A scarre nobly got, Or a noble scarre, is a good liu'ie of honor, So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let vs go see.

your sonne I pray you, I long to talke With the yong noble souldier.

Clowne. Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euery man.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Helen, Widow, and Dianna, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night, Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it: But since you haue made the daies and nights as one, To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres, Be bold you do so grow in my requitall, As nothing can vnroote you. In happy time,

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may helpe me to his Maiesties care, If he would spend his power. God saue you sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I haue seene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I haue bene sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume sir, that you are not false From the report that goes vpon your goodnesse, And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The vse of your owne vertues, for the which I shall continue thankfull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you

To giue this poore petition to the King,

And ayde me with that store of power you haue

To come into his presence.

Gent. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere sir?

Gent. Not indeed,

He hence remou'd last night, and with more hast Then is his vse.

Wid. Lord how we loose our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,

Though time seeme so aduers, and meanes vnfit: I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to *Rossilion*, Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you sir,

Since you are like to see the King before me,

Commend the paper to his gracious hand,

Which I presume shall reader you no blame,

But rather make you thanke your paines for it,

I will come after you with what good speede

Our meanes will make vs meanes.

Gent. This Ile do for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thank what's falles more. We must to horse againe, Go, go, provide.

Enter Clowne and Parrolles.

Par. Good M^r *Lanatch* giue my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I haue ere now sir bene better knowne to you, when I haue held familiaritie with fresher cloathes: but I am now sir muddied in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortunes displeasure is but stutish if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Pre thee alow the winde.

Par. Nay you neede not to stop your nose sir: I spake but by a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethe get thee further.

Par. Pray you sir deliuer me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prethee stand away: a paper from fortunes close-stool, to giue to a Nobleman. Look heere he comes himselfe.

Enter Lafew.

Clo. Heere is a purre of Fortunes sir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muscat, that ha's falne into the vnleane fish-pond of her displeasure, and as he sayes is muddied withall. Pray you sir, vse the Carpe as you may, for hee looks like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knaue. I doe pittie his distresse in my smiles of comfort, and leaue him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too late to paire her nails now. Wherein haue you played the knaue with fortune that she should scratch you, who of her selfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues churle long vnder? There's a Cardew for you: Let the Iustices make you and fortune friends; I am for other businesse.

Par. I beseech your honour to heare mee one single word.

Laf. you begge a single penny more: Come you shall ha't, saue your word.

Par. My name my good Lord is *Parrolles*.

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my passion, giue me your hand: How does your drummer?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found mee.

Laf. Was I insooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out.

Laf. Our vpon thee knaue, dost thou put vpon mee at once both the office of God and the diuel: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you last night, though you are a foole and a knaue, you shall eate, go too, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French

Lords, with attendants.

King. We lost a Iewell of her, and our esteeme

Was made much poorer by it: but your sonne,

As mad in folly, lack'd the fence to know

Her estimation home.

Old Lady. 'Tis past my Liege,

And I beseech your Maiestie to make it

Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth,

When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force,

Ore-bears it, and burnes on.

King. My honour'd Lady,

I haue forgien and forgotten all,

Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him,

And watch'd the time to shoote.

Laf. This I must say,

But first I begge my pardon: the yong Lord

Did to his Maiesty, his Mother, and his Ladie,

Offence of mighty note; but to himselfe

The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,

Whose beauty did astonish the suruey

Of richest eyes: whose words all eares tooke captiue,

Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serue,

Humbly call'd Mistris.

King. Praising what is lost,

Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,

We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill

All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,

The nature of his great offence is dead,

And deeper then obliuion, we do burie

Th'incensing reliques of it. Let him approach

A stranger, no offender; and informe him

So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall my Liege.

King. What sayes he to your daughter,

Haue you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

King. Then shall we haue a match. I haue letters sent

me, that sets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookes well on's.

King. I am not a day of season,

For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile

In me at once: But to the brightest beames

Distraught clouds giue way, to stand thou forth,

The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repented blames

Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

King. All is whole,

Not one word more of the consumed time,

Let's take the instant by the forward top:

For we are old, and on our quick't decrees

Th'inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time

Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember

The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admirably my Liege, at first

I stucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart

Durst make too bold a herauld of my tongue:

Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,

Contempt his scornfull Perspective did lend me,

Which warp'd the line, of euery other fauour,

Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it stolne,

Extended or contracted all proportions

To a most hideous obiect. Thence it came,

That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe,

Since I haue lost, haue lou'd; was in mine eye

The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:

That thou didst loue her, strikes some scores away

From the great compt: but loue that comes too late,

Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried

To the great sencer, turnes a sower offence,

Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rash faults,

Make triuall price of serious things we haue,

Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue.

Of our displeasures to our selues vnist,

Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust:

Our owne loue waking, cries to see what's don,

While shamefull hate sleepe out the afternoone.

Be this sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her.

Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin*,

The maine consents are had, and heere we'll stay

To see our widdowers second marriage day:

Which better then the first, O deere heauen blese,

Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature cesse.

Laf. Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name

Must be digested: giue a fauour from you

To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That

That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And euerie haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,
I saw vpon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.
King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd too't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gaue it *Hellen*,
I bad her if her fortunes euer stode
Necessitied to helpe, that by this token
I would releue her. Had you that craft to reue her
Of what should read her most?

Ber. My gracious Soueraigne,
How ere it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was neuer hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life
I haue seene her weare it, and she reckon'd it
At her liues rate.

Las. I am sure I saw her weare it.
Ber. You are decei'd my Lord, she neuer saw it:

In Florence was it from a casement throwne mee,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought
I stood in ag'd, but when I had subscrib'd
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of Honour
As she had made the ouerture, she ceas'd
In heauie satisfaction, and would neuer
Receiue the Ring againe.

Kim. *Plutus* himselfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
Hath not in natures mysterie more science,
Then I haue in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen*,
Who euer gaue it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your selfe,
Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to suretie,
That she would neuer put it from her finger,
Vnlesse she gaue it to your selfe in bed,
Where you haue neuer comen or senticws
Vpon her great disaster.

Ber. She neuer saw it.
Kim. Thou speak'st it falsely: as I loue mine Honour,
And mak'st connecturall feares to come into me,
Which I would faine shut out, if it should proue
That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not proue so:
And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes my selfe, could with me to beleue,
More then to see this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall
Shall taze my feares of little vanitie,
Hauing vainly fear'd too little: Away with him,
Wee'l sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall proue
This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie
Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she neuer was.

Enter a Gentleman.
King. I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.

Gen. Gracious Soueraigne,
Whether I haue bene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or fve remoues come short;
To tender it her selfe. I vnderooke it.

Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech
Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending: her businesse lookes in her
With an importing visage, and she told me
In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne
Your Highnesse with her selfe.

A Letter.

Upon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife was
dead, I blissh to say it, he wonne me. Now is the Count *Ref.*
fillion a Widower, his vowe is forfeited to mee, and my
honors payed to him. Hee stole from Florence, taking
leane, and I follow him to his Countrey for Iustice: Grant
it me, O King, in you it best lies, otherwise a seuerer
rishter, and a poore Maide is vndone.

Diana Capilet.

Las. I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toul
for this. He none of him.

Kim. The heauens haue thought well on thee *Las.*
To bring forth this discourtie, seeke these tutors:
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a feard the life of *Helen* (Ladie)
Was sowly snatcht.

Old La. Now iustice on the doers.

King. I wonder sir, sir, wifes are monsters to you,
And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widow, Diana, and Parolles.

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Deriued from the ancient Capilet,
My suite as I do vnderstand you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

Wid. I am her Mother sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer vnder this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedie.

King. Come herher Count, do you know these Wo-
men?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marrie
You giue away this hand, and that is mine;
You giue away heauens vowe, and those are mine:
You giue away my selfe, which is knowne mine:
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you, must marrie me,
Either both or none.

Las. your reputation comes too short for my daugh-
ter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature,
Whom sometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,
Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere.

Kim. Sir for my thoughts, you haue them il to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer: proue your honor,
Then in my thought it lies.

Dian. Good my Lord,
Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke
He had not my virginity.

Kim. What saist thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent my Lord,
And was a common gamester to the Campe.

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were so,
He might haue bought me at a common price.

Do

Do not beleue him. Obelohd this Ring,
Whole high respect and rich validitie
Did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that
He gaue it to a Commoner at a Campe
If he be one.

Comm. He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Offixe preceding Ancestors, that Iemme
Confer'd by testament to th sequent issue
Hath it bene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofes.

King. Me thought you saide
You saw one heere in Court could witness it.

Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument, his names *Parrolles*.

Las. I saw the man to day, if man he bee.

Kim. Finde him, and bring him herher.

Ref. What of him?

He's quoted for a most pe-fidious slaue
With all the spots a'th world, taxt and debo'sh'd,
Whole nature sickens: but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'l vtter,
That will speake any thing.

Kim. She hath that Ring of yours.

Ref. I thinke she has; certaine it is Ily'd her,
And boarded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eagenesse with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancies course
Are motives of more fancie, and in fine,
Her insuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price haue bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You that haue turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May iustly dye me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And giue me mine againe.

Ref. I haue it not.

Kim. What Ring was yours I pray you?

Dian. Sir much like the same vpon your finger.

Kim. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gaue him being a bed.

Kim. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a Casement.

Dia. I haue spoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*

Ref. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

Kim. You boggle shrewdly, euery feather starts you:
Is this the man you speake of?

Dia. I, my Lord.

Kim. Tell me firrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master:
Which on your iust proceeding, hee keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?

Par. So please your Maiesty, my master hath bin an
honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him,
which Gentlemen haue.

Kim. Come, come, to'th purpose: Did hee loue this
woman?

Par. Faith sir he did loue her, but how.

Kim. How I pray you?

Par. He did loue her sir, as a Gent. loues a Woman.

Kim. How is that?

Par. He lou'd her sir, and lou'd her not.

Kim. As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equi-

uocall Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maiesties com-
mand.

Las. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie
Orator.

Dia. Do you know he promist me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then he speake.

Kim. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?

Par. Yes so please your Maiesty: I did goe betweene
them as I said, but more then that he loued her, for in-
deede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of
Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her
marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill will to
speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.

Kim. Thou hast spoken all already, vnlesse thou canst
say they are married, but thou art too fine in thy euidence,
therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.

Dia. I my good Lord.

Kim. Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?

Dia. It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.

Kim. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

Kim. Where did you finde it then?

Dia. I found it not.

Kim. If it were yours by none of all these wayes,
How could you giue it him?

Dia. I neuer gaue it him.

Las. This womans an easie gloue my Lord, she goes
off and on at pleasure.

Kim. This Ring was mine, I gaue it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

Kim. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prison with her: and away with him,
Vnlesse thou tell me where thou hadst this Ring,
Thou diest within this houre.

Dia. He neuer tell you.

Kim. Take her away.

Dia. He put in baile my liedge.

Kim. I thinke thee now some common Customer.

Dia. By loue if euer I knew man 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him al this while?

Dia. Because he's guiltie, and he is not guiltie:
He knowes I am no Maide, and hee I sweare too't:
He sweare I am a Maide, and he knowes not.

Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,
I am either Maide, or else this old mans wife.

Kim. She does abuse our eares, to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,
The Jeweller that owes the Ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,
Though yet he neuer harm'd me, heere I quit him.
He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with childe:
Dead though she be, she feels her yong one kicke:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quickie,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helen and Widow.

Kim. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?
Is't recall that I see?

Hel. No my good Lord,
Y

'Tis

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ref. Both, both, O pardon.

Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter: this it sayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

Ref. If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,
He loue her dearly, cuer, cuer dearly.

Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and proue vnttrue,
Deadly diuorce step betweene me and you.

O my deere mother do I see you liuing?

Las. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:

Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.

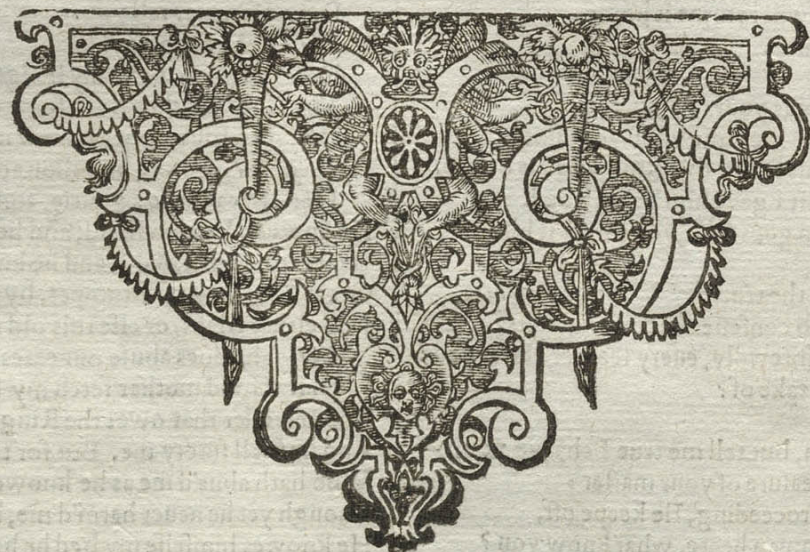
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, He make sport with
thee: Let thy curtises alone, they are scuruy ones.

King. Let vs from point to point this storie know,
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow:
If thou beest yet a fresh vncropped flower,
Chooſe thou thy husband, and He pay thy dower.
For I can guesſe, that by thy honeſt ayde,
Thou keptſt a wife her ſelfe, thy ſelfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progreſſe more and leſſe,
Reſoldedly more leaſure ſhall expreſſe:
All yet ſeemes well, and if it end ſo meeete,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.

Flouriſh.

*The Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this ſuite be wonne,
That you expreſſe Content: which we will pay,
With ſtriſt to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our part,
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeunt om.*

FINIS.



Twelfth Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other
Lords.

Duke.

*Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,
Gine me exceſſe of it: that ſurſetting,
The appetite may ficken, and ſo dye.
That ſtraine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the ſweet ſound
That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
Sealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of Loue, how quicke and freſh art thou,
That notwithſtanding thy capacitie,
Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch ſo ere,
But falls into abatement, and low price
Euen in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantaſticall.
Curio. Will you go hunt my Lord?
Duke. What Curio?
Curio. The Hart.
Duke. Why ſo I do, the Nobleſt that I haue:
O when mine eyes did ſee *Oliuia* firſt,
Me thought ſhe purg'd the ayre of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my deſires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere ſince purſue me. How now what newes from her?*

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do returne this anſwer:
The Element it ſelfe, till ſeuē yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloyſtreſſe ſhe will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brothers dead loue, which ſhe would keepe freſh
And laſting, in her ſad remembrance.

Duke. O ſhe that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How will ſhe loue, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the ſtocke of all affections elſe
That liue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,
Theſe ſoueraigne thrones, are all ſupply'd and fill'd
Her ſweete perfections with one ſelfe king:
Away before me, to ſweet beds of Flowres,
Loue-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylor.

Viola. What Country (Friends) is this?

Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.

Viola. And what ſhould I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you ſaylers?

Cap. It is perchance that you your ſelfe were ſaued.

Viola. O my poore brother, and ſo perchance may he be.

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure your ſelfe, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and thoſe poore number ſaued with you,
Hung on our driving boate: I ſaw your brother
Moſt provident in perill, binde himſelfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the praſtife)
To a ſtrong Maſte, that liu'd vpon the ſea:
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
So long as I could ſee.

Viola. For ſaying ſo, there's Gold:

Mine owne eſcape vnfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerues for authoritie
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this Countrey?

Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne

Not three houres trauaile from this very place:

Viola. Who gouernes heere?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Viola. What is his name?

Cap. Orſino.

Viola. Orſino: I haue heard my father name him.
He was a Barchellor then.

Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late:

For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freſh in murmure (as you know
What great ones do, the leſſe will prattle of.)
That he did ſeeke the loue of faire *Oliuia*.

Viola. What's ſhee?

Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That did ſome twelue month ſince, then leauing her
In the protection of his ſonne, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo did: for whoſe deere loue
(They ſay) ſhe hath abiur'd the fight
And company of men.

Viola. O that I ſeru'd that Lady,
And might not be deliuered to the world

Y 2

Till

Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What may estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compasse,
Because she will admit no kinde of suite,
No, not the Dukes.

Vio. There is a faire behaviour in thee Capitaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee
I will beleue thou hast a minde that suites
With this thy faire and outward charrafter.
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For such disguise as haply shall become
The forme of my intent. Ile seque this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing,
And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,
That will allow me very worth his seruice.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mure Ile bee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the
death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth sir Toby, you must come in earlier
a nights: your Coffin, my Lady, takes great exceptions
to your ill houres.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Ma. I, but you must confine your selfe within the
modest limits of order.

To. Confine? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am:
these clothes are good enough to drinke in, and so bee
these boots too: and they be not, let them hang them-
selves in their owne straps.

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you: I
heard my Lady talke of it yesterday: and of a foolish
knight that you brought in one night here, to be hir woer

To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-cheeke?

Ma. I he.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Ma. What's that to th' purpose?

To. Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare.

Ma. I, but hee'l haue but a yeare in all these ducates:
He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you'l say so: he playes o'th Viol-de-ga-
boys, and speaks three or four languages word for word
without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Ma. He hath indeed, almost naturall: for besides that
he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath
the gift of a Coward, to allay the gulf he hath in quarrel-
ling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly
haue the gift of a graue.

Tob. By this hand they are scoundrels and substra-
tors that say so of him. Who are they?

Ma. They that adde moreouer, hee's drunke nightly
in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke

to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke
in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coystrill that will not
drinke to my Neece, till his braines turne o'th roe, like a
parish top. What wench? *Cesario* vulgar: for here comes
Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir Toby Belch. How now sir Toby Belch?

To. Sweet sir Andrew.

And. Blesse you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too sir.

Tob. Accost Sir Andrew, accost,

And. What's that?

To. My Neece's Chamber-maid,

And. Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Ma. My name is Mary sir.

And. Good mistris Mary, accost.

To. You mistake knight: Accost, is front her, boord
her, woo her, assaile her.

And. By my troth I would not undertake her in this
company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part so Sir Andrew, would thou
might neuer draw sword agen.

And. And you part so mistris, I would I might neuer
draw sword agen: Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue
fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I haue not you by'th hand.

And. Marry but you shall haue, and heeres my hand.

Ma. Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your
hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

And. Wherefore (sweet-heart?) What's your Meta-
phor?

Ma. It's dry sir.

And. Why I thinke so: I am not such an asse, but I
can keepe my hand dry. But what's your iest?

Ma. A dry iest sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends: marry now
I let go your hand, I am barren.

To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie: when did
I see thee so put downe?

And. Neuer in your life I thinke, vlesse you see Ca-
narie put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I haue no
more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I
am a great eater of beefe, and I beleue that does harme
to my wit.

To. No question.

And. And I thought that, I'de forswear it. Ile ride
home to morrow sir Toby.

To. Pur-quoy my deere knight?

And. What is pur-quoy? Do, or nor do? I would I had
bestowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing,
dancing, and beare-baying: O had I but followed the
Arts.

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire.

And. Why, would that haue mended my haire?

To. Past question, for thou seest it will not coole my

And. But it becoms we wel enough, dost not? (nature)

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe: & I hope
to see a hufwife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

And. Faith Ile home to morrow sir Toby, your niece will
not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'll none of me:
the Count himselfe here hard by, woos her,

To. Shee'l none o'th Count, she'll not match about her
degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit: I haue heard her
swear t. Tut there's life in't man.

And. Ile stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th
strangest minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Re-
uels sometime s altogether.

To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawfes Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, vnder
the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with
an old man.

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton too't.

And. And I thinke I haue the backe-tricke, simply as
strong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore haue
these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take
dust, like mistris Mal's picture? Why dost thou not goe
to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto?

My verie walke should be a liggie: I would not so much
as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What doest thou
meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by
the excellent constitution of thy legges, it was form'd vnder
the steele of a Galliard.

And. I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a
dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we sit about some Reuels?

To. What shall we do else: were we not borne vnder
Taurus?

And. Taurus? That sides and heart.

To. No sir, it is leggs and thighes: let me see thee ca-
per. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these fauours towards you
Cesario, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known
you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence,
that you call in question the continuance of his loue. Is
he inconstant sir, in his fauours?

Val. No beleue me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you: heere comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw *Cesario* hoa?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. *Cesario*,

Thou know'st no lesse, but all: I haue vnclasp'd

To thee the booke euen of my secret soule.

Therefore good youth, adresse thy gate vnto her,

Benot deny'de access, stand at her doores,

And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow

Till thou haue audience.

Vio. Sure my Noble Lord, I haue not

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow

As it is spoke, she neuer will admit me.

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds,

Rather then make vnprofit returne,

Vio. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

Du. O then, vnfold the passion of my loue,

Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith;

It shall become thee well to act my woes:

She will attend it better in thy youth,

Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aspect.

Vio. I thinke not so, my Lord.

Du. Deere Lad, beleue it: I haue heard her

For they shall yet belye thy happy yeeres,
That say thou art a man: *Diana's* lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe
Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblatiue a womans part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affayre: some foure or five attend him,
All if you will: for I my selfe am best
When leaft in companie: prosper well in this,
And thou shalt liue as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. Ile do my best.

To woo your Lady: yet a barrefull strife,

Who ere I woo, my selfe would be his wife.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Clowne.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will
not open my lippes so wide as a brisile may enter, in way
of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Cl. Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'de in this
world, needs to feare no colour.

Ma. Make that good.

Cl. He shall see none to feare.

Ma. A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where y
faying was borne, of I feare no colours.

Cl. Where good mistris Mary?

Ma. In the warrs, & that may you be bold to say in
your foolerie.

Cl. Well, God giue them wisdom that haue it: &
those that are fooles, let them vse their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent,
or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to
you?

Cl. Many a good hanging, presents a bad marriage:
and for turning away, let summer beate it out.

Ma. You are resolute then?

Cl. Not so neyther, but I am resolu'd on two points

Ma. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both
breake, your gaskins fall.

Cl. Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if
sir Toby would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece
of *Eues* flesh, as any in Illyria.

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my
Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Maluolio.

Cl. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling:
those wits that thinke they haue thee, doe very oft proue
fooles: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a
wise man. For what saies *Quintapalm*, Better a witty foole,
then a foolish wit. God blesse thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Cl. Do you not heare fellows, take away the Ladie.

Ol. Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: be-
sides you grow dishonest.

Cl. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counsell
wil amend: for giue the dry foole drink, then is the foole
not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend,
he is no longer dishonest; if hee cannot, let the Botcher
mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu
that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that a-
mends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this simple
Silligisme will serue, so: if it will not, vvhath remedy?

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Cl. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to say, as I weare not motley in my braine: good Madona, giue mee leaue to proue you a foole.

Ol. Can you do it?

Cl. Dexteriously, good Madona.

Ol. Make your prooue.

Cl. I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my Moule of vertue answer mee.

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idleness, Ile bide your prooue.

Cl. Good Madona, why mournst thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Cl. I thinke his foule is in hell, Madona.

Ol. I know his foule is in heauen, foole.

Cl. The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your Brothers foule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

Ol. What thinke you of this foole *Maluolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity that decays the wife, doth euer make the better foole.

Cl. God send you sir, a speedie Infirmity, for the better increasing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he will not passe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

Ol. How say you to that *Maluolio*?

Mal. I maruell your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: viles you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these set kinde of fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies.

Ol. O you are sicke of selfe, loue *Maluolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse, and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do nothing but reprove.

Cl. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fooles.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desires to speake with you.

Ol. From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

Mar. I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinsman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman: Fic on him. Go you *Maluolio*; If it be a suite from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you will, to dismiss it.

Exit Maluolio.

Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, & people dislike it.

Cl. Thou hast spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foole: whose scull, Ioue cramme with braines, for heere he comes.

Enter Sir Toby.

One of thy kin has a most weake *Pia-mater*.

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Cofin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o' these pickle-herring: How now Sir,

Cl. Good Sir *Toby*.

Ol. Cofin, Cofin, how haue you come so early by this Lethargie?

To. Letcherie, I desie Letchery: there's one at the gate.

Ol. Imarry, what is he?

To. Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: giue me faith say I. Well, it's all one.

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Cl. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught about heate, makes him a foole, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him sitte o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's drown'd: go looke after him.

Cl. He is but mad yet Madona, and the foole shall looke to the madman.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow sweares hee will speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on him to vnderstand so much, and therefore comes to speake with you. I told him you were asleepe, he seems to haue a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be said to him Ladie, hee's fortified against any deniall.

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mal. Ha's bene told so: and hee sayes hee'll stand at your doore like a Sherifes post, and be the supporter to a bench, but hee'll speake with you.

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankind.

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: hee'll speake with you, will you, or no.

Ol. Of what personage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a squash is before tis a pelfood, or a Codling when tis almost an Apple: 'Tis with him in standing water, betwene boy and man. He is verie well-fauour'd, and he speakes verie shrewishly: One would thinke his mothers milke were scarce out of him.

Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calles.

Enter Maria.

Ol. Giue me my vaile: come throw it o're my face, Wee'll once more heare *Orsino's* Embassie.

Enter Violenta.

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the house, which is she?

Ol. Speake to me, I shall answer for her: your will.

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and vnmatchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Ladie of the house, for I neuer saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I haue taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee stay no scorne; I am very comptible, euen to the least sinister vsage.

Ol. Whence came you sir?

Vio. I can say little more then I haue studied, & that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modest assurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that

may proceede in my speech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart: and yet (by the verie phangs of malice, I sweare) I am not that I play. Are you the Ladie of the house?

Ol. If I do not vsurpe my selfe, I am.

Vio. Most certaine, if you are she, you do vsurp your selfe: for what is yours to bestowe, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my Commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I tooke great paines to studie it, and 'tis poeticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawey at my gates, & allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you haue reason, be breefe: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mal. Will you hoyst sayle sir, here lies your way.

Vio. No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your minde, I am a messenger.

Ol. Sure you haue some hiddeous matter to deliuer, when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your eare: I bring no overture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you?

Vio. The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, haue I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your cares, Diuinity; to any others, profanation.

Ol. Giue vs the place alone.

Vio. We will heare this diuinitie. Now sir, what is your text?

Ol. Most sweete Ladie.

Vio. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee said of it. Where lies your Text?

Ol. In *Orsino's* bosome.

Vio. In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

Ol. To answer by the method, in the first of his hart.

Vio. O, I haue read it: it is heresie. Haue you no more to say?

Ol. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Vio. Haue you any Commission from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtaine, and shew you the picture. Looke you sir, such a one I was this present: Ist not well done?

Ol. Excellently done, if God did all.

Vio. 'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

Ol. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white, Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on: Ladie, you are the cruell'st that euer liue, If you will leade these graces to the graue, And leaue the world no copie.

Vio. O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will giue out diuers feedles of my beautie. It shall be Inuentoried and every particle and vrensell labell'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud:

But if you were the diuell, you are faire:

My Lord, and master loues you: O such loue

Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd

The non-pareil of beautie.

Ol. How does he loue me?

Vio. With adorations, fertill teares,

With groanes that thunder loue, with sighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him

Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble,

Of great estate, offresh and stainelesse youth;

In voyces well diuulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,

And in dimension, and the shape of nature,

A gracious person; But yet I cannot loue him:

He might haue tooke his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did loue you in my masters flame,

With such a suffring, such a deadly life:

In your deniall, I would finde no fence,

I would not vnderstand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,

And call vpon my soule within the house,

Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue,

And sing them lowd euen in the dead of night:

Hallow your name to the reuerberate hills,

And make the babling Gossip of the aire,

Cry out *Olivia*: O you should not rest,

Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,

But you should pittie me.

Ol. You might do much:

What is your Parentage?

Vio. About my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord:

I cannot loue him: let him send no more,

Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe,

To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:

I thanke you for your paines: spend this for mee.

Vio. I am no feede poast, Ladie; keepe your purse,

My Master, not my selfe, lacks recompence.

Loue make his heart of flint, that you shall loue,

And let your seruour like my masters be,

Plac'd in contempt: Farwell sayre crueltie.

Ol. What is your Parentage?

About my fortunes, yet my state is well;

I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworn thou art,

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,

Do giue thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft,

Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now?

Euen so quickly may one catch the plague?

Me thinks I seele this youths perfections

With an inuisible, and subtle stealth

To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

What hoa, *Maluolio*.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your seruice.

Ol. Run after that same peeuish Messenger

The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him

Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.

Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,

Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him:

If that the youth will come this way to morrow,

Ile giue him reasons for't: hic thee *Maluolio*.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Ol. I do know not what, and feare to finde

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde.

Fate, shew thy force, our selues we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue, that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recompence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whether you are bound.

Seb. No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meere extravagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expresse my selfe: you must know of mee then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Roderigo*) my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an houre: if the Heauens had bene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but though I could not with such estimable wonder ouer-farre beleue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: shee is drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgiue me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my loue, let mee be your seruant.

Seb. If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is kill him, whom you haue recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count *Orsino's* Court, farewell. *Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee: I haue many enemies in *Orsino's* Court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at severall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse *Orsina*?

Viola. Even now sir, on a moderate pace, I haue since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. Shee returns this Ring to you (sir) you might haue faied mee my paines, to haue taken it away: your selfe. Shee adds moreover, that you should put your Lord

into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe in his affaires, vnlesse it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receiue it so.

Viola. Shee tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you peeuishly threw it to her: and her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that findes it.

Viola. I left no Ring with her: what means this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-side haue not charm'd her:

She made good view of me, indeed so much, That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speake in starts distractedly.

Shee loues me sure, the cunning of her passion Inuites me in this churlish messenger:

None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none;

I am the man, if it be so, as tis,

Poorer Lady, shee were better loue a dreame:

Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,

Wherein the pfergent enemy does much,

How easie is it, for the proper false

In womens waken hearts to set their formes:

Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,

For such as we are made, if such we bee:

How will this fadge? My master loues her deereley,

And I (poore monster) fond as much on him:

And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my masters loue:

As I am woman (now alas the day)

What triflesse sighes shall poore *Olinia* breath?

G time, thou must vntangle this, not I,

It is too hard a knot for me t'vntie.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach *Sir Andrew*: not to bee a bedde after midnight, is to be vp betimes, and *Delicula surgere*, thou know'st.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our liues consist of the foure Elements?

And. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke, *Marian* I say, a Roope of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Cl. How now my hart: Did you neuer see the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome asse, now let's haue a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legges, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Picrogramitus*, of the *Vapians* pasing the *Equinoctial* of *Quenobus*: 'twas very good yfaith: I sent thee sixe pence for

for thy *Lennon*, hadst it?

Cl. I did impetuous thy gratillity: for *Maluolios* nose is no Whip-sticke. My Lady has a white hand, and the *Mermidons* are no bottle-ale houses.

And. Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

To. Come on, there is sixe pence for you. Let's haue a song.

And. There's a restrill of me too: if one knight giue a

Cl. Would you haue a loue-song, or a song of good life?

To. A loue song, a loue song.

And. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clowne sings.

O Mistress mine where are you roming?

O stay and heare, your true loues coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further prettie sweeting.

Journeys end in louers meeting.

Every wise mans sonne doth know.

And. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Cl. What is loue, tis not heereafter,

Present mirth, hath present laughter:

What's to come, is still vnknowne.

In delay there lies no plenty,

Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:

Toules a fustie will not endure.

And. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight,

To. A contagious breath.

And. Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.

To. To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three

soules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?

And. And you loue me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a Catch.

Cl. Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

And. Most certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knaue*.

Cl. Hold thy peace, thou Knaue knight. I shall be constrained in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.

And. 'Tis not the first time I haue constrained one to call me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace*.

Cl. I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace.

And. Good ifaith: Come begin.

Catch sung

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward *Maluolio*, and bid him turne you out of doores, neuer trust me.

To. My Lady's a *Carayan*, we are politicians, *Maluolios* a *Peg-a-ramfis*, and *Three merry men be wee*. Am not I conflaginuous? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. *Ladie, There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

Cl. Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

And. I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall.

To. O the twelfth day of December.

Mar. For the loue o' God peace.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. My masters are you mad? Or what are you?

Haue you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Ale-house of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Cozi-ers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time fir in our Catches. Snecke vp.

Mal. *Sir Toby*, I must be round with you. My Lady

bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kins-

man, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can

separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are wel-

come to the house: if not, and it would please you to take

leau of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good *Sir Toby*.

Cl. His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.

Mal. Is't euen so?

To. But I will neuer dye.

Cl. *Sir Toby* there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall I bid him go.

Cl. What and if you do?

To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Cl. O no, no, no, you dare not.

To. Out o'tune sir, yelce: Art any more then a Stew-

ard? Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there

shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Cl. Yes by *S. Anne*, and *Ginger* shall bee horte y'th

mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe sir, rub your Chaine with

crums. A Roope of Wine *Maria*.

Mal. Mistress *Mary*, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour

at any thing more then contempt, you would not giue

meanes for this vniuill rule; the shall know of it by this

hand. *Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your eares.

And. 'Twere as good a deece as to drinke when a mans

a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake

promise with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile

deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet *Sir Toby* be patient for to night: Since

the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is

much out of quiet. For Monsieur *Maluolio*, let me alone

with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make

him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue writte e-

nough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Possesse vs, possesse vs, tell vs something of him.

Mar. Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

And. O, if I thought that, I'd beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason,

deere knight.

And. I haue no exquisite reason for't, but I haue reason

good enough.

Mar. The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing

constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Asse, that

cons State without booke, and vtters it by great swarths.

The best perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as he thinkes)

with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all

that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will

my reuenge finde notable cause to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of

loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his

legge, the manner of his gate, the expresseure of his eye,

forehead, and complexion, he shall finde himselfe most

feelingly personated. I can write very like my Ladie

your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make

distinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I smell a deuice.

And. I haue in my nose too.

To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop

thate

that they come from my Niece, and that shee's in loue with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

An. And your horse now would make him an Ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

An. O will be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Physicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: obserue his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the euent: Farewell. *Exit*

To. Good night *Penthesilea*.

An. Before me shee's a good wench.

To. Shee's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me: what o'that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst neede send for more money.

An. If I cannot recouer your Niece, I am a foule way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I do not, neuer trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Give me some Musick; Now good morow friends. Now good *Cesario*, but that peece of song, That old and Anticke song we heard last night; Me thought it did releue my passion much, More then light ayres, and recollected termes Of these most b riske and giddy-paced times. Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that should sing it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. Feiste the Iester my Lord, a foole that the Ladie *Olinias* Father tooke much delight in. He is about the houle.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while. *Musicke plays.*

Come hither Boy, if euer thou shalt loue
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true Louers are,
Vnfaid and skittish in all motions else,
Saue in the constant image of the creature
That is belou'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Viola. It giues a verie echo to the feat
Where loue is thron'd.
Du. Thou dost speake masterly,
My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
Hath staid vpon some fauour that it loues:
Hath it not boy?

Viola. A little, by your fauour.

Du. What kinde of woman is't?

Viola. Of your complexion.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares isfaith?

Viola. About your yeeres my Lord.

Du. Too old by heauen: Let still the woman take

An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him;
So swayes she leuell in her husbands heart:
For boy, howeuer we do praise our felues,
Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirm,
More longing, waueing, sooner lost and worne,
Then womens are.

Viola. I thinke it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre
Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.

Viola. And so they are: alas, that they are so:
To die, euen when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio & Clowne.

Du. O fellow come, the long we had last night:
Marke it *Cesario*, it is old and plaine;
The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones,
Do vse to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of loue,
Like the old age.

Clowne. Are you ready Sir?

Duke. I prethee sing. *Musicke.*

The Song.

Come away, come away death,

And in sad cypresse let me be laide.

Ere away, ere away breath,

I am slaine by a faire cruell maide:

My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew, O prepare it.

My part of death no one so true did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweete

On my blacke coffin, let there be strewed:

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poore corpes, where my bones shall be strewed:

A thousand thousand sighes to sau, lay me downe where

Sad true loue neuer find my grave to weepe there.

Du. There's for thy paines.

Clowne. No paines fir, I take pleasure in singing fir.

Du. Ile pay thy pleasure then.

Clowne. Truly fir, and pleasure will be paid one time, or another.

Du. Give me now leaue, to leaue thee.

Clowne. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the
Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy
minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of such constan-
cie put to Sea, that their businesse might be euerie thing,
and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes
makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit*

Du. Let all the rest giue place: Once more *Cesario*,
Get thee to yond same soueraigne cruellie:

Tell her my loue, more noble then the world

Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd vpon her:

Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:

But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems

That nature pranks her in, attracts my foule.

Viola. But if she cannot loue you fir.

Du. It cannot be so answer'd.

Viola. Sooth but you must.

Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,

Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart

As you haue for *Olinia*: you cannot loue her:

You tel her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Du. There is no womans fides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As loue doth giue my heart: no womans heart
So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.
Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the Liuer, but the Pallat,
That suffer surfet, cloyment, and reuolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare
Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,
And that I owe *Olinia*.

Viola. I but I know.

Du. What dost thou know?

Viola. Too well what loue women to men may owe:

In faith they are as true of heart, as we.

My Father had a daughter lou'd a man

As it might be perhaps, were I a woman

I should your Lordship.

Du. And what's her history?

Viola. A blanke my Lord: she neuer told her loue,

But let concealment like a worne i'th budde

Feede on her damaske cheek: she pin'd in thought,

And with a Greene and yellow melancholly,

She fate like Patience on a Monument,

Smiling at greefe. Was not this loue indeede?

Women may say more, sweare more, but indeed

Our shewes are more then will: for still we proue

Much in our vowes, but little in our loue.

Du. But di'de thy sister of her loue my Boy?

Viola. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,

And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.

Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Du. I that's the Theame,

To her in haste: giue her this Iewell: say,

My loue can giue no place, bide no deny. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay Ile come: if I loose a scruple of this sport,

let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to haue the niggardly

Rascally sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult man: you know he brought me out

of fauour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.

To. To anger him wee'l haue the Beare againe, and

we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not fir *Andrew*?

An. And we do not, it is pittie of our liues.

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine: How now my

Mettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: *Maluolio's*

comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'th

Sunne practising behauiour to his own shadow this halfe

houre: obserue him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know

this Letter wil make a contemplatiue Ideot of him. Close

in the name of ieausting, lye thou there: for heere comes

the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling. *Exit*

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once

told me she did affect me, and I haue heard her selfe come

thus neere, that should shee fancie, it should bee one of

my complexion. Besides she vses me with a more ex-

alted respect, then any one else that followes her. What
should I thinke on't?

To. Heere's an ouer-weening rogue.

Fab. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey

Cocke of him, how he iets vnder his aduanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could so beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count *Maluolio*.

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Pistoll him, pistoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the *Strachy*,
married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Fie on him Iezabel.

Fab. O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagi-
nation blowes him.

Mal. Having beene three moneths married to her,
fitting in my state.

To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd
Veluet gowne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I

haue left *Olinia* sleeping.

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fab. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to haue the humor of state: and after
a demure trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my

place, as I would they should doe theirs: to aske for my
kinsman *Toby*.

To. Boltes and shackles.

Fab. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seauen of my people with an obedient start,
make out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance

winde vp my watch, or play with my some rich Iewell:
Toby approache; curties there to me.

To. Shall this fellow liue?

Fab. Though our silence be drawne from vs with cars,
yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my
familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.

To. And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes,
then?

Mal. Saying, Cofine *Toby*, my Fortunes hauing cast
me on your Niece, giue me this prerogatiue of speech.

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

To. Out scab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes of our
plot?

Mal. Besides you waste the treasure of your time,
with a foolish knight.

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One fir *Andrew*.

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment haue we heere?

Fab. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate rea-
ding aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her
very C's, her V's, and her T's, and thus makes shee her

great P's. It is in contempt of question her hand.

An. Her C's, her V's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. To the vnknewne belon'd, this, and my good wishes:
Her very Phrases: By your leaue wax. Soft, and the im-
pression her *Lucrece*, with which the vles to seale: tis my

Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liuer and all.

Mal.

Mal. Ioue knows I loue, but who, Lips do not moue, no man must know. No man must know. What followes? The numbers alter d: No man must know.

To. Marrie hang thee brocke,

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucrese's knife:
With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, *M.O.A.I.* doth sway my life.

Fa. A fustian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. *M.O.A.I.* doth sway my life. Nay but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish a poyson has she drest him?

To. And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore: Why thee may command me: I serue her, she is my Ladie. Why this is euident to any formall capacitee. There is no obstruction in this, and the end: What should that Alphabetical position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me? Softly, *M.O.A.I.*

To. O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold sent.

Fab. Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. *M. Maluolio*, *M.* why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequell that suffers vnder probation: *A.* should follow, but *O.* does.

Fa. And *O.* shall end, I hope.

To. I, or Ie cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. *M.O.A.I.* This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for euery one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here followes prose: *If this fall into thy hand, reuolue.* In my stars I am about thee, but be not afraid of greatnesse: Some are become great, some atcheeues greatnesse, and some haue greatnesse thrust vpon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to inuere thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with seruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy selfe into the trickes of singularity. Shee thus aduises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee euer crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steeward still, the fellow of seruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers. Farewell, Shee that would alter seruices with thee, the fortunate vnhappy daylight and champion discourers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade politticke Authours, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point deuise, the very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let imagination iade mee; for euery reason excites to this, that my Lady loues me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, shee did praise my legges being crosse-garter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my loue, & with a kinde of injunction driues mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will bee strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd,

euery with the swiftnesse of putting on. Ioue, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou enterst into my loue, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, deere my sweete, I prethee. Ioue I thanke thee, I will smile, I will do euery thing that thou wilt haue me.*

Fab. I will not giue my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this deuice.

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but such another iest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

To. Wilt thou set thy foote o'my necke.

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and become thy bondslave?

An. Ifaith, or I either?

Tob. Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that when the image of it leaues him, he must run mad.

Ma. Nay but say true, do's it worke vpon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruites of the sport, make his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests: and hee will smile vpon her, which will now be so vnseateable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diuell of wit.

And. He make one too.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundus

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Viola and Clowne.

Viola. Saue thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou liue by thy Tabor?

Clow. No fir, I liue by the Church.

Viola. Art thou a Churchman?

Clow. No such matter fir, I do liue by the Church: For, I do liue at my house, and my house dooth stand by the Church.

Viola. So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clow. You haue said fir: To see this age: A sentence is but a cheu'rill gloue to a good witte, how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

Viola. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clow. I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.

Viola. Why man?

Clow. Why fir, her names a word, and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede, words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Viola. Thy reason man?

Clow.

Clow. Troth fir, I can yeeld you none without wordes, and wordes are growne so false, I am loath to proue, reason with them.

Viola. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and canst for nothing.

Clow. Not so fir, I do care for something: but in my conscience fir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing fir, I would it would make you inuisible.

Viola. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s foole?

Clow. No indeede fir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, shee will keepe no foole fir, till she be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husbands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but hir corrupter of words.

Viola. I saw thee late at the Count *Orsino*'s.

Clow. Foolery fir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines euery where. I would be sorry fir, but the Poole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistress: I thinke I saw your wisdom there.

Viola. Nay, and thou passe vpon me, I'll no more with thee: Hold there's expences for thee.

Clow. Now loue in his next commodity of hayre, send thee a beard.

Viola. By my troth I'll tell thee, I am almost sicke for one, though I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Clow. Would not a paire of these haue bred fir?

Viola. Yes being kept together, and put to vse.

Clow. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* fir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

Viola. I vnderstand you fir, tis well begg'd.

Clow. The matter I hope is not great fir; begging, but a begger: *Cressida* was a begger. My Lady is within fir. I will conser to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say Element, but the word is ouer-worne.

Viola. This fellow is wise enough to play the foole, And to do that well, craues a kinde of wit: He must obserue their mood on whom hee iests, The quality of persons, and the time: And like the Haggard, checke at euery Feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a Wise-mans Art: For folly that he wisely shewes, is fir; But wisemens folly false, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Saue you Gentleman.

Viola. And you fir.

And. *Dieu vous guard Monsieur.*

Viola. *Et vous onse vostre seruiteur.*

An. I hope fir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Viola. I am bound to your Neece fir, I meane she is the list of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges fir, put them to motion.

Viola. My legges do better vnderstand me fir, then I vnderstand what you meane by bidding me taste my legges.

To. I meane to go fir, to enter.

Viola. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are preuented.

Enter Olivia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, well.

Viola. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne

most pregnant and vouchsafed care.

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ile get 'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leaue mee to my hearing. Giue me your hand fir.

Viola. My dutie Madam, and most humble seruice!

Ol. What is your name?

Viola. *Cesario* is your seruants name, faire Princess.

Ol. My seruant fir? 'Twas neuer merry world,

Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:

y're seruant to the Count *Orsino* youth.

Viola. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

your seruants seruant, is your seruant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

Viola. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalfe.

Ol. O by your leave I pray you.

I bad you neuer speake againe of him;

But would you vnderstand another suite

I had rather heare you, to sollicit that,

Then Musicke from the spheres.

Viola. Deere Lady.

Ol. Giue me leaue, beseech you: I did send,

After the last enchantment you did heare,

A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse

My selfe, my seruant, and I feare me you:

Vnder your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you in a shamefull cunning

Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?

Haue you not set mine Honor at the stake,

And baited it with all th'vnmuzzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiuing

Enough is shewen, a Cipresse, not a boosome,

Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.

Viola. I pittie you.

Ol. That's a degree to loue.

Viola. No not a grize: for tis a vulgar prooue

That verie oft we pittie enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinks 'tis time to smile agen:

O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke strikes.

The clocke vpbraides me with the waste of time:

Be not afraid good youth, I will not haue you,

And yet when wit and youth is come to haruest,

your wife is like to reape a proper man:

There lies your way, due West.

Viola. Then Westward hoe:

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:

you'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me?

Viola. That you do thinke you are not what you are.

Ol. If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.

Viola. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would haue you be.

Viola. Would it be better Madam, then I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your foole.

Ol. O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull?

In the contempt and anger of his lip,

A murderous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,

Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone.

Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring,

By maid-hood, honor, truth, and euery thing,

I loue thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Z

Nor

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus, with reason fetter;
Love sought, is good: but given unsought, is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor neuer none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu good Madam, neuer more,
Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.
Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst moue
That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a iot longer:
To. Thy reason deere venom, giue thy reason.
Fab. You must needs yeelde your reason, Sir *Andrew*?
And. Marry I saw your Niece do more fauours to the
Counts Seruing-man, then euer she bestow'd vpon mee:
I saw't i'th Orchard.
To. Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that.
And. As plaine as I see you now.
Fab. This was a great argument of loue in her toward
you.

And. Slight; will you make an Ass of me.
Fab. I will proue it legitimate sir, vpon the Oathes of
iudgement, and reason.
To. And they haue bene grand Iurie men, since before
Noah was a Saylor.

Fab. Shee did shew fauour to the youth in your sight,
onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,
to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liuer:
you should then haue accosted her, and with some excel-
lent iests, fire-new from the mint, you should haue bang'd
the youth into dumbnesse: this was look'd for at your
hand, and this was baulke: the double gilt of this oppor-
tunitie you let time wash off, and you are now sayld into
the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang
like an yfickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnlesse you do re-
deeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or
politic.

And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for
politic I hate: I had as liefe be a Brownist, as a Politician.

To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the basis of
valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him:
hurt him in eleven places, my Niece shall take note of it,
and assure thy selfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world,
can more preuaile in mans commendation with woman,
then report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this sir *Andrew*.

An. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?

To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curt and briefe:
it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of
invention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou
thou'lt him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as ma-
ny Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the
sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in Eng-

land, set 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaullee-
nough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen,
no matter: about it.

And. Where shall I finde you?

To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby*.
To. I haue bene deere to him lad, some two thousand
strong, or so.

Fa. We shall haue a rare Letter from him; but you'll
not deliuer't.

To. Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes stirre on
the youth to an answer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes
cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd,
and you finde so much blood in his Liuer, as will clog the
foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no
great preface of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Look where the youngest Wren of mine comes.
Maria. If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your
selues into stitches, follow me; yond gull *Maluolio* is cur-
ned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian
that meanes to be saued by beleeuing rightly, can euer
beleuee such impossible passages of grossnesse. Hee's in
yellow stockings.

To. And crosse garter'd?
Maria. Most villanously: like a Pedant that keepes a
Schoole i'th Church: I haue dogg'd him like his murder-
rer. He does obey euery point of the Letter that I droppe,
to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes,
then is in the new Mappes, with the augmentation of the
Indies: you haue not seene such a thing as tis: I can hard-
ly forbear hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will
strike him: if shee doe, hee'll smile, and take't for a great
fauour.

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will haue troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.

An. I could not stay behinde you: my desire
(More sharpe then filed Steele) did spur me forth,
And not all loue to see you (though so much
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)
But ieaousie, what might befall your rauell,
Being skillelesse in these parts: which to a stranger,
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often proue
Rough, and inhospitable. My willing loue,
The rather by these arguments of feare
Set forth in your pursuite.

Seb. My kinde *Anthonio*,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks: and euer oft good turnes,
Are shuffel'd off with such vncurrent pay:
But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,

You

You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?

Ant. To morrow sir, best first go see your Lodging?

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night

I pray you let vs satisfie our eyes

With the memorials, and the things of fame

That do renowne this City.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me:

I do not without danger walke these streetes.

Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count's gallies,

I did some seruice, of such note indeede,

That were I tane heere, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,

Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell

Might well haue giuen vs bloody argument:

It might haue since bene answer'd in repaying

What weooke from them, which for Traffiques sake

Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,

For which if I be lapst in this place

I shall pay deere.

Seb. Do not then walke too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold sir, here's my purse,

In the South Suburbs at the Elephant

Is best to lodge: I will bespeake our dyet,

Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the Towne, there shall you haue me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy

You haue desire to purchase: and your store

I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir.

Seb. Ile be your purse-bearer, and leaue you

For an houre.

Ant. To th' Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. I haue sent after him, he sayes hee'l come:

How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?

For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.

I speake too loud: Where's *Maluolio*, he is sad, and ciuill,

And suites well for a seruant with my fortunes,

Where is *Maluolio*?

Maria. He's comming Madam:

But in very strange manner. He is sure posselt Madam.

Ol. Why what's the matter, does he rane?

Maria. No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your La-
dyship were best to haue some guard about you, if hee
come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Maluolio.

I am as madde as hee,

If sad and metry madnesse equall bee.

How now *Maluolio*?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho,

Ol. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad:

This does make some obstruction in the blood:

This crosse-gartering, but what of that?

If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
Sonnet is: Please one, and please all.

Mal. Why how doest thou man?

What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my
legges: It did come to his hands, and Commandments shall
be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Roman
hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?

Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and
kisse thy hand so oft?

Maria. How do you *Maluolio*?

Maluo. At your request:

Yes Nightingales answere Dawes.

Maria. Why appeare you with this ridiculous bold-
nesse before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ.

Ol. What meanst thou by that *Maluolio*?

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheue greatnesse.

Ol. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon them.

Ol. Heauen restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stock-
ings.

Ol. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.

Ol. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a seruant fill.

Ol. Why this is verie Midsummer madnesse.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count
Orsino's return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he
attends your Ladyships pleasure.

Ol. Ile come to him.

Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my
Cofine *Toby*, let some of my people haue a speciall care
of him, I would not haue him miscarrie for the halfe of
my Dowry.

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worle
man then sir *Toby* to looke to me. This concurres direct-
ly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may
appeare stubborn to him: for she incites me to that in
the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she: be oppo-
site with a Kinsman, furly with seruants, let thy tongue
langer with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the
tricke of singularity: and consequently setts downe the
manner how: as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a slow
tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so forth.

I haue lymde her, but it is loues doing, and loue make me
thankfull. And when she went away now, let this Fel-
low be look'd too: Fellow? not *Maluolio*, nor after my
degree, but Fellow. Why euery thing adheres together,
that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no
obstacle, no incredulous or vn safe circumstance: What
can be saide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene
me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well loue, not I,
is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Z 2

To.

To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe possesse him, yet Ile speake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is: how ist with you sir? How ist with you man?

Mal. Go off, I discarde you: let me enioy my priuate: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prayes you to haue a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does she so?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale gently with him: Let me alone. How do you Maluolio? How ist with you? What man, desie the diuell: consider, he's an enemy to mankinde.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, and you speake ill of the diuell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wise woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I liue. My Lady would not loofe him for more then ile say.

Mal. How now mistris?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not see you moe it him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentleness, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock? how dost y' chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for grauity to play at chertie-pit with sathan. Hang him foul Colliar.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir Toby gette him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlynesse.

Mal. Go hang your selues all: you are ydle shallowe things, I am not of your clement, you shall knowe more heereafter. Exit

To. Ist possible?

Fa. If this were plaid vpon a stage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuce man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, least the deuce take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

To. Come, we'll haue him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, til our very pastime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the deuce to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

An. Heere's the Challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Ist so lawey?

And. I, ist? I warrant him: do but read.

To. Giue me.

Youth, whatsoeuer thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call

thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fa. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the sword. Thou comst to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight see'st me kindly: but thou test in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good fence-Iesse.

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kist me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law; good. Tob. Fairheewell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our soules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better, and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou v'st him, & thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheeke.

To. If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot: Ile giu't him.

Mar. You may haue verie fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go sir Andrew: scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: so soone as euer thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horrible: for it comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, giues manhood more approbation, then euer prooffe it selfe would haue eard him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behaviour of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betwene his Lord and my Neece, confirms no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But sir, I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth: set vpon Ague-cheeke a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuositie. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leaue, and presently after him.

To. I will meditate the while vpon some horrid message for a Challenge.

Ol. I haue said too much vnto a hart of stone, And laid mine honour too vnchary on't: There's something in me that reproues my fault; But such a head-strong potent fault it is, That it but mockes reproofe.

Viola. With the same hautour that your passion beates, Goes on my Masters griefes.

Ol. Heere, weare this Iewell for me, tis my picture: Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you: And I beseech you come againe to morrow.

What shall you aske of me that Ile deny, That honour (sau'd) may vpon asking giue.

Viola. Nothing but this, your true loue for my master.

Ol. How with mine honor may I giue him that, Which I haue giuen to you.

Viola. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: far thee well, A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God saue thee.

Viola. And you sir.

To. That defence thou hast, betake thee too't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I knowe not: but thy interceptor full of despight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assaiant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

Viola. You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'l finde it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard: for your opposit hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

Viola. I pray you sir what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with vnbrach'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a diuell in private brail, soules and bodies hath he diuor'd three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word: giu't or take't.

Viola. I will returne againe into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

To. Sir, no: his indignation deriues it selfe out of a very competent iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, vnlesse you vnderake that with me, which with as much safetie you might answer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword starke naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or forswear to weare iron about you.

Viola. This is as vnciuill as strange. I beseech you, doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

To. I will doe so. Signiour Fabian, stay you by this Gentleman, till my returne. Exit Toby.

Viola. Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Viola. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the prooffe of his valour. He is indeede sir, the most skilfull, bloudy, & fatall opposit that you could possibly haue found in anie part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Viola. I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir knight: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle. Exit.

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee's a verie diuell, I haue not seen such a fringo: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all: and he giues me the sticke in with such a mortall motion that it is ineuitable: and on the answer, he payes you as surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't, Ile nor meddle with him.

To. I but he will not now be pacified, as I said.

Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had bene valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'd haue scene him damnd ere I'd haue challeng'd him: Let him let the matter slip, and

Ile giue him my horse, gray Capilet.

To. Ile make the motion: stand heere, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules, marry Ile ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I haue his horse to take vp the quarrell, I haue perswaded him the youths a diuell.

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, & lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now scarce to bee worth talking of: therefore draw for the suppertance of his vowe, he protests he will not hurt you.

Viola. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

Fab. Giue ground if you see him furious.

To. Come sir Andrew, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors sake haue one bowt with you: he cannot by the Duello auoide it: but hee has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Viola. I do assure you tis against my will.

Ant. Put vp your sword: if this yong Gentleman haue done offence, I take the fault on me: If you offend him, I for him desie you.

To. You sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One sir, that for his loue dares yet do more. Then you haue heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an vnderaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby hold: heere come the Officers.

To. Ile be with you anon.

Viola. Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please.

And. Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word, Hee will beare you easily, and raines well.

1. Off. This is the man, do thy Office.

2. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

An. You do mistake me sir.

1. Off. No sir, no ior: I know your fauour well: Though now you haue no sea-cap on your head: Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you: But there's no remedie, I shall answer it:

What will you do: now my necessitie Makes me to aske you for my purse. It grieues mee Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Then what befalls my selfe: you stand amaz'd,

But be of comfort.

2. Off. Come sir away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Viola. What money sir?

For the fayre kindnesse you haue shew'd me heere, And part being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my leane and low ability Ile lend you something: my hauing is not much, Ile make diuision of my present with you: Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now, Ist possible that my deserts to you Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery,

Least that it make me so vnfound a man As to vpbraid you with those kindnesse

Z 3

That

That I have done for you.

Fio. I know of none, Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man, Than lying, vaineſſe, babling drunkenneſſe,

Or any taint of vice, whole ſtrong corruption Inhabites our fraile blood.

Ant. Oh heavens themſelves, 2. *Off.* Come ſir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me ſpeake a little. This youth that you ſee I ſaatch'd one halfe out of the ſawes of death:

Releu'd him with ſuch ſanctitie of loue; And to his image, which me thought did promiſe

Moſt venerable worth, did I deuotion. 1. *Off.* What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.

Ant. But oh, how wilde an idoll proues this God: Thou haſt *Sebastian* done good feature, ſhame,

In Nature, there's no blemiſh but the minde: None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.

Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous cuill Are empty trunke, ore-flouriſh'd by the deuiſill.

1. *Off.* The man growes mad, away with him: Come, come ſir.

Ant. Leade me on. *Exit* *Fio.* Me thinks his words do from ſuch paſſion flye

That he beleeueth himſelfe, ſo do not I: Proue true imagination, oh proue true,

That I deere brother, be now ſane for you. 2. *To.* Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian*: Weel

whiſper ore a couplet or two of moſt ſage lawes. *Fio.* He nam'd *Sebastian*: My brother know

Yet liuing in my glaſſe: euen ſuch, and ſo In fauour was my Brother, and he went

Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament, For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,

Tempeſts are kinde, and ſalt waues freſh in loue, 2. *To.* A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward

then a Hare, his diſhoneſty appeares, in leauing his friend here in neceſſity, and denying him: and for his coward-ſhip aſke *Fabian*.

Fab. A Coward, a moſt deuout Coward, religious in it. *And.* ſlid Ile after him againe, and beate him.

To. Do, cuſſe him ſoundly, but neuer draw thy ſword *And.* And I do not. *Fab.* Come, let's ſee the cuent.

To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. *Exit*

Actus Quartus. Scena prima.

Enter Sebastian and Clowne.

Clo. Will you make me beleue, that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a fooliſh fellow, Let me be cleere of thee.

Clo. Well held our yfaith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeake with her: nor your name is not Maſter *Cesaris*,

nor this is not my noſe neyther: Nothing that is ſo, is ſo. *Seb.* I prethee vent thy folly ſome where elſe: thou know'ſt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a foole. Vent my fol-

ly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy ſtrangenes, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that thou art coming?

Seb. I prethee fooliſh greeke depart from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I ſhall giue worſe payment.

Clo. By my troth thou haſt an open hand: theſe Wiſemen that giue foolles money, get themſelues a good report, after foureteene yeares purchaſe.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now ſir, haue I met you again: ther's for you. *Seb.* Why ther's for thee, and there, and there,

Are all the people mad? *To.* Hold ſir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the houſe.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight, I would not be in ſome of your coats for two pence.

To. Come on ſir, hold. *And.* Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke

with him: Ile haue an action of Battery againſt him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I ſtroke him firſt, yet it's no matter for chat.

Seb. Let go thy hand. *To.* Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my young ſouldier put vp your yron: you are well fleſh'd: Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou now? If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

To. What, what? Nay then I muſt haue an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold. *To.* Madam.

Ol. Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch, Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,

Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my ſight, Be not offended, deere *Cesaris*:

Rudeſbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend, Let thy fayre wiſedome, not thy paſſion ſway

In this vnciuill, and vniuſt extent Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,

And heare thou there how many fruitleſſe pranks This Ruſſian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby

Mayſt ſmile at this: Thou ſhalt not chooſe but goe: Do not denie, beſhrew his ſoule for mee.

He ſtared one poore heart of mine, in thee. *Seb.* What reliſh is in this? How runs the ſtreame?

Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame: Let fancie ſtill my ſenſe in Leathe ſleepe,

If it be thus to dreame, ſtill let me ſleepe. *Ol.* Nay come I prethee, would thou'dſt be rul'd by me

Seb. Madam, I will: you ſhall ſee me ſoone. *Ol.* O ſay ſo, and ſo be. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Martin and Clowne.

Mart. Nay, I prethee put on this gowne, & this beard, make him beleue thou art ſir *Toby* the Curate, doeſt

quickly. He'll call for *Toby* the whiſt. *Clo.* Well, Ile put it on, and I will diſemble my ſelfe

in't, and I would I were the firſt that euer diſsembled in ſuch

in ſuch a gowne, I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good

ſtudent: but to be ſaid an honeſt man and a good houſe-keeper goes as ſailely, as to ſay, a carefull man, & a great ſcholler. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue bleſſe thee *M. Parſon*.

Clo. *Bonus dies* ſir *Toby*: for as the old hermit of *Prage* that neuer ſaw pen and inke, very wittily ſayd to a Niece

of King *Corbodacke*, that that is, is: ſo I being *M. Parſon*, am *M. Parſon*; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him ſir *Toby*.

Clo. What ho, I ſay, Peace in this priſon.

To. The knaue counterfeits well: a good knaue. *Malvolio* to him.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. *Sir Toby* the Curate, who comes to viſit *Malvolio* the Lunaticke.

Mal. *Sir Toby*, ſir *Toby*, good ſir *Toby* goe to my Ladies.

Clo. Our hyperbolicall ſeld, how vexed thou this man? Talk'ſt thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well ſaid *M. Parſon*.

Mal. *Sir Toby*, neuer was man thus wronged, good ſir *Toby* do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee

here in hideous darkneſſe. *Clo.* Eye, thou diſhoneſt ſathan: I call thee by the

moſt modeſt termes, for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will vſe the diuill himſelfe with curteſie: ſayſt thou that houſe is darke?

Mal. As hell ſir *Toby*.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windows tranſparent as haricados, and the cleere ſtores toward the South north, are as luſtrous as Ebony: and yet complain'ſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad ſir *Toby*, I ſay to you this houſe is darke.

Clo. Maſtman thou erreſt: I ſay there is no darkneſſe but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the Egyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I ſay this houſe is as darke as Ignorance, though Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I ſay there was neuer man thus abus'd, I am no more madd then you are, make the trial of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the ſoule of our grandam, might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkeſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the ſoule, and no way aproue his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou ſtill in darkneſſe, thou ſhalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*; ere I will allow of thy wits, and ſeaſe to kiſſ a Wood-cocke, leſt thou diſpoſſeſſe the ſoule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. *Sir Toby*, ſir *Toby*.

Tob. My moſt exquisite ſir *Toby*.

Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

Mart. Thou might'ſt haue done this without thy beard and gowne, he ſees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findeſt him: I would we were well ſadd of this knavery. If he may bee conveniently deliuer'd, I would he were, for I am now ſo farre in offence with my Niece,

that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſpoile the ypper-ſhot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit*

Clo. Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is vnkind, perdie.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is the ſo?

Mal. Foole, I ſay.

Clo. She ſometimes another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as euer thou wilt deſerue well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankefull to thee for't.

Clo. *M. Malvolio*?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas ſir, how ſell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Foole, there was neuer man ſo notoriouslie abus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in darkneſſe, ſend Miniſters to me, Aſſes, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advuſe you what you ſay: the Miniſter is heere.

Malvolio. *Malvolio*, thy wits the heavens reſtore: endeavour thy ſelfe to ſleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble babble.

Mal. *Sir Toby*.

Clo. Maintain no words with him good fellow, Who I ſir, not I ſir. God buy you good ſir *Toby*: *Marty* Amen. I will ſir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I ſay.

Clo. Alas ſir be patient. What ſay you ſir, I am ſilent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to ſome light, and ſome paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were ſir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, ſome inke, paper, and light: and conuey what I will ſet downe to my Lady: it ſhall aduantage thee more, then euer the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeite?

Mal. Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, Ile here beleeue a madman till I ſee his brains I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the lighteſt degree: I prethee be gone.

Clo. I am gone ſir, and anon ſir, Ile be with you againe:

In a trice, like to the old vice, your neede to ſuſtaine.

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath, enters a lath, to the diuill!

Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad, Adieu good man diueſt. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,

This pearle the gauce me, I do feel't, and lee't, And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet

Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's *Antonio* then,
I could not finde him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
That he did range the towne to seeke me out,
His counsell now might do me golden seruice,
For though my soule disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madnesse,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that perswades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and giue backe affayres, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceiue she do's: there's something in't
That is decciueable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter *Oliuia*, and *Priest*.

Ol. Blame not this haste of mine: if you meane well
Now go with me, and wish this holy man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And vnderneath that consecrated roose,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most iustious, and too doubtfull soule
May liue at peace. He shall conceale it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what do you say?

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
And hauing sworne truth, euer will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heauens so shine,
That they may fairly note this acte of mine. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Clowne* and *Fabian*.

Fab. Now as thou lou'st me, let me see his Letter.

Cl. Good M. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Cl. Do not desire to see this Letter.

Fab. This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence desire
my dogge againe.

Enter *Duke*, *Viola*, *Curio*, and *Lords*.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Oliuia*, friends?

Cl. I sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou my good
Fellow?

Cl. Truly sir, the better for my foes, and the worse
for my friends.

Du. Just the contrary: the better for thy friends.

Cl. No sir, the worse.

Du. How can that be?

Cl. Marry sir, they praise me, and make an asse of me,
now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Asse: so that by my
foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my
friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses, if
your foure negatiues make your two affirmatiues, why
then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Cl. By my troth sir, no: though it please you to be
one of my friends.

Du. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Cl. But that it would be double dealing sir, I would
you could make it another.

Du. O you giue me ill counsell.

Cl. Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once,
and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Du. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double
dealer: there's another.

Cl. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the olde
saying is, the third payes for all: the triplex sir, is a good
tripping measure, or the belles of *S. Bennet* sir, may put
you in minde, one, two, three.

Du. You can foole no more money out of mee at this
throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speake
with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my
bounty further.

Cl. Marry sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come a-
gen. I go sir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that
my desire of hauing is the signe of couetousnesse: but as
you say sir, let your bounty take a nappie, I will awake it
anon. *Exit.*

Enter *Antonio* and *Officers*.

Off. Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee.

Du. That face of his I do remember well,
yet when I saw it last, it was besmeard

As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre:
A bawbling Vessell was he Captaine of,
For shallow draught and bulke vnprizable,

With which such scathfull grapple did he make,
With the most noble bottom of our Fleete,

That very enuy, and the tongue of losse
Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

Off. *Orsino*, this is that *Antonio*

That tooke the *Phoenix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,

When your yong Nephew *Titus* lost his legge;
Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and hate,

In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.

Vi. He did me kinde sir, drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech vpon me,

I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe,
What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,

Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so decre
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. *Orsino*: Noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you giue mee:

Antonio neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
Though I confesse, on base and ground enough

Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingratefull boy there by your side,

From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was:

His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde
My loue without retention, or restraint,

All his in dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue)

Into the danger of this aduers Towne,
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:

Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)

Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And

And grew a twentie yeeres remoued thing
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,

Which I had recommended to his vlc,
Not halfe an houre before.

Vi. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No *intrin*, not a minutes vacancie,

Both day and night did we keepe companie.
Enter Oliuia and attendants.

Du. Heere comes the Countesse, now heauen walks
on earth:

But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,
Three monethes this youth hath tended vpon mee,

But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,
Wherein *Oliuia* may seeme seruicable?

Cesario, you do not keepe promise with me.

Vi. Madam:

Du. Gracious *Oliuia*.

Ol. What do you say *Cesario*? Good my Lord.

Vi. My Lord would speake my dutie hushes me.

Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fullsome to mine care

As howling after Musick.

Du. Still so cruell?

Ol. Still so constant Lord.

Du. What to peruenessee? you vnciuill Ladie
To whole ingratitude, and vnauuspicious Altars

My soule the faithfull offerings haue breath'd out
That ere deuotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Ol. Euen what it please my Lord, that shal becom him

Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th' Egyptian theefe, at point of death

Kill what I loue: (a sauage ielousie,
That sometime fauours nobly) but heere me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument

That scrowes me from my true place in your fauour:
Lie you the Marble-brested Tyrant still.

But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,
And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender deere,

Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
Where he sits crowned in his masters spight.

Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,

To spight a Ravens heart within a Dove.

Vi. And I most iocund, apt, and willinglie,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye.

Ol. Where goes *Cesario*?

Vi. After him I loue,

More then I loue these eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I shall loue wife.

If I do feigne, you witness above
Punish my life, for tainting of my loue.

Ol. Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?

Vi. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Ol. Hast thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy Father.

Du. Come, away.

Ol. Whether my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.

Du. Husband?

Ol. I Husband, Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband, sirrah?

Vi. No my Lord, not I.

Ol. Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Feare not *Cesario*, take thy fortunes vp,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter *Priest*.

O welcome Father:

Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence
Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now
Reueales before 'tis ripe: what thou dost know
Hath newly past, betwene this youth, and me.

Priest. A Contract of eternall bond of loue,
Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lippes,
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue
I haue trauiell'd but two houres.

Du. O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine owne trip shall be thine ouerthrow:
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet:

Vi. My Lord, I do protest.

Ol. O do not sweare,
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.

Enter *Sir Andrew*.

And. For the loue of God a Surgeon, send one pre-
sently to sir *Toby*.

Ol. What's the matter?

And. Has broke my head a-crosse, and has giuen Sir
Toby a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your
helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.

Ol. Who has done this sir *Andrew*?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one *Cesario*: we tooke
him for a Coward, but hee's the verie diuell incarnate.

Du. My Gentleman *Cesario*?

And. Odd's lifelings heere he is: you broke my head
for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir
Toby.

Vi. Why do you speake to me, I neuer hurt you:
you drew your sword vpon me without cause,
But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter *Toby* and *Clowne*.

And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt
me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxcombe.
Heere comes sir *Toby* halting, you shall heare more: but if
he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you
other gates then he did.

Du. How now Gentleman? how ist with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th' end on't:
Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, sot?

Cl. O he's drunke sir *Toby* an houre agoe: his eyes
were set at eight i'th morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue, and a passy measures panyn: I
hate a drunken rogue.

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this haucke
with them?

And. Ile helpe you sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest to-
gether.

To. Will you helpe an Asse-head, and a coxcombe, &
a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?

Ol.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I must haue done no lesse with wit and safety.
You throw a stranger regard vpon me, and by that
I do perceiue it hath offended you:
Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowe
We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A naturall Perpectiue, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio: O my deere Antonio,
How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I haue lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that Antonio?

Ant. How haue you made diuision of your selfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Ol. Most wonderfull.

Seb. Do I stand there? I neuer had a brother:
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and euery where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waues and surges haue deuour'd:
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Viola. Of *Messaline*: Sebastian was my Father,
Such a Sebastian was my brother too:
So went he suited to his watery tombe:
If spirits can assume both forme and suite,
You come to fright vs.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes euen,
I should my teares let fall vpon your cheekes,
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Viola. My father had a moale vpon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Viola. And did that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

Seb. O that record is liuely in my soule,
He finished indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.

Viola. If nothing lets to make vs happy both,
But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre:
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and iumpe
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,
He bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lyce my maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe,
I was prefer'd to serue this Noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betwene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you haue beene mistooke:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.

You would haue bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,
I shall haue share in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou neuer should'st loue woman like to me.

Viola. And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare,
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,

As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That seuers day from night.

Du. Giue me thy hand,

And let me see thee in thy womans weeds.

Viola. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore
Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Action
Is now in durance, at *Maluolio's* suite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall enlarge him: fetch *Maluolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frensie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.

How does he si-rah?

Cl. Truly Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the stauces end as
well as a man in his case may do: has heere writ a letter to
you, I should haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a
madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much
when they are deliuer'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Cl. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole
deliueis the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

Ol. How now, art thou mad?

Cl. No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your
Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow
Vox.

Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

Cl. So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to
reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princess, and giue
care.

Ol. Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and
the world shall know it: Though you haue put mee into
darkenesse, and giuen your drunken Cofine rule ouer me,
yet haue I the benefit of my senses as well as your Lady-
ship. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the
semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to
do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of
me as you please. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of,
and speake out of my injury. *The madly vs'd Maluolio.*

Ol. Did he write this?

Cl. I Madame.

Du. This fauours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliuer'd *Fabian*, bring him hither:

My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, so please you,
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.

Du. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer:
Your Master quits you: and for your seruice done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So farr beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee
your Masters Mistresse.

Ol. A sister, you are she.

Enter Maluolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. I my Lord, this same: How now *Maluolio*?

Mal. Madam, you haue done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Haue I *Maluolio*? No.

Mal. Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter.
You must not now denie it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,

Or

Or say, tis not your seale, not your inuention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modestie of honor,
Why you haue giuen me such cleare lights of fauour,
Bad me come smiling, and crosse-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
Vpon sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why haue you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
And made the most notorious gecke and gull,
That ere inuention plaid on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas *Maluolio*, this is not my writing,
Though I confesse much like the Character:
But out of question, tis *Mariar's* hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was shee
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath most shrewdly past vpon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
Of thine owne cause.

Fab. Good Madam heare me speake,
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this present houre,
Which I haue wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confesse my selfe, and *Toby*
Set this deuice against *Maluolio* heere,
Vpon some stubborne and vn courteous parts
We had conceiu'd against him. *Mariar* writ
The Letter, at sir *Toby's* great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
If that the iniuries be iustly weigh'd,
Thar haue on both sides past.

Ol. Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee?

Cl. Why some are borne great, some archieue great-
nesse, and some haue greatnesse throwne vpon them. I
was one sir, in this Enterlude, one sir *Topas* sir, but that's

all one: By the Lord Foole, I am not mad: but do you re-
member, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascall,
and you smile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirlegigge
of time, brings in his reuenges.

Mal. Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?

Ol. He hath bene most notoriously abus'd.

Du. Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace:
He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time conuents
A solemne Combination shall be made
Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come
(For so you shall be while you are a man):
But when in other habites you are seene,
Orsino's Mistresse, and his fancies Queene.

Exeunt

Clowne sings.

When that I was and a little time boy,
with hey, ho, the winde and the raine:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
for the raine it raineth euery day.

But when I came to mans estate,
with hey ho, &c.
Gainst Knanes and Theenes men sent their gate,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to wine,
with hey ho, &c.
By swaggering could I neuer thrine,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came vnto my beds,
with hey ho, &c.
With roppes still had drunken beades,
for the raine, &c.

A great while ago the world begon,
hey ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and wee'l singe to please you euery day.

FINIS.



The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance (Camillo) to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my seruices are now on-foot, you shall see (as I haue said) great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of Sicilia meanes to pay Bohemia the Visitation, which hee iustly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we will be iustified in our Loues: for indeed---

Cam. Befeech you---

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence--- in so rare--- I know not what to say--- Wee will giue you sleepeie Drinckes, that your Sences (vn-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot prayle vs, as little accuse vs.

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's giuen freely.

Arch. Beleeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to vtterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himselfe ouer-kind to Bohemia: They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but braunch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Personall) hath been Royally attorned with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, louing Embassies, that they haue seem'd to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as ouer a Vast; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppos'd Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You haue an vnspcakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that euer came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physicks the Subiect, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, desire yet their life, to see him a Man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to liue.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to liue on Crutches till he had one.

Exeunt.

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.
Pol. Nine Changes of the Warry-Scarre hath been

The Shepheards Note, since we haue left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long againe Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks, And yet we should, for perpetuitie, Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher (Yet standing in rich place) I multiply With one we thanke you, many thousands more, That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while, And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:

I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance, Or breed vpon our absence, that may blow No sneaping Winds at home, to make vs say, This is put forth too truly: besides, I haue stay'd To tyre your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)

Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One Seuenight longer.

Pol. Very tooth, to morrow.

Leo. Wee'll part the time betweene's then; and in that Ile no gaine-saying.

Pol. Presse me not (befeech you) so:

There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th' World So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessitie in your request, although I were needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires Doe euen drag me home-ward: which to hinder, Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my stay, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to saue both, Farewell (our Brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: you (Sir) Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction, The by-gone-day proclaym'd, say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong:

But let him say so then, and let him goe;

But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay,

Wee'll thwack him hence with Distaffes.

Yet of your Royall presence, Ile aduenture

The borrow of a Weeke. When at Bohemia

You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commission,

To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest

Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) Leontes,

I loue thee not a farre o'th' Clock, behind

A a

What

What Lady she her Lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not verely.

Her. Verely?

You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would seek t'vnspere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely
You shall not goe; a Ladyes Verely is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees.
When you depart, and saue your Thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your Guest then, Madam:

To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,
Then you to punish.

Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hostesse. Come, Ile question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings then?

Pol. We were (faire Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall.

Her. Was not my Lord
The verier Wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should haue answer'd Heauen
Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.

Her. By this we gather
You haue tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations haue since then been borne to's: for
In those vnstedg'd dayes, was my Wife a Gidle;
Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no conclusion, least you say
Your Queene and I are Devils: yet goe on,
Th'offences we haue made you doe, wee'le answer,
If you first sinn'd with vs: and that with vs
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not
With any, but with vs.

Leo. Is he woon yet?

Her. Hee'le stay (my Lord.)

Leo. At my request, he would not:

Hermione (my dearest) thou neuer spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Neuer?

Leo. Neuer, but once.

Her. What? haue I twice said well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with prayse, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting vpon that.
Our prayies are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we hear an Acre. But to th' Goale:

My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.
What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were Grace,
But once before I spok'd to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me haue't: I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Moneths had sower'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap thy selfe, my Loue; then didst thou vtter,
I am yours for euer.

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed,
Why lo, you now; I haue spok'd to th' purpose twice:
The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th'other, for some while a Friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.
I haue Tremor Cordis on me: my heart daunces,
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie
From Heartinnesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,
And well become the Agent: t may; I graunt:
But to be padding Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making prais'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment
My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,
Art thou my Boy?

Mam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. I fecks:

Why that's my Bawcock: what has't smutch'd thy Nose?
They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine:
And yet the Steere, the Heyser, and the Calf,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginaling
Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calf)
Art thou my Calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)

Leo. Thou want'st a rough path, & the shoote that I haue
To be full, like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,
(That will say any thing.) But were they false
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,
Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.
Thou do'st make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's vnreal: thou coactiue art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-ioyne with something, and thou do'st,
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)

Pol. What meanes Sicilia?

Her. He something seemes vnstedd.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?

Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction:
Are you mou'd (my Lord)?

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tendernes? and make it selfe a Pastime
To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn-breech'd,
In my greene Veluet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Least it should bite it's Master, and so proue
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squash, this Gentleman, Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight.
Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe seeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Parasite, my Souldier: State-man; all:
He makes a Iulys day, short as December,
And with his varying child-nesse, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thicke my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leave you to your grauer steps. *Hermione*,
How thou lou'st vs, shew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:
Next to thy selfe, and my young Rouer, he's
Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would seeke vs,
We are yours i'th' Garden: shall's attend you there?
Leo. To your owne bents dispose you: you'le be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lyne)
Goe too, goe too.

How she holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thick knee-deepe ore head and cares a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother plays, and I
Play too; but to disgrace'd a part, whose issue
Will hille me to my Graue; Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Kuell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been
(Or I am much deceiu'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (euen at this present,
Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th' Arme,
That little thinks she ha's been slay'd in his absence,
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir Smile, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all despair
That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselves, Physick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Haue the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy?

Mam. I am like you say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

What? Camillo there?

Cam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. Goe play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honest man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
When you cast out; it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
His Businesse more materiall.

Leo. Didst perceiue it?
They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a so-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I shall gust it last. How cam't (*Camillo*)
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queenes entreatie.

Leo. At the Queenes be't: Good should be pertinent,
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by some Seueralls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes
Perchance are to this Businesse purblind? say.

Cam. Businesse, my Lord? I thinke most vnderstand
Bohemia staves here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Staves here longer.

Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistresse.

Leo. Satisfie?

Th'entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?

Let that suffice. I haue trusted thee (*Camillo*)

With all the neere'st things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Priest-like) thou
Hast cleans'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been
Deceiu'd in thy Integritie, deceiu'd
In that which seemes so.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide vpon't: thou art not honest; or
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honestie behind, restraining
From Courte requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Seruant, grafted in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent: or else a Foole,
That see'st a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'st it all for least.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,
In every one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)

If euer I were wilfull-negligent,
It was my folly: if industriously

I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull

To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out

Against the non-performance, 'twas a feare
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)

Are such allow'd Infirmitie, that honestie
Is neuer free of. But beseech your Grace

Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas
By it's owne visage; if I then deny it,

'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you seene Camillo?

(But that's past doubt: you haue, or your eye-glasse
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?

(For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation

Refides not in that man, that do's not thinke)

My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse,
Or else be impudently negative,
To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say
My Wife's a Holy-Horse, deserves a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and iustify't.

Cam. I would not be a flander-by, to heare
My Soueraigne Mistresse clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'threw my heart,
You neuer spoke what did become you lesse
Then this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deepe as that, though true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noses?
Kissing with in-side Lip? stopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a sigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honestie) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift?
Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,
That would vnseene be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The couering Skie is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue these Nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:

I say thou lye'st *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slaue,
Or else a hovering Temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and euill,
Inclining to them both: were my Wives Liuer
Infected (as her life) she would not liue
The running of one Glasse.

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck (*Bohemia*) who, if I
Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits,
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
Which should vndoe more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Haue Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may't see
Plainely, as Heauen sees Earth, and Earth sees Heauen,
How I am gall'd, might' be spice a Cup,
To giue mine Enemy a lasting Winke:
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.

Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke
Maliciously, like Poyson: But I cannot
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse
(So soueraignely being Honorable.)
I haue lou'd thee.

Leo. Make that thy question, and goe rot:
Do'st thinke I am so muddy, so vnseled,
To appoint my selfe in this vexation?
Sully the puritie and whitenesse of my Sheetes
(Which to preferue, is Sleepe; which being spotted,
Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Waipes)
Giue scandall to the blood o'th Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)

Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must beleeue you (Sir)

I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highnesse
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first,
Euen for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing
The Iniurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou do'st aduise me,
Euen so as I mine owne course haue set downe:
He giue no blemish to her Honor, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he haue wholesome Beueridge,
Account me not your Seruant.

Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine owne.

Cam. He do't, my Lord.

Leo. I will seeme friendly, as thou hast aduis'd me. *Exit*

Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Master; one,
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will haue
All that are his, so too. To doe this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousand's that had struck anoynted Kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: But since
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it selfe forswear't. I must
Forake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes *Bohemia*. *Enter Polixenes.*

Pol. This is strange: Me thinkes
My fauor here begins to warpe. Not speake?
Good day *Camillo*.

Cam. Hayle most Royall Sir.

Pol. What is the Newes i'th Court?

Cam. None rare (my Lord.)

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some Prouince, and a Region
Lou'd, as he loues himselfe: euen now I met him
With customarie complement, when hee
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and
So leaues me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.

Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)

Pol. How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your selfe, what you doe know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which shewes me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My selfe thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sicknesse
Which puts some of vs in distemper, but
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?

Make me not sighted like the Basilisque.

I haue

I haue look'd on thousands, who haue sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd, which no lesse adorne
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose successe we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A Sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Do'st thou heare *Camillo*,
I censure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'st ghesse of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be prevented, if to be:
If not, how best to beare it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,
Which must be eu'n as swiftly followed, as
I meane to utter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinkes, nay with all confidence he sweares,
As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you haue toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the Best:
Turne then my freshest Reputation to
A sauour, that may strike the dullest Nostrill
Where I arriue, and my approach be shun'd,
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection
That ere was heard, or read.

Cam. Swear his thought ouer
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea, for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counsaile) shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
Is pyld vpon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Auid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare trust my honestie,
That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you
Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse,
And will by twos, and threes, at severall Posternes,
Cleare them o'th Citie: For my selfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your seruice (which are here
By this discouerie lost.) Be not vncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents; I
Haue vttered Truth: which if you seeke to proue,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Then one condemn'd by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution sworne.

Pol. I doe beleeue thee:

I saw his heart in's face. Giue me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two dayes agoe. This Icalousie
Is for a precious Creature: as shee's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his Person's mightie,
Must it be violent: and, as he do's conceiue,
He is dishonor'd by a man, which euer
Profess'd to him: why his Reuenges must
In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-shades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
Of his ill-ta'ne suspition. Come *Camillo*,
I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'st my life off, hence: Let vs auoid.

Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highnesse
To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leantes,
Antigonus, Lords.*

Her. Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)

Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, Ile none of you.

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)

Mam. You'll kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I loue you better.

Lady. And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for becaufe

Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

Lady. Who taught 'this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a Ladies Nose
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

Lady. Harke ye,

The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall
Present our seruices to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes, and then you'd wanton with vs,
If we would haue you.

Lady. She is spread of late

Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wildome stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:

I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)

Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull at it.

A 3

Mam. There

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come sit downe: then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,
Yond Crickets shall not heare it.

Her. Come on then, and giu't me in mine eare.

Leon. Was hee met there? his Traine? *Camillo* with him?

Lord. Behind the rust of Pines I met them, neuer
Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them
Euen to their Ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my iust Censure? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke; depart,
And yet partake no venom: (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one present
Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent Hefts: I haue drunke, and seene the Spider.

Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar:

There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;

All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,

Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:

He ha's discover'd my Designe, and I

Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick

For them to play at will: how came the Posternes

So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority,

Which often hath no lesse preuail'd, then so,

On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.

Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:

Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you

Haue too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? Sport?

Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,

Away with him, and let her sport her selfe

With that shee's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes*

Ha's made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not;

And Ile be sworne you would beleeue my saying,

How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.

Leo. You (my Lords)

Looke on her, marke her well: be but about

To say she is a goodly Lady, and

The iustice of your hearts will thereto adde

'Tis pittie shee's not honest: Honorable;

Prayse her but for this her without-dore-Forme,

(Which on my faith deserues high speech) and straight

The Shrug, the Huan, or Ha, (these Petty-brands

That Calumnie doth vse; Oh, I am out,

That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will seare

Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,

When you haue said shee's goodly, come betweene,

Ere you can say shee's honest: But be't knowne

(From him that ha's most cause to grieue it should be)

Shee's an Adulteresse.

Her. Should a Villaine say so,

(The most replenish'd Villaine in the World)

He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)

Do but mistake.

Leo. You haue mistooke (my Lady)

Polixenes for *Leontes*: O thou Thing,

(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,

Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent)

Should a like Language vse to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishing leaue out,
Betwixt the Prince and Begger: I haue said
Shee's an Adulteresse, I haue said with whom:
More; shee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is
A Federatie with her, and one that knowes
What she should shame to know her selfe,
But with her most vild Principall: that shee's
A Bed-swaruer, euen as bad as those
That Vulgars giue bold't Titles; I, and priuy
To this their late escape.

Her. No (by my life)
Priuy to none of this: how will this grieue you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus haue publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly, then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No: if I mistake
In those Foundations which I build vpon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare
A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:
He who shall speake for her, is a farre-off guiltie,
But that he speakes.

Her. There's some ill Planet raignes:
I must be patient, till the Heauens looke
With an aspect more fauorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I haue
That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes
Worse then Teares drowne: beleeue you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The Kings will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? beleeue your Highnes

My Women may be with me, for you see

My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)

There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistis

Ha's deseru'd Prison, then abound in Teares,

As I come out; this Action I now goe on,

Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)

I neuer wish'd to see you sorry, now

I trust I shall: my Women come, you haue leaue.

Leo. Goe, doe our bidding: hence.

Lord. Beleeue your Highnesse call the Queene againe.

Antig. Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your Iustice

Proue violence, in the which three great ones suffer,

Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.

Lord. For her (my Lord)

I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)

Please you t'accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse

I'th' eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane

In this, which you accuse her.)

Antig. If it proue

Shee's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where

I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:

Then when I feele, and see her, no farther trust her:

For euey ynh of Woman in the World,

I, euey dram of Womans flesh is false,

If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my Lord.

Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our selues:

You are abus'd, and by some putter on,

That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,

I would

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him:

Let him haue knowledge who I am. Good Lady,

No Court in Europe is too good for thee,

What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,

You know me, do you not?

Gao. For a worthy Lady,

And one, who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,

Conduct me to the Queene.

Gao. I may not (Madam)

To the contrary I haue expresse commandment.

Paul. Here's a-do, to locke vp honesty & honour from

Th'access of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you

To see her Women? Any of them? *Emilia?*

Gao. So please you (Madam)

To put a-part these your attendants, I

Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Paul. I pray now call her:

With-draw your selues.

Gao. And Madam,

I must be present at your Conference.

Paul. Well: be't so: prethee.

Heere's such a-doe, to make no staine, a staine,

As pascies colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,

How fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorne

May hold together: On her frights, and greefes

(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)

She is, something before her time, deliuer'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,

Lusty, and like to liue: the Queene receiues

Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore prisoner,

I am innocent as you,

Paul. I dare be sworne:

These dangerous, vn safe Lanes i'th' King, befhrew them:

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office

Becomes a woman best. Ile take't vpon me,

If I proue hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.

And neuer to my red-look'd Anger bee

The Trumpet any more: pray you (*Emilia*)

Commend my best obedience to the Queene,

If she dares trust me with her little babe,

I'll shew't the King, and vndertake to bee

Her Aduocate to th'lowd'st. We do not know

How he may soften at the sight o'th' Childe:

The silence often of pure innocence

Perfwades, when speaking failes.

Emil. Most worthy Madam,

your honor, and your goodnesse is so euident,

That your free vndertaking cannot misse

A thriving yssue: there is no Lady liuing

So meete for this great errand; please your Ladiship

To visit the next roome, Ile presently

Aquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,

Who, but to day hammered of this designe,

But durst not tempt a minister of honour

Least she should be deny'd.

Paul

Exeunt

Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)

He yfe that tongue I haue: If wit flow from't
As boldnesse from my bosome, let not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it.

He to the Queene: please you come something neerer.

Gao. Madam, if I please the Queene to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,
Hauing no warrant.

Paul. You neede not feare it (*for*)

This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is

By Law and processe of great Nature, thence

Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to

The anger of the King, nor guilty of

(If any be) the trespassse of the Queene.

Gao. I do beleeue it.

Paul. Do not you feare: vpon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Leantes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus,
and Lords.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weaknesse
To beare the matter thus: mere weaknesse, if
The cause were not in being: part o'th' cause,
She, th'Adulteresse: for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine: plot-prooffe: but shee,
I can hooke to me: say that she were gone,
Giuen to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me againe. Whose there?

Ser. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the boy?

Ser. He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop'd
His sicknesse is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his Noblenesse,

Conceyning the dishonour of his Mother:

He straight declin'd, droop'd, rooke it deeply,

Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe:

Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,

And down-right languish'd. Leane me solely: goe,

See how he fares: Pie, fie, no thought of him,

The very thought of my Reuenges that way

Recoyle vpon me: in himselfe too mightie,

And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,

Vntill a time may serue. For present vengeance

Take it on her: *Camillo, and Polixenes*

Laugh at me: make their pastime at my sorrow:

They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor

Shall she, within my powre.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:

Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas)

Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule,

More free, then he is ialous.

Antig. That's enough.

Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot (good Sir)

I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you

That creepe like shadowes by him, and do sigh

At each his needlesse heauings: such as you

Nourish the cause of his awaking. I

Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;

(Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humor,

That presses him from sleepe.

Leo. Who noyse there, hoe?

Paul. No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,

About some Gossips for your Highnesse.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus,*

I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,

I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so (my Lord)

On your displeasures perill, and on mine,

She should not visit you.

Leo. What canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonestie he can: in this

(Vnlesse he take the course that you haue done)

Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,

He shall not rule me:

Ant. La-you now, you heare,

When she will take the raine, I let her run,

But shee'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come:

And I beseech you heare me, who professes

My selfe your loyall Seruant, your Physitian,

Your most obedient Counsaillor: yet that dares

Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Euilles,

Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come

From your good Queene.

Leo. Good Queene?

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,

I say good Queene,

And would by combate, make her good so, were I

A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes

First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,

But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene

(For this is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,

Heere 'tis: Commends it to your blessing.

Leo. Out:

A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore:

A most intelligencing bawd.

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you,

In so enticling me: and no lesse honest

Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant

(As this world goes) to passe for honest:

Leo. Traitors;

Will you not push her out? Giue her the Bastard,

Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: vnroofter

By thy dame *Partlett* heere. Take vp the Bastard,

Take't vp, I say: giue't to thy Creane.

Paul. For euer

Vnuererable be thy hands, if thou

Tak'st vp the Princesse, by that forced basenesse

Which he ha's put vpon't.

Leo. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt

You'd call your children, yours.

Leo. A nest of Traitors.

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I: nor any

But one that's heere: and that's himselfe: for he,

The

The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,

His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrays to Slander,

Whose sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not

(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse

He cannot be compell'd too't) once remoue

The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,

As euer Oake, or Stone was found.

Leo. A Callat

Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,

And now bayts me: This Brat is none of mine,

It is the Issue of *Polixenes*.

Hence with it, and together with the Dam,

Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:

And might we lay th'old Prouerb to your charge,

So like you, 'tis the worfe. Behold (my Lords)

Although the Print be little, the whole Matter

And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,

The trick of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,

The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:

The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)

And thou good Goddesse *Nature*, which hast made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast

The ordering of the Mind too, mongst all Colours

No Yellow in't, least the suspect, as he do's,

Her Children, nor her Husbands.

Leo. A grosse Hagge:

And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,

That wilt not stay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbands

That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leaue your selfe

Hardly one Subiect.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A most vnworthy, and vnnatural Lord

Can doeno more.

Leo. Ile ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:

It is an Heretique that makes the fire,

Not she which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:

But this most cruell vface of your Queene

(Not able to produce more accusation

Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) something fauors

Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,

Yea, scandalous to the World.

Leo. On your Allegiance,

Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,

Where were her life? she durst not call me so,

If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone.

Look to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *Ioue* send her

A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?

You that are thus so tender o're his Follies,

Will neuer doe him good, nor one of you.

So, so: Farewell, we are gone. *Exit.*

Leo. Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this.

My Child? away with't? euen thou, that hast

A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,

And see it instantly confus'd with fire.

Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straight:

Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,

(And by good testimonie) or Ile seize thy life,

With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,

And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;

The Bastard-braynes with these my proper hands

Shall I dash out, Goe, take it to the fire,

For thou set'st on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:

These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,

Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,

He is not guiltie of her coming hither.

Leo. You're lyers all.

Lord. Beseech your Highnesse, giue vs better credit:

We haue alwayes truly seru'd you, and beseech

So to esteeme of vs: and on our knees we begge,

(As recompence of our deare seruices

Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must

Lead on to some foule Issue. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:

Shall I liue on, to see this Bastard kneele,

And call me Father? better burne it now,

Then curse it then. But be it: let it liue.

It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:

You that haue beene so tenderly officious

With Lady *Margerie*, your Mid-wife there,

To saue this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,

So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture,

To saue this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)

That my abilitie may vndergoe,

And Noblenesse impose: at least thus much;

Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,

To saue the Innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: Swear by this Sword

Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Marke, and performe it: seest thou for the faile

Of any point in't, shall not onely be

Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,

(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee,

As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry

This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it

To some remote and desart place, quite out

Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it

(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,

And fauour of the Climate: as by strange fortune

It came to vs, I doe in Iustice charge thee,

On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodies torture,

That thou commend it strangely to some place,

Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it vp.

Antig. I sweare to doe this: though a present death

Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)

Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Rauens

To be thy Nurfs. Wolues and Beares, they say,

(Casting their sauagenesse aside) haue done

Like offices of Pity. Sir, be prosperous

In more then this deed do's require; and Blessing

Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side

(Poore Thing, condemn'd to losse.) *Exit.*

Leo. No: Ile not reare

Another's Issue. *Enter a Seruant.*

Seru. Please your Highnesse, Posts

From those you sent to th' Oracle, are come

An houre since: *Cleomines* and *Dion*,

Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,

Hasting to th' Court.

Lord. So please you (Sir) their speed

Hath beene beyond accompt.

Leo. Twentie three dayes

They haue beene absent: 'tis good speed: fore-tells

The great *Apollo* suddenly will haue

The

The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may arraigne
Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she haue
A iust and open Triall. While she liues,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leauē me,
And thinke vpon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common praye it beares.

Dion. I shall report,
Formost it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,
(Me thinks I should terme them) and the reuerence
Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemne, and vn-earthly
It was i'th' Offring?

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the care-deaft'ning Voyce o'th' Oracle,
Kin to *Jones* Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,
That I was nothing.

Dio. If th'euent o'th' Journey
Proue as successfull to the Queene (O be't so)
As it hath bene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the vse on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*
Turne all to th' best: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults vpon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Diuine seal'd vp)
Shall the Contents discover: something rare
Euen then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her
Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.*

Leo. This Session (to our great griefe we pronounce)
Euen pushes' gainst our heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Iustice, which shall haue due course,
Euen to the Guile, or the Purgation:
Produce the Prisoner.

Officer. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene
Appeare in person, here in Court. *Silence.*

Leo. Reade the Indictment.

Officer. *Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King
of Sicilia, thou art here accus'd and arraigned of High Treason,
in committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia,*

*and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Sonne,
raigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence whereof
being by circumstances partly layd open, thou (Hermione) con-
trary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didst con-
saile and ayde them, for their better safetie, to fflye away by
Night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my Accusation, and
The testimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guiltie: mine Integrity
Being counted Falschood, shall (as I expresse it)
Be so recei'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
False Accusation blush, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
(Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life
Hath bene as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now vnhappy; which is more
Then Historie can patterne, though deuiz'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore
Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) For Honor,
'Tis a deriuatiue from me to mine,
And onely that I stand for. I appeale
To your owne Conscience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so vncurrent, I
Haue strayn'd 't' appeare thus; if one iot beyond
The bound of Honor, or in act, or will
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin
Cry sie vpon my Graue.

Leo. I ne're heard yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Lesse Impudence to gaine say what they did,
Then to performe it first.

Her. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.

Leo. You will not owne it.

Her. More then Mistresse of,
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse
I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd:
With such a kind of Loue, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen such,
So, and no other, as your selfe commanded:
Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me
Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude

To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spokt,
Euen since it could speake, from an Infaut, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselues
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you haue vnder't'ne to doe in's absence.

Her. Sir,

Her. Sir,
You speake a Language that I vnderstand not:
My Life stands in the scuell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more then auails: for as
Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it selfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) so thou
Shalt feele our Iustice; in whose easiest passage,
Looke for no lesse then death.

Her. Sir, spare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauer)
I doe giue lost, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Ioy,
And first Fruits of my body, from his presence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd most vnluckily) is from my breast
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder. My selfe on euery Post
Proclam'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred
The Child-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre, before
I haue got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what blessings I haue here aliue,
That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
Vpon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,
But what your Jealousies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Iudge.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether iust: therefore bring forth
(And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my Father,
Oh that he were aliue, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see
The statnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Reuenge.

Officer. You here shal sweare vpon this Sword of Iustice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) haue
Been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought
This seal'd vp Oracle, by the Hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo's* Priest; and that since then,
You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo. Dio. All this we sweare.

Leo. Breake vp the Seales, and read.

Officer. *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blamelesse, Camillo
a true Subject, Leontes a zealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe
truly begotten, and the King shall liue without an Heire, if that
which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.

Her. Pray'd.

Leo. Haft thou read truth?

Officer. I (my Lord) euen so as it is here set downe.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle:

The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falschood.

Ser. My Lord the King: the King?

Leo. What is the businesse?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.

The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
Of the Queenes speed, is gone.

Leo. How? gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo's* angry, and the Heauens themselues

Doe stike at my iniustice. How now there?

Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe
And see what Death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o're-charg'd: she will recouer.

I haue too much beleu'd mine owne suspicion:

'Beseech you tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon

My great prophanesesse gainst thine Oracle.

Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,

New woe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*

(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)

For being transported by my Jealousies

To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poyson

My friend *Polixenes*: which had been done,

But that the good mind of *Camillo* rardied

My swift command: though I with Death, and with

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,

And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest

Vnclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here

(Which you knew great) and to the hazard

Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,

No richer then his Honor: How he glisters

Through my Rust? and how his Pietie

Do's my deeds make the blacker?

Paul. Woe the while:

O cut my Lace, least my heart (cracking it)

Breake too.

Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?

Paul. What studied torments (Tyrant) haft for me?

What Wheelles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling?

In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture

Must I receiue? whose euery word deserues

To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny

(Together working with thy Jealousies,

Fancies too weake for Boyes, too Greene and idle

For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,

And then run mad indeed: starke-mad: for all

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.

That thou betrayed'st *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing;

(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,

And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much,

Thou would'st haue poyson'd good *Camillo's* Honor,

To haue him kill a King: poore Trespasses,

More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon

The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,

To be or none, or little; though a Deuill

Would haue shed water out of fire, ere don't:

Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death

Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts

(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart

That could conceiue a grosse and foolish Sire

Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,

Layd to thy answer: but the last: O Lords,

When I haue said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,

The

The sweet ft. deer ft creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.

Lord. The higher powres forbid.

Paul. I say she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath
Preuaile not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serue you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent these things, for they are heauier
Then all thy woes can stirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter
In storme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods
To looke that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deseru'd
All tongues to talke their bitterst.

Lord. Say no more;

How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault
T' th boldnesse of your spech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I haue shew'd too much
The rashnesse of a woman: he is toucht
To th Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past greefe: Do not receiue affliction
At my petition; I beleeue you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that haue minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a foolish woman:
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is lost too) take your patience to you,
And Ile say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speake but well,

When most the truth: which I receiue much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One grane shall be for both: Vpon them shall
The causes of their death appeare (vnto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exercise, so long
I dayly vow to vse it. Come, and leade me
To these sorrowes.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Antigonus, a Mariner, Babe, Sheepe-
heard, and Clowne.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon
The Defarts of Bohemia.

Mar. I (my Lord) and feare

We haue Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon's.

Ant. Their sacred wil's be done: go get a-board,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before

I call vpon thee.)

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpon't.

Antig. Go thou away,
Ile follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so ridde o'th businesse.

Ant. Come, poore babe;

I haue heard (but not beleue'd) the Spirits o'th dead
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I neuer saw a vessell of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very sanctity she did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gasping to begin some spech) her eyes
Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy person for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe
Is counted lost for euer, *Perdita*.

I prethee call't: For this vngentle businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see
Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and so, with shrieks
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
This was so, and no slumber: Dreames, are toys,
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do beleue
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the issue
Of King *Polixenes*) it should heere be laide
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,
There lye, and there thy charrafter: there these,
Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)
And still rest thine. The storme beginnes, poore wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes: and most accurst am I
To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue
A lullaby too rough: I neuer saw
The heauens so dim, by day. A savage clamor?
Well may I get a-board: This is the Chace,
I am gone for euer.

Exit pursued by a Bear.

Shep. I would there were no age betwene ten and
three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest
for there is nothing (in the betwene) but getting wenches
with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing,
fighting, hearke you now: would any but these boyld
braines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this wea-
ther? They haue scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe,
which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Mai-
ster; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea-side, brou-
zing of luy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what haue
we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A
boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie
one) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I

Exit

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all: both ioy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfoldes error,
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)
To vse my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
Ore sixteen yeeres, and leaue the growth vntide
Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre
To orethrow Law, and in one selfe-borne howre
To plant, and ore-whelme Custome. Let me passe
The same I am, ere ancient Order was,
Or what is now receiu'd. I witnesse to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my Tale
Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne my glasse, and giue my Scene such growing
As you had slept betwene: *Leontes* leaving
Th' effects of his fond ialousies, so greewing
That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In faire *Bohemia*, and remember well,
I mentioned a sonne o'th Kings, which *Florizell*
I now name to you: and with speed so pace
To speake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her issues
I list not prophesie: but let Times newes
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daugh-
And what to her adheres, which followes after, (ter
Is th' argument of Time: of this allow,
If euer you haue spent time worse, ere now:
If neuer, yet that Time himselfe doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you neuer may.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importu-
nate: 'tis a sicknesse denying thee any thing: a death to
grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen yeeres since I saw my Countrey:
though I haue (for the most part) bin ayred abroad, I de-
sire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King
(my Master) hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrowes
I might be some allay, or I oreweene to thinke so) which
is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lou'st me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the rest
of thy seruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of
thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to
haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made
me businesse, (which none (without thee) can suffici-
ently manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe,
or take away with thee the very seruices thou hast done:
which if I haue not enough considered (as too much I
cannot) to be more thankfull to thee, shall bee my stu-
die, and my profite therein, the heaping friendshippes.
Of that fatall Countrey *Sicillia*, prethee speake no more,
whose very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance

B b

of

can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the scape: this has
beene some faire-worke, some Trunke-worke, some be-
hinde-doore worke: they were warmer that got this,
then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet
Ile carry till my sonne come: he hallow'd but euen now.
Whoa-ho-ho.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. Hillos, loa.

Shep. What? art so neere? If thou'lt see a thing to
talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither:
what say'st thou, man?

Cl. I haue scene two such sights, by Sea & by Land:
but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, be-
twixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins
point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Cl. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it ra-
ges, how it takes vp the shore, but that's not to the point:
Oh, the most pitteous cry of the poore foules, sometimes
to see 'em, and not to see 'em: Now the Shippe boaring
the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed
with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a Corke into a hog's-
head. And then for the Land-seruice, to see how the
Beare tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cride to mee
for helpe, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman:
But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap-
dragon'd it: but first, how the poore foules roared, and
the sea mock'd them, and how the poore Gentleman roa-
red, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder
then the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Cl. Now, now: I haue not wink'd since I saw these
sights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the
Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde
man.

Cl. I would you had bene by the ship side, to haue
help'd her; there your charity would haue lack'd footing.

Shep. Heauy matters, heauy matters: but looke thee
heere boy. Now blesse thy selfe: thou met'st with things
dying, I with things new borne. Here's a fight for thee:
Looke thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires childe: looke
thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy) open't: so, let's see, it
was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some
Changeling: open't: what's within, boy?

Cl. You're a mad olde man: If the finnes of your
youth are forgiuen you, you're well to liue. Golde, all
Golde.

Shep. This is Faery Golde boy, and 'twill proue so: vp
with't, keepe it close: home, home, the next way. We
are luckie (boy) and to bee so still requires nothing but
secrecie. Let my sheepe go: Come (good boy) the next
way home.

Cl. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go
see if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how
much he hath eaten: they are neuer curst but when they
are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou mayest discerne by
that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' fight
of him.

Clowne. Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him
i'th ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds
on't

Exeunt

of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene & Children, are even now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizell my son? Kings are no lesse vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then they are in loosing them, when they haue approued their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I haue (mislingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I haue considered so much (*Camillo*) and with some care, so farre, that I haue eyes vnder my seruice, which looke vpon his remouednesse: from whom I haue this Intelligence, that he is seldome from the house of a most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an vnspokeable estate.

Cam. I haue heard (sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our sonne thither. Thou shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) haue some question with the shepheard; from whose simplicity, I thinke it not vnease to get the cause of my sonnes resort thither. Prethe be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicillia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selues. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antolius singing.
When Daffadils begin to peere,
With heigh the Doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeere,
For the red blood rains in wint'ers pale.

The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing:
Doth set my pagging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.

The Larke, that tirra-Lyra chaunts,
With heigh the Thrush and the Lay:
Are Summer songs for me and my Annts
While we lye tumbling in the hay.

I haue seru'd Prince Florizell, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of seruice.

But shall I go mourne for that (my deere)
The pale Moone shines by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do most go right.

If Tinkers may haue leane to line,
and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,
Then may account I well may gine,
and in the Stockes auouch-it.

My Trafficke is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Antolius*, who be-

ing (as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewise a snapper-vp of vnconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Reuennew is the filly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee: For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. Let me see, every Leauen-weather todde, every tod yeeldes pound and odde shilling: fiftene hundred shorne, what comes the wooll too?

Aut. If the spridge hold, the Cocke's mine.

Cl. I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee see, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-shearing-Feast? Three pound of Sugar, fife pound of Currence, Rice: What will this sister of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on. Shee hath made me four and twenty Nose-gayes for the shearers (three-man song-men, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Meanes and Bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to home-pipes, I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, fene a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Four pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reylions o'th Sun.

Aut. Oh, that euer I was borne.

Cl. I th' name of me.

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these ragges: and then, death, death.

Cl. Alacke poore soule, thou hast need of more ragges to lay on thee, rather then haue these off.

Aut. Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offend mee, more then the stripes I haue receiued, which are mightie ones and millions.

Cl. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and apparel tane from me, and these dereftable things put vpon me.

Cl. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (sweet sir) a footman.

Cl. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: If this bee a horsemans Coate, it hath seene very hot seruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

Cl. Alas poore soule.

Aut. Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I feare (sir) my shoulder-blade is out.

Cl. How now? Canst stand?

Aut. Softly, deere sir: good sir, softly: you ha done me a charitable office.

Cl. Doe'st lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you sir: I haue a Kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, vnto whome I was going: I shall there haue money, or anie thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (sir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a seruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainly Whipt out of the Court.

Cl. His vices you would say: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Processe-seruer (a Bayliffe) then hee compast a Motion of the Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lyes; and (hauing flowne over many knauish professions) hee seel'd onely in Rogue: some call him *Antolius*.

Cl. Out vpon him: Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-bairings.

Aut. Very true sir: he fir hee: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell.

Cl. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; If you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, hee'd haue runne.

Aut. I must confesse to you (sir) I am no fighter: I am full of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Cl. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better then I was: I can stand, and walke: I will euen take my leaue of you, & pace softly towards my Kinsmans.

Cl. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.

Cl. Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing. *Exit.*

Aut. Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice: Ile be with you at your sheepe-shearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the shearers proue sheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. Log-on, Log-on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad iyes in a Mile-a. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Seruants, Antolius.

Flo. These your vnusuall weeds, to each part of you Do's giue a life: no Shepherdesse, but *Flora* Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing, Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,

And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord,

To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me:

(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high selfe

The gracious marke o'th' Land, you haue obscur'd

With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)

Most Goddesse-like prank'd vp: But that our Feasts

Ineuery Messe, haue folly; and the Feeders

Digest with a Custome, I should blush

To see you so array'd: sworne I thinke,

To shew my selfe a glasse.

Flo. I blesse the time:

When my good Falcon, made her flight a-crosse

Thy Fathers ground.

Perd. Now Ioue afford you cause:

To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse

Hath not bene vs'd to feare:) euen now I tremble

To thinke your Father, by some accident

Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,

How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble,

Vildely bound vp? What would he say? Or how

Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold

The sterneesse of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend

Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themselues

(Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken

The shapes of Beasts vpon them. Iupiter,

Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune

A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd God

Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,

As I seeme now. Their transformations,

Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer,

Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires

Run not before mine honor: nor my Lusts

Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but Sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis

Oppos'd (as it must be) by th' powre of the King:

One of these two must be necessities,

Which then will speake, that you must change this pur-

Or I my life. *(poie,*

Flo. Thou deer'st *Perdita*,

With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not

The Mirth o'th' Feast: Or Ile be thine (my Faire)

Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be

Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if

I be not thine. To this I am most constant,

Though destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle)

Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing

That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:

Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day

Of celebration of that nuptiall, which

We two haue sworne shall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,

Stand you auspicious.

Flo. See, your Guests approach,

Addresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly,

And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife lin'd; vpon

This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,

Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: seru'd all,

Would sing her song, and dance her turne: now heere

At vpper end o'th' Table; now, i'th' middle:

On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire

With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it

She would to each one sip. You are retyred,

As if you were a feasted one: and not

The Hostesse of the meeting: Pray you bid

These vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is

A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.

Come, quench your blushes, and preient your selfe

That which you are, Mistris o'th' Feast. Come on,

And bid vs welcome to your sheepe-shearing,

As your good flocke shall prosper.

Perd. Sir, welcome:

It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee

The Hostessehip o'th' day: you're welcome sir.

Giue me those Flowres there (*Dorcas*) Reuerend Sirs,

For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, th'ke keepe

Seeming, and fauour all the Winter long:

Perd. Now Ioue afford you cause:

Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,

And welcome to our Shearing.

Pol. Shepherdess, (A faire one are you:) well you fit our age,
With flowres of Winter.

Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on Summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowres of the season
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them.

Perd. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares
With great creating Nature.

Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no means,
But Nature makes that Meane: so over that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art,
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stocke,
And make conceyue a bairne of baser kinde
By bad of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature.

Perd. So it is.
Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Perd. He not put
The Dible in earth, to let one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well: and onely therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:
Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen
To men of middle age. Yare very welcome.

Cam. I should leane grauing, were I of your flocke,
And onely live by gazing.

Perd. Out alas:
You'd be so leane, that blasts of Ianuary
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairst
I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Dysfes* Waggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweeter then the lids of *Juno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roses,
That dye vnmarr'd, ere they can behold
Bright *Phoebus* in his strength (a Maladie
Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,
To strew him o're, and ore.

Pol. What's like a Coarse?

Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:
Not like a Chaffe: or if: not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,
Me thinks I play as I haue seene thing do
In Whitton-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine

Do's change my disposition:

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'd haue you do it euer: When you sing,
I'd haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almies,
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: moue still, still so:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.

Perd. O *Doricles*,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Do plainly giue you out an vnstain'd Sphepherd
With wisedome, I might feare (my *Doricles*)
You wou'd me the false way.

Flo. I thinke you haue
As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita*) so Turtles paire
That neuer meane to part.

Perd. He sweare for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that euer
Ran on the greene-ford: Nothing she do's, or seemes
But smacks of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tels her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is
The Queene of Curds and Creame.

Pol. Come on: strike vp.
Dorcas. *Mopsa* must be your Mistress: marry Garlick
to mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time.
Pol. Not a word, a word, we stand vpon our manners,
Come, strike vp.

Heere a Dancke of Shepheards and
Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boasts himselfe
To haue a worthy Feeding: but I haue it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleue it:
He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter,
I thinke so too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone
Vpon the water, as hee'l stand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choofe
Who loues another best.

Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silent: If young *Doricles*
Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreames of.

Ser. O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the
doore, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: hee sings
seuerall Tunes, faster then you'll tell money: hee vites
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to
his Tunes.

Pol. He could neuer come better: hee shall come in:
I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter
merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and
sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes:
No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloues: he has
the prettiest Loue-songs for Maids, so without bawdrie
(which is strange,) with such delicate burthens of Dil-
do's and Fadings: Tump-her, and thump-her; and where
some stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane
mischeefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee
makes the maid to answere, *Whoop, doe me no harme good*
man: put's him off, flights him, with *whoop, doe mee no*
harme good man.

Pol. This is a braue fellow.
Pol. Beleeeue mee, thou talkest of an admirable con-
ceited fellow, has he any vnbraided Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Raine-
bow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can
learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' grosse:
Iockles, Caddysses, Cambricks, Lawnes: why he sings
em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddeses: you would
thinke a Smocke were a shee-Angell, hee so chauntes to
the sheue-hand, and the worke about the square on't.

Pol. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach sin-
gling.

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vse no scurrilous words
in's tunes.

Pol. You haue of these Pedlers, that haue more in
them, then you'd thinke (Sister.)

Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.

Enter Autolucus singing.

Lawne as white as drinen Snow,
Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow,
Gloves as sweete as Damaske Roses,
Masks for faces, and for noses:
Bugle-bracelets, Necke lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to giue their deers:
Pins, and peaking-sticks of Steele.
What Maids lacke from head to heele:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or els your Lasses cry: Come buy.

Pol. If I were not in loue with *Mopsa*, thou should'st
take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will
also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they
come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there
be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be
he has paid you more, which will shame you to giue him
againe.

Pol. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they
weare their plackets, where they should beare their faces?
Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed?
Or kill-hole? To whistle of these secrets, but you must
be tittle-tatling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are
whispering: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I haue done: Come you ptomis'd me a tawdry-
lace, and a paire of sweet Gloues.

Pol. Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the
way, and lost all my money.

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, ther-
fore it behooues men to be wary.

Pol. Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here
Aut. I hope so sir, for I haue about me many parcels
of charge.

Pol. What hast heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some: I loue a ballet in print, a
life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vfu-
rers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at
a burthen, and how she long'd to cate Adders heads, and
Toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Blesse me from marrying a Vfur.

Aut. Here's the Midwifes name to't: one *Mist-Tale-
Porter*, and five or six honest Wiues, that were present.
Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Pol. Come-on, lay it by: and let's first see moe Bal-
lads: Wee'l buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared
vpon the coast, on wenfday the fourescore of April, fortie
thousand fadom aboue water, & sung this ballad against
the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a Wo-
man, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she wold not ex-
change flesh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very
pittifull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Autol. Fine Iustices hands at it, and witnesses more
then my packe will hold.

Pol. Lay it by too; another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's haue some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the
tune of two maids wooing a man: there's scarce a Maide
westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou
shalt heare, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Aut. I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my oc-
cupation: Haue at it with you:

Song. Get you hence, for I must goe

Aut. Where it sits not you to know.

Dor. Whether?

Mop. O whether?

Dor. Whether?

Mop. It becoms thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too: Let me goe thither:

Mop. Or thou goest to th' Grange, or Mill,

Dor. Ifo either thou dost ill,

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What neither?

Aut. Neither:

Dor. Thou hast sworne my Loue to be,

Mop. Thou hast sworne it more to mee.

Then whether goest? Say whether?

Pol. Wee'l haue this song out anon by our selues: My
Father, and the Gent are in sad talke, & wee'll not trouble
them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile
buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the first choice; folow
me girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song. Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Crpe?

My dainty Ducke, my decre-a?

Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head

Of the new'st, and fins't, fins't weare-a.

Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,

That doth utter all mens ware-a.

Seruant. Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shep-
herds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds y haue made
them.

themselves all men of haire, they cal themselves Saltiers, and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches say is a galley-maurey of Gambols, because they are not in't : but they themselves are o'th'minde (if it bee not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away : Wee'l none on't ; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie you.

Pol. You wearie those that refresh vs : pray let's see these foure-threes of Heardmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King : and not the worst of the three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th'quire.

Shep. Lease your prating, since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in : but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at doore Sir.

Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter : Is it not too faire gone ? 'Tis time to part them, He's simple, and tels much. How now (faire sheheard) Your heart is full of something, that do's take Your minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong, And handed loue, as you do ; I was wont To load my Shee with knackes : I would haue ranfackt The Pedlers filken Treafury, and haue pow'd it To her acceptance : you haue let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were straited For a reply at least, if you make a care Of happie holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are : The gifts she looks from me, are packt and lockt Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already, But not deliuer'd. O heere me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme) Hath sometime lou'd : I take thy hand, this hand, As soft as Doves downe, and as white as it, Or Ethiopians tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted By th' Northerne blasts, twice ore.

Pol. What follows this ? How prettily th' yong Swaine seemes to wash The hand, was faire before ? I haue put you out, But to your protestation : Let me heare What you professe.

Flo. Do, and be witnesse too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too ?

Flo. And he, and more Then he, and men : the earth, the heavens, and all ; That were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monarch The reof most worthy : were I the fayrest youth That euer made eye swerue, had force and knowledge More then was euer mans, I would not prize them Without her Loue ; for her, employ them all, Commend them, and condemne them to her seruice, Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shewes a sound affection.

Shep. But my daughter,

Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot speake

So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better By th' patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out The puritie of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargaine ; And friends vnkowne, you shall beare witnesse to't : I giue my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equall his.

Flo. O, that must bee I'th Vertue of your daughter : One being dead, I shall haue more then you can dreame of yet, Enough then for your wonder : but come-on, Contract vs fore these Witnesse.

Shep. Come, your hand :

And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, beseech you,

Haue you a Father ?

Flo. I haue : but what of him ?

Pol. Knowes he of this ?

Flo. He neither do's, nor shall.

Pol. Me-thinkes a Father,

Is at the Nuptiall of his soane, a guest That best becomes the Table : Pray you once more Is not your Father growne incapable Of reasonable affayres ? Is he not stupid With Age, and altring Rheumes ? Can he speake ? heare ? Know man, from man ? Dispute his owne estate ? Lies he not bed-rid ? And againe, do's nothing But what he did, being childish ?

Flo. No good Sir :

He has his health, and ampler strength indeede Then most haue of his age.

Pol. By my white beard, You offer him (if this be so) a wrong Something vnfilliall : Reason my sonne Should choose himselfe a wife, but as good reason The Father (all whose ioy is nothing else But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile In such a businesse.

Flo. I yeeld all this ; But for some other reasons (my graue Sir) Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint My Father of this businesse.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to grieve At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not :

Marke our Contract.

Pol. Marke your diuorce (yong sir) Whom sonne I dare not call : Thou art too base To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire, That thus affects a sheepe-hooke ? Thou, old Traitor, I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can but shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, fresh peece Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know The royall Foole thou coap't with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. He haue thy beauty scratcht with briars & made More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy) If I may euer know thou dost but sigh, That thou no more shalt neuer see this knacke (as neuer I meane thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession, Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin, Farre then Denication off : (marke thou my words) Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time (Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,

Wot.

Worthy enough a Heardman : yea him too, That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein) Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou These rurall Latches, to his entrance open, Or hope his body more, with thy embraces, I will deuise a death, as cruell for thee As thou art tender to't.

Per. Euen heere vndone :

I was not much a-fear'd : for once, or twice I was about to speake, and tell him plainly, The selfe same Sun, that shines vpon his Court, Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but Looks on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone ? I told you what would come of this : Beseech you Of your owne state take care : This dreame of mine Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther, But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

Cam. Why how now Father,

Speake ere thou dyest.

Shep. I cannot speake, nor thinke, Nor dare to know, that which I know : O Sir, You haue vndone a man of fourescore three, That thought to fill his graue in quiet : yea, To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de, To lye close by his honest bones ; but now Some Hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me Where no Priest shouds in dust. Oh cursed wretch, That knew't this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone : If I might dye within this houre, I haue liu'd To die when I desire.

Flo. Why looke you so vpon me ? I am but sorry, not afeard : delaid, But nothing altdred : What I was, I am : More straining on, for plucking backe ; not following My leaith vnwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord, You know my Fathers temper : at this time He will allow no speech : (which I do ghesse You do not purpose to him) and as hardly Will he endure your sight, as yet I feare ; Then till the fury of his Highnesse settle Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it :

I thinke *Camillo*.

Cam. Euen he, my Lord.

Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus ?

How often said my dignity would last But till 'twere knowne ?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by The violation of my faith, and then Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together, And marre the seeds within. Lift vp thy lookes : From my succession-wipe me (Father) I Am heyre to my affection.

Cam. Be aduis'd.

Flo. I am : and by my fancie, if my Reason Will thereto be obedient : I haue reason : If not, my senses better pleas'd with madnesse, Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate (sir.)

Flo. So call it : but it do's fulfill my vow : I needs must thinke it honesty. *Camillo*, Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pompe that may Be therat gleaned : for all the Sun sees, or The close earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides

Exit.

In vnkowne fadomes, will I breake my oath To this my faire belou'd : Therefore, I pray you, As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend, When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not To see him any more) cast your good counsailes Vpon his passion : Let my selfe, and Fortune Tug for the time to come. This you may know, And so deliuer, I am put to Sea With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore : And most opportune to her neede, I haue A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd For this designe. What course I meane to hold Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,

I would your spirit were easier for aduice, Or stronger for your neede.

Flo. Heake *Perdita*,

Ile heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremouable,

Resol'd for flight : Now were I happy if His going, I could frame to serue my turne, Save him from danger, do him loue and honor, Purchase the sight againe of deere Sicillia, And that vnhappy King, my Master, whom I fo much thirst to see.

Flo. Now good *Camillo*, I am so fraught with curious businesse, that I leaue out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke You haue heard of my poore seruices, i'th loue That I haue borne your Father ?

Flo. Very nobly

Haue you deseru'd : It is my Fathers Musicke To speake your deeds : not little of his care To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)

If you may please to thinke I loue the King, And through him, what's neereft to him, which is Your gracious selfe ; embrace but my direction, If your more ponderous and settled proiect May suffer alteration. On mine honor, Ile point you where you shall haue such receiuing As shall become your Highnesse, where you may Enioy your Mistris ; from the whom, I see There's no disunction to be made, but by (As heavens forefend) your ruine : Marry her, And with my best endeouours, in your abience, Your discontenting Father, strue to qualifie And bring him vp to liking.

Flo. How *Camillo*

May this (almost a miracle) be done ? That I may call thee something more then man, And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Haue you thought on

A place whereto you'l go ?

Flo. Not any yet :

But as th' vnthought-on accident is guiltie To what we wildly do, so we professe Our selues to be the slaues of chance, and flies Of euerie winde that blowes.

Cam. Then list to me :

This followes, if you will not change your purpose But vndergo this flight ; make for Sicillia, And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princessse, (For so I see she must be) fore *Leontes* ;

Shee

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinks I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth asks thee there Sonne forgiuenesse,
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princess; ore and ore diuides him,
'Twixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to giue him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceiue,
But that you haue your Fathers Bosome there,
And speake his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sappe in this.

Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your selues
To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; most certaine,
To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'll be loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperities the very bond of Loue,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

Perd. One of these is true:
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,
But not take in the Mind.

Cam. Yea? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers Honse, these seuen yeeres
Be borne another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' reare 'our Birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pittie
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach.

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blush you Thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita,
But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (Camillo)
Preferuer of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in Sicilia.

Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,
To haue you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want: one word.

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his
sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I haue sold
all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon,
Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe

my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first,
as if my Trinkets had bene hallowed, and brought a be-
nediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whose
Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good
vse, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but some-
thing to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the
Wench's Song, that hee would not stirre his Petty-toes,
till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest
of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences sticke in
Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was sense-
lesse; 'twas nothing to gould a Cod-piece of a Purse: I
would haue fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no
hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the
Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pick'd
and cut most of their Festiual Purse: And had not the
old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daugh-
ter, and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd my Chowghes from
the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue in the whole
Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So soone as you arriue, shall cleare that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes?
Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.

Perd. Happy be you:

All that you speake, shewes faire.

Cam. Who haue we here?

We'll make an Instrument of this: omit

Nothing may giue vs aide.

Aut. If they haue ouer-heard me now: why hanging,

Cam. How now (good Fellow)

Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)

Here's no harme intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still: here's nobody will steale that
from thee: yet for the out-side of thy pouertie, we must
make an exchange; therefore dis-casse thee instantly (thou
must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments
with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his
side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well
enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is half
fled already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)

Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I haue had Earnest, but I cannot with
conscience take it.

Cam. Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.

Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophetic
Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe
Into some Couert; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) dissimulate
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-boord
Get vnderfery'd.

Perd. I see the Play so lyes,

That I must beare a part.

Cam. No remedie:

Haue you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,

He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay, you shall haue no Hat:

Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O Perdita: what haue we twaine forgot?

Pray

Pray you a word.

Cam. What I doe next, shall be to tell the King

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;

Wherein, my hope is, I shall so preuaile,

To force him after: in whose company

I shall re-viue Sicilia; for whose sight,

I haue a Womans Longing.

Flo. Fortune speed vs:

Thus we let on (Camillo) to th' Sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

Aut. I vnderstand the businesse, I heare it: to haue an

open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for

a Cut-purse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out

workes for th' other Sences. I see this is the time that the

vnusult man doth thrise. What an exchange had this been,

without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange?

Sure the Gods doe this yeere conuie at vs, and we may

doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about

a peece of Iniquitie (stealing away from his Father, with

his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of ho-
nestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do it: I
hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein am
I constant to my Profession.

Enter Clowne and Shepheard.

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Euery

Lanes end, euery Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds

a carefull man worke.

Clowne. See, see: what a man you are now? there is no

other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and

none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but heare me.

Clowne. Nay, but heare me.

Shep. Goe too then.

Clowne. She being none of your flesh and blood, your

flesh and blood ha's not offended the King, and so your

flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those

things you found about her (those secret things, all but

what she ha's with her:) This being done, let the Law goe

whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, euery word, yea, and his

Sonnes pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man,

neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me

the Kings Brother in Law.

Clowne. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you

could haue bene to him, and then your Blood had bene

the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this

Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint

may be to the flight of my Master.

Clowne. Pray heartily he be at Pallace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so some-
times by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excre-
ment. How now (Rustiques) whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

Aut. Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the

Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling?

your names? your ages? of what hauiug? breeding, and

any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discover?

Clowne. We are but plaine fellows, Sir.

Aut. A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue

no lying; it becomes none but Trades-men, and they of-
ten giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it
with Rammed Coyne, not stabbing Steele, therefore they
doe not giue vs the Lye.

Clowne. Your Worship had like to haue giuen vs one, if
you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seeft

thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath

not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receiues not

thy Nose Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy

Basenesse, Court-Contempt? Think'st thou, for that I

insinuate, at toaze from thee thy Businesse, I am there-
fore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that
will eyther push-on, or pluck-back, thy Businesse there:
whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shep. My Businesse, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Aduocate ha'st thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and't like you.)

Clowne. Aduocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: say
you haue none.

Shep. None, Sir: I haue no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men?

Yet Nature might haue made me as these are,

Therefore I will not disdaine.

Clowne. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not
handiomeily.

Clowne. He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fanta-
sticall: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking
on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell?

Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Farthell and
Box, which none must know but the King, and which hee
shall know within this houre, if I may come to th' speech
of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboard
a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for
if thou bee'st capable of things serious, thou must know
the King is full of griefe.

Shep. So 'tis said (Sir): about his Sonne, that should
haue marry'd a Shepheards Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-fast, let him
flye; the Curses he shall haue, the Tortures he shall feele,
will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monster.

Clowne. Thinke you so, Sir?

Aut. Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make
heauie, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are Iemaine
to him (though remou'd fiftie times) shall all come vnder
the Hang-man: which, though it be great pittie, yet it is
necessarie. An old Sheepe-whistling Rogue, a Ram-ten-
der, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some
say hee shall be ston'd: but that death is too soft for him
(say I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths
are too few, the sharpest too easie.

Clowne. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare)

and't like you, Sir?

Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be slayd aliue, then
'noynted ouer with Honey, set on the head of a Wasps
Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead;
then recover'd againe with Aquavite, or some other hor
Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Prognos-
tication proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brick-wall,
(the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye vpon him;
where hee is to behold him, with Flies blown to death.)
But what talke we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose mi-
series are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capitall?

Tell

Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you haue to the King: being something gently consider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Sutes, here is man shall doe it.

Clew. He seemes to be of great authoritie, close with him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stubborn Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the inside of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember stand, and stay'd a line.

Shep. And please you (Sir) to vnderstand the Businesse for vs, here is that Gold I haue: Ile make it as much more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I haue done what I promised?

Shep. I Sir.

Aut. Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Businesse?

Clew. In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pitifull one, I hope I shall not be flayd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the Shepherds Sonne: hang him, hee'll be made an example.

Clew. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: wee are gone else. Sir, I will giue you as much as this old man do's, when the Businesse is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walke before toward the Seaside, goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clew. We are blest'd, in this man: as I may say, euen blest'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was provided to doe vs good.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knows how that may turne backe to my aduancement? I will bring these two Moales, these blind-ones, aboard him: if he thinke it fit to shooe them againe, and that the Complaint they haue to the King, concernes him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am prooue against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Seruants: Florizell, Perdita.

Clew. Sir, you haue done enough, and haue perform'd A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make, Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe More penitence then done trespass: At the last Doe, as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill, With them, forgive your selfe.

Leo. Whilst I remember

Her and her Vertues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much, That Heire-Iesse it hath made my Kingdome, and Destroy'd the sweetest Companion, that ere man Bred his hopes out of true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord:)

If one by one, you wedded all the World, Or from the All that are, tooke something good, To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd, Would be vnparallel'd.

Leo. I thinke so. Kill'd?

She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me

Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter

Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now, Say so but seldom.

Clew. Nor at all, good Lady:

You might haue spoken a thousand things, that would Haue done the time more benefit, and grac'd Your kindnesse better.

Paul. You are one of those

Would haue him wed againe.

Dio. If you would not so,

You pittie not the State, nor the Remembrance Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little, What Dangers, by his Highnesse faile of Issue, May drop vpon his Kingdome, and deuoure Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy, Then to reioyce the former Queene is well? What holier, then for Royalties repaire, For present comfort, and for future good, To blesse the Bed of Maiestie againe With a sweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy, (Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods Will haue fulfill'd their secret purposes:

For ha's not the Diuine *Apollo* said?

Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,

That King *Leontes* shall not haue an Heire,

Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall,

Is all as monstrous to our humane reason,

As my *Antigonus* to breake his Graue,

And come againe to me: who, on my life,

Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your counsell,

My Lord should to the Heauens be contrary,

Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue,

The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander*

Left his to th' Worthiest: so his Successor

Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,

Who hast the memorie of *Hermione*

I know in honor: O, that euer I

Had squar'd me to thy counsell: then, euen now,

I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes,

Haue taken Treasure from her Lippest.

Paul. And left them

More rich, for what they yeilded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth:

No more such Wiues, therefore no Wife: one worse,

And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit

Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage

(Where we Offenders now appeare) Soule-vext,

And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had she such power,

She had iust such cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me

To murder her I marryed.

Paul.

Paul. I should so:

Were I the Ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you marke

Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't

You chose her: then I'd strike, that euen your eares

Should rise to heare me, and the words that follow'd,

Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Starres, Starres,

And all eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;

I haue no Wife, *Paulina*.

Paul. Will you sweare

Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?

Leo. Neuer (*Paulina*) so be blest'd my Spirit.

Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witness to his Oath.

Clew. You tempt him ouer-much.

Paul. Valesse another,

As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,

Affront his eye.

Clew. Good Madame, I haue done.

Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;

No remedie but you will: Giue me the Office

To chuse you a Queene: she shall not be so young

As was your former, but she shall be such

As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take ioy

To see her in your armes.

Leo. My true *Paulina*,

We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs.

Paul. That

Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath:

Neuer till then.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. One that giues out himselfe Prince *Florizell*, Sonne of *Polixenes*, with his Princeesse (the fairest I haue yet beheld) desires access to your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach (So out of circumstance, and suddaine) tells vs, 'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd By need, and accident. What Trayne?

Ser. But few, And those but meane.

Leo. His Princeesse (say you) with him?

Ser. I: the most peerlesse peece of Earth, I thinke,

That ere the Sunne shone bright on.

Paul. Oh *Hermione*,

As euer present Time doth boast it selfe

About a better, gone; so must thy Graue

Giue way to what's scene now. Sir, you your selfe

Haue said, and writ so; but your writing now

Is colder then that Theame: she had not bene,

Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse

Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,

To say you haue seene a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madame:

The one, I haue almost forgot (your pardon:)

The other, when she's obtrayn'd your Eye,

Will haue your Tongue too. This is a Creature,

Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale

Of all Professors else; make Proselytes

Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Ser. Women will loue her, that she is a Woman

More worth then any Man: Men, that she is

The rarest of all Women.

Leo. Goe *Cleomines*,

Your selfe (assist with your honor'd Friends)

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange, He thus should steale vpon vs.

Paul. Had our Prince

(Iewell of Children) seene this houre, he had pay'd

Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth

Betweene their births.

Leo. Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st

He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: sure

When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches

Will bring me to consider that, which may

Vnfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince;

For she did print your Royall Father off,

Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,

Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,

(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,

As I did him, and speake of something wildly

By vs perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,

And your faire Princeesse (Goddesse) oh: alas,

I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth

Might thus haue stood, begetting wonder, as

You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost

(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,

Amitie too of your braue Father, whom

(Though bearing Miserie) I desire my life

Once more to looke on him.

Flo. By his command

Haue I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him

Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)

Can send his Brother: and but Infirmitie

(Which waits vpon yorne times) hath something seiz'd

His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselfe

The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,

Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues

(He had me say so) more then all the Scepters,

And those that beare them, liuing.

Leo. Oh my Brother,

(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, stirre

Afresh within me: and these thy offices

(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters

Of my behind-hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,

As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too

Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearefull visage

(At least vngentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,

To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,

Th' aduerture of her person?

Flo. Good my Lord,

She came from *Libia*.

Leo. Where the Warlike *Smalus*,

That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?

Flo. Most Royall Sir,

From thence: from him, whose Daughter

His Teares proclaim'd his parting with her: thence

(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we haue cross'd,

To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,

For visiting your Highnesse: My best Traine

I haue from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd;

Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie

Not onely my successe in *Libia* (Sir)

But my arriall, and my Wifes, in safetie

Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed Gods

Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilst you

Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,

A gracefull Gentleman, against whose person

(So

(So sacred as it is) I have done sinne,
For which, the Heavens (taking angry note)
Haue left me Issue-lesse: and your Father's blest'd
(As he from Heauen merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodnesse. What might I haue been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir,
That which I shall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the prooofe so nigh, Please you (great Sir)
Bobemia greets you from himselfe, by me:
Desires you to atatch his Sonne, who ha's
(His Dignitie, and Dutie both cast off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's Bobemia? speake:

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.
I speake amazedly, and it becomes
My meruaile, and my Message. To your Court
Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seemes,
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo ha's betray'd me;
Whose honor, and whose honestie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo (Sir) I spake with him: who now
Ha's these poore men in question. Neuer saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneele, they kisse the Earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speake:
Bobemia stops his eares, and threatens them
With diuers deaths, in death.

Perd. Oh my poore Father:
The Heauen sets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleys first:
The oddes for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my Wife.

Leo. That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come-on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry) you haue broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as sorry,
Your Choise is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Deare, looke vp:
Though Fortune, visible an Enemie,
Should chafe vs, with my Father; powre no iot
Hath she to change our Loues. Beseech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time

Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Aduocate: at your request,
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Mistis,
Which he counts but a Trifle.

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth

Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes,
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Euen in these Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet vn-answer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Antoliscus, and a Gentleman.

Ant. Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Re-
lation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard
the old Shepheard deliuer the manner how he found it:
Whereupon (after a little amazednesse) we were all com-
manded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I
heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.

Ant. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gent. 1. I make a broken deliuerie of the Businesse,
but the changes I perceiued in the King, and Camillo, were
very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with sta-
ring on one another, to teare the Cases of their Eyes.
There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their
very gesture: they look'd as they had heard of a World
ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Wonder
appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew
no more but seeing, could not say, if th'importance were
Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it must
needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more:
The Newes, Rogero.

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd:
the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is
broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot
be able to expresse it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's Steward, hee can deliuer
you more. How goes it now (Sir). This Newes (which
is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is
in strong suspicion: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gent. 3. Most true, if euer Truth were pregnant by
Circumstance: That which you heare, you'll sweare
you see, there is such vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle
of Queene Hermione: her Iewell about the Neck of it:
the Letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know
to be his Character: the Maieitie of the Creature, in re-
semblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse,
which Nature shewes about her Breeding, and many o-
ther Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be
the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the
two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then haue you lost a Sight which was to bee
seene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you haue be-
held one Ioy crowne another, so and in such manner, that
it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their
Ioy waded in teares. There was casting vp of Eyes, hol-
ding vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction,
that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Favour.

Our

Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for ioy of
his found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a
Loffe, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes
Bobemia forgiveness, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law:
then againe worries he his Daughter, with clipping her.
Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like
a Weather-bitten Conduir, of many Kings Reignes.) I
neuer heard of such another Encounter; which Iames Re-
port to follow it, and vndo's description to doe it.

Gent. 2. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that
carried hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale still, which will haue matter
to rehearse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare o-
pen; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This avouches
the Shepheards Sonne, who ha's not onely his Innocence
(which seemes much) to iustifie him, but a Hand-kerchief
and Rings of his, that Paulina knowes.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Fol-
lowers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters
death, and in the view of the Shepheard: so that all the
Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were euen
then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat,
that twist Ioy and Sorrow was fought in Paulina. Shee
had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, ano-
ther elevated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the
Princesse from the Earth, and so looks her in embracing,
as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no
more be in danger of losing.

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the au-
dience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that
which ang'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though
not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes
death (with the manner how shee came to't, brauely con-
fess'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiuely
wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to
another) shee did (with an Alas) I would faine say, bleed
Teares; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was
most Marble, there changed colour: some frownded, all
sorrowed: if all the World could haue seen't, the Woe
had bene vniuersall.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princesse hearing of her Mothers
Statue (which is in the keeping of Paulina) a Peece many
yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare
Italian Master, *Julio Romano*, who (had he himselfe Eter-
nitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would be-
guile Nature of her Custome, so perfectly he is her Ape:
He so nere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they
say one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer.
Thither (with all greedinesse of affection) are they gone,
and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought she had some great matter there in
hand, for shee hath privately, twice or thrice a day, euer
since the death of *Hermione*, visited that remoued House.
Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Re-
ioycing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit
of Access? euery winke of an Eye, some new Grace
will be borne: our Absence makes vs vnchristie to our
Knowledge. Let's along.

Exit.

Ant. Now (had I not the dash of my former life in
me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the
old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I
heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but

he at that time over-fond of the Shepheards Daughter (to
he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick,
and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather contri-
buing, this Myserie remained vndiscover'd. But 'tis all
one to me: for had I bene the finder-out of this Secret,
it would not haue rellish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come those I haue done good to against my will,
and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their For-
tune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am past mee Children: but thy
Sonnies and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well met (Sir): you deny'd to fight
with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman
borne. See you these Clothes? say you see them not,
and thinke me still no Gentleman borne: You were best
say these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Giue me the
Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman
borne.

Ant. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and haue been so any time these foure houres.

Shep. And so haue I, Boy.

Clow. So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne be-
fore my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the
hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings
call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Bro-
ther) and the Princesse (my Sister) call'd my Father, Father;
and so wee wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like
teares that euer we shed.

Shep. We may lute (Sonne) to shed many more.

Clow. I, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so prepo-
rrous estate as we are.

Ant. I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the
fautes I haue committed to your Worship, and to giue
me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Shep. Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now
we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Ant. I, and it like your good Worship,

Clow. Giue me thy hand: I will sweare to the Prince,
thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in Bobemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not sweare it.

Clow. Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let
Boores and Francklins say it, Ile sweare it.

Shep. How it it be false (Sonne?)

Clow. If it be ne're so false, a true Gentleman may
sweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile sweare to
the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that
thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fel-
low of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile
sweare it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall Fellow of
thy hands.

Ant. I will proue so (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any means proue a tall Fellow: if I do not,
wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being
a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and the Prin-
ces (our Kindred) are going to see the Queenes Picture.
Come, follow vs: wee'll be thy good Masters. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo,

Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue) Lords, &c.

Leo. O graue and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I haue had of thee?

Cc

Paul. What

Paul. What (Souveraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Services
You have pay'd home. But that you have vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may last to answere.

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Hauē we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As she liu'd peecelesse,
So her dead likenesse I doe well beleuee
Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Louely apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer
Still sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.
I like your silence, it the more shewes-off
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere?

Leo. Her naturall Posture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seemes.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our Caruers excellence.
Which lets goe-by some sixteene yeeres, and makes her
As she liu'd now.

Leo. As now she might haue done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,
Euen with such Life of Maiestie (warmed Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am a sham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:
There's Magick in thy Maiestie, which ha's
My Eails coniu'r'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.

Perd. And giue me leaue,
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Giue me that hand of yours, to kisse.

Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore lay'd-on,
Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any Ioy
Did euer so long live; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it selfe much sooner.

Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, haue powre
To take-off so much griefe from you, as he
Will peece vp in himselfe.

Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)

I'd not haue shew'd it.

Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moues.

Leo. Let be, let be:

Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie,

(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)

Would you not deeme it breath'd; and that those veins

Did verily beare blood?

Pol. Masterly done:

The very Life seemes warme vpon her Lippe.

Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,

As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine:

My Lord's almost so farre transported, that

Hee'le thinke anon it liues.

Leo. Oh sweet *Paulina*,

Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:

No setled Sences of the World can match

The pleasure of that madnesse. Let's alone.

Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre stir'd you: but

I could afflict you farther.

Leo. Doe *Paulina*:

For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet

As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes

There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell

Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,

For I will kisse her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear:

The ruddinesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:

You'le marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne

With Oyle Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine.

Leo. No: not these twentie yeeres.

Perd. So long could I

Stand-by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,

Quit presently the Chappell, or resolute you

For more amazement: if you can behold it,

Ile make the Statue moue indeed; descend,

And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke

(Which I protest against) I am assisted

By wicked Powers.

Leo. What you can make her doe,

I am content to looke on: what to speake,

I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie

To make her speake, as moue.

Paul. It is requir'd

You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:

On: those that thinke it is vnlawfull Businesse

I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed:

No foot shall stirre.

Paul. Musick; awake her: Strike:

'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:

Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:

Ile fill your Graue vp: stirre: nay, come away:

Bequeath to Death your nummesse: (for from him,

Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue the times:

Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as

You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,

Vntill you see her dye againe; for then

You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:

When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,

Is she become the Sutor?

Leo. Oh, she's warme:

If this be Magick, let it be an Art

Law

Lawfull as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his necke,

If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.

Pol. I, and make it manifest where she ha's liu'd,

Or how stolne from the dead?

Paul. That she is liuing,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old Tale: but it appears she liues,

Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while:

Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,

And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady,

Our *Perdita* is found.

Her. You Gods looke downe,

And from your sacred Viols poure your graces

Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)

Where hast thou bin prefer'd? Where liu'd? How found

Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I

Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle

Gave hope thou wast in being, haue prefer'd

My selfe, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that,

Least they desire (vpon this push) to trouble

Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together

You precious winners all: your exultation

Partake to euery one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)
Lament, till I am lost.

Leo. O peace *Paulina*:

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,

As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,

And made betwene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,

But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her

(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) said many

A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not seeke farre

(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee

An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,

And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty

Is richly noted: and heere iustified

By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.

What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,

That ere I put betwene your holy lookes

My ill suspicion: This your Son-in-law,

And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,

Leade vs from hence, where we may leysurely

Each one demand, and answere to his part

Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first

We were dissu'd: Hastily lead away.

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicillia.

Mamillius, young Prince of Sicillia.

Camillo.

Antigonus.

Cleomines.

Dion.

Hermione, Queene to *Leontes*.

Perdita, Daughter to *Leontes* and *Hermione*.

Paulina, wife to *Antigonus*.

Emilia, a Lady.

Polixenes, King of Bohemia.

Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.

Old Shepherds, reputed Father of *Perdita*.

Clowne, his Sonne.

Autolycus, a Rogue.

Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.

Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.

Shepherds, and Shepherdessees.

FINIS.



The life and death of King Iohn.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chastillon of France.

King Iohn.

Ow say Chastillon, what would France with vs?

Chat. Thus (after greeting) speaks the King of France,

In my behauiour to the Maiesty.

The borrowed Maiety of England beere.

Elin. A Strange beginning: borrowed Maiesty?

K. Iohn. Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalfe

Of thy deceased brother, Geffreyes sonne,

Arthur Plantaginet, laies most lawfull claime

To this faire lland, and the Territories:

To Ireland, Poytiers, Anioys, Torayne, Maine,

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

Which swaies vsurpingly these feuerall titles,

And put the same into yong Arthurs hand,

Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraigne.

K. Iohn. What followes if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controle of fiere and bloody warre,

To inforce these rights, so forcibly with-held,

K. Iohn. Heere haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,

Controlement for controlement: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,

The farthest limit of my Embassie.

K. Iohn. Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report, I will be there:

The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.

So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And fullen preface of your owne decay:

An honourable conduct let him haue,

Pembroke looke too: farewell Chastillon.

Exit Chat. and Pem.

Elin. What now my sonne, haue I not euer said

How that ambitious Constance would not cease

Till she had kindled France and all the world,

Vpon the right and party of her sonne.

This might haue bene preuented, and made whole

With very easie arguments of loue,

Which now the mannage of two kingdomes must

With fearefull bloody issue arbitrate.

K. Iohn. Our strong possession, and our right for vs.

Elin. Your strong possession much more then your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me,

So much my conscience whispers in your care,

Which none but heauen, and you, and I, shall heare.

Enter a Sherriffe.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strange controuersie

Come from the Country to be iudg'd by you

That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. Iohn. Let them approach:

Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay

This expeditious charge: what men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull subiect, I a gentleman,

Borne in Northamptonshire, and eldest sonne

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,

A souldier by the Honor-giuing-hand

Of Cordelion, Knighted in the field.

K. Iohn. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heire to that same Faulconbridge.

K. Iohn. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?

You came not of one mother then it seemes.

Philip. Most certain of one mother, mighty King.

That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:

But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,

I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother;

Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Elin. Out on thee rude man, y dost shame thy mother,

And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madame? No, I haue no reason for it,

That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,

The which if he can proue, a pops me out,

At least from faire five hundred pound a yeere:

Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K. Iohn. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger born

Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land:

But once he slandered me with bastardy:

But where I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay vpon my mothers head,

But that I am as well begot my Liege

(Faile fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)

Compare our faces, and be Iudge your selfe

If old Sir Robert did beget vs both,

And were our father, and this sonne like him:

O old Sir Robert Father, on my knee

I giue heauen thanks I was not like to thee.

K. Iohn. Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here?

Elin. He hath a trick of Cordelions face,

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Do you not read some tokens of my sonne

In the large composition of this man?

K. Iohn

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findes them perfect *Richard*: sitra speake,
What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.

Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my father:
With halfe that face would he haue all my land,
A halfe-fac'd goat, five hundred pound a yeere.

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much.

Phil. Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor

To treat of high affaires touching that time:

Th'aduantage of his absence tooke the King,

And in the meane time Iourn'd at my fathers;

Where how he did preuaile, I shame to speake:

But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores

Betweene my father, and my mother lay,

As I haue heard my father speake himselve

When this same lusty gentleman was got:

Vpon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me, and tooke it on his death

That this my mothers sonne was none of his;

And if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteene weekes before the course of time:

Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine,

My fathers land, as was my fathers will.

K. John. Sitra, your brother is Legitimate,

Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:

And if she did play false, the fault was hers,

Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands

That marry wiues: tell me, how if my brother

Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,

Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,

Insooth, good friend, your father might haue kept

This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:

Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers,

My brother might not claime him, nor your father

Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,

My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre,

Your fathers heyre must haue your fathers land.

Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,

To dispossesse that childe which is not his.

Phil. Of no more force to dispossesse me sir,

Then was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,

And like thy brother to enioy thy land:

Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*,

Lord of thy preface, and no land beside.

Bas. Madam, and if my brother had my shape

And I had his, sir *Roberts* his like him,

And if my legs were two such riding rods,

My armes, such eele-skins stuff, my face so thin,

That in mine care I durst not sticke a rofe,

Left men should say, looke where three farthings goes,

And to his shape were heyre to all this land,

Would I might neuer stirre from off this place,

I would giue it euery foot to haue this face:

It would not be sir nobbe in any case.

Elinor. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.

Bas. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chances

Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeere,

Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis deere:

Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.

Elinor. Nay, I would haue you go before me thither.

Bas. Our Country manners giue our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bas. *Philip* my Liege, so is my name begun,

Philip, good old Sir *Roberts* wiues eldest sonne.

K. John. From henceforth beare his name

Whose forme thou bearest:

Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great,

Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

Bas. Brother by th'mothers side, giue me your hand,

My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:

Now blessed be the houre by night or day

When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*:

I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so.

Bas. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;

Something about a little from the right,

In at the window, or else ore the hatch:

Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,

And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch:

Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,

And I am I, how ere I was begot.

K. John. Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,

A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:

Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed

For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.

Bas. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,

For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.

Exeunt all but basard.

Bas. A foot of Honor better then I was,

But many a many foot of Land the worfe,

Well, now can I make any *Joane* a Lady,

Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,

And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*:

For new made honor doth forget mens names:

'Tis two respectiue, and too sociable

For your conuersion, now your trauller,

Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,

And when my knightly stomacke is fustid,

Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechize

My pick'd man of Countries: my deare sir,

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,

I shall beseech you; that is question now,

And then comes answer like an Absey booke:

O sir, sayes answer, at your best command,

At your employment, at your seruice sir:

No sir, sayes question, I sweet sir at yours,

And so ere answer knowes what question would,

Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,

And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,

The Perennean and the riuer *Poe*,

It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.

But this is worshipfull society,

And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;

For he is but a bastard to the time

That doth not smoake of obseruation,

And so am I whether I smacke or no:

And not alone in habit and deuice,

Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;

But from the inward motion to deliuer

Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,

Which though I will not practice to deceiue,

Yet to auoid deceit I meane to learne;

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising

But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

What

What woman poss is this? hath she no husband

That will take paines to blow a horn before her?

Ome, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,

What brings you heere to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slaue thy brother? where is he?

That holds in chafe mine honour vp and downe.

Bas. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Roberts* sonne:

Calbrand the Gyant, that same mighty man,

Ite Sir *Roberts* sonne that you seeke so?

Lady. Sir *Roberts* sonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,

Sir *Roberts* sonne? why scora't thou at sir *Robert*?

He is Sir *Roberts* sonne, and so art thou.

Bas. James Gurney, wilt thou giue vs leaue a while?

Gur. Good leaue good *Philip*.

Bas. *Philip*, sparrow, James,

There's toyes abroad, anon Ile tell thee more.

Exie James.

Madam, I was not old Sir *Roberts* sonne,

Sir *Robert* might haue eat his part in me

Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his fast:

Sir *Robert* could doe well, marrie to confesse

Could get me sir *Robert* could not doe it;

We know his handy-woke, therefore good mother

To whom am I beholding for these limmes?

Sir *Robert* neuer holpe to make this legge.

Lady. Hast thou confired with thy brother too,

That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?

What meanes this scorne, thou most vntoward knaue?

Bas. Knight, knight good mother, Basilisco-like:

What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my shoulder:

But mother, I am not Sir *Roberts* sonne,

I haue disclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my land,

Legitimation, name, and all is gone;

Then good my mother, let me know my father,

Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?

Lady. Hast thou denied thy selfe a *Faulconbridge*?

Bas. As faithfully as I denie the deuill.

Lady. King *Richard Cordelion* was thy father,

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd

To make roome for him in my husbands bed:

Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge,

That art the issue of my deere offence

Which was so strongly vrg'd past my defence.

Bas. Now by this light were I to get againe,

Madam I would not wish a better father:

Some sinnes doe beare their priuledge on earth,

And so doth yours: your fault, was not your follie,

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,

Subiect tribute to commanding loue,

Against whose furie and vnmarched force,

The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keepe his Princely heart from *Richards* hand:

He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,

May easily winne a womans aye my mother,

With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:

Who liues and dares but say, thou didst not well

When I was got, Ile send his soule to hell.

Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,

And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,

If thou hadst sayd him nay, it had bene sinne;

Who sayes it was, helyes, I say 'twas not.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Dauphin, Austria, Constance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before *Angiers* well met braue *Austria*,

Arthur that great fore-runner of thy bloud,

Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,

And fought the holy Warres in *Palestine*,

By this braue Duke came early to his graue:

And for amends to his posteritie,

At our importance hether is he come,

To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,

And to rebuke the vlturpation

Of thy vnnaturall Vncle, English *John*,

Embrace him, loue him, giue him welcome hether.

Arch. God shall forgieue you *Cordelions* death

The rather, that you giue his off-spring life,

Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warres:

I giue you welcome with a powerlesse hand,

But with a heart full of vnstained loue,

Welcome before the gates of *Angiers* Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?

Arch. Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zelous kisse,

As seale to this indenture of my loue:

That to my home I will no more returne

Till *Angiers*, and the right thou hast in *France*,

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,

Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,

And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,

Euen till that *England* hedg'd in with the maine,

That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure

And confident from forreine purposes,

Euen till that vtmost corner of the West

Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy

Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

Const. O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,

Till your strong hand shall helpe to giue him strength,

To make a more requittall to your loue.

Arch. The peace of heauen is theirs yf lift their swords

In such a iust and charitable warre.

King. Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent

Against the browes of this resisting towne,

Call for our cheefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best aduantages:

We'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in *French*-mens bloud,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Con. Stay for an answer to your Embassie,

Left vnaduis'd you staine your swords with bloud,

My Lord *Chastilion* may from *England* bring

That right in peace which heere we vrg'e in warre,

And then we shall repent each drop of bloud,

That hot rash haste to indirectly shedde.

Enter Chastilion.

King. A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy wish

Our Messenger *Chastilion* is arriv'd,

What *England* saies, say breefly gentle Lord,

We coldly pause for thee, *Chastilion* speake,

Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his Legions all as soone as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,
With her her Neece, the Lady Blanch of Spaine,
With them a Bastard of the Kings decait,
And all the whorled humors of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
In briefe, a brauer choyle of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the English bottomes haue waft o're,
Did neuer flote vpon the swelling tide,
To doe offence and scathe in Christendome:
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,

Drum beats.

To parlie on to fight, therefore prepare.
Kin. How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.
Anst. By how much vnexpected, by to much
We must awake in dueor for defence,
For courage mounce with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke,
and others.*

K. John. Peace be to France: If France in peace permit
Our iust and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede France, and peace ascend to heauen,
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen.
Fran. Peace be to England, if that warre returne
From France to England, there to liue in peace:
England we loue, and for that Englands sake,
With burden of our armor heere we sweare:
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;
But thou from louing England art so farre,
That thou hast vnder-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
Looke heere vpon thy brother Geffreyes face,
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth containe that large,
Which died in Geffrey: and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:
That Geffrey was thy elder brother borne,
And this his sennet, England was Geffreyes right,
And this is Geffreyes in the name of God:
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When liuing blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-mastest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission
To draw my answer from thy Articles? *(France,*
Fra. Fro that supernal Iudge that stirs good thoughts
In any beast of strong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and stains of right,
That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

K. John. Alack thou dost vsurpe authoritie.
Fran. Excuse it is to beat vsurping downe.
Queen. Who is it thou dost call vsurper France?
Conf. Let me make answer: thy vsurping sonne.
Queen. Our insolent, thy bastard shall be King,
That thou mist be a Queen, and checke the world.
Con. My bed was euer to thy sonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Likier in feature to his father Geffrey
Then thou and John, in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or deuill to his damme;
My boy a bastard, by my soule I thinke
His father neuer was so true begor,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.
Queen. There's a good mother boy, that blots thy face.
Conf. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.

Anst. Peace.

Bast. Heare the Cryer.

Anst. What the deuill art thou?

Bast. One that wil play the deuill fir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Proverb goes
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
Ile smooke your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.
Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as lightly on the backe of him
As great Alcides shoes vpon an Assie:

But Assie, Ile take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulers cracke.

Anst. What cracker is this same that deafes our eares
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

King Lewis, determine what we shall doe strait.
Lew. Women & fooles, breake off your conference.

King John, this is the very summe of all:
England and Ireland, Angiers, Toraime, Maine,
In right of Arthur doe I claime of thee:

Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

John. My life as soone: I doe desie thee France,

Arthur of Britaine, yeeld thee to my hand,

And out of my deere loue Ile giue thee more,

Then ere the coward hand of France can win;

Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.

Conf. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,

Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will

Giue ye: a plum, a cherry, and a figge,

There's a good grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,

I would that I were low laid in my graue,

I am not worth this coyle that's made for me: *(weepes)*

Qu. Mo. His mother thames him so, poore boy hee

Con. Now shame vpon you where she does or no,

His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames

Drawes those heauen-mouing pearles frō his poore eies,

Which heauen shall take in nature of a see:

I, with these Christall beads heauen shall be brib'd

To doe him Iustice, and reuenge on you.

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heauen and earth.

Con. Thou monstrous Iniurer of heauen and earth,

Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vsurper

The Dominations, Royalties, and rights

Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy

Thy sinnes are visited in this poore childe;
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the second generation of a kind worke,
Remoued from thy sinne conceiuing wombe!
John. Bedlam haue don't, no to his sinne, no to his sinne,
Con. I haue but this to say, a sonne to his sinne,
That he is not onely plagued for her sinne, being a sonne,
But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague
On this remoued issue, plagued for her sinne,
And with her plague her sinne: his iniurie
Her iniurie the Beadle to her sinne, his iniurie
All punish'd in the person of this childe,
And all for her, a plague vpon her, no to his sinne,
Que. Thou vnaduis'd fellow, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne, that barres
Con. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will, no to
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will,
Fra. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,
It will beleeues this pretence to cry ayme, to cry ayme,
To these ill-tuned repetitions: no to his sinne,
Some Trumpet summon higher to the walled citie,
These men of Angiers, let vs heare them speake,
Whose title they admit, *Arthur* or *John*.

Trumpet sounds.

Enter a Citizen vpon the walled citie.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walled citie?

Fra. 'Tis France, for England, England, England.

John. England for it selfe: England, England, England.

You men of Angiers, and my louing subjects,

Fra. You louing men of Angiers, *Arthur* subjects,

Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle:

John. For our aduantage, therefore heare vs first: A

These flagges of France that are aduanced heere

Before the eye and prospect of your Towne;

Haue hither march'd to your endamagement:

The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath,

And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their Iron indignation against your walled citie:

All preparation for a bloody siege

And meruels proceeding, by these French

Comfort your Citties eies, your winking gates:

And but for our approach, those sleeping fountes

That as a waste doth girdle you about

By the compulsion of their Ordinance,

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had bin dishabited, and wide hauocke made

For bloody power to rush vpon your peace:

But on the sight of vs your lawfull King,

Who painefully with much expedient march

Haue brought a counter-checke before your gates;

To saue vnscratch'd your Citties threatned cheekes:

Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,

And now instead of bullets wrapt in fire

To make a shaking feuer in your walled citie

They shoote but calme words, folded vp in smooke,

To make a faithlesse error in your eares,

Which trust accordingly kinde Cittizens,

And let vs in, Your King, whose labour'd spirits

Fore-wearied in this action of swift speede,

Craues harbourage within your Citie walled citie

Fra. When I haue laide, make answer to vs both.

Loe in this right hand, whose protection

Is most diuinely vow'd vpon the right hand

Of him it holds, stands yong Plantagenet

Sonne to the elder brother of this man

And King of him, and all that he enioyes:
For this downe-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the constancie of hospitable zeale,
In the releefe of this oppressed childe,
Religiously protokes: Be pleased then
To pay that dutie which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzzled Beare,
Saue in aspect, hath all offence seal'd vp
Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heauen,
And with a blessed and vn-veter retire,
With vnhack'd swords, and Helms all vnbruist,
We will beare home that Iustie blood againe,
Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,
And leaue your children, wives, and you in peace:
But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walled citie
Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,
Though all these English, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,
In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd?
Or shall we giue the signall to our rage,
And stake in blood to our possession?
Cit. In breefe, we are the King of Englands subjects
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne:
John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in:
Cit. That can we not: but he that proues the King
To him will we proue loyall, till that time
Haue we ramn'd vp our gates against the world.

John. Doth not the Crowne of England, proue the

King?

And if not that, I bring you Witnesse

Twice fifteen thousand hearts of Englands breed.

Bast. Bastards and else.

John. To verifie our title with their liues.

Fra. As many and as well-borne bloods as thoses?

Bast. Some Bastards too.

Fra. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both:

John. Then God forgive the sinne of all those soules,

That to their euertlasting residence,

Before the dew of euening fall, shall fleece

In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.

Fra. Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes!

Bast. Saint George that swindg'd the Dragon,

And ere since sit on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse doke

Teach vs some fence. Sirrah, were I at home

At your den sirrah, with your Lionnesse,

I would see an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide,

And make a monster of you, with this mace.

Anst. Peace, no more.

Bast. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.

John. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'll set forth

In best appointment all our Regiments.

Bast. Speed then to take aduantage of the field,

Fra. It shall be so; and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand, God and our right, *Exeunt*

Here after excursions, Enter the Herald of France

with Trumpets to the gates, vpon the walled citie

Fra. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong Arthur Duke of Britaine in.

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an English mother.
Whose sonnes lye scattered on the bleeding ground,
Many a widdowes husband groling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,
And victorie with little losse doth play,
Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpets.
E. Har. Reioyce you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King John, your king and Englands, doth approach
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armes that march'd hence so siluer bright,
Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood.
There stucke no plume in any English Crest,
That is remoued by a staffe of France,
Our colours do returne in those same hands
That did display them when we first marcht forth.
And like a iolly troope of Hunsmen come,
Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and giue the Victors way.
Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From first to last, the on-set and retire
Of both your Armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes haue answerd
Strength matcht with strength, and power contentiond
power,
Both are alike, and both alike we like
One must proue greatest. While they weigh so euen,
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers.
John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the currant of our right come on,
Whose passage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and pre-swell
with course disturb'd euen thy confining shores,
Vnlesse thou let his siluer Water, keepe
A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

Fra. England thou hast not sau'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more then we of France,
Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare
That swaies the earth this Climate ouer-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our iust borne Armes,
Wee'l put thee downe, gainst whom these Armes wee
Or adde a royall number to the dead.

Basf. Ha Maiesty: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with Steele.
The swords of souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men
In vndermin'd differences of kings.
Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus?
Cry haueoke kings, backe to the stained field.
You equall Boreurs, fierie kindled spirits,
Then let confusion of one part confum
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

John. Whose party do the Townsmen yet admit?

Fra. Speake Citizens for England, whose your king?
Hub. The king of England, when we know the king.
Fra. Know him in vs, that here hold vp his right.
John. In vs, that are our owne great Deputie,
And beare possession of our Person here,
Lord of our presence Angiers, and of you.

Fra. A greater powre then we denies all this,
And till it be vndoubted, we do looke
Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates
Kings of our feate, vntill our feares resolu'd
Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depok'd.

Basf. By heauen, these scroyles of Angiers floure you
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a Theater, whence they gaze and point
At your industrious Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royall presences be rul'd by mee,
Do like the Mutines of Ierusalem,
Be friends a-while, and both conioyntly bend
Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By East and West let France and England moue,
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their soule-searing clamours haue brauld downe
The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie.

I'de play incessantly vpon these Iades,
Euen till vnscend delolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar ayre:
That done, disfigure your wined strenghts,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy Minion,
To whom in fauour she shall giue the day,
And kille him with a glorious victory.

John. Now by the sky that hangs about our heads,
I like it well: France, shall we knit our powres,
And lay this Angiers euen with the ground?

Basf. And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeuish Towne:
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, against these sawcie walles,
And when that we haue dash'd them to the ground,
Why then desie each other, and pell-melly
Make worke vpon our selues, for heauen or hell.

Fra. Let it be so: say, where will you assault?

John. We from the West will send destruction
Into this Citie bosome.

Basf. I from the North.

Fra. Our Thunder from the South.

Basf. O prudent discipline! From North to South:
Austria and France shoor in each others mouth.

Hub. Hearc vs great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay
And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league.

Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound,
Rescue those breathing liues to dye in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.

John. Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.
Hub. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady Blanche
Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres
Of Lewes the Dolphin, and that louely maid,
If lustie loue should go in quest of beautie,

Where

Where should he finde it fairer, then in Blanche?
If zealous loue should go in search of vertue,
Where should he finde it purer, then in Blanche?
If loue ambitious, sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood then Lady Blanche?

Such as is, in beautie, vertue, birth,
Is the yong Dolphin euery way compleat,
If not compleat, say he is not free.

And the againe wants nothing, to name want,
If want it better, that she is not free:
He is the halfe part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as free.

And the faire diuidd excellence,
Whole fullness of perfection lies in him.
O two such silver currents, when they ioine
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in:

And two such shores, to two such streames made one,
Two such controuling bounds shall you be kings,
To these two Princes, if you marrie them:

This Vnion shall do more then batterie can,
To our fast closed gates: for at this matchy
With swifter spieene then powder can enforce
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide open,
And giue you entrance: but without this match,
The sea-enraged is not halfe so deafe,

Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes
More free from monon, no nor death himselfe
In mortal furie halfe so peremptorie,
As we to keepe this Citie.

Basf. Heeres a stay,
That shakes the rotten carkasse of old death
Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
That spit forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and seas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirtene do of puppi-dogges.

What Cannoneere begot this lustie blood,
He speaks plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
He giues the bastinado with his tongue:
Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
But buffets better then a fist of France:

Zounds, I was neuer so berump't with words,
Since I first cal'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. Son, list to this coniunction, make this match
Giue with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
For by this knot, thou shalt so surely rye
Thy now vnfur'd assurance to the Crowne,

That yon greene boy shall haue no Sunne to ripe
The bloome that promisseth a mightie fruite:
I see yeelding in the lookes of France:

Marke how they whisper, vge them while their soules
Are capeable of this ambition,
Least zeale now melted by the windie breath
Of lost petitions, pittie and remorse,
Coole and congeale againe to what it was.

Hub. Why answer not the double Maiesties,
This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne?

Fra. Speake England first, that hath bin forward first
To speake vnto this Citie: what say you?

John. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely sonne,
Can in this booke of beautie read, I loue:
Her Dowrie shall weigh equall with a Queene:
For Angiers, and faire Toraine Maine, Poytiers,
And all that we vpon this side the Sea,
(Except this Citie now by vs besiedg'd)
Shall giue to our Crowne and Dignitie,
Shall giue her bridall bed and make her rich

In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beautie, education, blood,
Holdes hand with any Princeesse of the world.

Fra. What sai'st thou boy? looke in the Ladies face,
Dol. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your sonne,
Becomes a sonne and makes your sonne a shadow:

I do protest I neuer lou'd my selfe,
Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.

Whisper with Blanche.
Basf. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth espie:
Himselfe loues traytor, this is pittie now,
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
In such a loue, so vile a Loue as hee.

Blanch. My vnkles will in this respect is mine,
If he see ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he see's which moues his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will:
Or if you will, to speake more properly,
I will enforce it easlie to my loue.

Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I see in you is worthe loue,
Then this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should bee your
Tudge.

That I can finde, should merit any hate,
John. What saie these yong-ones? What say you my
Neece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

John. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this
Ladie?

Dol. Nay aske me if I can refrain from loue,
For I doe loue her most vnfaiedly.

John. Then do I giue Volquessen, Toraine, Maine,
Poytiers, and Aniou, these five Prouinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne:
Phillip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
Command thy sonne and daughter to ioyne hands.

Fra. It likes vs well young Princes: close your hands
Asf. And your lippes too, for I am well assur'd,
That I did so when I was first assur'd.

Fra. Now Cittizens of Angiers ope your gates,
Let in that amitie which you haue made,
For at Saint Maries Chappell presently,
The rights of marriage shall be solemniz'd:
Is not the Ladie Constance in this troope?

I know she is not for this match made vp,
Her presence would haue interrupted much,
Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knows?

Dol. She is sad and passionate at your highnes Tent.
Fra. And by my faith, this league that we haue made
Will giue her sadnesse very little cure:
Brother of England, how may we content
This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
Which we God knows, haue turn'd another way,
To our owne vantage.

John. We will heale vp all,
For wee'l create yong Arthur Duke of Britaine,
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne

We

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady Constance, bid her repaire
Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire
To our solemnity: I trust we shall
(If not fill up the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation,
Go we as well as hast will suffer vs,
To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe.

Exeunt.
Bas. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
John to stop *Arthur's* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods owne souldier, rounded in the care,
With that same purpose-changer, that flye diuel,
That Broker, that still breake the pate of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who hauing no externall thing to loose,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,
Commoditie, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it selfe is peyred well,
Made to run euen, vpon euen ground;
Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,
This sway of motion, this commoditie,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same byas, this Commoditie,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a resolu'd and honourable warre,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rayle I on this Commoditie?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would salute my palme;
But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And say there is no sin but to be rich:
And being rich, my vertue then shall be,
To say there is no vice, but beggerie:
Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee.

Actus Secundus

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace?
False blood to false blood ioynd. Gone to be freinds?
Shall *Lewis* haue *Blanche*, and *Blanche* those Prouinces?
It is not so, thou hast mispoken, misheard,
Be well aduised, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou dost but say 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Beleeue me, I doe not beleeue thee man,
I haue a Kings oath to the contrarie.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sicke, and easpeable of feares.

Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widow, husbandles, subject to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares;
And though thou now confesse thou didst but iest
With my vext spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou looke so sadly on my sonne?
What meanes that hand vpon that breast of thine?
Why holdes thine eie that lamentable reuiewe,
Like a proud riuier peering ore his bounds?
Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words?
Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleeue you thinke them false,
That giue you cause to proue my saying true.
Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleeue this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleeue, and life encounter so,
As doth the furie of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewis marry *Blanche*? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,
This newes hath made thee a most vgly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?
Con. Which harme within it selfe so heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.

Ar. I do befeech you Madam be content.
Con. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim
Vgly, and slanderous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of vnpleasing blots, and sightlesse stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not loue thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserue a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune ioynd to make thee great.
Of Natures gifts, thou mayst with Lillies boast,
And with the halfe-blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourly with thine Vnckle *John*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire respect of Soueraigntie,
And made his Maiestie the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *John*,
That strumpet Fortune, that vsurping *John*:
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forsworne?
Euenum him with words, or get thee gone,
And leaue those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder-bear.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.
Con. Thou maist, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
I will instruct my sorrowes to bee proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner stoupe,
To me and to the state of my great greefe,
Let kings assemble: for my greefe's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it vp: here I and sorrowes sit,
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Eleanor, Philip, Austria, Constance.

Fra. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Euer in France shall be kept festiual:
To solemnize this day the glorions sunne
Stays in his course, and playes the Alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall neuer see it, but a holy day.

Conf. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deseru'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of shame, oppression, periury.
Or if it must stand still, let wiues with childe
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it selfe to hollow falsehood change.
Fra. By heauen Lady, you shall haue no cause
To curse the faire proceedings of this day:
Haue I not pawn'd to you my Maiesty?

Conf. You haue beguild me with a counterfeite
Resembling Maiesty, which being touch'd and tride,
Proues valuelesse: you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spill mine enemies blood,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made vp this league:
Arme, arme, you heauens, against these periur'd Kings,
A widow cries, be husband to me (heauens)
Let not the howres of this vngodly day
Weare out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these periur'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.
Conf. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*, thou dost shame
That bloody spoyle: thou slaue, thou wretch, y coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villanie,
Thou euer strong vpon the stronger side;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that dost neuer fight
But when her humours Ladiship is by
To teach thee safety: thou art periur'd too,
And sooth'st vpon greatnesse. What a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare,
Vpon my partie: thou cold blooded slaue,
Hast thou not spokelike thunder on my side?
Beene sworne my Souldier, bidding me depend
Vpon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength;
And dost thou now fall ouer to my foes?
Thou weare a Lyons hide, dost it for shame,
And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbs.
Aust. O that a man should speake those words to me.
Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs.
Aust. Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs.
John. We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.

Enter Pandulph.
Fra. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.
Pan. Haile you annoiuted deputies of heauen;
To thee King *John* my holy errand is:
I *Pandulph*, of faire *Milane* Cardinall,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legat heere,
Doe in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce
Keepe *Stephen Langton* chosen Archbishop
Of *Canterbury* from that holy Sea:
This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
Pope *Innocent*, I doe demand of thee.
John. What earthie name to Interrogatories
Can tast the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinall) deuise a name
So slight, vnworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*,
Adde thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest
Shall tythe or toll in our dominions:
But as we, vnder heauen, are supream head,
So vnder him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold
Without th'assistance of a mortall hand:
So tell the Pope, all reuerence set apart
To him and his vsurp'd authoritie.

Fra. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.
John. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grossely by this meddling Priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vilde gold, drosse, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sels pardon from himselfe:
Though you, and al the rest so grossely led,
This iugling witchcraft with reuennue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pan. Then by the lawfull power that I haue,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth reuolt
From his Allegiance to an heretique,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hatefull life.

Con. O lawfull let it be
That I haue roome with *Rome* to curse a while,
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my keene curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.
Conf. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law:
Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pan. *Philip* of France, on perill of a curse,
Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raise the power of France vpon his head,
Vnlesse he doe submit himselfe to *Rome*.
Elea. Look'st thou pale *France*? do not let go thy hand.
Con. Look to that Deuill, lest that France repent,
And

And by disloyning hands hell lose a soule.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinall.

Bast. And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well ruffian, I must pocker vp these wrongs,

Because,

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

John. Philip, what saist thou to the Cardinall?

Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinall?

Dolph. Bethinke you father, for the difference

Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,

Or the light losse of England, for a friend:

Forgoethe easier.

Bla. That s the curse of Rome.

Con. O Lewis, stand fast, the deuill tempts thee heere

In likeness of a new vntimmed Bride.

Bla. The Lady Constance speakes not from her faith,

But from her need.

Con. Oh, if thou grant my need,

Which onely liues but by the death of faith,

That need, mult needs inferre this principle,

That faith would liue againe by death of need:

O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,

Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.

John. The king is mou'd, and answers not to this.

Con. O be remou'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Doe so king Philip, hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet lout.

Fra. I am perplext, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee more?

If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

Fra. Good reuerend father, make my person yours,

And tell me how you would bestow your selfe?

This royall hand, and mine are newly knit,

And the coniunction of our inward soules

Married in league, coupled, and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vowes,

The latest breath that gaue the sound of words

Was deepe, sworne faith, peace, amity, true loue

Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selues,

And euen before this truce, but new before,

No longer then we well could wash our hands,

To clasp this royall bargain vp of peace,

Heauen knowes they were besmeard and ouer-stained

With slaughters pencill; where reuenge did paine

The fearefull difference of incensed kings:

And shall these hands so lately purg'd of blood?

So newly ioyn'd in loue? so strong in both,

Vnyoke this feyture, and this kinde regreete?

Play fast and loose with faith? so left with heauen,

Make such ynconstant children of our selues

As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:

Vn-swore faith sworne, and on the marriage bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody hoast,

And make a ryot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity? O holy Sir

My reuerend father, let it not be so,

Out of your grace, deuise, ordaine, impose

Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest

To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,

Sauce what is opposite to Englands loue.

Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,

Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,

A mothers curse, on her reuolting sonne:

France, thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,

A cased Lion by the mortall paw,

A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,

Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

Fra. I may dis-ioyne my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak' st thou faith an enemy to faith,

And like a ciuill warre sett oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow

First made to heauen, first be to heauen perform'd,

That is, to be the Champion of our Church,

What since thou sworst, is sworne against thy selfe,

And may not be performed by thy selfe,

For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,

Is not amisse when it is truly done:

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it:

The better Act of purposes mistooke,

Is to mistake again, though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby growes direct,

And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire

Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd:

It is religion that doth make vowes kept,

But thou hast sworne against religion:

By what thou swearst against the thing thou swearst,

And mak' st an oath the surerie for thy truth,

Against an oath the truth, thou art vntrue

To sweare, sweares onely not to be forsworne,

Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare?

But thou dost sweare, onely to be forsworne,

And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost sweare,

Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,

Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe:

And better conquest neuer canst thou make,

Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions:

Vpon which better part, our prayers come in,

If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know

The perill of our curses light on thee

So heauy, as thou shalt not shake them off

But in despair, dye vnder their blacke weight,

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Bast. Will not be?

Will not a Calues-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Daul. Father, to Armes.

Blanch. Vpon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums

Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?

O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new

Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name

Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;

Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes

Against mine Vncle.

Con. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,

I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous Dauphin,

Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy loue, what motiue may

Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?

Con. That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,

His Honor, Oh thine Honor, Lewis thine Honor,

Dolph. I muse your Maiesty doth seeme so cold,

When such profound respects doe pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curse vpon his head.

Fra. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall fro'th.

Con. O faire returne of banish'd Maiesty.

Ela. O soule reuolt of French inconstancy.

Eng. France, y shalt rue this houre within this houre.

Bast. Old Time the clocke setter, ybald sexton Time:
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Bla. The Sun's ore-cast with bloud: faire day adieu,

Which is the side that I must goe withall?

I am with both, each Army hath a hand,

And in their rage, I hauing hold of both,

They whirle a sunder, and dismember mee.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne:

Vncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose.

Father, I may not wish thy wishes thriue:

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thriue:

Who euer wins, on that side shall I lose:

Affured losse, before the match be plaid.

Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Bla. There where my fortune liues, there my life dies.

John. Cosen, goe draw our puissance together,

France, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,

A rage, whose heat hath this condition:

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood and deereft valued bloud of France.

Fra. Thy rage shall burne thee, vp, & thou shalt turne

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Looke to thy selfe, thou art in leopadie.

John. No more then he that threatens, To Armes let's hie.

Scena Secunda.

Alarums, Excursions: Enter Bastard with Austria's
head.

Bast. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some aery Deuill hovers in the skie,

And pour's downe mischief. Austria's head lye there,

Enter John, Arthur, Hubert.

While Philip breathes.

John. Hubert, keepe this boy: Philip make vp,

My Mother is assayled in our Tent,

And tane I feare.

Bast. My Lord I rescued her.

Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not:

But on my Liege, for very little paines

Will bring this labor to an happy end.

Exit.

Alarums, excursions, Retreat: Enter John, Eleanor, Arthur

Bastard, Hubert, Lords.

John. So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behinde

So strongly guarded: Cosen, looke not sad,

Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vnkle will

As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.

John. Cosen away for England, haste before,

And ere our coming see thou shake the bags

Of hoarding Abbots, imprisoned angells

Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed vpon:

Vse our Commission in his vtmost force.

Bast. Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not driue me back,

When gold and silver beckes me to come on.

I leaue your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray,

(If euer I remember, to be holy)

For your faire safety: so I kisse your hand.

Ela. Farewell gentle Cosen.

John. Coz, farewell.

Ela. Come hether little kinsman, harke, a worde.

John. Come hether Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh

There is a soule counts thee her Creditor,

And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue:

And my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Liues in this bosome, deerey cherished.

Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to say,

But I will fit it with some better tune.

By heauen Hubert, I am almost ashamed

To say what good respect I haue of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Maiesty.

John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,

But thou shalt haue: and creepe time nere so slow,

Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good.

I had a thing to say, but let it goe:

The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes

To giue me audience: If the mid-night bell

Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth

Sound on into the drowzie face of night:

If this same were a Church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:

Or if that surly spirit melancholy

Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heavy, thicke,

Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,

Making that idiole laughter keepe mens eyes,

And straine their cheekes to idle merriment,

A passion hatefull to my purposes:

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,

Heare me without thine eares, and make reply

Without a tongue, vsing conceit alone,

Without eyes, eares, and harmefull sound of words:

Then, in despite of brooded watchfull day,

I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts,

But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well,

And by my troth I thinke thou lou'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me vndertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my Act,

By heauen I would doe it.

John. Doe not I know thou wouldst?

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert throw thine eye

On yon young boy: He tell thee what my friend

He is a very serpent in my way,

And wherefore this foot of mine doth tread,

He lies before me: dost thou vnderstand me?

Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And He keepe him so,

That he shall not offend your Maiesty.

John. Death.

Hub. My Lot.

John. A Graue.

Hub. He shall not liue.

John. Enough.

I could be merry now, Hubert, I loue thee.

Well, He not say what I intend for thee:

Remember: Madam, Fare you well,

He send those powers o're to your Maiesty.

Ela. My blessing goe with thee.

John. For England Cosen, goe.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphie, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of convicted saile
Is scattered and dis-joynd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.
Fra. What can goe well, when we haue runne so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur tane prisoner; diuers deere friends slaine?
And bloody England into England gone,
Ore-bearing interruption sight of France?

Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such aduice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fra. Well could I beare that England had this praise,
So we could finde some patterne of our shame:

Enter Constance.

Looke who comes heere? a graue vnto a soule,
Holding th'eternall spirit against her will,
In the wilde prison of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me.

Con. Lo; now: now see the issue of your peace.
Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle Constance.

Con. No, I defie all Counsell, all redresse,
But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse:
Death, death, O amiable, louely death,
Thou odoriferous fench: sound rottenesse,
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,
And I will kisse thy detestable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,
And ring these fingers with thy household wormes,
And stop this gap of breath with fullsome dust,
And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe;
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou similst,
And busse thee as thy wife: Miseries Loue,
O come to me.

Fra. O faire affliction, peace.
Con. No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rowle from sleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which scornes a moderne Inuocation.

Pand. Lady, you viter madnesse, and not sorrow.
Con. Thou art holy to belye me so,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is Constance, I was Geffreyes wife,
Yong Arthur is my sonne, and he is lost:
I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
For then 'tis like I should forget my selfe:
O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?
Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall)
For, being not mad, but sensible of griefe,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliuer'd of these woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my selfe:
If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,

Or madly thinke a babe of clowes were he:
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamitie.

Fra. Binde vp these tresses: O what loue I note
In the faire multitude of those her haire;
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallne,
Euen to that drop ten thousand wery fiends
Doe glew themselves in sociable griefe,
Like true, inseparable, faithfull loues,
Sticking together in calamitie.

Con. To England, if you will.
Fra. Binde vp your haire.

Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonne,
As they haue giuen these hayres their libertie:
But now I eniue at their libertie,

And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Because my poore childe is a prisoner.
And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heauen:
If that be true, I shall see my boy againe;
For since the birth of *Caine*, the first male-childe
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature borne:

But now will Canker-forrow eat my bud,
And chase the natiue beauty from his cheek,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,
As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,
And so he'll dye: and rising so againe,
When I shall meet him in the Court of heauen
I shall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer
Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heynous a respect of griefe.
Con. He talks to me, that neuer had a sonne.

Fra. You are as fond of griefe, as of your childe.
Con. Griefe fills the roome vpon my absent childe:

Lies in his bed, walks vp and downe with me,
Pats on his pretty lookes, repeats his words,
Remembets me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme;
Then, haue I reason to be fond of griefe?
Fareyouwell: had you such a losse as I,
I could giue better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is such disorder in my witte:
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire sonne,
My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure.

Fra. I feare some out-rage, and I'll follow her, *Exit.*
Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull eare of a drowisie man;
And bitter shame hath spoyl'd the sweet words talke,
That it yeelds nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong discaise,
Euen in the instant of repaire and health,
The fit is strongest: Euils that take leaue
On their departure, most of all shew euill:
What haue you lost by losing of this day?

Dol. All daies of glory, ioy, and happinesse.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no: when Fortune meanes to men most good,
Shee lookes vpon them with a threatening eye:
Tis strange to thinke how much King *John* hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearely wonne:

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stand
Within the Arras: when I strike my foot
Vpon the bosome of the ground, rush forth
And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me
Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.
Hub. Vnclely scruples feare not you: looke too't.
Yong Lad come forth; I haue to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Ar. As little Prince, hauing so great a Title:
To be more Prince, as may be: you are sad.

Hub. Indeed I haue bene merrier.
Ar. Mercie on me:

Me thinkes no body should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night
Onely for wantonnesse: by my Christendome,
So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe
I should be as merry as the day is long:
And so I would be heere, but that I doubt
My Vnckle practises more harme to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault, that I was Geffreyes sonne?
No in deede is't not: and I would to heauen
I were your sonne, so you would loue me, Hubert:

Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sodaine, and dispatch.

Ar. Are you sicke Hubert? you looke pale to day,
Insooth I would you were a little sicke,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I loue you more then you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosome.
Reade heere yong *Arthur*. How now foolish rheume?
Turning dispitious torture out of doore?
I must be breefe, least resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares.

Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?

Ar. Too fairely *Hubert*, for so foule effect,
Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?

Hub. Yong Boy, I must.
Ar. And will you?

Hub. And I will.
Ar. Haue you the heart? When your head did but
ake,

I knit my hand-kercher about your browes,
(The best I had, a Princess wrought it me)

And I did neuer aske it you againe:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;

And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
Still and anon cheer'd vp the heavy time;

Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your griefe?
Or what good loue may I performe for you?

Many a poore mans sonne would haue lyen still,
And nere haue spoke a louing word to you:

But you, at your sicke seruice had a Prince:
Nay, you may thinke my loue was craftie loue,

And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

If heauen be pleas'd that you must vse me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer shall
So much as frowne on you.

Hub. I haue sworne to do it:
And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:

The Iron of it selfe, though heate red hot,

Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,

And quench this fierie indignation,

Euen in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harme mine eye:

Are you more stubborn hard, then hammer'd Iron?

And if an Angell should haue come to me,

And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,

I would not haue beleeu'd him: no tongue but *Huberts*.

Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do.

Ar. O saue me *Hubert*, saue me: my eyes are out

Euen with the fierce lookes of these bloody men.

Hub. Giue me the Iron I say, and binde him heere.

Ar. Alas, what neede you be so bailltrous rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone still:

For heauen sake *Hubert* let me not be bound:

Nay heare me *Hubert*, driue these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a Lambe.

I will not stirre, nor winch, nor speake a word,

Nor looke vpon the Iron anglerly:

Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgieue you,

What euer torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go stand within: let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede.

Ar. Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,

He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart:

Let him come backe, that his compassion may

Giue life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your selfe.

Ar. Is there no remedie?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Ar. O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,

A graine, a dust, a gnat, a wandering haire,

Any annoyance in that precious sense:

Then feeling what small things are boytterous there,

Your wilde intent must needs seeme horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go too, hold your tooing

Ar. *Hubert*, the vtterance of a brace of tongues,

Must needs want pleading for a paire of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert*,

Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,

So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,

Though to no vse, but still to looke on you.

Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,

And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, Boy.

Ar. No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with griefe,

Being create for comfort, to be vs'd

In vnderfined extreames: See else your selfe,

There is no malice in this burning cole,

The breath of heauen, hath blowne his spirit out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy.

Ar. And if you do, you will but make it bluish,

And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:

And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should vse to do me wrong
Deny their office: onely you do lacke

That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,

Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vses.

Hub. Well, see to liue: I will not touch thine eye,

For all the Treasure that thine Vnckle owes,

Yet am I sworne, and I did purpose, Boy,

With this same very Iron, to burne them out.

Ar. O now you looke like *Hubert*: All this while

You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,

Your Vnckle must not know but you are dead.

Ile fill these dogged Spies with false reports:

And, pretty child, sleepe doublelesse, and secure,

That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,

Will not offend thee.

Ar. O heauen! I thanke you *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more: go closely in with mee,

Much danger do I vndergo for thee.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *John*, *Pembroke*, *Salisbury*, and other *Lords*.

John. Heere once againe we sit: once againe crownd

And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.

Pem. This once againe (but that your Highnes pleas'd)

Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,

And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:

The faiths of men, nere stained with reuolt:

Fresh expectation troubled not the Land

With any long'd-for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be posses'd with double pompe,

To guard a Title, that was rich before;

To gild refin'd Gold, to paint the Lilly;

To throw a perfume on the Violet,

To smooth the yce, or adde another hew

Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light

To seeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garnish,

Is wastefull, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done,

This sacle, is as an ancient tale new told,

And, in the last repeating, troublesome,

Being vrge'd at a time vnseasonable.

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face

Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,

And like a shifted winde vnto a sail,

It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,

Startles, and frights consideration:

Makes sound opinion sicke, and truth suspected,

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When Workemen striue to do better then wel,

They do confound their skill in couetousnesse,

And oftentimes excusing of a fault,

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:

As patches set vpon a little breach,

Discredite more in hiding of the fault;

Then did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd

We breath'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes

To ouer-bear it, and we are all well pleas'd,

Since all, and euery part of what we would

Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will.

John.

John. Some reasons of this double Coronation

I haue posses't you with, and thinke them strong.

And more, more strong, then lesser is my feare

I shall indue you with: Meane time, but aske

What you would haue reform'd, that is not well,

And well shall you perceiue, how willingly

I will both heare, and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these

To found the purposes of all their hearts,

Both for my selfe, and them: but chiefe of all

Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them

Bend their best studies, heartily request

Th'infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose restraint

Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent

To breake into this dangerous argument.

If what in rest you haue, in right you hold,

Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend

The steppes of wrong, should moue you to mew vp

Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes

With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth

The rich aduantage of good exercise,

That the times enemies may not haue this

To grace occasions: let it be our suite,

That you haue bid vs aske his libertie,

Which for our goods, we do no further aske,

Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,

Counts it your weale: he haue his libertie.

Enter *Hubert*.

John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth

To your direction: *Hubert*, what newes with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:

He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,

The image of a wicked heynous fault

Lines in his eye: that close aspect of his,

Do shew the mood of a much troubled brest,

And I do fearefully beleue 'tis done,

What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go

Betweene his purpose and his conscience,

Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadfull battailes set:

Hispation is so ripe, it needs must breake.

Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence

The foule corruption of a sweet childe's death.

John. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.

Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing,

The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.

Hetels vs *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,

Before the childe himselfe felt he was sicke:

This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.

John. Why do you bend such solemne browes on me?

Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of destiny?

Haue I commandement on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis shame

That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it;

So to stifle it in your game, and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (Lord *Salisbury*) Ile go with thee,

And finde th'inheri'tance of this poore childe,

His little kingdom of a forced graue.

That blood which ow'd the breath of all this Ile,

Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:

This must not be thus borne, this will breake out

To all our forrowes, and ere long I doubt

So. They burn in indignation: I repent

Enter *Mef.*

There is no sure foundation set on blood:

No certaine life atchieu'd by others death:

A fearefull eye thou hast. Where is that blood,

That I haue scene inhabite in these cheekes?

So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,

Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mef. From France to England, neuer such a powre

For any forraigne preparation,

Was leuied in the body of a land.

The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them:

For when you should be told they do prepare,

The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.

John. On where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?

Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?

That such an Army could be drawne in France,

And she not heare of it?

Mef. My Liege, her care

Is stop't with dust: the first of April di'de

Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,

The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie di'de

Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue

I dely heard: if true, or false I know not.

John. With-hold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion:

O make a league with me, till I haue pleas'd

My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?

How wildly then walks my Estate in France?

Vnder whole conduct came those powres of France,

That thou for truth giu'st out are landed heere?

Mef. Vnder the Dolphin.

Enter *Bastard* and *Peter of Pomfret*.

John. Thou hast made me giddy

With these ill tydings: Now? What sayes the world

To your proceedings? Do not seeke to stiffe

My head with more ill newes: for it is full.

Bast. But if you be a-feard to heare the worst,

Then let the worst vn-heard, fall on your head.

John. Beare with me *Cosen*, for I was amaz'd

Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe

Aloft the flood, and can giue audience

To any tongue, speake it of what it will.

Bast. How I haue sped among the Clergy men,

The summes I haue collected shall expresse:

But as I trauiell'd hither through the land,

I finde the people strangely fantastick,

Posses't with rumors, full of idle dreames,

Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.

And here's a Prophet that I brought with me

From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found

With many hundreds treading on his heeles:

To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding times,

That ere the next Ascension day at noone,

Your Highnes should deliuer vp your Crowne;

John. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

John. *Hubert*, away with him: imprison him,

And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes

I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.

Deliuer him to safety, and returne,

For I must vse thee. O my gentle *Cosen*,

H

I haue a way to winne their loues againe:
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seeke them out.

John. Nay, but make haste: the better foote before.
O, let me haue no subiect enemies,
When aduerse Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of stout inuasion,
Be Mercurie, let feathers to thy becles,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. *Exit.*

John. Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman.
Go after him: for he perhaps shall neede
Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou hee.

Mef. With all my heart, my Liege.

John. My mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say fure Moones were seene to
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about (night:
The other foure, in wondrous motion.

John. Foure Moones?

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Do prophesie vpon it dangerously:
Yong *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the eare.
And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers wrist,
Whilst he that heares, makes fearefull action
With wrinkled browes, with wods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus)
The whilst his Iron did on the Anvile coole,
With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust vpon contrary feete,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattail'd, and rank'd in Kent.
Another leane, vnwash'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthurs* death.

John. Why seekst thou to possesse me with these feares?
Why vrgeest thou so oft yong *Arthurs* death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had (my Lord?) why, did you not prouoke me?

John. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of Authoritie
To vnderstand a Law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Maiesty, when perchance it frownes
More vpon humor, then aduis'd respect.

Hub. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.

John. Oh, when the last accompt twixt heauen & earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale
Witnesse against vs to damnation.
How oft the sight of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Hadst thou not bene by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deede of shame,
This murder had not come into my minde,
But taking note of thy abhor'd Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthurs* death:
And thou, to be enderred to a King,
Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord.

John. Hadst thou but shooke thy head, or made a pause
When I spake darkely, what I purposed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt vpon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in expresse words:
Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me break off,
And those thy feares, might haue wrought feares in me.
But, thou didst vnderstand me by my signes,
And didst in signes againe parley with mine,
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently, thy rude hand to aſſe
The deed, which both our tongues held yilde to name.
Out of my fight, and neuer see me more:
My Nobles leaue me, and my State is braued,
Euen at my gates, with ranks of fortaigne powres:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land,
This kingdome, this Confinde of blood, and breathe
Hostilitie, and ciuill tumult reignes
Betwene my conscience, and my Cofins death.

Hub. Arme you against your other enemies:
He make a peace betwene your soule, and you.
Yong *Arthur* is aliue: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood,
Within this bosome, neuer enter'd yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you haue slander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the couer of a fayrer minde,
Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.

John. Doth *Arthur* liue? O hast thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incens'd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgiue the Comment that my passion made
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
And soule imaginarie eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous then thou art.
Oh, answer not; but to my Closset bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient haſt,
I coniure thee but slowly: run more fast.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the walles.

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes semblance hath disguis'd me quite,
I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
Ile finde a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to dye, and go; as dye, and stay.
Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these stones,
Heauen take my soule, and England keep my bones. *Die.*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at S. Edmondeston,
It is our safetie, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perillous time.

Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinal?
Sal. The Count *Melone*, a Noble Lord of France,
Whose priuate with me of the Dolphin's loue,
Is much more generall, then these lines import.

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes iourney (Lords) ere we meete.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Once more to day well met, distemper'd Lords,
The King by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispos'd himselfe of vs,
We will not lyne his thin-betained cloake
With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote
That leaues the print of blood where ere it walkes.
Returne, and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke
were best.

Sal. Our griefes, and not our manners reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your griefe.

Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his priuiledge.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man's else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lyes heere?

P. Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty,

The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.

Big. Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a graue,

Found it too precious Princely, for a graue.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what thinke you? you haue beheld,

Or haue you read, or heard, or could you thinke?

Or do you almost thinke, although you see,

That you do see? Could thought, without this obiect

Forme such another? This is the very top,

The height, the Crest: or Crest vnto the Crest

Of murders Armes: This is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest Savagery, the vildest stroke

That euer wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage

Presented to the teares of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past, do stand excus'd in this:

And this so sole, and so vnmatcheable,

Shall giue a holinesse, a puritie,

To the yet vnbegotten sinne of times;

And proue a deadly blood-shed, but a iust,

Exempl'd by this heynous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,

The gracelesse action of a heauy hand,

If that it be the worke of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand?

We had a kinde of light, what would ensue:

It is the shamefull worke of *Huberts* hand,

The practice, and the purpose of the king:

From whose obedience I forbid my soule,

Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,

And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence

The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:

Neuer to taste the pleasures of the world,

Nor conuersant with Ease, and Idlenesse,

Till I haue set a glory to this hand,

By giuing it the worship of Reuenge.

Pem. *Big.* Our soules religiously confirme thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you,

Arthur doth liue, the king hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death.

Pem. Must I rob

Avant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone: (the Law?)

Hub. I am no villaine.

Bast. Your sword is bright sir, put it vp againe.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderers skin.

Hub. Stand backe Lord Salisbury, stand backe I say:

By heauen, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours.

I would not haue you (Lord) forget your selfe,

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;

Least I, by marking of your rage, forget

your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.

Big. Out dunghill: dar'st thou braue a Nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend

My innocent life against an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a Murderer.

Hub. Do not proue me so:

Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speakes false,

Not truly speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies.

Pem. Cut him to peeces.

Bast. Keepe the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you *Faulconbridge*.

Bast. Thou wert better gaul the diuell *Salsbury*.

If thou but frowne on me, or stirre thy foote,

Or teach thy hasty spleene to do me shame,

Ile strike thee dead. Put vp thy sword betime,

Or Ile so maule you, and your tossing-Iron,

That you shall thinke the diuell is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?

Second a Villaine, and a Murderer?

Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an houre since I left him well:

I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weepe

My date of life out, for his sweete liues losse.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

For villanie is not without such rheume,

And he, long traded in it, makes it seeme

Liku Rivers of remorse and innocencie.

Away with me, all you whose soules abhorre

Th'vncleanly fauours of a Slaughter-house,

For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.

Big. Away, toward *Burie*, to the Dolphin there.

P. There tel the king, he may inquire vs out. *Ex. Lords.*

Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?

Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercie,

(If thou didst this deed of death) art thou damn'd *Hubert*.

Hub. Do but heare me first.

Bast. Ha? Ile tell thee what.

Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke,

Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer:

There is not yet so vgly a fiend of hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this childe.

Hub. Vpon my soule.

Bast. If thou didst but consent

To this most cruell Act: do but dispaire,

And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred

That euer Spider twist'd from her wombe

Will serue to strangle thee: A rush will be a beame

To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,

Put but a little water in a spoone,

And it shall be as all the Ocean,

Enough to stifle such a villaine vp.

I do suspect thee very greuously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,

Be guiltie of the Realing that sweete breath

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,

Let hell want paines enough to torture me:

I left him well.

Bast. Go, beare him in thine armes:

I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way

Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.

How easie dost thou take all England vp,
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heauen: and England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by th' teeth
The vn-owed interest of proud swelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maiety,
Doth dogged warre bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and discontents at home
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waites
As doth a Rauon on a sicke-falne beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pompe.
Now happy he, whose cloake and center can
Hold out this tempest. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with speed: Ile to the King:
A thousand busineses are brieue in hand,
And heauen it selfe doth frowne vpon the Land. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter King John and Pandolph, attendants.

K. John. Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.

Pan. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatnesse and authoritie.

John. Now keep your holy word, go meet the French,
And from his holinesse vse all your power
To stop their marches: fore we are enflam'd:
Our discontented Countiees doe reuolt:
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of soule
To stranger-bloud, to forren Royaltie;
This inundation of mistempered humor,
Rests by you onely to be qualified.
Then pause not: for the present time's so sicke,
That present medicine must be ministred,
Or ouerthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp,
Vpon your stubborne v'sage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle conuertite,
My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre,
And make faire weather in your blustering land:
On this Ascension day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of seruice to the Pope,
Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes. *Exit.*

John. Is this Ascension day: did not the Prophet
Say, that before Ascension day at noone,
My Crowne I should giue off? euen so I haue:
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath receiued
Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer seruice to your enemy:
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubtfull friends.

John. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong Arthur was aliue?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty Casket, where the Iewell of life
By some damn'd hand was rob'd, and rane away.

John. That villaine Hubert told me he did liue.

Bast. So on my soule he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad?
Be great in act, as you haue beene in thought:
Let not the world see feare and sad distrust

Gouerne the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes
That borrow their behauiours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntlesse spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence:
What, shall they seeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be said: forrage, and runne
To meet displeasure farther from the dores,
And grapple with him ere he come so nye.

John. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
And I haue made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to dismisse the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.

Bast. Oh inglorious league:
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,
Send fayre-play-orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce
To Armes Inuasiue? Shall a bearded boy,
A cockred-silken wanton braue our fields,
And fleth his spirit in a warre-like foyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idly spred,
And finde no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

John. Haue thou the ordering of this present time.
Bast. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a powder foe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Meloone, Pembroke, Bigot, Soldiers.

Dol. My Lord Meloone, let this be copied out,
And keepe it safe for our remembrance:
Returne the president to these Lords againe,
That hauing our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, perusing our these notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inuolable.

Sal. Vpon our sides it neuer shall be broken.
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare
A voluntary zeale, and an vn-urg'd Faith
To your proceedings: yet beleue me Prince,
I am not glad that such a fore of Time
Should seeke a plaster by contempt'd reuolt,
And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound,

By making many: Oh it grieues my soule,
That I must draw this mettle from my side
To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there
Where honourable rescue, and defence
Cries out vpon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Physicke of our right,
We cannot deale but with the very hand
Of sterne Iniustice, and confused wrong:
And is't not pittie, (oh my grieved friends)
That we, the sonnes and children of this Isle,
Was borne to see so sad an houre as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Vpon her gentle bosom, and fill vp
Her Enemies ranks? I must withdraw, and weepe
Vpon the spot of this inforced cause,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow vnacquainted colours heere:
What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remoue,
That Neptune's Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,
And cripple thee vnto a Pagon shore,
Where these two Christian Armies might combine
The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to spend it so vn-neighbourly.

Dolph. A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
And great affections wrastling in thy bosome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combat hast fought
Between compulsion, and a braue respect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progresse on thy cheekes:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This showre, blowne vp by tempest of the soule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Then had I scene the vaultie top of heauen
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift vp thy brow (renowned Salisbury)
And with a great heart heave away this storme:
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
That neuer saw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping:
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himselfe: so (Nobles) shall you all,
That knit your sinewes to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandolph.

And euen there, methinkes an Angell spake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To giue vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of France:
The next is this: King John hath reconcil'd
Himselfe to Rome, his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening Colours now winde vp,
And tame the sauage spirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion fostered vp at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmefull then in shewe.
Dol. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:

I am too high-borne to be proportioned
To be a secondary at controll,
Or vsfull seruing-man, and Instrument
To any Soueraigne State throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres,
Betweene this chafte'd kingdom and my selfe,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that same weake winde, which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this Land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me?
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After yong Arthur, claime this Land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Romes slaue? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men provided? What munition sent
To vnder-prop this Action? Is't not I
That vnder-goe this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claime are liable,
Sweat in this businesse, and maintaine this warre?
Haue I not heard these Islanders shout out
Vine le Roy, as I haue bank'd their Townes?
Haue I not heere the best Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne?
And shall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my soule it neuer shall be said.

Pand. You looke but on the out-side of this worke.

Dol. Out-side or in-side, I will not returne
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
To out-looke Conquest, and to winne renowne
Euen in the iawes of danger, and of death:
What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon vs?

Enter Bastard.

Bast. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me haue audience: I am sent to speake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to learne how you haue dealt for him:
And, as you answer, I doe know the scope
And warrant limited vnto my tongue.

Pand. The Dolphin is too wilfull opposite
And will not temporize with my intreaties:
He flatly saies, hee'll not lay downe his Armes.

Bast. By all the bloud that euer fury breath'd,
The youth saies well. Now heare our English King,
For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reason to he should,
This apish and vnmanly approach,
This harness'd Maske, and vnaduis'd Reuell,
This vn-heard sawcinesse and boyish Troopes,
The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the strength, euen at your dore,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
To diue like Buckets in concealed Welles,
To crowch in litter of your stable planks,
To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seeke sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,

Euen

Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman,
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your Chambers gaue you chastisement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayerie towres,
To fowle annoyance that comes neere his Nest;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,
you bloudy Nero's, ripping vp the wombe
Of your deere Mother-England: blush for shame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-vifag'd Maides,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canst out-scold vs: Far thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pau. Giue me leaue to speake.

Bast. No, I will speake.

Dol. We will attend to neyther:

Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our interest, and our being heere.
Bast. Indeepe your drums being beaten, wil cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brad,
That shall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath vs'd rather for sport, then neede)
Is warlike *John*: and in his fore-head sits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To feast vpon whole thousands of the French.

Dol. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt finde it (*Dolphin*) do not doubt

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Alarums. Enter John and Hubert.

John. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me *Hubert*.

Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Maiefty?

John. This Feauer that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heauie on me: oh, my heart is sicke.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord: your valiant kinsman *Falconbridge*,
Desires your Maiefty to leaue the field,
And send him word by me, which way you go.

John. Tell him toward *Swinsted*, to the Abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort: for the great supply,
That was expected by the *Dolphin* heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands.
This newes was brought to *Richard* but euen now,
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

John. Aye me, this tyrant Feauer burnes mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward *Swinsted*: to my Litter straight,
Weaknesse possesseth me, and I am faint.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not thinke the King so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Vp once againe: put spirit in the French,
If they miscarry: we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten diuell *Falconbridge*,

In spight of spight, alone vpholds the day.

Pem. They say King *John* sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Meloun wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.

Sal. When we were happie, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count *Meloun*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,
Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,

And welcome home againe discarded faith,

Seeke out King *John*, and fall before his feete:

For if the French be Lords of this loud day,

He meanes to recompence the paines you take,

By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworne,

And I with him, and many moe with mee,

Vpon the Altar at *S. Edmundsbury*,

Euen on that Altar, where we swore to you

Deere Amity, and euermlasting loue.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Haue I not hideous death within my view,

Retaining but a quantity of life,

Which bleeds away, euen as a forme of waxe

Resolueth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceiue,

Since I must loose the vse of all deceite?

Why should I then be false, since it is true

That I must dye heere, and liue hence, by Truth?

I say againe, if *Lewis* do win the day,

He is forsworne, if ere those eyes of yours

Behold another day breake in the East:

But euen this night, whose blacke contagious breath

Already smoakes about the burning Crest

Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,

Euen this ill night, your breathing shall expire,

Paying the fine of rated Treachery,

Euen with a treacherous fine of all your liues:

If *Lewis*, by your assistance win the day.

Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;

The loue of him, and this respect besides

(For that my Grandfire was an Englishman)

Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this.

In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence

From forth the noise and rumour of the Field;

Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts

In peace: and part this bodie and my soule

With contemplation, and deuout desires.

Sal. We do beleue thee, and bespew my soule,

But I do loue the fauour, and the forme

Of this most faire occasion, by the which

We will vntread the steps of damned flight,

And like a bared and retired Flood,

Leauing out ranknesse and irregular course,

Stoope lowe within those bounds we haue ore-look'd,

And calmly run on in obedience

Euen to our Ocean, to our great King *John*.

My arme shall giue thee helpe to beare thee hence,

For

For I do see the cruell pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happie newnesse, that intends old right. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Traine.

Dol. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was loth to set;

But staid, and made the Westerne Welkin blush,

When English measure backward their owne ground

In faint Retire: Oh brauely came we off,

When with a volley of our needlesse shot,

After such bloody toile, we bid good night,

And woo'd our tottering colours clearly vp,

Last in the field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince, the *Dolphin*?

Dol. Heere: what newes?

Mes. The Count *Meloun* is slaine: The English Lords

By his perswasion, are againe false off,

And your supply, which you haue wish'd so long,

Are cast away, and funke on *Goodwin* sands.

Dol. Ah fowle, shrew'd newes. Bespew thy very

I did not thinke to be so sad to night

As this hath made me. Who was he that said

King *John* did flie an houre or two before

The stumbling night did part our wearie powres?

Mes. Who euer spoke it, it is true my Lord.

Dol. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,

The day shall not be vp so soone as I,

To try the faire aduenture of to morrow. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Whose there? Speake ho, speake quickly, or

I shoote.

Bast. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whether doest thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affaires,

As well as thou of mine?

Bast. *Hubert*, I thinke.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will vpon all hazards well beleuee

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please

Thou maist be-friend me so much, as to thinke

I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night,

Haue done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me,

That any accent breaking from thy tongue,

Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.

Bast. Come, come: sans complement, What newes

abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night

To finde you out.

Bast. Breese then: and what's the newes?

Hub. O my sweet fir, newes fitting to the night,

Blacke, fearefull, comfortlesse, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,

I am no woman, Ile not swound at it.

Hub. The King I feare is poyson'd by a Monke,

I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out

To acquaint you with this euill, that you might

The better arme you to the sodaine time,

Then if you had at leisure knowne of this.

Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a resolu'd villaine

Whose Bowels sodainly burst out: The King

Yet speakes, and peradventure may recouer.

Bast. Who didst thou leaue to rend his Maiefty?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come

backe,

And brought Prince *Henry* in their companie,

At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,

And they are all about his Maiefty.

Bast. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heauen,

And tempt vs not to beare about our power.

Ile tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power this night

Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,

These *Lincolne*-Washes haue deuoured them,

My selfe, well mounted, hardly haue escap'd.

Away before: Conduct me to the king,

I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood

Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine

(Which some suppose the soules fraile dwelling house)

Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,

Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highnesse yet doth speak, & holds beleefe,

That being brought into the open ayre,

It would allay the burning qualitie

Of that fell poison which asyleth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:

Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient

Then when you left him; euen now he sung.

Hen. Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames

In their continuance, will not feele themselves.

Death hauing praide vpon the outward parts

Leaves them inuisible, and his feige is now

Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies,

Which in their throng, and presse to that last hold,

Counfound themselves. 'Tis strange y death shold sing:

I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,

Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,

And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings

His soule and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort (*Prince*) for you are borne

To set a forme vpon that indigest

Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude.

John brought in.

John. I marrie, now my soule hath elbow room,

It

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a summer in my bosome,
That all my bowels crumble vp to dust:
I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen
Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrinke vp.

Hen. How fares your Maiefty?

Iob. Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forooke, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his ycie fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdome Riuer take their course
Through my burn'd bosome: nor intreat the North
To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
I begge cold comfort: and you are so straight
And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,
That might releue you.

Iob. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On vnpreceuable condemned blood.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleene of speede, to see your Maiefty.

Iob. Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,
And all the shrowds wherewith my life should faile,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire:

My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be vttered,
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heaven he knowes how we shall answer him,
For in a night the best part of my powre,
As I vpon aduantage did remoue,
Were in the *Wyses* all vnwarily,
Deuoured by the vnspected flood.

Sal. You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Euen so must I run on, and euen so stop.

What fury of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde,
To do the office for thee, of reuenge,
And then my soule shall waite on thee to heauen,

As it on earth hath bene thy seruant still.
Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right spheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly returne with me againe.

To push destruction, and perpetuall shame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:
Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be sought,
The Dolphin rages at our verie heeles.

Sal. It seemes you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinall *Pandolph* is within at rest,
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leaue this warre.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our felues well finew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd
To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall,
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poast
To consummate this businesse happily.

Bast. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.

Hen. At Worcester must his bodie be interr'd,
For so he will it.

Bast. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet selfe put on
The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull seruices
And true subiection euerlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our loue wee make
To rest without a spot for euermore.

Hen. I haue a kinde soule, that would giue thanks,
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.

Bast. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath bene before hand with our griefes,
This England neuer did, nor neuer shall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.

Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shooke them: Naught shall make vs rue,
If England to it selfe, do rest but true.



The life and death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

*Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles
and Attendants.*

King Richard.

Ed John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither *Henry* Herford thy bold son:
Heere to make good s'boistrous late appeale,
Which then our leysure would not let vs heare,

Against the Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I haue my Liege:

King. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,

Or worthily as a good subiect should
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.

Gaunt. As neere as I could lift him on that argument,
On some apparant danger seene in him,
Aym'd at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our felues will heare
Th'accuser, and the accused, freely speake;
High stomack'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea; hastic as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.

Mow. Each day still better others happinesse,
Vntill the heauens enuiying earths good hap,
Adde an immortal title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs;
As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.

Bul. First, heauen be the record to my speech,
In the deuotion of a subiects loue,

Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,

Come I appealant to this Princely presence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turne to thee,

And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,
My body shall make good vpon this earth,

Or my diuine soule answer it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Miscreant;

Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since the more faire and chaste the sky is,

The vglie seeme the cloudes that in it flye:

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foule Traitors name stufte I thy throne,
And with (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong speaks, my right drawn sword may proue.

Mow. Let not my cold words heere accuse my zeale:
'Tis not the trial of a Womans warre,

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine:

The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,

As to be husht, and nought at all to say.
First the faire reuerence of your Highnesse curbes mee,

From giuing reines and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would poast, vntill it had return'd

These tearmes of treason, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aside his high bloods royalty,

And let him be no Kinsman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I spit at him,

Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes;

And meete him, were I tide to runne a foote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,

Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Englishman durst set his foote.

Meane time, let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes most falsely dorth he lie:

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming heere the kindred of a King,

And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.

If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then stoope.

By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,

What I haue spoken, or thou canst deuise.
Mow. I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,

Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,
He answer thee in any faire degree,

Or Chiuallrous designe of knightly triall:
And when I mount, aloue may I not light,

If I be Traitor, or vniustly fight.
King. What doth our Cofin lay to *Mowbrays* charge?

It must be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I said, my life shall proue it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiu'd eight thousand Nobles,

In

Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue
And louing farwell of our feuerall friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craues to kisse your hand, and take his leaue.

Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our armes.
Cofin of Herford, as thy caufe is iust,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* speare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight

Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Cofin) Lord *Annerle*;
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerefully drawing breath.

Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regreete
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,

Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee vp
To reach at victory about my head,
Adde prooue vnto mine Armour with thy prayres,
And with thy blessings steale my Lances point,
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,
And furnish new the name of *John a Gaunt*,
Euen in the lusty hauiour of his sonne.

Gaunt. Heauen in thy good caufe make thee prosp'rous
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.

Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.

Bul. Mine innocence, and S. *George* to thrice.

Mow. How euer heauen or fortune cast my lot,
There liues, or dies, true to Kings *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captiue with a freer heart,
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More then my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Bartell, with mine Aduersarie.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to iest,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet brest.

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I espy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marshall, and begin.

Mar. *Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby*,
Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.

Mar. Go beare this Lance to *Thomas D. of Norfolk*.

1. *Har.* *Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby*,
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false, and recreant,
To proue the Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

2. *Har.* Here standeth *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:
Couragiously, and with a free desire

Attending but the signall to begin.

Mar. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.

Rich. Let them lay by their Helacets & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.

A long Flourish.

Draw neere and list

What with our Councell we haue done.

For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyld

With that deere blood which it hath softred,

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of ciuill wounds plough'd vp with neighbors swords,

Which so reuz'd vp with boystrous vntun'd drummes,

With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,

And grating shoocke of wrathfull yron Armes,

Might from our quiet Confinnes fright faire peace,

And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:

Therefore, we banish you our Territories.

You Cofin *Herford*, vpon paine of death,

Till twice fise Summers haue enrich'd our fields,

Shall not regret our faire dominions,

But treade the stranger pathes of banishment.

Bul. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,

That Sun that warms you here, shall shine on me:

And those his golden beames to you here lent,

Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. *Norfolke*: for thee remains a heavier dome,

Which I with some vnwillingnesse pronounce,

The slye slow houres shall not determinate

The datelesse limit of thy deere exile:

The hopelesse word, of Neuer to returne,

Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Mow. A heavy sentence, my most Soueraigne Liege,

And all vnlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:

A deerer merit, not so deepe a maine,

As to be cast forth in the common ayre

Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands.

The Language I haue leard these forty yeares

(My native English) now I must forgo,

And now my tongues vs is to me no more,

Then an vnstringed Vyall, or a Harpe,

Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd vp,

Or being open, put into his hands

That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,

Doubly percullist with my teeth and lippes,

And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,

Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:

I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurle,

Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:

What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate,

After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light

To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

Rich. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,

Lay on our Royall sword, your banisht hands;

Sweare by the duty that you owe to heauen

(Our part therein we banish with your selues)

To keepe the Oath that we administer:

You neuer shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heauen)

Embrace each others loue in banishment,

Nor euer looke vpon each others face,

Not

Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor euer by aduised purpose meete
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainst Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.

Bul. I sweare.

Mow. And I, to keepe all this.

Bul. *Norfolke*, so fare, as to mine enemy,

By this time (had the King permitted vs)

One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,

Banish'd this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,

As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.

Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou flye this Realme,

Since thou hast farre to go, beare not along

The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.

Mow. No *Bullingbroke*: If euer I were Traitor,

My name be blotted from the booke of Life,

And I from heauen banish'd, as from hence:

But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,

And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.

Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,

Sauie backe to England, all the worlds my way.

Rich. Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes

I see thy greued heart: thy sad aspect,

Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares

Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters spent,

Returne with welcome home, from banishment.

Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:

Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton springs

End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me

He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile:

But little vantage shall I reape thereby.

For ere the fixe yeares that he hath to spend

Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,

My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewasted light

Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night:

My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,

And blindfold death, nor let me see my sonne.

Rich. Why Vncle, thou hast many yeeres to liue.

Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue;

Shorten my dayes thou canst with sudden sorow,

And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:

Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:

Thy word is currant with him, for my death,

But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

Rich. Thy sonne is banish'd vpon good aduice,

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gaue,

Why at our Iustice seem'st thou then to lowre?

Gaunt. Things sweet to tast, proue in digestion sowre:

You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather

you would haue bid me argue like a Father.

Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,

I was too strict to make mine owne away:

But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong,

Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

Rich. Cofine farewell: and Vncle bid him so:

Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

Flourish.

An. Cofine farewell: what presence must not know

From where you do remaine; let paper show.

Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride

As farre as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hard thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Bul. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time.

Bul. Ioy absent, greefe is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is fixe Winters, they are quickly gone?

Bul. To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten.

Gaunt. Call it a trauell that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Bul. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,

Which findes it an enforced Pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The fullen passage of thy weary steppes

Esseme a soyle, whereto thou art to set.

The precious lewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand

By thinking on the frostie *Caucasus*?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

by bare imagination of a Feast?

Or Wallow naked in December snow

by thinking on fantastick summers heate?

Oh no, the apprehension of the good

Giues but the greater feeling to the worse:

Fell sorrowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more

Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come (my son) Ile bring thee on thy way

Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell: sweet soil adieu,

My Mother, and my Nurle, which beares me yet:

Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,

Though banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scena Quarta.

Enter King, *Annerle*, *Greene*, and *Bagot*.

Rich. We did obserue. Cofine *Annerle*,

How far brought you high *Herford* on his way?

Annerle. I brought high *Herford* (if you call him so)

but to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Annerle. Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind

Which then grew bitterly against our face,

Awak'd the sleepey rhowme, and so by chance

Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

Rich. What said our Cofin when you parted with him?

Annerle. Farewell: and for my hart disdain'd y my tongue

Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft

To counterfeit oppression of such greefe,

That word seem'd buried in my sorrowes graue.

Marry, would the word *Farewell*, haue lengthen'd hures,

And added yeeres to his short banishment,

He should haue had a volume of *Farewells*,

but since it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Cofin (Cofin) but 'tis doubt,

When time shall call him home from banishment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,

Our selfe, and *Bulby*: heere *Bagot* and *Greene*

Obfer'd his Courtship to the common people:

How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,

With hamble, and familiar courtesie,

What reuerence he did throw away on slauers;

Wooing poore Craftel-men, with the craft of soules,

And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,

As 'twere to banish their affects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster-wench,

A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my Countrymen, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubjects next degree in hope.

Cr. Well, he is gone, & with him go theſe thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage muſt be made my Liege,
Ere further leiſure, yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your Highneſſe loſſe.

Ric. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this warre,
And for our Coſſers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largeſſe, are growne ſomewhat light,
We are inforced to arme our royall Realme,
The Reuennew whereof ſhall furniſh vs
For our affayres in hand: If that come ſhort
Our Subſtitutes at home ſhall haue Blanke-charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummies of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

Buſhy. what newes?

Bu. Old *John of Gaunt* is verie ſicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To entreat your Maieſty to viſit him.

Ric. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely houſe.

Ric. Now put it (heauen) in his Phyſitians minde,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lining of his coſſers ſhall make Coates
To decke our ſouldiers for theſe Iriſh warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heauen we may make haſt, and come too late. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, ſicke with Torke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt
In whoſome counſell to his vnſlaid youth?

Tor. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtrive not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counſell to his care.

Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying men
Inforced attention like deepe harmony;
Where words are ſcarſe, they are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more,
Then they whom youth and eaſe haue taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends mark, then their liues before,
The ſetting Sun, and Muſicke is the cloſe
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes, is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my liues counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale, may yet vndeafe his care.

Tor. No, it is ſtopt with other flatring ſounds
As praifes of his ſtate: then there are ſound
Laciuious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open care of youth doth alwayes liſten,
Report of faſhions in proud Italy,
Whoſe manners ſtill our rardie apiſh Nation
Limps after in baſe imitation.

Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his eares:
That all too late comes counſell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelfe will chooſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.

Gau. Me thinks I am a Prophet new inſpir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His raſh fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laſt,
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Small ſhowres laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort,
He tyres betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming meanes ſoone preyes vpon it ſelfe.

This royall Throne of Kings, this ſceptred Ile,
This earth of Maieſty, this ſeat of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradife,
This Portrefe built by Nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infection, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone, ſet in the ſiluer ſea,
Which ſerues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate deſenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the enuy of leſſe happier Lands,
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurſe, this reeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Chriſtian ſeruiſe, and true Chiuallrie,
As is the ſepulcher in ſubborne *Tury*
Of the Worlds ranſome, bleſſed *Maries* Sonne,
This Land of ſuch deere ſoules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.

England bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beates backe the enuious ſedge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe.
Ah! would the ſcandall vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

*Enter King, Queene, Ammerle, Buſhy, Greene,
Bager, Roſ, and Willoughby.*

Tor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Qu. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaſter?

Ric. What comfort man? How liſt with aged *Gaunt*?

Ga. Oh how that name befits my compoſition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grieſe hath kept a tedious faſt,
And who abſtaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breeds leanneſſe, leanneſſe is all gaunt.
The pleaſure that ſome Fathers feede vpon,
Is my ſtriſt faſt, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein faſting, haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whoſe hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.

Ric. Can ſicke men play ſo nicely with their names?

Gau. No, miſery makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in mee,

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
Ric. Should dying men flatter thoſe that liue?
Gau. No, no, men liuing flatter thoſe that dye.
Ric. Thou now a dying, ſayſt thou flatter'ſt me.
Gau. Oh no, thou dyeſt, though I the ſicker be.
Ric. I am in health, I breath, I ſee thee ill.
Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I ſee thee ill:

Ill in my ſelfe to ſee, and in thee, ſeeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no leſſer then the Land,
Wherein thou lyeſt in reputation ſicke,
And thou too care-leſſe patient as thou art,
Commit'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe Phyſitians, that firſt wounded thee.
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy Crowne,
Whoſe compaſſe is no bigger then thy head,
And yet incaged in ſo ſmall a Verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer then thy Land:
Oh had thy Grandſire with a Prophets eye,
Scene how his ſonnes ſoone ſhould deſtroy his ſonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt,
Which art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelfe.
Why (Cofine) wereſt thou Regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let his Land by leaſe:
But for thy world enioying but this Land,
Is it not more then ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy ſtate of Law, is bondſlaue to the law,
And

Ric. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Preſuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Da'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheekes, chafing the Royall blood
With fury, from his native reſidence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Maieſtie,
Wer't thou not Brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runs for roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent ſhoulders.

Gau. Oh ſpare me not, my brothers *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou haſt rapt out, and drunkenly carow'd.
My brother Glouceſter, plaine well meaning ſoule
(Whom faire befall in heauen mongſt happy ſoules)
May be a preſident, and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood:
Ioyne with the preſent ſickneſſe that I haue,
And thy vnkindneſſe be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
Liue in thy ſhame, but dye not ſhame with thee,
Theſe words hereafter, thy tormentors bee.
Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honor haue. *Exit*

Ric. And let them dye, that age and ſullens haue,
For both haſt thou, and both become the graue.

Tor. I do beſeech your Maieſtie impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſſe, and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere
As *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, were he heere.

Ric. Right, you ſay true: as *Herfords* loue, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Tor. My Liege, olde *Gaunt* commendeth him to your
Maieſtie.

Ric. What ſayes he?

Nor. Nay nothing, all is ſaid:

His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaſter hath ſpent.

Tor. Be *Yorke* the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

Ric. The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he,
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our Iriſh warres,
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which liue like venom, where no venom elſe
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for theſe great affayres do aſke ſome charge
Towards our aſſiſtance, we do ſeize to vs
The plate, coine, reuennewes, and mouebles,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.

Tor. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Glouceſters* death, nor *Herfords* baniſhment,
Nor *Gaunt*'s rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,
About his marriage, nor my owne diſgrace
Haue euer made me ſowre my patient cheekes,
Or bend one wrinkle on my Soueraignes face:
I am the laſt of noble *Edwards* ſonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was firſt,
In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde,
Then was that young and Princely Gentleman,
His face thou haſt, for euen ſo look'd he
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy howers:
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend: and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kione:
Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too faire gone with greeſe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betwene.

Ric. Why Vncle,

What's the matter?

Tor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleaſe, if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of baniſh'd *Herford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Herford* liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iuſt? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deferue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deſeruing ſonne?
Take *Herfords* rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cuſtomarie rights:
Let not to morrow then inſue to day,
Be not thy ſelfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire ſequence and ſucceſſion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you do wrongfully ſeize *Herfords* right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atturneys generally, to ſue
His Liuerie, and denie his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,
And prickte my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honor and allegiance cannot thinke.

Ric. Thinke what you will: we ſeize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Tor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,

What will ensue heereof, there's none can tell.

But by bad counsels may be vnderstood,
That their euent can neuer fall our good.

Rich. Go *Busbie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* streight,
Bid him repaire to vs to *Ely* house,

To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:

And we create in absence of our selfe

Our Vncle *Yorke*, Lord Gouernor of *England*:

For he is iust, and alwayes lou'd vs well.

Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,

Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Manet North, Willoughby, & Ross.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of *Lancaster* is dead.

Ross. And living too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Wil. Barely in title, not in reuennew.

Nor. Richly in both, if iustice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great: but it must break with silence,

Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.

Nor. Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'r speak more

That speaks thy words againe to do thee harme.

Wil. Tends that thou'dst speake to th' Du. of *Hereford*,

If it be so, out with it boldly man,

Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,

Vnlesse you call it good to pitie him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.

Nor. Now afore heauen, 'tis shame such wrongs are

borne,

In him a royall Prince, and many moe

Of noble blood in this declining Land;

The King is not himselfe, but basely led

By flatterers, and what they will informe

Meerely in hate 'gainst any of vs all,

That will the King severely prosecute

'Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires,

Ross. The Commons hath be pil'd with greuous taxes

And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Wil. And daily new exactions are deu's'd,

As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what:

But what o' Gods name doth become of this?

Nor. Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not.

But basely yielded vpon comprimize,

That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes:

More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

Ross. The Earle of *Wiltshire* hath the realme in *Farme*.

Wil. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him.

Ross. He hath not monie for these Irish warres:

(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)

But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

Nor. His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:

But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,

Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme:

We see the winde sit fore vpon our sailes,

And yet we strike not, but securely perissh.

Ross. We see the very wracke that we must suffer,

And vnauoyded is the danger now

For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

Nor. Not so: euen through the hollow eyes of death,

I spie life peering: but I dare not say

How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours

Ross. Be confident to speake *Northumberland*,

We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

Nor. Then thus: I haue from *Portle Blau*

A Bay in *Britaine*, recei'd intelligence,

That *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, *Ramald* Lord *Cobham*,

That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,

His brother Archbishop, late of *Canterbury*,

Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainsford*,

Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quint*,

All these well furnisht by the Duke of *Britaine*,

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre

Are making hither with all due expedience,

And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay

The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.

If then we shall shake off our flauish yoke,

Impe our out drooping Countries broken wing,

Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,

Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,

And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,

Away with me in poste to *Rauensturg*,

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

Ross. To horle, to horle, vrge doubts to them y' feare.

Wil. Hold out my horle, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Busby, and Bagor.

Busb. Madam, your Maiesty is too much sad,

You promis'd when you parted with the King,

To lay aside selfe-harming heauinesse,

And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Qu. To please the King, I did: to please my selfe

I cannot do it: yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,

Sauie bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet *Richard*: yet againe me thinkes,

Some vnborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe

Is comming towards me, and my inward soule

With nothing trembles, at something it greues,

More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Busb. Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadowes

Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so:

For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,

Diuides one thing intire, to many objects,

Like perspectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon

Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,

Distinguish forme: so your sweet Maiestie

Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,

Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waile,

Which look'd on as it is, is naught but shadowes

Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,

More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eye, (scene)

Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.

Qu. It may be so: but yet my inward soule

Perfwades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,

I cannot but be sad: so heauy sad,

As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,

Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrinke.

Busb. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady)

Queene.

Qu. 'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriu'd

From some fore-father greefe, mine is not so,

For nothing hath begot my something greefe,

Or something, hath the nothing that I greefe,

'Tis in reuerfion that I do possesse,

But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what

I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gre. Heauen saue your Maiesty, and wel met Gentle-

I hope the King is not yet shipt for *Ireland*. (men)

Qu. Why hop'st thou so? I is better hope he is:

For his designs craue hast, his hast good hope,

Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Gre. That he our hope, might haue retr'y'd his power,

and driuen into dispaire an enemies hope,

Who strongly hath set footing in this Land.

The banish'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,

And with vp-lifted Armes is safe arriu'd

At *Rauensturg*.

Qu. Now God in heauen forbid.

Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse,

The *L. Northumberland*, his yong sonne *Henrie Percie*,

The Lords of *Rosse*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,

With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.

Busb. Why haue you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*

And the rest of the reuolted faction, Traitors?

Gre. We haue: where vpon the Earle of *Worcester*

Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,

And al the household seruants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*.

Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,

And *Bullinbrooke* my sorrowes dismall heyre:

Now hath my soule brought forth her prodegie,

And I a gasping new deliuered mother,

Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyn'd.

Busb. Dispaire not Madam.

Qu. Who shall hinder me?

I will dispaire, and be at enmitie

With couzening hope; he is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper backe of death,

Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,

Which false hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke.

Gre. Heere comes the Duke of *Yorke*.

Qu. With signes of warre about his aged necke,

Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:

Vncle, for heauens sake speake comfortable words:

Yor. Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,

Where nothing liues but crosses, care and greefe:

Your husband he is gone to saue farre off,

Whilst others come to make him loose at home:

Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land,

Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe:

Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,

Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a servant.

Ser. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

Yor. He was: why so: go all which way it will:

The Nobler they are fled, the Commons they are cold,

And will I feare reuolt on *Herfords* side.

Sit, get thee to *Plaihic* to my sister *Gloster*,

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,

Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot

To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,

But I shal greene you to report the rest.

Yor. What is't knaue?

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutcheffe di'd.

Yor. Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes

Come rushing on this wofull Land at once?

I know not what to do: I would to heauen

(So my vnt ruth had not prouok'd him to it)

The King had cut off my head with my brothers.

What, are there postes dispatcht for *Ireland*?

How shall we do for money for these warres?

Come sister (Cozen I would say) pray pardon me.

Go fellow, get thee home, pouide some Caris,

And bring away the Armour that is there,

Gentlemen, will you muster men?

If I know how, or which way so order these affaires

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,

Neuer beleue me. Both are my kinsmen,

Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath

And dutie bids defend: th'other againe

Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,

Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right:

Well, somewhat we must do: Come Cozen,

Ile dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,

And meet me presently at *Barkley* Castle.

I should to *Plaihy* too: but time will not permit,

All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at six and seuen. *Exit*

Busb. The winde fits faire for newes to go to *Ireland*,

But none returns: For vs to leuy power

Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impossible.

Gr. Besides our necessities to the King in loue,

Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

Busb. And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue

Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,

By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Busb. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd

Bag. If iudgement lye in them, then so do we,

Because we haue bene euer neere the King.

Gr. Well: I will for refuge straight to *Bristol* Castle,

The Earle of *Wiltshire* is already there.

Busb. Thither will I with you, for little office

Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,

Except like Curres, to reare vs all in peeces:

Will you go along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to *Ireland* to his Maiestie:

Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,

We three here part, that neu'r shall meete againe.

Busb. That's as *Yorke* thriues to beate back *Bullinbrooke*

Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes

Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans drie,

Where one on his side fights thousands will flye.

Busb. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.

Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer. *Exit.*

Making the hard way sweet and delectable:

But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
From Rauenspurgh to Cottshold will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousnesse, and proceesse of my trauell:
But theirs is sweetned with the hope to haue
The present benefit that I possesse;
And hope to ioy, is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope enioy'd: By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By fight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.
Bull. Of much lesse value is my Companie,
Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter *H. Percie*.

North. It is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie*,
Sent from my Brother *Worcester*: Whence soeuer.
Harry, how fares your Vnckle?

Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his
health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queene?

Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and disperst
The Household of the King.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolu'd, when we last spake together.

Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me ouer by *Barkely*, to discouer
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenspurgh.

North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)

Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now: this is the
Duke.

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
To more approoued seruice, and desert.

Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be sure
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a Soule remembring my good Friends:
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,
It shall be fill thy true Loues recompence,
My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus seales it.

North. How farre is it to *Barkely*? and what stirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his Men of Warre?

Percie. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymour*,
None else of Name, and noble estimate.

Enter *Rosse* and *Willoughby*.

North. Here come the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with spurring, fierie red with haste.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues
A banisht Traytor; all my Treasurie
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.

Rosse. Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord.

Will. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bull. Euer more thanks, th' Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?

Enter *Barkely*.

North. It is my Lord of *Barkely*, as I ghesse.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you.

Bull. My Lord, my Answer is to *Lancaster*,

And I am come to seeke that Name in England,

And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,

Before I make reply to aught you say.

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning

To raze one Title of your Honour out.

To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)

From the most glorious of this Land,

The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on

To take aduantage of the absent time,

And fight our Native Peace with selfe-borne Armes.

Enter *Yorke*.

Bull. I shall not need transport my words by you,

Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Vnckle,

Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,

Whose dutie is deceivable, and false.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle.

Yorke. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,

I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace,

In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane.

Why haue these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,

Dar'd once to touch a Dust of Englands Ground?

But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march

So many miles vpon her peacefull Bosome,

Frighing her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,

And ostentation of despised Armes?

Com'st thou because th'ancyned King is hence?

Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,

And in my loyal Bosome lyes his power,

Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,

As when braue *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my selfe

Rescued the *Black Prince*, that yong *Mars* of men,

From forth the Ranks of many thousand French;

Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,

Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,

And minister correction to thy Fault.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,

On what Condition stands it, and wherein?

Yorke. Euen in Condition of the worst degree,

In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason:

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come

Before th'expiration of thy time,

In brauing Armes against thy Soueraigne.

Bull. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford,

But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.

And Noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace

Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:

You are my Father, for me thinkes in you

I see old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then my Father,

Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd

A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties

Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away

To vpstart Vnchrist? Wherefore was I borne?

If that my Cousin King, be King of England,

It must be graunted, I am Duke of *Lancaster*.

You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kin'sman,

Had you first died, and he bene thus trod downe,

He should haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,

To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay.

I am denyde to sue my Liuerie here,

And yet my Letters Patents giue me leaue:

My Fathers goods are all distraynd, and sold,

And these, and all, are all amisse imployd.

What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,

And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me;

And therefore personally I lay my claime

To my Inheritance of free Discent.

North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd,

Rosse. It stands your Grace vpon, to doe him right,

Will. Base men by his endowments are made great.

Yorke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,

I haue had feeling of my Cousens Wrongs,

And labour'd all I could to doe him right:

But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,

Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way,

To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;

And you that doe abett him in this kind,

Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The Noble Duke hath sworn his comming is

But for his owne; and for the right of that,

Wee all haue strongly sworn to giue him ayd,

And let him ne'r see Ioy, that breakes that Oath.

Yorke. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,

I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,

Because my power is weake, and all ill left:

But if I could, by him that gaue me life,

I would attach you all, and make you sloopie

Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.

But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,

I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,

Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,

And there repose you for this Night.

Bull. An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:

But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs

To *Bristow* Castle, which they say is held

By *Busbie*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,

The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,

Which I haue sworn to weed, and plucke away.

Yorke. It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawse,

For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:

Not Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,

Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Salisbury*, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of *Salisbury*, we haue stayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countreymen together,

And yet we heare no tidings from the King;

Therefore we will disperse our selues: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman,

The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;

The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,

And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen;

The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,

And leane-look'd Prophets whisper fearefull change;

Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,

The one in feare, to loose what they enioy,

The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre;

These signes fore-run the death of Kings.

Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled;

As well assur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauie mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnrest:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,
And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter *Bullingbrooke*, *Yorke*, *Northumberland*,
Rosse, *Percie*, *Willoughby*, with *Busbie*
and Greene Prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men:

Busbie and *Greene*, I will not vex your soules,
(Since presently your soules must part your bodies)
With too much vrging your pernicious liues,
For 'twere no Charitie: yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your deaths.
You haue misled a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you vnhappy, and disfigur'd cleane:
You haue in manner with your sinfull houres
Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,
And slay'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawn from her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till you did make him mis-interpret me,
Haue stoopt my neck vnder your iniuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forraine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
While you haue fed vpon my Seignories,
Dis-park'd my Parkes, and sell'd my Forrest Woods;
From mine owne Windows torne my Household Coat,
Raz'd out my Impresse, leauing me no signe,
Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To shew the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
To execution, and the hand of death.

Busbie. More welcome is the stroake of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.

Greene. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our soules,
And plague Iniustice with the paines of Hell.

Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd:

Vnckle, you say the Queene is at your House,

For Heauens sake fairely let her be entreated,

Tell her I send to her my kind commends;

Take speciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd.

Yorke. A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatch'd

With Letters of your loue, to her at large.

Bull. Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away,

To fight with *Glendoune*, and his Complices;

A while to worke, and after holliday. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlisle, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
An. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
 After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for ioy
 To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.

Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
 Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooves:

As a long parted Mother with her Child,
 Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;

So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,
 And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.

Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
 Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauinous sence:

But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,
 And heauie-gated Toades lye in their way,

Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
 Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee.

Yield stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
 And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,

Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
 Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch

Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.
 Mock not my fencelesse Coniuration, Lords;

This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones
 Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Native King

Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.
Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King

Hath power to keepe you King, in spite of all.
Ann. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,

Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through our securitie,
 Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.

Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,
 That when the searching Eye of Heauen is hid

Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
 Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnleene,

In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here:
 But when from vnder this Terrestrial Ball

He fires the proud tops of the Easterne Pines,
 And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,

Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes
 (The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
 So when this Theefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,

Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,
 Shall see vs rising in our Throne, the East,

His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of Day;

But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.
 Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea

Can wash the Balm from an anoynted King;
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The Deputie elected by the Lord:
 For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,

To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,
 Heauen for his *Richard* hath in heauenly pay

A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
 Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?
Salib. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,

Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,
 And bids me speake of nothing but despaire:

One day, too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
 Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth:

Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,
 And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:

To day, to day, yn happy day too late
 Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State:

For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, disperst, and fled.

Ann. Comfort my Liege, why looks your Grace so
 pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand men
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;

And till so much blood thither come againe,
 Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead?

All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side,
 For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

Ann. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.
Rich. I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?

Awake thou sluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest:
 Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?

Arme, arme my Name: a punie subiect strikes
 At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,

Ye Favorites of a King: are wee not high?
 High be our thoughts: I know my Vnckle *Torke*

Hath Power enough to serue our turne.
 But who comes here? Enter *Scroope*.

Scroope. More health and happinesse betide my Liege,
 Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliuer him.

Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:
 The worst is worldly losse, thou canst vnfold:

Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:
 And what losse is it to be rid of Care?

Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as Great as wee?
 Greater he shall not be: If hee serue God,

Wee'l serue him too, and be his Fellow so.
 Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,

They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs:
 Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,

The worst is Death, and Death will haue his day.
Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd

To beare the tidings of Calamitie.
 Like an vnseasonable stormie day,

Which make the Silver Riuer drowne their Shores,
 As if the World were all dissol'd to teares:

So high, above his Limits, swells the Rage
 Of *Bullingbrooke*, couering your fearefull Land:

With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
 White Beares haue arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps

Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
 Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female joints

In stiffe vnwielde Armes: against thy Crowne
 Thy very Bead-men learne to bend their Bowes

Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State
 Yea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills:

Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,
 And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.
 Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is *Bagot*?

What is become of *Bushie*? where is *Greene*?
 That

That they haue let the dangerous Enemie
 Measure our Confinnes with such peacefull steps?
 If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.
Scroope. Peace haue they made with him indeede (my

Lord.)
Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,

Dogges, easily woo'd to fawne on any man,
 Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,

Three Iudas'es, each one thrice worse then *Iudas*,
 Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre

Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence.
Scroope. Sweet Loue (I see) changing his propertie,

Turnes to the fowrest, and most deadly hate:
 Again vncurse their Soules; their peace is made

With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you curse
 Haue felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,

And lye full low, graue'd in the hollow ground.
Ann. Is *Bushie*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltshire

dead?
Scroope. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

Ann. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?
Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake:

Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
 Make Dust our Paper, and with Raynie eyes

Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.
 Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:

And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
 Saue our deposted bodies to the ground?

Our Lands, our Liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
 And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,

And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
 Which serues as Paste, and Couer to our Bones:

For Heauens sake let vs sit vpon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:

How some haue been depos'd, some slaine in warre,
 Some haunted by the Ghosts they haue depos'd,

Some payson'd by their Wiues, some sleeping kill'd,
 All murder'd. For within the hollow Crowne

That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
 Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits

Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
 Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,

To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
 Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,

As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
 Were Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,

Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne
 Bores through his Cattle Walls, and farwell King.

Couer your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemne Reuerence: throw away Respect,

Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
 For you haue but mistooke me all this while:

I lye with Bread like you, feeble Want,
 Taste Griefe, need Friends: subiected thus,

How can you say to me, I am a King?
Carl. My Lord, wife men ne're waile their present woes,

But presently preuent the wayes to waile:
 To feare the Foe, since feare oppresseth strength,

Giues in your weaknesse, strength vnto your Foe;
 Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,

And fight and die, is death destroying death,
 Where fearing, dying, payes death seruile breath.

Ann. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
 And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come
 To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:

This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne,
 An easie taske it is to winne our owne.

Say *Scroope*, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power?
 Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be fowre.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie
 The state and inclination of the day;

So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:
 My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to say:

I play the Torturer, by small and small
 To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.

Your Vnckle *Torke* is ioy'n'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
 And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,

And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
 Vpon his Faction.

Rich. Thou hast said enough,
 Bestrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth

Of that sweet way I was in, to despaire:
 What say you now? What comfort haue we now?

By Heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
 That bids me be of comfort any more.

Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
 A King, Woes slave, shall Kingly Woe obey:

That Power I haue, discharge, and let 'em goe
 To care the Land, that hath some hope to grow,

For I haue none. Let no man speake againe
 To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.

Ann. My Liege, one word.
Rich. He does me double wrong,

That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,
 Discharge my followers: let them hence away,

From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day.
 Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, *Bullingbrooke*,
Torke, *Northumberland*, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
 The Welchmen are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*

Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
 With some few priuate friends, vpon this Coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

Torke. It would befeeme the Lord *Northumberland*,
 To say King *Richard*: alack the heauie day,

When such a sacred King should hide his head.
North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be brieue,

Left I his Title out.
Torke. The time hath beene,

Would you haue beene so brieue with him, he would
 Haue beene so brieue with you, to shorten you,

For taking so the Head, your whole heads length.
Bull. Mistake not (Vnckle) farther then you should,

Torke. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should.
 Least you mistake the Heauens are ore your head.

Bull. I know it (Vnckle) and oppose not my selfe
 Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter *Percie*.

Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Castle yeeld?
Per. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,

Against thy entrance.
Bull. Roy-

Bull. Royally? Why, it contains no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King: King Richard lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, besides a Clergie man
Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot learne.

North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Bull. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,
Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer:
Henry Bullingbrooke vpon his knees doth kisse
King *Richard's* hand, and sends allegiance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Person: hither come
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Provided, that my Banishment repeal'd,

And Lands restor'd againe, be freely graunted:
If not, Ile vse th' aduantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers dust with showers of blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, such Crumson Tempest should bedrench
The fresh Greene Lep of faire King *Richard's* Land,
My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew.

Goe signifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Grassie Carpet of this Plaine:

Let's march without the noyle of threatening Drum,
That from this Castles tatter'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.

Me thinkes King *Richard* and my selfe should meet
With no lesse terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen:

Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.

March on, and marke King *Richard* how he looks.

Parle without, and answer within: then a Flourish.
Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroope,
Salisbury.

See, see, King *Richard* doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tract
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Tork. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Maieftie: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

Rich. Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we stood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awfull dutie to our presence?

If we be not, shew vs the Hand of God,
That hath dismiss'd vs from our Stewardship,
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he doe prophane, steale, or vsurpe.

And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,
Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,
Is maistring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,

Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbeget,
That lift your Vassall Hands against my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinkes he is,
That euery stride he makes vpon my Land,
Is dangerous Treason: He is come to ope
The purple Testament of bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crowne he looks for, lye in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Pastors Grasse with faithfull English Blood.

North. The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King
Should so with ciuill and vnciuill Armes
Be rush'd vpon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the Honorable Tombe he swears,
That stands vpon your Royall Grandfires Bones,
And by the Royalities of both your Bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne, or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his Lineall Royalities, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:

Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to Rust,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull seruice of your Maieftie:

This swears he, as he is a Prince, is iust,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

Rich. *Northumberland*, say thus: The King returns,
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:

With all the gracious vterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commands.
We doe debate our selfe (Cousin) doe we not,
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?

Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send
Defiance to the Traytor, and so die?

Ann. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful Swords.

Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off againe
With words of sooth: Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or lesser then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I haue beene,
Or not remember what I must be now:

Swell't thou proud heart? Ile giue thee scope to beat,
Since Foes haue scope to beat both thee and me.

Ann. *Northumberland* comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. What must the King doe now? must he submit?
The King shall doe it: Must he be depos'd?

The King shall be contented: Must he loose
The Name of King? O' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile giue my Jewels for a fet of Beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we deuise here in this Garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of Care?

La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.

Qu. I will make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.

La. Madame, wee'le Dance.

Qu. My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no measure keeps in Griefe.

Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.

La. Madame, wee'le tell Tales.

Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?

La. Of cyther, Madame.

Qu. Of neyther, Girle.

For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:

Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,

It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy:

For what I haue, I need not to repeat;

And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

La. Madame, Ile sing.

Qu. 'Tis well that thou hast cause:

But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe.

La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.

Qu. And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,
And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.

But stay, here comes the Gardiners,

Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.

My wretchednesse, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,

They'le talke of State: for euery one doth so,

Against a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.

Gard. Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,

Which like vnuly Children, make their Syre

Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight:

Giue some supportance to the bending twiggies.

Goe thou, and like an Executioner

Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,

That looke too lostie in our Common-wealth:

All must be euen, in our Gouernment.

You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away

The noysome Weedes, that without profit sucke

The Soyles fertilitie from wholesome flowers.

Ser. Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,

Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,

Shewing as in a Modell our firme Estate?

When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,

Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt vp,

Her Fruit-trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,

Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes

Swarming with Carerpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,

Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Lease.

The Weedes that his broad-spreading Leaues did shelter,

That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,

Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:

I meane, the Earle of Wilshire, *Bushie*, *Greene*.

Ser. What.

My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
A little little Graue, an obscure Graue.
Or Ile be buried in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet
May howrely trample on their Soueraignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilest I lye;
And buried once, why not vpon my Head?

Aumerle, thou weep'st (my tender-hearted Cousin)
Wee'le make foule Weather with despised Teares:

Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Death in this reuolting Land.

Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares?

As thus: to drop them still vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,

Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, there lyes
Two Kinsmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?

Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I see
I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.

Most mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What sayes King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Maieftie

Giue *Richard* leaue to lye, till *Richard* die?

You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* sayes I.

North. My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.

Rich. Downe, downe I come, like glit'ring Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of vnuly Iades.

In the base Court? base Court, where Kings grow base,
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.

In the base Court come down: down Court, down King,
For night-Owls shrike, where mourning Larks should sing.

Bull. What sayes his Maieftie?

North. Sorrow, and griefe of heart
Makes him speake fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Maieftie.

My gracious Lord.

Rich. Faire Cousin,
You debase your Princely Knee,

To make the base Earth proud with kissing it,
Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Loue,

Then my vnpleas'd Eye see your Courtresie.

Vp Cousin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,
Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.

Rich. Well you deseru'd:
They well deserue to haue,

That know the strong't, and surest way to get.
Vnckle giue me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes,

Teares shew their Loue, but want their Remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.

What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to do,
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe.

Set on towards London:
Cousin, is it so?

Bull. Yea, my good Lord.

Rich. Then I must not say, no.

Flourish. *Exeunt.*

Ser. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
 And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
 Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not so trim'd
 And drest his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
 And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
 Least being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,
 With too much riches it confound it selfe?
 Had he done so, to great and growing men,
 They might have liv'd to beare, and he to taste
 Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches
 We lop away, that bearing boughes may live:
 Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
 Which wafte and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.
Ser. What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?
Gard. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
 'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night
 To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
 That tell blacke tydings.
Qu. Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking:
 Thou old *Adams* likeness, see to dresse this Garden:
 How darest thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing
 What Eue? of what Serpent hath fuggest thee, (newes
 To make a second fall of curst man?
 Why do'st thou say, King *Richard* is depos'd,
 Dar'st thou, thou little better thing then earth,
 Diuine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
 Cam'st thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam, Little ioy haue I
 To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true;
 King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
 Of *Bullingbrooke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
 In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,
 And some few Vanities, that make him light:
 But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
 Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
 And with that oddes he weighs King *Richard* downe.
 Poste you to London, and you'll finde it so,
 I speake no more, then euery one doth know.
Qu. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,
 Dost not thy Embassage belong to me?
 And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou think'st
 To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
 Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,
 To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
 What was I borne to this: that my sad looke,
 Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*.
Gard. ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
 I would the Plants thou graft'st, may neuer grow. *Exit.*
G. Poore Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,
 I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:
 Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place
 Ile set a Banke of Rew, sowre Herbe of Grace:
 Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
 In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bulkingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster. Heraults, Officers, and Bagot.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth Bagot.

Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde,
 What thou do'st know of Noble Glousters death:
 Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
 The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.
Bag. Then set before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*.
Bul. Cofin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.
Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
 Comes to vnsway, what it hath once deliuer'd.
 In that dead time, when Glousters death was plotted,
 I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
 That reacheth from the restfull English Court
 As farre as Callis, to my Nkles head.
 Amongst much other talke, that very time,
 I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
 The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
 Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
 How blest this Land would be, in this your Cousin death.
Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:
 What answer shall I make to this base man?
 Shall I so much dishonor my faire Starres,
 On equal termes to giue him chastisement?
 Either I must, or haue mine honor soyl'd
 With th' Attainder of his slanderous Lippes.
 There is my Gage, the manuell Scale of death
 That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyest,
 And wilt maintaine what thou hast said, is false,
 In thy heart blood, though being all too base
 To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.
Bul. Bagot forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
 In all this presence, that hath mou'd me so.
Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathize:
 There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
 By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,
 I heard thee say (and vauntingly thou spak'st it)
 That thou wert cause of Noble Glousters death.
 If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lyest,
 And I will turne thy falshood to thy hart,
 Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.
Aum. Thou dar'st not (Coward) liue to see the day.
Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum. *Fitzwater* thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. *Aumerle*, thou lyest: his Honor is as true
 In this Appale, as thou art all vnjust:
 And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
 To proue it on thee, to th' extreamest point
 Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
 And neuer brandish more reuengfull Steele,
 Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Surrey. My Lord *Fitzwater*:
 I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.
Fitz. My Lord,
 'Tis very true: You were in presence then,
 And you can witness with me, this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heauen,
 As Heauen it selfe is true.
Fitz. *Surrey*, thou lyest.
Surrey. Dishonourable Boy:
 That Lye, shall lie so heauy on my Sword,
 That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge.
 Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye
 In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
 In prooffe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
 Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly do'st thou spur a forward Horse?
 If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
 I dare meete *Surrey* in a Wildernesse.
 And spit vpon him, whilest I say he Lyes, hee's dead.
 And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith.
 To trye thee to my strong Correction.
 As I intend to thine in this new World,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true Appale.
 Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolke* say,
 That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men,
 To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,
 That *Norfolke* lyes, here doe I throw downe this.
 If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.
Bul. These differences shall all rest vnder Gage,
 Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
 And (though mine Enemy) restor'd againe.
 To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd,
 Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryall.
Carl. That honorable day shall me re be seene:
 Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolke* fought
 For Iesu Christ, in glorious Christian field,
 Screaming the Ensigne of the Christian Crosse,
 Against black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
 And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himselfe
 To Italy, and there at Venice gaug
 His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,
 And his pure Soule ynto his Captaine Christ.
 Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.
Bul. Why Bishop, is *Norfolke* dead?
Carl. As sure as I liue, my Lord.
Bul. Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule
 To the Boisme of good old *Abraham*.
 Lords Appallants your differences shall all rest vnder gage,
 Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall.
Enter York.
York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
 From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soule
 Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
 To the possession of thy Royall Hand.
 Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
 And long liue *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.
Bul. In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall Throne.
Carl. Mary, Heauen forbid.
 Worst in this Royall Presence may I speake,
 Yet best becomming me to speake the truth.
 Would God, that any in this Noble Presence
 Were enough Noble, to be vpriight Iudge
 Of Noble *Richard*: then true Nobleness would
 Learne him forbearance from so foule a Wrong.
 What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King?
 And who sits here, that is not *Richards* Subiect?
 Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,
 Although apparant guilt be seene in them:
 And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,
 His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,
 Anynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,
 Be iudg'd by subiect, and inferior breathe,
 And he himselfe not present? Oh, forbid it, God,
 That in a Christian Climate, Soules refin'd
 Should shew so heynous, black, obscene a deed.
 I speake to Subiects, and a Subiect speakes,
 Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.
 My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
 Is a foule Traytor to prou'd Herefords King.
 And if you Crowne him, let me prophetic

The blood of English shall manure the ground;
 And future Ages groane for his foule Act.
 Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
 And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
 Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
 Disorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie
 Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.
 Oh, if you reare this House, against this House
 It will the wofullest Diuision proue,
 That ever fell vpon this curst Earth.
 Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so;
 Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe.
North. Well haue you argu'd Sir, and for your paines,
 Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here.
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
 To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.
 May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suite.
Bul. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
 He may surrender: so we shall proceede
 Without suspition.
York. I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*
Bul. Lords, you that here are vnder our Arrest,
 Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer:
 Little are we beholding to your Loue,
 And little look'd for at your helping Handse.
Enter Richard and York.
Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
 Before I haue shooke off the Regall thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet haue learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knees
 Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to tuture me
 To this submission. Yet I well remember
 The fauors of these men: were they not mine?
 Did they not sometime cry, All haile to me?
 So *Indas* did to Christ: but he in twelue,
 Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelue thousand, none.
 God saue the King: will no man say, Amen?
 Am I both Priest, and Clarke? well then, Amen.
 God saue the King, although I be not hee:
 And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee:
 To doe what seruice, am I sent for hither?
York. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
 Which tyred Maiestie did make thee offer:
 The Resignation of thy State and Crowne
 To *Henry Bulkingbrooke*.
Rich. Giue me the Crowne. Here Cousin, seize y Crown:
 Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.
 Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
 That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
 The emptier euer dancing in the ayre,
 The other downe, vnscene, and full of Water:
 That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
 Drinking my Griefes, whilst't thou mount vp on high.
Bul. I thought you had been willing to resigne.
Rich. My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:
 You may my Glories and my State depose,
 But not my Griefes; still am I King of those.
Bul. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.
Rich. Your Cares set vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.
 My Care, is losse of Care, by old Care done,
 Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
 The Cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
 They tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay:
Bul. Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?
Rich. I.

Rich. I no; no; I for I must nothing bee:
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee,
Now, marke me how I will vndoe my selfe:
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,
And this vnwieldie Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart,
With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balme,
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath release all durtious Oathes,
All Pompe and Maiestie I doe forweare:
My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe;
My Aids, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,
God keepe all Vowes that are made to thee,
Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieu'd,
And thou with all pleasures that haue all achieu'd,
Long mayst thou liue in Richards Seat to sit,
And soone lye Richard in an Earthie Pit:
God saue King Henry, vn-King'd Richard sayes,
And send him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes,
What more remains? *Exeunt.*

North. No more: but that you reade
These Accusations, and these grievous Crymes,
Committed by your Person, and your followers,
Against the State, and Profit of this Land:
That by confessing them, the Soules of men
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I trauell out
My weau'd vp follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy Offences were vpon Record,
Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou finde one heynous Article,
Contayning the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damnd in the Booke of Heauen,
Nay, all of you, that stand and looke vpon me,
Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie: yet you Pilates
Haue here deliuer'd me to my fowre Crosse,
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles.

Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot see:
And yet salt Water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine Eyes vpon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest:
For I haue giuen here my Soules consent,
To vndeck the pompons Body of a King,
Made Glory base; a Soueraignie, a Slaue;
Prowd Maiestie, a Subiect; State, a Pefant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;
No, nor that Name was giuen me at the Font,
But 'tis vsurp'd: alaske the heauie day,
That I haue worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe,
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of Bullingbrooke,
To melt my selfe away in Water-drops,
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither straight,

That it may shew me what a Face I haue;
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie.

Bull. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.

North. Read o're this Paper, while the Glasse doth stand.

Rich. Fiend, thou tormentest me, ere I come to Hell.

Bull. Vrg it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: He reade enough.

When I doe see the very Booke in deede,
Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.

Enter out with a Glasse.

Giue me that Glasse, and therein will I reade,
No deeper wrinkles yet hath Sorrow stricke
So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh, flatering Glasse,
Like to my followers in prosperitie,
Thou dost beguile me: Was this Face, the Face
That euery day, vnder his House-hold Roofe,
Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
Is this the Face, which fac'd so many folles,
That was at last out-fac'd by Bullingbrooke?
A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, cracke in an hundred shiuers,
Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,
How soone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

Bull. The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that againe.

The shadow of my Sorrow: Ha, let's see:
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within;
And these externall manner of Lamentations,
Are merely shadowes, to the wiseene Griefe,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soule.
There lyes the substance: and I thanke thee King
For thy great bountie, that dost onely giue
Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. He begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more,
Shall I obtaine it?

Bull. Name it, faire Cousin.

Rich. Faire Cousin? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subiects; being now a subiect,
I haue a King here to my flatterer:
Being so great, I haue no neede to begge.

Bull. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I haue?

Bull. You shall.

Rich. Then giue me leaue to goe.

Bull. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bull. Goe some of you, conuey him to the Tower.

Rich. Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,
That rise thus nimble by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your selues.

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.

Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.

Ann. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect.

What

What euer I shall happen to deuile.
I see your Browes are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares:
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
Shall shew vs all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To Julius Caesars ill-erected Tower:
To whose flint Boosome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud Bullingbrooke.
Here let vs rest, if this rebellious Earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard, and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pittie may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true-loue Teares.
Althou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King Richards Tombe,
And not King Richard: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest.

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am sworne Brother (Sweet)
To grim Necessitie; and hee and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyster thee in some Religious House:
Our holy liues must winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here haue stricken downe.

Qu. What, is my Richard both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bullingbrooke
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath hee bene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-pow'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
I had bene still a happy King of Men.
Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'st,
As from my Death-bed, my last liuing leaue,
In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:

And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the sencelesse Brands will sympathize
The heauie accent of thy mouing Tongue,
And in compassion, weepe the fire out:
And some will moune in ashes, some coale-black,
For the deposing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of Bullingbrooke is chang'd.

You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madame, there is order ta'en for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to France.
Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting Bullingbrooke ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age,
More then it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke,
Though he diuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way
To plant vnrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're so little vrg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vsurped Throne.
The Loue of wicked friends conuerts to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both,
To worthe Danger, and deserued Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leaue, and part, for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly diuorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.
Let me vn-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;
And yet not so, for with a Kisse 'twas made.
Part vs, Northumberland: I, towards the North,
Where shiuering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme:
My Queene to France: from whence, set forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweet May;
Sent back like Hollowmas, or short 'st of day.

Qu. And must we be diuid'd? must we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand (my Loue) and heart frō heart.

Qu. Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some Loue, but little Pollicy.

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe.

Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:

Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.

Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longest Way shall haue the longest Moanes.

Rich. Twice for one step Ile groane, if Way being short,
And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.

Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is such length in Griefe:

One Kisse shall stop our mouches, and dumbely part;
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Giue me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.

So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may strue to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow say. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Duchesse.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the story off,
Of our two Cousins comming into London.

Yorke. Where did I leaue?

Duch. At that sad stoppe, my Lord,

Where rude mis-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.

d 3

Yorke. Then

Yorke. Then, as I said, the Duke, great *Bullingbrooke*, Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed, Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know, With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course: While all tongues cride, God saue thee *Bullingbrooke*. You would haue thought the very windowes spake, So many greedy lookes of yong and old, Through Casements darted their desiring eyes Vpon his visage: and that all the walles, With painted Imagery had said at once, Iesu preserue thee, welcom *Bullingbrooke*. Whil't he, from one side to the other turning, Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke, Bespake them thus: I thanke you Countymen: And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whil't?

Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men After a well grac'd Actor leaves the Stage, Are idly bent on him that enters next, Thinking his prattle to be tedious: Euen so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes Did scowle on *Richard*: no man cride, God saue him: No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home, But dust was throwne vpon his Sacred head, Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off, His face still combating with teares and smiles (The badges of his greefe and patience) That had not God (for some strong purpose) steeld The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted, And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him. But heauen hath a hand in these euents, To whose high will we bound our calme contents. To *Bullingbrooke*, are we sworne Subiects now, Whose State, and Honor, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my sonne *Aumerle*.

Yor. *Aumerle* that was, But that is lost, for being *Richards* Friend. And Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now: I am in Parliament pledge for his truth, And lasting fealtie to the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my sonne: who are the Violets now, That strew the Greene lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not, God knowes, I had as lief be none, as one.

Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time, Least you be cropt before you come to prime.

What newes from Oxford? Hold those Iusts & Triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do.

Yorke. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God preuent not, I purpose so.

Yor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosom?

Yea, look't thou pale? Let me see the Writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Yorke. No matter then who sees it,

I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.

Yorke. Which for some reasons fir, I meane to see?

I feare, I feare.

Dut. What should you feare?

'Tis nothing but some bond: that he is enter'd into

For gay apparrell, against the Triumph.

Yorke. Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.

Boy, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Yor. I will be satisfied: let me see it I say. *Snatches it*

Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.

Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?

Yorke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.

Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is heere?

Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?

Yorke. Giue me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse:

Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,

I will appeach the Villaine.

Dut. What is the matter?

Yorke. Peace foolish Woman.

Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?

Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more

Then my poore life must answer.

Dut. Thy life answer?

Enter Seruant with Boots.

Yor. Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King.

Dut. Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, yart amaz'd,

Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my sight.

Yor. Giue me my Boots, I say.

Dut. Why *Yorke*, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the Trespasse of thine owne?

Haue we more Sonnes? Or are we like to haue?

Is not my teeming dard drunke vp with time?

And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,

And rob me of a happy Mothers name?

Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?

Yor. Thou fond mad woman:

Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?

A dozen of them heere: haue tane the Sacrament,

And interchangeably set downe their hands

To kill the King at Oxford.

Dut. He shall be none:

Wee'l keepe him heere: then what is that to him?

Yor. Away fond woman: were hee twenty times my

Son, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadst thou groan'd for him as I haue done,

Thou wouldest be more pittifull:

But now I know thy minde; thou do'st suspect

That I haue bene disloyall to thy bed,

And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne:

Sweet *Yorke*, sweet husband, be not of that minde:

He is as like thee, as a man may bee,

Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,

And yet I loue him.

Yorke. Make way, vnruely Woman.

Dut. After *Aumerle*. Mount thee vpon his horse,

Spurre post, and get before him to the King,

And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,

He not be long behind: though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as *Yorke*:

And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,

Till *Bullingbrooke* haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percy, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my vnchristie Sonne?

'Tis full three monethes since I did see him last.

If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,

I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be found:

Enquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there:

For

For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent, With vnrestrained loose Companions, Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes, And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers, Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy Takes on the point of Honor, to support So dissolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,

And told him of these Triumphes held at Oxford.

Bul. And what said the Gallant?

Per. His answer was: he would vnto the Stewes,

And from the common't creature plucke a Gloue

And weare it as a fauour, and with that

He would vnhorle the lustiest Challenger.

Bul. As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both,

I see some sparkes of better hope: which elder dayes

May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bul. What meanes our Cofin, that hee stares

And lookes so wildly?

Aum. God saue your Grace, I do beseech your Maiesty

To haue some conference with your Grace alone.

Bul. Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone:

What is the matter with our Cofin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,

My tongue cleaue to my roose within my mouth,

Vnlesse a Pardon, ere I rise, or speake.

Bul. Intended, or committed was this fault?

If on the first, how heynous ere it bee,

To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then giue me leaue, that I may turne the key,

That no man enter, till my tale me done.

Bul. Haue thy desire. *Yorke within.*

Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,

Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.

Bul. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause

to feare.

Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King:

Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?

Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

Enter Yorke.

Bul. What is the matter (Vnkle) speake, recouer breath,

Tell vs how neere is danger,

That we may arme vs to encounter it.

Yor. Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know

The reason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:

I do repent me, reade not my name there,

My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.

I tore it from the Traitors bosome, King.

Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence;

Forget to pittie him, least thy pittie proue

A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

Bul. Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,

Oloyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:

Thou there, immaculate, and siuer fountaine,

From whence this streame, through muddy passages

Hath had his current, and defild himselfe,

Thy overflow of good, conuerts to bad,

And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse

This deadly blot, in thy digressing Sonne.

Yorke. So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,

And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame;

As thriflesse Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold. Mine honor liues, when his dishonor dies, Or my sham'd life, in his dishonor lies: Thou kill'st me in his life, giuing him breath, The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Dutcheffe within.

Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for heauens sake let me in.

Bul. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.

Speake with me, pittie me, open the doore,

A Begger begs, that neuer begg'd before.

Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,

And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.

My dangerous Cousin, let your Mother in,

I know she's come, to pray for your foule sin.

Yorke. If thou do pardon, whoeuer pray,

More finnes for this forgiveness, prosper may.

This fester'd ioynt cut off, the rest rests sound,

This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutcheffe.

Dut. O King, beleue not this hard-hearted man,

Loue, louing not it selfe, none other can.

Yor. Thou franticke woman, what dost y make here,

Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

Dut. Sweet *Yorke* be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

Bul. Rise vp good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech.

For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,

And neuer see day, that the happy sees,

Till thou giue ioy: vntill thou bid me ioy.

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing Boy.

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.

Yorke. Against them both, my true ioynts bended be.

Dut. Pleadeth he in earnest? Looke vpon his Face,

His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in iest:

His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest.

He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,

We pray with heart, and soule, and all beside:

His weary ioynts would gladly rise, I know,

Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocritie,

Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:

Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue

That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.

Bul. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dut. Nay, do not say stand vp:

But Pardon first, and afterwards stand vp.

And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.

I neuer long'd to heare a word till now:

Say Pardon (King,) let pittie teach thee how.

The word is short: but not so short as sweet,

No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's so meet.

Yorke. Speake it in French (King) say *Pardon ne moy.*

Dut. Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?

Ah my sowe husband, my hard-hearted Lord,

That set's the word it selfe, against the word.

Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,

The chopping French we do not vnderstand.

Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,

Or in thy pittreous heart, plant thou thine care,

That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,

Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearse.

Bul. Good Aunt, stand vp.

Dut. I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suite I haue in hand.

Bul.

Bul. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon mee.

Dur. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I sicke for feare: Speake it againe,
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.

Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.

Dur. A God on earth thou art.

Bul. But for our trusty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that comforted crew,
Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles:
Good Vnckle helpe to order severall powres
To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are:
They shall not live within this world I sweare,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Comen adieu:

Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.

Dur. Come my old son, I pray heaven make thee new.

Exeunt.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ext. Didst thou not marke the King what words hee
spake?

Haue I no friend will rid me of this living feare:
Was it not so?

Ser. Those were his very words.

Ext. Haue I no Friend? (quoth he:) he spake it twice,
And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?

Ser. He did.

Ext. And speaking it, he wisely look'd on me,
As who should say, I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I haue bin studying, how to compare
This Prison where I liue, vnto the World:
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my selfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer't out.
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and these two beget
A generation of still breeding Thoughts;
And these same Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe
Against the Faith: as thus: Come little ones: & then againe,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the postern of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders: how these vaine weake nailes
May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,
Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame
That many haue, and others must sit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of such as haue before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King:
Then Treason makes me with my selfe a Beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penurie,
Perswades me, I was better when a King:
Then am I King'd againe: and by and by,
Thinke that I am vn-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And straight am nothing. But what ere I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Musicke do I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time: How fowre sweet Musicke is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Musicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintinesse of eare,
To heare time broke in a disorder'd string:
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke,
I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me:
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.
Now sir, the found that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that strike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell: so Sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: but my Time
Runs poasting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I stand fooling heere, his iacke o'th' Clocke.
This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,
For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it seemes, it will make wife-men mad:
Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me;
For 'tis a signe of loue, and loue to *Richard*,
Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.

Rich. Thanks Noble Peere,

The cheapest of vs, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou? And how com'st thou hither?
Where no man euer comes, but that sad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?

Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wert King: who traueilling towards Yorke,
With much ado, at length haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse, that I so carefully haue dress'd.

Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him?

Groo. So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.

Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenesse horse: Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to beaw'd by man
Was't borne to beate? I was not made a horse,

And

And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spur-gall'd, and tyrd by launcing *Bullingbrooke*.

Enter Keeper with a Dill.

Keep. Follow, giue place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou lovest me, tis time thou wert away.

Groo. What may thy good dates not, that my heart shall

say.

Keep. My Lord, will please you to fall too?

Rich. Taste of this, as thou wert wont to doo.

Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton,

Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary.

Rich. The diuell take *Henrie* of Lancaster, and thee

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ex. How now? what meanes Death in this rude assault?

Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,

Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton strikes him downe.

That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,

That stagers thus my person. *Exton*, thy herce hand,

Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings owne land.

Mount, mount my soule, thy leate is vp on high,

Whilft my grosse flesh flakes downward, heere to dye.

Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,

Beth haue I spilt: Oh would the deed were good.

For now the diuell, that told me I did well,

Sayes, that this deepe is chronicled in hell.

This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,

Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall heere.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Flourish. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with

other Lords & attendants.

Yor. Kinde Vnckle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,

Is that the Rebels haue consum'd with fire

Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,

But whe ther they be tane or slaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?

Yor. First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesse:

The next newes is, I haue to London sent

The heads of *Salisbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*:

The manner of their taking may appeare

At large discoursed in this paper heere.

Bul. We thank thee gentle *Perey* for thy paines,

And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Fitzwaters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,

The heads of *Broccas*, and *Sir Bennet Seely*,

Two of the dangerous comforted Traitors,

That fought at Oxford, thy dire ouerthrow.

Bul. Thy paines *Fitzwaters* shall not be forgot,

Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carlisle.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,

With clog of Conscience, and fowre Melancholly,

Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue:

But heere is *Carlisle*, liuing to abide

Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

Bul. *Carlisle*, this is your doome:

Chooce out some secret place, some reuerend roome

More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life:

So as thou liu'st in peace, dye free from strife:

For though mine enemy, thou hast euer bene,

High sparkes of Honor in thee haue I seene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present

Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathlesse lies

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies

Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

Bul. *Exton*, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought

A deepe of Slaughter, with thy fatal hand

Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.

Bul. They loue not poyson, that do poyson neede,

Nor do I thee: though I did with him dead,

I hate the Murtherer, lone him murthered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,

But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour.

With *Caine* go wander through the shade of night,

And neuer shew thy head by day, nor light.

Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,

That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.

Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,

And put on sullen Blacke incontinent:

Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land,

To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

March sadly after, grace my mourning heere.

In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Poines. Good morrow sweet *Hal*. What saies Monsieur Remorse? What sayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar: lacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargain, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs: *He will giue the diuell his due.*

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prin. Else he had damn'd for cozening the diuell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purfes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rochester, I haue bespoken Supper to morrow in Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stuffe your Purfes full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poy. Sir Iohn, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue; and what he heares may be beleueed, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe: for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farwell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Prin. Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

Poy. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a list to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaffe, Harney, Rossill, and Gads-hill*, shall robbe those men that wee haue already way-layde, your selfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prin. But how shal we part with them in setting forth?

Poy. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee'll set vpon them.

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

Poy. Tut our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and sirrah, I haue Cafes of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as

true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes. The vertue of this list will be, the incomprehensible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the list.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile sup. Farewell.

Poy. Farewell, my Lord.

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold the vnyoak'd humor of your idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne, Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes To smother vp his Beauty from the world, That when he please againe to be himselfe, Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at, By breaking through the foule and vgly mists Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him. If all the yeare were playing holiadaies, To sport, would be as tedious as to worke; But when they ieldome come, they wisht-for come, And nothing pleaseeth but rare accidents. So when this loose behauiour I throw off, And pay the debt I neuer promised; By how much better then my word I am, By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes, And like bright Mettall on a sullen ground: My reformation glittering o're my fault, Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes, Then that which hath no soyle to set it off. Ile so offend, to make offence a skill, Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate, Vnapt to stirre at these indignities, And you haue found me; for accordingly, You tread vpon my patience: But be sure, I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe, Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe, And therefore lost that Title of respect, Which the proud soule ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little deserues The scourge of greatness to be vsed on it, And that same greatness too, which our owne hands Haue holpe to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone: for I do see Danger and disobedience in thine eye. O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory, And Maiestie might neuer yet endure The moody Frontier of a seruant brow, You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you. You were about to speake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded, Which *Harry Percy* heere at *Holmedon* tooke, Y

Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied As was deliuered to your Maiesty a

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners: But, I remember when the fight was done,

When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle, Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword,

Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest, Shew'd like a stubble Land at Haruest home,

He was perfum'd like a Milliner, And twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he hold

A Pouncet-box: which euer and anon he smell'd, He gaue his Nose, and tookt away againe

Who therewith angry, when it next came there, Tooke it in Snuffe. And fill he smil'd and talk'd

And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by, He call'd them vnto him, and vnto them

To bring a flowenly vnhandsome Coarse Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility

With many Holiday and Lady teares, He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded

My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe. I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold,

(To be so perswaded with a Poppingay) Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience,

Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what, He should, or should not: For he made me mad,

To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet, And talke so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,

Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God shue the marke; And telling me, the Soueraign'st thing on earth

Was Paracety, for an inward bruiſe: And that it was great pity, so it was,

That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth,

Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd So cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes,

He would himselfe haue beene a Souldier. This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord)

Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.) And I beseech you, let not this report

Come current for an Accusation, Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maiesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord, I What euer *Harry Percy* then had said,

To such a person, and in such a place, At such a time, with all the rest retold,

May reasonably dye, and neuer rise To do him wrong, or any way impeach

What then he said, so he vnſay it now. *King.* Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,

But with Prouiso and Exception, That we at our owne charge, shall ransom straight

His Brother-in-Law, the foolish *Mortimer*, Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betray'd

No: on the barren Mountaine let him sterue: For I shall neuer hold that man my Friend,

Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny cost: To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*? He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,

But by the change of Warre: to proue that true, Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,

Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke, When on the gentle Sequenes sledge banke,

In single Opposition hand to hand, He did confound the best part of an houre

In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*: Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke

Vpon agreement, of swift Severnes flood: Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,

Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds, And hid his crispe head in the hollow banke,

Blood-stained with these Valiant Combatants: Neuer did base and rotten Policy

Colour her working with such deadly wounds, Nor neuer could the Noble *Mortimer*

Receiue so many, and all willingly: Then let him not be stand'ed with Revolt,

King. Thou do'st bely him, *Percy*, thou do'st bely him: He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*:

I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone, As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.

Art thou not ashamed? But Sirrah, henceforth Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*.

Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes, Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me

As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland*, We Licenſe your departure with your sonne,

Send vs your Prisoners, or you'll heare of it. *Exit King.* *Hot.* And if the diuell come and roare for them

I will not send them. I will aser straight And tell him so: for I will ease my heart,

Although it be with hazard of my head. *Nor.* What? drunke with choller? stay & pause awhile,

Heere comes your Vnckle. *Enter Worcester.* *Hot.* Speake of *Mortimer*?

Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him.

In his behalfe, Ile empty all these Veines, And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th dust,

But I will life the downfall *Mortimer* As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,

As this Ingrate and Cankred *Bullingbrooke*. *Nor.* Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad

Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone? *Hot.* He will (forsooth) haue all my Prisoners:

And when I vrg'd the ransom once againe Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheek look'd pale,

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation, And then it was, when the vnhappy King

(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth Vpon his Irish Expedition:

From whence he intercepted, did returne To be depos'd, and shortly murder'd.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth Lie scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.
Poynes. Come shelter, shelter, I have remoued Falstaffe
 Horle, and he fiers like a gum'd Vcluet.

Prin. Stand close.
Enter Falstaffe. *Fal.* Poynes, Poynes, and be hang'd Poynes, what a bawling
 dost thou keepe.

Fal. What Poynes, Hal?
Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, He go seek
 him.

Fal. I am accust to rob in that These company: that
 Rascall hath remoued my Horle, and tied him I know not
 where. If I tranell but foure foot by the squire further a
 foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but
 to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for kil-
 ling that Rogue, I haue forborne his company hourly
 any time this two and twenty years, & yet I am bewitcht
 with the Rogues company. If the Rascall haue not giuen
 me medicines to make me loue him, He be hang'd; it could
 not be else: I haue drunke Medicines. *Poynes, Hal,* a
 Plague vpon you both. *Bardolph, Peto:* He haue ere I
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 drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue these Rogues, I
 am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth.
 Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threecore & ten miles
 afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it
 well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be
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 ling that Rogue, I haue forborne his company hourly
 any time this two and twenty years, & yet I am bewitcht
 with the Rogues company. If the Rascall haue not giuen
 me medicines to make me loue him, He be hang'd; it could
 not be else: I haue drunke Medicines. *Poynes, Hal,* a
 Plague vpon you both. *Bardolph, Peto:* He haue ere I
 rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to
 drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue these Rogues, I
 am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth.
 Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threecore & ten miles
 afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it
 well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be
 true one to another.

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, He go seek
 him.

Fal. I am accust to rob in that These company: that
 Rascall hath remoued my Horle, and tied him I know not
 where. If I tranell but foure foot by the squire further a
 foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but
 to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for kil-
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 true one to another.

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane
 Ned and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your en-
 counter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be of them?
Gad. Some eight or ten, least shall count 'em.
Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir John Paunch?
Fal. Indeed I am not John of Gaunt your Grandfather,
 but yet no Coward, *Hal:* He is not your Grandfather,

Prin. Wee'l leaue that to the prooue,
Poin. Sirra lacke, thy horse stands behinde the hedge,
 when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Face
 well, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.
Prin. Ned, where are our disguises?
Poin. Heere hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I
 euery man to his businesse.

Enter Travellers.
Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horses
 downe the hill: Wee'l walke a-foot a while, and ease our
 Legges.

Theeues. Stay.
Tra. Iesu bleesse vs.
Fal. Strife down with them, cut the villains throats;
 a whorlon Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs
 your; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.
Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No
 ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere: On Ba-
 con'son, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, you are
 Grand lurers, are ye? Wee'l iure ye if aith.

*Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the
 Prince and Poynes.*

Prin. The Theeues haue bound the True-men: Now
 could thou and I rob the Theeues, and gomerily to Lon-
 don, it would be argument for a Week, Laughter for a
 Moneth, and a good iell for euer.

Poynes. Stand close, I heare them comming.
Enter Theeues againe.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horse
 before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two ar-
 rand Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no moe
 valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes see upon them.
They all run away, leauing the booty behind them.

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse:
 The Theeues are feattered, and posselt with fear so strong-
 ly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fel-
 low for an Officer. Away good Ned, *Falstaffe* sweates to
 death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along, wert
 not for laughing, I should pittie him.

Poin. How the Rogue roard.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, reading a Letter.
 But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee well contented to
 be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

Hot. What ho? Is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?
Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.
Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses fro the Sheriffer?

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He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of
 the loue he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loues
 his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me
 see some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to
 sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of
 this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. The
 purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue na-
 med concert aine, the Time it selfe vnforted, and your whole
 Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.

Say you so, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a
 shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-
 braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer
 was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte,
 good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot,
 very good Friends. What a Frothy-spirited rogue is this?

Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the
 generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now
 by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan.

Is there not my Father, my Vnckle, and my Selfe, Lord
 Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Torke, and Owen Glendour?
 Is there not besides, the Douglas? Haue I not all their let-
 ters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Mo-
 nerh? and are they not some of them set forward already?

What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall
 see now in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he
 to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could
 diuide my selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish
 of skim'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him,
 let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards
 to night.

Enter his Lady.
 How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
 For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
 A banish'd woman from my *Harries* bed?

Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee
 Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
 And start so often when thou sit'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes?
 And giuen my Treasures and my rights of thee,
 To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly?
 In my faint slumbers, I by thee haue watcht,
 And heard thee murmure tales of Iron Warres:

Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
 Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd
 Of sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,
 Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,
 Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin,
 Of Prisoners ranfome, and of Souldiers slaine,
 And all the current of a headdy fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath bene so at Warre,
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleepe,
 That beds of sweate hath stood vpon thy Brow,
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame;

And in thy face strange motions haue appear'd,
 Such as we see when men retrain their breath
 On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these?
 Some heauie businesse hath my Lord in hand,
 And I must know it: else he loues me not.

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Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.
Hot. What Horse? A Roane, a crop care, is it not,
Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will
 backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid Butler lead him forth
 into the Parke.

La. But heare you, my Lord.
Hot. What say'st thou my Lady?
La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my Loue) my horse.
La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not
 such a deale of Spleene, as you are roft with. In sooth Ile
 know your businesse *Harry*, that I will. I feare my Bro-
 ther *Mortimer* doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent
 for you to line his enterprize. But if you go—

Hot. So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Loue.
La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly
 vnto this question, that I shall aske. Indeepe Ile breake
 thy little finger *Harry*, if thou wilt not tel me true.

Hot. Away, away you triffler: Loue, I loue thee not,
 I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world
 To play with Mammetts, and to tilt with lips.
 We must haue bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes,
 And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse.

What say'st thou *Kate*? what wold'st thou haue with me?
La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed?
 Well, do not then. For since you loue me not,
 I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?
 Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in iell, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
 And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare
 I loue thee infinitely. But hearken you *Kate*,
 I must not haue you henceforth, question me,
 Whether I go: nor reason whereabout.

Whether I must, I must: and to conclude,
 This Euening must I leaue thee, gentle *Kate*.
 I know you wise, but yet no further wise
 Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,
 But yet a woman: and for secrecie,
 No Lady closer. For I will beleuee
 Thou wilt not vter what thou do'st not know,
 And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How so farre?
Hot. Not an inch further. But hearken you *Kate*,
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
 To day will I set forth, to morrow you.
 Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poynes.
Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend
 me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poynes. Where hast bene *Hal*?
Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3.
 or fourescore Hog-heads. I haue founded the verie base
 string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of
 Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom Dicke*,
 and *Francis*. They take it already vpon their confidence,
 that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King
 of Curtestellings me flatly I am no proud lack like *Fal-
 staffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and
 when I am King of England, I shall command al the good
 Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dy-
 ing Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then
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 staffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and
 when I am

they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and six pence*, and, *Thou art welcome*: with this shrill addition, *Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the Halfe Moone*, or so. But *Ned*, to drine away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-roume, while I question my pany *Drawer*, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: step aside, and Ile shew thee a P. esident.

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon sir; looke downe into the Pomgar-net, Ralfe.

Prin. Come hither Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth five yeares, and as much as to

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Five yeares: Berlad a long Lease for the clin-king of Pewter. But Francis, darrest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shal be

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harken you Francis, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a peny worth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord sir, I would it had bene two.

Prin. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Pike stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.

Fran. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your browne Bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doublet will fuffley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What sir?

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call?

Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a cal-

ling? Looke to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir John with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: Shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore.

Poin. Sir.

Enter Poin.

Poin. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harken ye, What cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed them felues humors, since the old dayes of Goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

*Prin. That euer this Fellow should haue fewer words then a Parrot, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is vp-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the par-cell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hot-spurre of the North, he that kills me some fixe or seauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and takes to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet *Harry* says she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answers, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe*, Ile play *Perey*, and that damnd Braine shall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rino*, sayes the drunkard. Call in *Ribs*, call in *Tallow*.*

Enter Falstaffe.

Poin. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou bene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile fowe nether Stockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous mannyer: a Coward is worfe then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shorten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a Weaver, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Woolfacke, what matter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drine all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geese. Ile neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prin. Why you horfion round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and Poiners there?

Prin. Yefatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward? Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damnd ere I call the Coward: but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you

that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prin. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk'st last.

He drincks.

Falst. All's one for that.

A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

Prin. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

Falst. Where is it, Iack? where is it?

Prin. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Falst. What, a hundred, man?

Prin. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle, I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword backt like a Hand-saw, ecce signum. I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Prin. Speake sirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure set vpon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a lew else, an Ebrew Iew.

Gad. As we were shating, some fixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs.

Falst. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prin. What, fought yee with them all?

Falst. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde Iack, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heauen, you haue not murdered some of them.

*Falst. Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let drine at me.*

Prin. What, foure? thou sayd'st but two, euen now.

*Falst. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.*

Poin. I, I, he said foure.

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainely thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my Targuer, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falst. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

*Falst. Dost thou heare me, *Hal*?*

Prin. I and marke thee too, Iack.

Falst. Doe so, for it is worth the listning too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falst. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hols.

Falst. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me

close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, seuen of the cleuen I pay'd.

Prin. O monstrous! cleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

*Falst. But as the Deuill would haue it, three mis-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let drine at me; for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.*

Prin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, grosse as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd Guts, thou Knorty-pared Foole, thou Horfion ob-scure greafie Tallow Catch.

Falst. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reason Iack, your reason.

Falst. What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion.

Prin. He be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-prester, this Horse-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Fleish.

Falst. Away you Staruelling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-pissell, you stocke-fish: O for breth to utter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath you Bow-case, you vile standing tucke.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thou hast ty'd thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus.

Poin. Marke Iacke.

*Prin. We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can shew it you in the House. And *Falstaffe*, you caried your Guts away as nimble, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roard, as euer I heard Bull-Calf. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what device? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?*

Poin. Come, let's heare Iacke: What tricke hast thou now?

*Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware Instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Mony. Hostesse, clapt to the doores: warch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempory.*

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy runing away.

*Fal. A, no more of that *Hal*, and thou louest me.*

Enter Hostesse.

Host. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin.

Prin. How now my Lady the Hostesse; what say'st thou to me?

Hostesse. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would speake with you: hee sayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him backe againe to my Mother.

Falst. What manner of man is hee?

Hostesse. An old man.

Falst. What doth Grautie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I giue him his answer?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke*.

Falst. Faith, and Ile send him packing. *Exit.*

Prin. Now Sirs: you fought faire; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*: you are Lyons too; you ranne away vpon instinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, he.

Bard. Faith, I ranne when I saw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earnest, how came *Falstafes* Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, hee hackt it with his Dagger, and said, hee would sweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perfwaded vs to doe the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-grasse, to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeeres before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuices.

Prin. O Villaine, thou stolest a Cup of Sacke eigh-teene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you see these Meteors? doe you behold these Exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purfes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaf.

Heere comes leane *Iacke*, heere comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, since thou saw'st thine owne Knee?

Falst. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waste, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of fighting and grieve, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: heere was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your Father; you must goe to the Court in the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and hee of Wales, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold; and swore the Deuill his true Liege-man vpon the Crosse of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower*.
Falst. Owen, Owen; the same, and his Sonne in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scots, *Douglas*, that runnes a Horse-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Pistol kills a Sparrow flying.

Falst. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falst. Well, that Rascall hath good mettrall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a Rascall art thou then, to praye him so for running?

Falst. A Horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon instinct.

Falst. I grant ye, vpon instinct: Well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew-Cappes more. *Worcester* is stolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as stinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffeting hold, wee shall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.

Falst. By the Masse Lad, thou say'st true, it is like wee shall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible as a'd? thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three such Enemies againe, as that Fiend *Douglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Deuill *Glendower*? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke some of thy instinct.

Falst. Well, thou wilt be horrible childe to morrow, when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practise an answer.

Prin. Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine mee vpon the particulars of my Life.

Falst. Shall I? content: This Chayre shall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Ioynd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyes* vaine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

Falst. And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie, *Hostesse*. This is excellent sport, yfaith.

Falst. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Hostesse. O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

Falst. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queen, For teares doe stop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hostesse. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players, as euer I see.

Falst. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine, *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou so poynted at? Shall the blessed Sonne of Heauen proue a Micher, and cate Black-berries? a question not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purfes? a question to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the companion thou keepest: for *Harry*, now I doe not speake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words onely, but in Woos also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Ma-iellie?

Falst. A goodly portly man, yfaith, and a corpulent, of a chearefull Look, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fiftie; or (by lady) inclining to threescore; and now I remember mee, his Name is *Falstaf*: if that man should be lewdly giuen, hee deceiues mee; for *Harry*, I see Vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue in that *Falstaf*: him keepe with, the rest banish. And tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where hast thou bene this moneth?

Prin. Do'st thou speake like a King? doe'st thou stand for mee, and Ile play my Father.

Falst. Depose me: if thou do'st it halfe so grauely, so maiestically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabber-sucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am set.

Falst. And heere I stand: iudge my Masters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from East-cheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

Falst. Yfaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Swarest thou, vngacious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the Likenisse of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou conuerse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stuff Cloake-bagge of Guts, that rosted Manning Tree Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres where-in is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein nest and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prin. That villanous abhominable mis-leader of Youth, *Falstaf*, that old white-bearded Satan.

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou do'st.

Falst. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witnesse it: but that hee is (sauiing your reuerence) a Whore-ma-ster, that I viterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a sinne, then many an olde Hoste that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poin*: but for sweete *Iacke Falstaf*, kinde *Iacke Falstaf*, true *Iacke Falstaf*, valiant *Iacke Falstaf*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde *Iack Falstaf*, banish not him thy *Harryes* companie, banish

not him thy *Harryes* companie; banish plump *Iacke*, and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most most monstrous Watch, is at the doore.

Falst. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that *Falstaf*.

Enter the Hostesse.

Hostesse. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falst. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke: what's the matter?

Hostesse. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Falst. Do'st thou heare *Hal*, neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without in-sinct.

Falst. I deny your *Maion*: if you will deny the Sherife, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp about. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Falst. Both which I haue had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me. *Exit.*

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and his Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sherife, what is your will with mee?

She. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

Prince. What men?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe assure you, is not heere, For I my selfe at this time haue imploy'd him:

And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow Dinner time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall:

And so let me entreat you, leaue the house.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Haue in this Robberie lost three hundred Markes.

Prince. It may be so: if he haue robb'd these men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke. *Exit.*

Prince. This oyle Rascall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaf*? fast allepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a Horse.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: search his Pockets.

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth
certain Papers. He reads them.

Prince. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon.

Item, Sawce.

Item, Sacke, two Gallons.

Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper.

Item, Bread.

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of

Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is

else, keepe close, we'll reade it at more aduantage: there

let him sleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning:

Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be hono-

rable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot,

and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-score.

The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage.

Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good mor-

row Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer,
Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hotsp. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower,
Will you sit downe?

And Vnckle Worcester; a plague vpon it,
I haue forgot the Mappes.

Glend. No, here it is:

Sit Cousin Percy sit good Cousin Hotspurre:

For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you,
His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh,

He wisheth you in Heauen.

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glen-

dower spake of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,

The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,

Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,

The frame and foundation of the Earth

Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotsp. Why so it would haue done at the same season,

if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe

had neuer bene borne.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hotsp. And I say the Earth was not of my minde,

If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glend. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did

tremble.

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shooke

To see the Heauens on fire,

And not in feare of your Natiuitie.

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth

In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth

Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext,

By the imprisoning of vniuersally Witde

Within her Wombe: which for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe

Steeple, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth,

Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,

In passion shooke,

Glend. Cousin of many men

I doe not beare these Crossings: Giue me leaue

To tell you once againe, that at my Birth

The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,

The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:

These signes haue markt me extraordinary

And all the courses of my Life doe shew,

I am not in the Roll of common men.

Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea,

That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,

Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,

Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,

And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hotsp. I thinke there's no man speaks better Welsh

He to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe,

Hotsp. Why to can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the

Deuill.

Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuill,

By telling truth: Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither,

And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.

Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable

Chace.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head

Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,

And sandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him

Bootelesse home, and Weather-beaten backe,

Hotsp. Home without Bootes;

And in foule Weather too,

How scapes he Agues in the Deuills name?

Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe:

Shall wee diuide our Right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it

Into three Limits, very equally:

England, from Trent, and Seuerne, hitherto,

By South and East, is to my part assign'd:

All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,

And all the fertile Land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower: And deare Couze, to you

The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:

Which being sealed enterchangeably,

(A Businesse that this Night may execute)

To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I,

And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth,

To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,

As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.

My Father Glendower is not readie yet,

Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteene dayes:

Within that space, you may haue drawne together

Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:

And in my Condukt shall your Ladies come,

From whom you now must steale, and take no leaue,

For there will be a World of Water shed,

Vpon

Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you.

Hotsp. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,

In quantitie equals not one of yours.

See, how this Riuer comes me cranking in,

And cuts me from the best of all my Land,

A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cantle out,

Ile haue the Currant in this place dam'd vpy,

And here the smug and Silver Trent shall runne,

In a new Channell, faire and euently:

It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,

To rob me of so rich a Bottom here.

Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but marke how he beares his course,

And runnes me vp, with like aduantage, on the other side,

Gelding the oppos'd Continent as much,

As on the other side it takes from you.

Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,

And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,

And then he runnes straight and euen.

Hotsp. Ile haue it, for a little Charge will doe it.

Glend. Ile not haue it alter'd.

Hotsp. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hotsp. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hotsp. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in

Welsh.

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:

For I was say'd vp in the English Court:

Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe

Many an English Dittie, louely well,

And gaue the Tongue a helpfull Ornament;

A Vertue that was neuer scene in you.

Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,

I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,

Then one of these same Meeter Ballad-mongers:

I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,

Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,

And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,

Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;

'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge.

Glend. Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd.

Hotsp. I doe not care: Ile giue thrice so much Land

To any well-deferuing friend;

But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,

Ile caull on the ninth part of a hayre.

Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moone shines faire,

You may away by Night:

Ile haste the Writer; and withall,

Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence:

I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,

So much she doreth on her Mortimer.

Exit.

Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you crosse my Fa-

ther.

Hotsp. I cannot chule: sometime he angers me,

With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,

Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies;

And of a Dragon, and a sinne-lesse Fiith,

A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulted Raven,

A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,

And such a deale of skumble-skamble Stuff;

As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,

He held me last Night, at least nine howres,

In reckning vp the feuerall Deuils Names,

That were his Lacqueyes;

I cry'd ham, and well, goe too,

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious

As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,

Worse then a smoakie Houfe: I had rather liue

With Cheefe and Garlick in a Windmill farre,

Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me,

In any Summer-House in Christendome.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,

Exceeding well read, and proficied,

In strange Concealements:

Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,

And as bountifull, as Mynes of India.

Shall I tell you, Cousin,

He holds your temper in a high respect,

And curbes himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,

When you doe crosse his humor: faith he does.

I warrant you, that man is not aliue,

Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,

Without the taste of danger, and reproofe.

But doe not let it oft, let me entreat you,

Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,

And since your coming hither, haue done enough,

To put him quite besides his patience.

You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault:

Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,

And that's the dearest grace it renders you;

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,

Defect of Manners, want of Government,

Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdaine:

The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,

Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stayne

Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,

Beguiling them of commendation.

Hotsp. Well, I am school'd:

Good-manners be your speede;

Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly sight, that angers me,

My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My Daughter weepes, shee'll not part with you,

Shee'll be a Souldier too, shee'll to the Warres.

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy

Shall follow in your Condukt speedily.

Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she an-

swers him in the same.

Glend. Shee is desperate heere:

A peeuish selfe-will'd Harlotry,

One that no perswasion can doe good vpon.

The Lady speakes in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh,

Which thou pow'st down from these swelling Heauens,

I am too perfect in; and but for shame,

In such a parley should I answer thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Kisses, and thou mine,

And that's a feeling disputation:

But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue,

Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Makes

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd;
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre;
With rauishing Diuision to her Lute,
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne madde.

The Lady speaks againe in Welsh.
Mort. O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this.

Glend. She bids you, sit, but first flowe
On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heauineffe;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.

Mort. With all my heart Ile sit, and heere her sing:
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.

Glend. Doe so.
And those Musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hotsp. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.

Lady. Goe, ye giddy Goose.

The Musicke plays.

Hotsp. Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderstands Welsh,
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous:
Byrlady hee's a good Musitian.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Muscicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lye still ye Theefe, and heere the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hotsp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in Irish.

Lady. Wouldst haue thy Head broken?

Hotsp. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hotsp. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.

Lady. Now God helpe thee.

Hotsp. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hotsp. Peace, shee sings.

Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hotsp. Come, Ile haue your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hotsp. Not yours, in good sooth?

You sweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:

Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I liue;

And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day;

And giue such Sarcener suretie for thy Oathes,

As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsbury,

Sweare me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,

A good mouth-filling Oath: and leaue in sooth,

And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,

To Veluer, Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hotsp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-

brest teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away

within these two howres: and so come in, when yee will.

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe.

By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but seale,
And then to Horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must haue some priuate conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee shall presently haue neede of you.

Exeunt Lords.
I know not whether Heauen will haue it so,
For some displeasing seruice I haue done;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'le breede Reuengement, and a Scurge for me:
But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,
Make me beleue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen
To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?

Prince. So please your Maiesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me begge,
As in reproofe of many Tales deuiz'd,
Which oit the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare,
By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. Heauen pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I so lauish of my presence bene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being seldom seene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,

That men would tell their Children, This is hee:
Others would say: Where, Which is Bullingbrooke.

And then I stole all Courtesie from Heauen,
And dresst my selfe in such Humilitie,
That I did plucke Allegiance from mens hearts,
Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,

Even in the presence of the Crowned King,
Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new,

My Prefence like a Robe Pontificall,
Ne're seene, but wondred at: and so my State,
Seldome but sumptuous, shew'd like a Feast,

And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie.
The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,
With shallow Iesters, and rash Bawin Wits,

Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,
Had his great Name prophane'd with their Scornes,

And gaue his Countenance, against his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of euery Beardslesse vaine Comparatiue;

Grew a Companion to the common Scredeter,
Enteerd himselfe to Popularitie:
That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,

They surfetted with Honey, and began to loathe
The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.

So when he had occasion to be seene,
He was but as the Cuckow in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: seene but with such Eyes,

As sicke and blunted with Communitie,
Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maiestie,

When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect

As Cloudie men vse to doe to their aduersaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, Harry, standest thou:

For thou hast lost thy Princely Priuiledge,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is aware of thy common sight,

Sauie mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernes.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Bemore my selfe.

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this houre, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh:

And euen as I was then, is Percy now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the State

Then thou, the shadow of Succession;
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.
Hedoth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,

Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iawes;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on

To bloody Battailles, and to brusing Armes.
What neuer-dying Honor hath he got,
Against renowned Douglas? whose high Deedes,

Whole hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,
And Militarie Title Capitall.

Through all the Kingdome that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the Hotspur Mars, in swathing Clothes,

This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,

To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safetie of our Throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,

The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee?

Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemy?
Thou, that art like enough, through vassall Feare,
Base Inclination, and the start of Spleene,
To fight against me vnder Percies pay,

To dogge his heeles, and curse at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Doenot thinke so, you shall not finde it so:
And Heauen forgiue them, that so much haue sway'd
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,

When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,
And staine my fauours in a bloody Maske:
Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when ere it lightes,
That this same Child of Honor and Renowme,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-prayed Knight,
And your vnthought-of Harry chance to meet:
For euery Honor sitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render euery Glory vp,
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heauen, I promise here:
The which, if I performe, and doe suruiue,
I doe beseech your Maiestie, may false
The long-growne Wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of Life cancels all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow.

King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this:
Thou shalt haue Charge, and soueraigne trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good Blunt? thy Lookes are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the Businesse that I come to speake of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas and the English Rebels meet

The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:
A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,
(If Promises be kept on euery hand)

As euer offered foule play in a State.
King. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day:
With him my sonne, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,

For this aduertisement is fife dayes old.
On Wednesday next, Harry thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, wee our selues will march.

Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and Harry, you shall march
Through

Through Gloucestershire: by which account, Our Businesse valued some twelue dayes hence, Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete. Our Hands are full of Businesse: let's away, Aduantage feedes him fast, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, am I not false away vilely, since this last action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinn hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple *Iohn.* Well, Ile repent; and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horse, the in-side of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath bene the spoyle of me.

Bard. Sir *Iohn*, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Falst. Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as virtuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to be; virtuous enough, I wore little, die'd not about feuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not about once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed; three or foure times; liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *Iohn*, that you must needes bee out of all compasse; out of all reasonable compasse, Sir *Iohn*.

Falst. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir *Iohn*, my Face does you no harme.

Falst. No, Ile be sworn: I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Memento Mori. I neuer see thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and *Dimes* that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy Face; my Oath should bee, *By this Fire*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of viter Darkenesse. When thou ran'st vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst bene an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an everlasting Bone-fire-Light: thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heaven reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falst. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostesse.

How now, Dame *Pardler*, the Hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hostesse. Why Sir *Iohn*, what doe you thinke, Sir *Iohn*? doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my House? I haue search'd, I haue enquired, so hazz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the tight of a hayre was neuer lost in my house before.

Falst. Ye lye *Hostesse*: *Bardolph* was shut'd, and lost many a hayre; and Ile be sworn my Pocket was pick'd; goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hostesse. Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd in mine owne house before.

Falst. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hostesse. No, Sir *Iohn*, you doe not know me, Sir *Iohn*. I know you, Sir *Iohn*: you owe me Money, Sir *Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falst. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers Wines, and they haue made Boulers of them.

Hostesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir *Iohn*, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falst. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hostesse. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing.

Falst. How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What will you make a Yunker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inn, but I shall haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue lost a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Marke.

Hostesse. I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falst. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a Sneake-Cuppe, and if hee were here, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Falst. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistrisse *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honest man.

Hostesse. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to mee.

Prince. What say'st thou, *Iacke*?

Falst. The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

Falst. Wilt thou beleue me, *Hal*? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What hee did not?

Host. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

Falst. There's

Falst. There's no more faith in thee then a *Stu'de Prunes*, nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falst. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on.

Host. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Falst. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Falst. What beast? Why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, Sir *Iohn*? Why an Otter?

Falst. Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Host. Thou art vnjust man in saying so; thou, or anie man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prince. Thou say'st true *Hostesse*, and hee slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other day, You ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falst. A thousand pound *Hal*? A Million. Thy loue is worth a Million: thou ow'st me thy loue.

Host. Nay my Lord, hee call'd you *Iacke*, and said hee would cudgell you.

Falst. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Indeed Sir *Iohn*, you said so.

Falst. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

Prince. I say'tis Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as thy word now?

Falst. Why *Hal*? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Falst. The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'st thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay if I do, let my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But sirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd vpp with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou hast on impudent imboist Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Reeknings, Memorandums of Bawdie-houses, and one poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other iniuries but these, I am a Villaine: And yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrongs. Art thou not ashamed?

Falst. Do'st thou heare *Hal*? Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, *Adam* fell: and what should poore *Iacke* *Falstaffe* do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confesse then you picke my Pocket?

Prin. It appeares so by the Story.

Falst. *Hostesse*, I forgie thee.

Goe make ready Breakfast, loue thy Husband, and Looke to thy Seruants, and cherish thy Guests: Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason.

Thou seest, I am pacified still.

Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hostesse.

Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that answered?

Prin. O my sweet Beefe: I must still be good Angell to thee. The Monie is paid backe againe.

Falst. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Falst. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with vnwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke*, a Charge of Foot.

Falst. I would it had bene of Horse. Where shal I finde one that can steale well?

O. for a fine theefe, of two and twentie, or thereabout: I am heynously vnprovided. Wel God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none: but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prin. *Bardolph*.

Bard. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster To my Brother *Iohn*. This to my Lord of Westmerland, Go *Pete*, to horse: for thou, and I.

Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

Iacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall.

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive A Money and Order for their Furniture.

The Land is burning; *Percie* stands on bye,

And either they, or we must lower lye.

Falst. Rare words! braue world,

Hostesse, my breakfast, come:

Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drumme.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Harria Hotspurre, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth.

In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie,

Such attribution should the *Douglas* haue,

As not a Souldiour of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world.

By heauen I cannot flatter: I defie

The Tongues of Soothers. But a Bratter place

In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selfe.

Nay, taske me to my word: approue me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honor:

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beare him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast there?

I can but thanke you.

Mess. These Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him?

Why comes he not himselfe?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord.

He is greuous sicke,

Hot. How? haz he the leysure to be sicke now,

In such a iustling time? Who leades his power?

Vnder whose Government come they along?

Mess. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.
Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first bene whole,
Ere he by sicknesse had bene visited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hotsp. Sick now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterprize,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Campe,

He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne:
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,

That with our small coniunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to vs:
For as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly posselt
Of all our purposes: What say you to it?
Wor. Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to vs.

Hotsp. A perillous Gash, a very Limbe lopt off:
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want
Seemes more then we shall finde it.

Were it good, to see the exact wealch of all our states
All at one Cast? To set so rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtful houre,

It were not good: for therein should we reade
The very Bottom, and the Soule of Hope,
The very Lift, the very vtmost Bound

Of all our fortunes.
Dowg. Faith, and so wee should,
Where now remains a sweet reuerfion.

We may boldly spend, vpon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retyrement liues in this.

Hotsp. A Rantious, a Home to flye vnto,
If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge
Vpon the Maidenhead of our Affaires.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had bene here:
The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempr
Brookes no diuision: It will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence:

And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the ryde of fearefull Faction,
And breede a kinde of question in our cause:

For well you know, wee of the offring side,
Must keepe aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence

The eye of reason may prye in vpon vs:
This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,

Before not dreame of.
Hotsp. You frayne too farre:
I rather of his absence make this vse:

It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,

If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To pass against the Kingdome: with his helpe,
We shall ore-turne it topsie-turvy downe:

Yet all goes well, yet all our ioyes are whole.

Dowg. As heart can thinke:
There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,
At this Dreafie of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.
Hotsp. My Cousin Vernon, welcome by my Soule.

Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord:
The Earle of Westmerland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince Iohn.

Hotsp. No harme: what more?
Vern. And further, I haue learn'd,
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,

Or hither-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mightie preparation.
Hotsp. He shall be welcome too.

Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Camrades, that daft the World aside,

And bid it passe?
Vern. All furnisht, all in Armes,
All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde

Bayrd-like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
Ghitering in Golden Coates, like Images,
As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,

And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls,
I saw young Harry with his Beuer on,

His Cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his Seate,

As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fierie Pegasus,
And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship.

Hotsp. No more, no more,
Worte then the Sunne in March:
This praye doth nourish Agues: let them come,

They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:

The mayled Mars shall on his Altar sit,
Vp to the eares in blood: I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprimall is so night,

And yet not ours: Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales:

Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse:
Oh, that Glendower were come!

There is more newes: I saw how you
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteene dayes.

Dowg. That's the worst Tidings that I heere of yet.
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty found.

Hotsp. What may the Kings whole Battaille reach
vnto?
Vern. To thirty thousand.

Hotsp. Forty let it be: but I shall not see it:
My Father and Glendower being both away,
The powres of vs, may serue to great a day:

Come, let vs take a muster speedily:
Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merily.
Dowg. Take not of dying, I am out of feare

Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a
Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: wee'll
to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you giue me Money, Captaine?
Falst. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.
Falst. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it
make twentie, take them all, Ile answere the Coynage.

Bard. Bid my Lieutenant Peto meete me at the Townes end.
Falst. I will Captaine: farewell.

Bard. If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a
lowe-Curnet: I haue mis-vs'd the Kings Presse dam-
nably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie

Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds, I presse me
none but good House-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire
me out contrasted Batchelers, such as had bene ask'd

twice on the Banes: such a Commoditie of warme flauces,
as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; such as
feare the report of a Caliuier, worse then a struck-Foole,

or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes
and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger then
Pimmes heads, and they haue bought out their seruices:

And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Cor-
porals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as
ragged as Lazarus in the painted Cloth, where the Glut-
tons Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were

neuer Souldiers, but discarded vniust Seruingmen, youn-
ger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters and
Officers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and

long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged,
then an old-fac'd Ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the
roomes of them that haue bought out their seruices: that

you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd
Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating
Drasse and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way,

and told me, I had vnloadd all the Gibbets, and prest the
dead bodyes. No eye hath seene such skar-Crowes: Ile
not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay,

and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if
they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the moit of them
out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my

Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt to-
gether, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Heralds
Coat, without sleeues: and the Shirt, to say the truth,

holne from my Host of S. Albones, or the Red-Nose
Inne-keeper of Dauntiny. But that's all one, they'll finde
Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now blowne Iack? how now Quilt?
Falst. What Hal? How now mad Wag, what a Deuill
do'st thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of West-

merland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had al-
ready bene at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir Iohn, 'tis more then time that I were
there, and you too: but my Powers are there already.
The King, I can tell you, looks for vs all: we must away
all to Night.

Falst. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to
steale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft
hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, Iack, whose
fellows are these that come after?

Falst. Mine, Hal, mine.
Prince. I did neuer see such pittifull Rascals.

Falst. Tut, tut, good enough to tosse: foode for Pow-
der, foode for Powder: they'll fill a Pit, as well as better:
rush man, mortall men, mortall men.

Westm. I, but Sir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding
poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falst. Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they
had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer
learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers
on the Ribbes bare. But sirra, make haste, Percy is already
in the field.

Falst. What, is the King encamp'd?
Westm. Hee is, Sir Iohn, I feare wee shall stay too
long.

Falst. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the begin-
ning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hotsp. Wee'll fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Dowg. You giue him then aduantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hotsp. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Vern. So doe wee.

Hotsp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Worc. Good Cousin be aduis'd, stirre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Dowg. You doe not counsaile well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no slander, Dowglas: by my Life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,

If well-respected Honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsaile with weake feare,

As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues,

Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell,

Which of vs feares.

Dowg. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotsp. To night, say I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being me of such great leading as you are

That you fore-see not what impediments

Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse

Of my Cousin Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your Vnckle Worcesters Horse came but to day,

And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

Hotsp. So are the Horses of the Enemie

In generall journey bated, and brought low:

The better part of ours are full of rest.

Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hotsp. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt:
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of vs loue you well: and even those some
Enuie your great desertings, and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs like an Enemy.

Blunt. And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anynted Maiestie,
But to my Charge.

The King hath sent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
You censure from the Brest of Ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dautious Land
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Haue any way your good Deserts forgot,
Which he confessest to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed
You shall haue your desires, with interest:
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.

Hotsp. The King is kinde:
And well wee know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, my Vnckle, and my selfe,
Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares:
And when he was not fixe and twentie strong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore vnmind'd Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pity mou'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh:
And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This seeming Brow of Iustice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favorites, that the absent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,

When hee was personall in the Irish Warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hotsp. Then to the point.
In short time after, hee depos'd the King.
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State,
To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman March,
Who is, if every Owner were plac'd,
Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ransome, to lye forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord,
In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke our
This Head of safetie; and withall, to prie
Into his Title: the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?

Hotsp. Not so, Sir Walter.
Weele with-draw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Vnckle
Bring him our purpose: and so farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.
Hotsp. And't may be, so wee shall.
Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michell, beare this sealed Briebe
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin Scroope, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste.

Sir Mich. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor,
Arch. Like enough you doe.

To morrow, good Sir Michell, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayed Power,
Meetes with Lord Harry: and I feare, Sir Michell,
What with the sicknesse of Northumberland,
Whose Power was in the first proportion;
And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir Mich. But there is Mordake, Person, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The speciall head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The Noble Westmerland, and watlike Blunt;
And many moe Courtials, and deare men: quito aid in A
Of estimation, and command in Armes:
Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd
Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worst, Sir Michell speed;
For if Lord Percy thine not, ere the King
Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs:
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:
Therefore make hast, I must go waite againe
To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir Michell. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt,
and Edsiffe.*

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Above yon busky hill: the day lookes pale
At his distemperature.

Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaues,
Portels a Tempest, and a blust'ring day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.

*The Trumpet sounds.
Enter Worcester.*

King. How now my Lord of Worcester? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,
As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our trust,
And made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace,
To crush our old limbes in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you againe vnkne
This churlish knot of all-aborred Warre?
And moue in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent
Of broached Mischeefe, to the vnborne Times?

Wor. Heare me, my Liege: I could be well content
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge, and of my life
With quiet houres: For I do protest,
I haue not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You haue not sought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace,
Wor. It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your lookes
Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our House:
And yet I must remember you my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my staffe of Office did I breake
In Richards time, and posited day and night
To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I:
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The feare of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster,
To this, we sweare our aide: But in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune shewing on your head,
And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the absent King,
What with the iniuries of wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the vnlucky Irish Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster,
And being sed by vs, you vs'd vs so,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowe Bird,
Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest,
Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulke,
That euen our Loue durst not come neere your sight:
For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd, for safety sake, to flye
Out of your sight, and raise this present Heady
Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes,
As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe,
By vnkinde usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.

King. These things indeede you haue articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Crosse, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of sickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly Innouation:
And neuer yet did Insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:
Nor moody Beggars, staruing for a time
Of pell-mell hauocke, and confusion.

Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: By my Hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds,
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I haue a Truant beene to Chivalry,
And so I heare, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to saue the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we enter thee,
Albeit, considerations in state

Do

Do make against it: No good Worcester,
We loue our people well; euen those we loue
That are misled vpon your Cousins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you; yea, euery man
Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduisedly.

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The *Douglas* and the *Hotspurre* both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,
For on their answer will we set on them;
And God befriend vs, as our cause is iust.

Exeunt.

Manet Prince and Falstaffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell,
And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time Hal, and all well,
Prin. Why, thou ow'st heaven a death.

Falstaffe. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him
before his day. What neede I bee so forward with him,
that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes
me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come
on? How then? Can Honour set too legges? No: or an
arme? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No.
Honor hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Ho-
nour? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A
trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wednes-
day. Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it
insensible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not liue with
the liuing? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, there-
fore Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so
ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberall kinde offer of the King.

Ver. 'T were best he did.

Wor. Then we are all vndone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our lines, shall be sticke full of eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who ne're so tame, so cherisht, and lock'd vp,
Will haue a wilde trick of his Ancestors:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feede like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, till the nearer death.
My Nephewes trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,

And an adopted name of Ptiuledge,
A haire-brain'd *Hotspurre*, govern'd by a Spleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
In any case, the offer of the King.
Ver. Deliuier what you will, Ile say 'tis so,
Heere comes your Cousin.

Enter Hotspurre.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd,
Deliuier vp my Lord of Westmerland.
Vnkle, what newe?

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently,
Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.
Hot. Lord *Douglas*: Go you and tell him so:
Dow. Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

Exit Douglas.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King,
Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our greivances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forworne,
He calls vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hateful name in vs.

Enter Douglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown
A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth:
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,
Vnlesse a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercise, and prooue of Armes.
He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trim'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your desertings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valed with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his Wantonnesse.

Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie.
Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you haue to do,
That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,

Can

Can lift your blood vp with perswasion,
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, heere are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot reade them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.
If life did ride vpon a Diall point,
Still ending at the arrivall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to treade on Kings:
If dye, braue death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Consciences, the Armes is faire, none yet
When the intent for bearing them is iust.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his best. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can reete withall.
In the aduenture of this perillous day,
Now *Esperance Percy*, and set on:

Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre,
And by that Musick, let vs all imbrace:
For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall
A second time do such a curtesie.

*They embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King entereth
with his power, alarum vnto the battell. Then enter
Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battell thus y'crossst me?
What honor dost thou seeke vpon my head?

Dow. Know then my name is *Douglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus.

Blunt. They tell thee true,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likeness: for insted of thee King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee.

Blunt. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt fude a King that will reuenge
Lord *Staffords* death.

Fight, Blunt is slaine, then enters Hotspurre.

Hot. O *Douglas*, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king
Hot. Where? *Dow.* Here.

Hot. Heere? *Dow.* Heere.

Hot. This *Douglas*? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Sembably furnish'd like the King himselfe.

Dow. Ah foole! go with thy soule whether it goes,
About your Title hath thou bought too deere a price.

Hot. Why didst thou tel me, that thou wert a King?
Dow. The King hath many marching in his Coates.

Hot. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
I'll murder all his Wardrobe peccet by peccet.

Hot. I'll meet the King, I'll see how I may kill him.
Dow. I'll see how I may kill him.

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Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my
150. left aliue, and they for the Townes end, to beg du-
ring life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword,
Many a Nobleman likes starke and thiffe
Vnder the hooes of vaunting enemies:
Whose deaths are vnreueng'd. Prethy lend me thy sword

Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breath awhile:
Turke *Gregory* neuer did such deeds in Armes, as I haue
done this day. I haue paid *Percy*, I haue made him sure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
I prethee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay Hal, if *Percy* bee aliue, thou getst not my
Sword; but take my Pistol if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: What is it in the Case?

Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to iest and dally now?

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him: if he do come in
my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let
him make a Carbonado of me: I like not such grinning
honour as *Sir Walter* hath: Giue mee life, which if I can
saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and ther's an
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Exit.

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Exit.

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very King. I haue two Boyes
Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the Field:
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe.

Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeit:
And yet in faith thou bearest thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, where thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the King in danger.*

Enter Prince.
Prin. Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly, Stafford, Blunt*, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promisseth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flieth.

Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gansley hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* straight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile.

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.

Prin. O heauen, they did me too much injury,
That euer said I hearkned to your death.

If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,
Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Portions in the world,

And said the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to *Sir Nicholas Gansley*. *Exit*
Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

Prin. Thou speakest as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy*,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,

Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,

Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come

To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,

Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater ere I part from thee,

And all the budding Honors on thy Crest,

Ile crop to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said *Hal*, so it *Hal*. Nay you shall finde no

Boy's play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down

as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:

I better brooke the losse of brittle life,

Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,

They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:

But thought's the slave of Life, and Life, Times foole yf

And Time, that takes the way of all the world,

Must haue a stop. O, I could prophesse,

But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,

Eyes on my Tongue: No *Percy*, thou art dust,

And food for ———

Prin. For Wormes, braue *Percy*. Farewell great heart:

Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shunked

When that this bodie did containe a spirit.

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:

But now two paces of the vilest Earth

Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,

Bears not aliuie so stout a Gentleman,

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so great a shew of Zeale,

But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,

And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thank my selfe

For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,

Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,

But not remembered in thy Epitaph.

What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh

Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell:

I could haue better spar'd a better man.

O, I should haue a heavy misse of thee,

If I were much in loue with Vanitie.

Death hath not stricke so fat a Deere to day,

Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:

Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,

Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percy* lye. *Exit.*

Falstaffe riseth vp.

Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile

giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morrow.

'Twas time to counterfeit, or that horre *Termagant* Scot,

had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no coun-

terfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the

counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But

to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be

no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life in-

deede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion: in the

which better part, I haue fau'd my life. I am affraid of

this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee

should counterfeit too, and rise? I am affraid hee would

prooue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure

yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as

well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie

fees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh

come you along me. *Takes Hotspur on his backe.*

Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother *John*, full brauely hast thou sleight

thy Maiden sword.

John. But soft, who haue we heere?

Did you not tell me this *Fat* man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,

Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou aliuie?

Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?

I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes

Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but

if I be not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a Iacke: There is *Percy*,

if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him

kill the next *Percy* himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or

Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen

to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath,

and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought

a long houre by *Shrewsburie* clocke. If I may bee belee-

ued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beere

the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death

I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were a-

liue, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece

of my sword.

John. This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *John*.

Come

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:

For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,

Ile giu'd it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

A Retreat is sounded.

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:

Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt*

Fal. Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that re-

wards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again,

Ile grow lesse: For Ile purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue

cleanly, as a Nobleman should do. *Exit*

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpets sound.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,

Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester &

Vernon Prisoners.

King. Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.

Ill-spirited *Worcester*, did we not send Grace,

Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?

And would'st thou turne our offers contrary?

Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?

Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,

A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,

Had bene aliuie this houre,

If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne

Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to,

And I embrace this fortune patiently,

Since not to be auoyded, it falls on mee.

King. Beare *Worcester* to death, and *Vernon* too:

Other Offenders we will pause vpon.

Exit Worcester and Vernon.

How goes the Field?

Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Douglas*, when hee saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

The Noble *Percy* slaine, and all his men,

Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;

And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd

That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent

The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your Grace,

I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then Brother *John* of Lancaster,

To you this honourable bounty shall belong:

Go to the *Douglas*, and deliuer him

Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free:

His Valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,

Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,

Euen in the bosome of our Adversaries.

King. Then this remains: that we diuide our Power.

You Sonne *John*, and my Cousin *Westmerland*

Towards *Yorke* shall bend you, with your deere speed

To meet *Northumberland*, and the Prelate *Scroope*,

Who (as we heare) are busily in Armes.

My Selfe, and you Sonne *Harry* will towards *Wales*,

To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*.

Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,

Meeting the Checke of such another day:

And since this Businesse so faire is done,

Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.



The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumour.

Pen your Eares: For which of you will stop
The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West
(Making the winde my Post-horse) still unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth,
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in euery Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports:
I speake of Peace, while covert Enmitie
(Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:
And who but Rumour, who but onely I
Make fearfull Mulsters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil't the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,
And no such matter? Rumour, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmises, Ielousies, Coniectures;
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,
That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,
The still discordant, wauering Multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour heere?
I run before King Harries victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
Hath beaten downe yong Hotspurre, and his Troopes,
Qyenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To speake so true at first? My Office is
To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble Hotspurres Sword:
And that the King, before the Douglas Rage
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant-Townes,
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where Hotspurres Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty sicke. The Postes come tying on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues,
They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then True-
wrongs.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L. Bar. Who keeps the Gate heere hos?
Where is the Earle?

Por. What shall I say you are?

Bar. Tell thou the Earle

That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

Por. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himselfe will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bar. Heere comes the Earle.

Nor. What newes Lord Bardolfe? Eury minute now
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.

L. Bar. Noble Earle,

I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

Nor. Good, and heauen will.

L. Bar. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince Harrie slaine out-right: and both the Blunts,
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas. Yong Prince John,
And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field,
And Harrie Monmouth's Brawne (the Hulke Sir John)
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since Cæsars Fortunes.

Nor. How is this deserv'd?

Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came fro thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these newes for true.

Nor. Heere comes my Seruant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Travers.

L. Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retail from me.

Nor. Now Travers, what good tidings comes fro you?

The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Tra. My Lord, Sir John Umfravill turn'd me backe
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rod me. After him, came spurring head
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)
That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong Harry Percies Spurre was cold.
With that he gaue his able Horse the head,
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles
Against the panting sides of his poore fadde
Vp to the Rowell head, and flaring so,
He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way,
Staying no longer question.

Nor. Ha? Againe:
Said he yong Harry Percies Spurre was cold?
(Of Hot-Spurre, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?

L. Bar. My Lord: He tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a filken point
Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.

Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by Travers
Giue then such instances of Lossie?

L. Bar. Who, he?

He was some hilding Fellow, that had stolne
The Horse he rode on: and vpon my life
Hee speake at aduerture. Look, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yes, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,
Fore-tells the Nature of a Tragick Volume:
So looks the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witnes Vfurpation:
Say Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)

Where hatefull death put on his vgly Maske
To fright our party.

Nor. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?

Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.

Euen such a man, so faine, so spiritlesse,
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,
Drew Priams Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.

But Priam found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report it.

This, thou would'st say: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble Douglas,
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.

But in the end (to stop mine eare indeed)
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is liuing, and your Brother, yet:

But for my Lord, your Sonne.

Nor. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue Suspicion hath:

He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (Morton)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainfaid:

Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.

Nor. Yet for all this, say not that Percies dead.

I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:

Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it Feare, or Sinne,

To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so.

The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:

And he doth sinne that doth belye the dead:

Not he, which sayes the dead is not aliue:

Yet the first bringer of velcome Newes:

Hath but a loosing Office: and his Tongue

Sounds euer after as a fullen Bell

Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

L. Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to beleue

That, which I would to heauen, I had not seene

But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,

Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)

To Henrie Monmouth, whose swift wrath beate downe

The neuer-daunted Percie to the earth,

From whence (with life) he neuer more sprung vp.

In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,

Euen to the dullest Peasant in his Campe)

Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away

From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes:

For from his Mettle, was his Party sceld;

Which once, in him abated, all the rest

Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead

And as the Thing, that's heavy in it selfe,

Vpon enforcement, flies with greatest speede,

So did our Men, heavy in Hotspurres losse,

Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare;

That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their aymes,

Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)

Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester

Too soone a prisoner: and that furious Scot

(The bloody Douglas) whose well-labouring sword

Had three times slaine th'apparance of the King,

Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame

Of those that turn'd their backs: and in his flight,

Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,

Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out

A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,

Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaster

And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full.

Nor. For this, I shall haue time enough to mourne.

In Poyson, there is Physicke: and this newes

(Hauing bene well) that would haue made me sicke,

Being sicke, haue in some measure, made me well.

And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weaken'd ioynts,

Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle vnder life,

Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire

Out of his keepers armes: Euen so, my Limbes

(Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,

Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,

A scalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele

Must gloue this hand. And hence thou sickly Quouise,

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,

Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.

Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach

The ragged'st houre, that Time and Spight dare bring

To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.

Let Heauen kisse Earth: now let not Natures hand

Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,

And let the world no longer be a stage

To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:

But let one spirit of the First-borne Caine

Reigne in all bowmes, that each heart being set
On bloody Courtes, the rude Scene may end,
And darknesse be the burier of the dead. (Honor.)

L. Bar. Sweet Earle, diuorce not wisdom from your
Mor. The liues of all your louing Complices
Leane on your health, the which if you giue o're
To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.
You cast th'euent of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And summ'd the account of Chance, before you said
Let vs make head: It was your presumize,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.

You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were aduis'd his flesh was capable
Of Wounds, and Searres; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you say go forth: and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could restraine
The stiffe-borne Action: What hath then befallne?
Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?

L. Bar. We all that are engaged to this losse,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought our life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,
And since we are o're-set, venture againe.

Mor. Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:
The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp

With well appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers,
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corps,
But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight;
For that same word (Rebellion) did diuide
The action of their bodies, from their soules,
And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd
As men drinke Portions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,

As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Turnes Insurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood
Of faire King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause:
Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
Gasping for life, vnder great Bullingbrooke,
And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and counsell euery man
The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giuant, what saies the Doct. to my water?
Page. He said sir, the water it selfe was a good healthy
water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more
diseases then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the

braine of this foolish compounded Clay-mant, is not able
to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then
inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my
selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe herre
walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all
her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Ser-
uice for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I
haue no iudgement. Thou horseforn Mandrake, thou art
fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I
was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will fettle
you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in wilde apparell, and
send you backe againe to your Master, for a Jewell. The
Tueneall (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet
fleg'd, I will toooner haue a beard grow in the Palme of
my hand, then he shall get one on his cheek: yet he will
not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may
finishe it when he will, it is not a haire amiss yet: he may
keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer
earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if
he had writ man euer since his Father was a Batchellour.
He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of
mine, I can assure him. What said *M. Dumbleton*, about
the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

Page. He said sir, you should procure him better Assu-
rance, then *Bardolfe*: he wold not take his Bond & yours,
he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damnd like the Glutton, may his
Tongue be hotter, a horseforn *Achitophel*: a Rasally-ye-
forsooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then
stand vpon Security? The horseforn smooth-pates doe now
weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at
their girdles: and if a man is through with them in he-
neck Taking-vp, then they must stand vpon Security: I
had as lief they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as
offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should haue
sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true
Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleepe in
Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the
lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot
he see, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him.
Where's *Bardolfe*?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worlship
a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horse
in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I
were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.

Enter Chiefe Iustice, and Seruant.

Page. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed
the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Iust. What's he that goes there?

Ser. *Falstaffe*, and't please your Lordship.

Iust. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice
at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some
Charge, to the Lord *Iohn of Lancaster*.

Iust. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Page. You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe.

Iust. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.
Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

Ser. Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. What's a yong knaue and beg? Is there not warre
there not employment? Doth not the King lacke subjects? Do
not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be

on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to
be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Re-
bellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You mistake me Sir.

Fal. Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Set-
ting my Knight-hood, and my Souldier-ship aside, I had
tyed in my throat, if I had said so.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knight-hood and
your Souldier-ship aside, and giue mee leave to tell you,
you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an
honest man.

Fal. I giue thee leaue to tell me so? I lay a-side that
which growes to me? If thou get'st any leaue of me, hang
me: if thou tak'st leaue, thou wert better be hang'd: you
Hunt-counter, hence: Aune.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Iust. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: giue your Lordship good time of
the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heare
say your Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes
abroad by aduise. Your Lordship (though not clean past
your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some rel-
ish of the fallnesse of Time, and I most humbly beseech
your Lordship, to haue a reuerend care of your health.

Iust. Sir *Iohn*, I sent you before your Expedition, to
Shrewsburie.

Fal. If please your Lordship, I heare his Maiestie is
return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Iust. I talke not of his Maiestie: you would not come
when I sent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreover, his Highnesse is false into
this same whorson Apoplexie. (you.)

Iust. Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me speake with

Fal. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethar-
gie, a sleeping of the blood, a horseforn Tingling.

Iust. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originall from much greefe: from study
and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the cause of
his effects in *Galen*. It is a kinde of deafnesse.

Iust. I thinke you are false into the disease: For you
heare not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't please
you) it is the disease of not Listening, the malady of not
Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Iust. To punish you by the heeles, would amend the
attention of your eares, & I care not if I be your Physician.

Fal. I am as poore as *Iob*, my Lord; but not so Patient:
your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment
to me, in respect of Pouertie: but how I should bee your
Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make
some dram of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple it selfe.

Iust. I sent for you (when there were matters against
you for your life) to come speake with me.

Fal. As I was then aduised by my learned Councel, in
the lawes of this Land-seruice, I did not come.

Iust. Well, the truth is (sir *Iohn*) you lye in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, canot lye in lesse.

Iust. Your Meanes is very slender, and your wast great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes
were greater, and my waste slenderer.

Iust. You haue mislead the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath mislead mee. I am the Fel-
low with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Iust. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your
daies seruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer
your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the

vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-posting that Action.

Fal. My Lord?

Iust. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping
Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Iust. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A Waffell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did
say of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

Iust. There is not a white haire on your face, but shold
haue his effect of grauity.

Fal. His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

Iust. You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like
his euill Angell.

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I
hope, he that looks vpon mee, will take mee without
weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go:
I cannot tell. Vertue is off so little regard in these Costor-
mongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard, Pregnan-
cie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in
giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man
(as the malice of this Age shapeth them) are not worth a
Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capaci-
ties of vs that are yong: you measure the heat of our Li-
uers, with the bitternes of your galls: & we that are in the
vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are waggis too.

Iust. Do you set downe your name in the scrowle of
youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charac-
ters of age? Haue you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yel-
low cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing
belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your
wit fingle? and euery part about you blasted with Anti-
quity? and will you cal your selfe yong? *Fy, fy, fy, sir *Iohn*.*

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & som-
thing a round belly. For my voice, I haue lost it with hal-
lowing and singing of Anthemes. To approue my youth
farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudge-
ment and vnderstanding: and he that will caper with mee
for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue
at him. For the boxe of th'care that the Prince gaue you,
he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you rooke it like a sense-
ble Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion re-
pents: Marty not in ashes and sacke-cloth, but in new
Silke, and old Sacke.

Iust. Well, heauen send the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heauen send the Companion a better Prince: I
cannot rid my hands of him.

Iust. Well, the King hath seuer'd you and Prince *Har-
ry*, I heare you are going with Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster,

against the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it: but
looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at
home) that our Armies ioyn not in a hot day: for if I take
but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat ex-
traordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing
but my Bottle, would I might neuer spit white againe:
There is not a dangerous Action can peepe out his head,
but I am thrust vpon it. Well, I cannot last euer.

Iust. Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen blesse your
Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound,
to furnish me forth?

Iust. Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient
to beare crosses. Fare you well. Commend mee to my
Cousin Westmerland.

Fal. If I do fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man
can no more separate Age and Couetousnesse, then he can
part yong limbes and litchery: but the Gowt galls the

one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the Degrees prevent my curses. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris Ursula, whom I haue weekly sworn to marry, since I perceiu'd the first white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other plays the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne diffeals to commodity.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our causes, & know our Means: And my most noble Friends, I pray you all Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes, And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfied, How (in our Meanes) we should aduance our selues To looke with forehead bold and big enough Vpon the Power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present Multers grow vpon the File To fure and twenty thousand men of choice: And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord Hastings) standeth thus Whether our present fure and twenty thousand May hold vp-head, without Northumberland:

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought to feeble, My iudgement is, we should not step too farre Till we had his Assistance by the hand. For in a Theame so bloody fac'd, as this, Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmise Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord Bardolfe, for indeed It was young Hotspur's case, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope, Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply, Flatt'ring himself with Project of a power, Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts, And so with great imagination (Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death, And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But (by your leave) it neuer yet did hurt To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre, Indeed the instant action; a cause on foot, Lines so in hope: As in an early Spring, We see th'appearing buds, which to proue fruit, Hope giues not so much warrant, as Dispaire That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build, We first survey the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we see the figure of the house, Then must we rate the cost of the Erektion, Which if we finde out-weighes Ability, What do we then, but draw a new the Modell In fewer offices? Or at least, desist To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke, (Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe, And set another vp) should we survey The plot of Situation, and the Modell; Consent vpon a fure Foundation: Question Surveyors, know our owne estate, How able such a Worke to vndergo, To weigh against his Opposite? Or else, We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures, Vsing the Names of men, instead of men: Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through) Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Cost A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds, And waste, for charlith Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth) Should be still borne, and that we now possesse The utmost man of expectation:

I thinke we are a Body strong enough (Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but fure & twenty thousand?

Hast. To vs no more: nay not so much Lord Bardolfe, For his diuisions (as the Times do braul)

Are in three Heads: one Power against the French, And one against Glendower: Perforce a third Must take vp vs: So is the vnfirme King In three diuided: and his Cofters found With hollow Poverty, and Emptinesse.

Ar. That he should draw his feuerall strengths together And come against vs in full puissance Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so, He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland: Against the Welch himselfe, and Harrie Monmouth. But who is substituted against the French, I haue no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on:

And publish the occasion of our Armes. The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice, Their ouer-greedy loue hath surfered:

An habitation giddy, and vnsture Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heere.

O thou fond Many, with what loud applause Didst thou beate heauen with blessing Bulkingbrooke, Before he was, what thou wouldst haue him be?

And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires, Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him, That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp.

So, so, (thou common Dogge) didst thou disgorge Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall Richard, And now thou wouldst eate thy dead vomit vp,

And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times? They, that when Richard liu'd, would haue him dye, Are now become enamour'd on his graue.

Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head When through proud London he came sighing on, After th'admired heeles of Bulkingbrooke, Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King againe,

And

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd) Past, and to Come, seems best; things Present, worst. Now. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on? Hast. We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gone.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hostesse. Mr. Fang, haue you entred the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hostesse. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?

Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, wher's Snare?

Hostesse. I, good M. Snare.

Snare. Heere, heere.

Fang. Snare, we must Arrest Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Hostesse. I good M. Snare, I haue enter'd him, and all.

Sn. It may chance cost some of vs our liues: he will stab.

Hostesse. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me

in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not

what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will

foyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman,

nor child.

Fang. If I can clofe with him, I care not for his thrust.

Hostesse. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once: if he come but within my

Vice.

Hostesse. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an

infinitue thing vpon my score. Good M. Fang hold him

sure: good M. Snare let him not scape, he comes continu-

antly to Py-Corner (sawing your manhoods) to buy a sad-

dle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in

Lombardstreet, to M. Smother the Silkman. I pra'ye, since

my Exion is enter'd, and my Cafe so openly known to the

world, let him be brought in to his answer: A too. Marke

is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue

borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin sub'd off, and

sub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to

be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vnles

a woman should be made an Ass, and a Beast, to beare e-

uery Knaues wrong.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmeisey-Nose Bar-

dolfe with him, Do your Offices, do your offices: M. Fang,

& M. Snare, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir Iohn, I arrest you, at the suite of Mistr. Quickly.

Fal. Away Vnles, draw Bardolfe: Cut me off the

Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channell.

Hostesse. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there.

Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue! Murder, mur-

ders, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods of-

ficers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art

a hony-seed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolfe. Fang. A rescue, a rescue.

Hostesse. Good people bring a rescue. Thou wilt not? thou

wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.

Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustil-

lian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe. Enter, Ch. Iustice.

Iust. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, ho.

Hostesse. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you

stand to me.

Ch. Iust. How now Sir Iohn? What are you brauling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should haue bene well on your way to York.

Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st vpon him?

Hostesse. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and t' please your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suite.

Ch. Iust. For what summe?

Hostesse. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home; hee hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o' Nights, like the Mare.

Fal. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue any vantage of ground, to get vp.

Ch. Iust. How comes this, Sir Iohn? By, what a man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to inforce a poore Widdowe to so rough a course, to come by her owne?

Fal. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

Hostesse. Marry (if thou wert an honest man) thy selfe, &

the money too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell

gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round

table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week,

when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a sin-

ging man of Windsor; Thou didst sweare to me then (as I

was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my

Lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not good wife Kerch

the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip Quick-

ly? coming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling vs,

she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby I didst desire to

eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a Greene

wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe

staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore

people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam?

And didst thou not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I

put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes

vp & downe the town, that her eldest son is like you. She

hath bin in good case, & the truth is, poverty hath distra-

cted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I

may haue redresse against them.

Iust. Sir Iohn, Sir Iohn, I am well acquainted with your

maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not

a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come

with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can

thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha' pra-

ctis'd vpon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman.

Hostesse. Yes in troth my Lord.

Iust. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and

vpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do

with sterling mony, & the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this sneape without

reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse:

If a man wil curt'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No,

my Lord (your humble duty remembred) I will not be your

sutor. I say to you, I desire deliur'ance from these Officers

being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires.

Iust. You speake, as hauing power to do wrong: But

answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the

poore woman.

Fal. Come hither Hostesse.

Enter M. Gower

Ch. Iust. Now Master Gower: What newes?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and Henrie Prince of Wales

Are nere at hand: The rest the Paper telles.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman.

Hostesse. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman, Come, no more words of it

Hostesse. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be

saine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dy-

ning Chambers.

g 3

Falst.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking: and for thy wallee a pretty slight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworkes, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Tapistries. Let it be reene pound (if thou canst.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Hof. Prethee (Sir John) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, He make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Hof. Well, you shall haue it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'll come to Supper: You'll pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I lue? Go with her, with her: hooke-on, hooke-on.

Hof. Will you haue Doll Teare-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's haue her.

Ch. Just. I haue heard bitter newes.

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. Just. Where lay the King last night?

Mef. At Basingstoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his Forces backe?

Mef. No: Fifteene hundred Foot, siue hundred Horse Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster,

Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L?

Ch. Just. You shall haue Letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good M. Gowre.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gowre, shall I entreate you with mee to dinner?

Gow. I must waite vpon my good Lord heere.

I thanke you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loyter heere too long, being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countreies as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gowre?

Ch. Just. What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gowre, if they become mee not, hee was a Foole that taught them mee.

This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durst not haue attach'd one of so high blood.

Prin. I doth me: though it discolors the complexion of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it.

Doth it not shew vildely in me, to desire small Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied,

as to remember so weake a Composition.

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede these humble considerations make me out of loue with my Greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk stockings y haue? (Viz. these, and those that were thy deach-colour d ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vse. But it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou keepst not Racker there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countreies, haue made a shift to eate vp thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you haue labour'd so hard, you should talke so idly? Tell me how many good young Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sicke, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. I shall serue among wittes of no higher breed, ing then thine.

Poin. Go to: I stand the push of your one thing, that you'll tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be sad now my Father is sicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poin. Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

Prin. Thou thinkest me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as thou, and Falstaffe, for obduracie and perfitencie. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is so sicke, and keeping such wild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostentation of sorrow.

Poin. The reason?

Prin. What wouldst thou think of me, if I hold weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a blessed Fellow, to thinke as every man thinks: neuer a mans thought in the world, keeps the Rode-way better then thine: every man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your most worshipful thought to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you haue beene so lewde, and so much ingrafted to Falstaffe.

Prin. And to thee.

Poin. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my hands: and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe. Looke, looke, heere comes Bardolfe.

Prince. And the Boy that I gaue Falstaffe, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain haue not trans form'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Saue your Grace.

Prin. And yours, most Noble Bardolfe.

Poin. Come you pernitious Ape, you bathfull Foole, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Potle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window.

window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wiues new Petticoat, & peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horsen vpright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you rascally Althea dreame, away.

Prin. Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

Page. Marry (my Lord) Althea dream'd, she was de-liver'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him bir dream.

Prince. A Crowne-worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.

Poin. O that this good Blossome could be kept from Cankers: Well, there is six pence to preferue thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wrong'd.

Prince. And how doth thy Master, Bardolph?

Bar. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces coming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Poin. Deliver'd with good respect: And how doth the Martlemas, your Master?

Bard. In bodily health Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortal part needs a Physician: but that moues not him: though that bee sicke, it dyes not.

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with me, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Poin. Letter. John Falstaffe Knight: (Euery man must know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe:) Euen like those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer pricke their finger, but they say, there is some of the Kings blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes vpon him not to conceiue? the answer is as ready as a borrow'd cap: I am the Kings poore Cohn, Sir.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they will fetch it from Iaphet. But to the Letter: — Sir John Falstaffe,

Knights, to the Sonne of the King, nearest his Father, Harrie Prince of Wales, greeting.

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

Poin. Sure he meanes breuity in breath: short-winded. I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Bee not too familiar with Poins, for hee misuses thy Fawours so much, that he sweares thou art to marrie his Sister Nell. Re- pent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou seest him. Tacke Falstaffe with my Familiars.

John with my Brothers and Sister: Sir

John, with all Europe.

My Lord, I will sleepe this Letter in Sack, and make him eate it.

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you vse me thus Ned? Must I marrie your Sister?

Poin. May the Wench haue no worse Fortune. But I neuer said so.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, & the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is your Master heere in London?

Bard. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where loppes he? Doth the old Sore, feede in the old Frankes?

Bard. At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape.

Prin. What Company?

Page. Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Mistis Quickly, and M. Doll Teare-sheet.

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinfwoman of my Masters.

Prin. Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale vpon them (Ned) at Supper?

Poin. I am your shadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your Master that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your silence.

Bar. I haue no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This Doll Teare-sheet should be some Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might wee see Falstaffe bestow himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our selues be seene?

Poin. Put on two Leather Jerkins, and Aprons, and waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A heauie declension: It was Ioues case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low trans- formation, that shall be mine: for in euery thing, the pur- pose must weigh with the folly. Follow me Ned. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie.

North. I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter,

Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:

Put not you on the visage of the Times,

And be like them to Percie, troublesome.

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will speak no more,

Do what you will: your Wisedome, be your guide.

North. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,

And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heauens sake, go not to these Warrs;

The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,

When you were more endear'd to it, then now,

When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere Harry,

Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father

Bring vp his Powres: but hee did long in vaine,

Who then perswaded you to stay at home?

There were two Honors lost; Yours, and your Sonnes.

For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it: For His, it sticke vpon him, as the Sunne

In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light

Did all the Cheualrie of England moue

To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse

Wherein the Noble Youth did dresse themselves.

He had no Legges, that practis'd not his Gate:

And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)

Became the Accents of the Valiant.

For those that could speake low, and tardily, would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse

To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,

In Diet, in Affections of delight,

In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue
(Second to none) vn-seconded by you,
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,
In disadvantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of *Hotsours* Name
Did seeme defensible: so you left him.
Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrongs,
To hold your Honor more precise and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.
Had my sweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hotsours* Necke)
Haue talk'd of *Monmouth's* Graue.

North. Beshrew your heart,
(Faile Daughter) you doe draw my Spirites from me,
With new lamenting ancient Ouer-sights,
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will seeke me in another place,
And finde me worse provided.

Wife. O flye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Haue of their Puissance made a little taste.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues,
First let them trye themselves. So did your Sonne,
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:
And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and spout, as high as Heauen,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde, swell'd vp vnto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neyther way.
Faile would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.
I will resolute for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. Drawer. What hast thou brought there? Apple-
Iohns? Thou know'st Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple-
Iohn.

2. Drawer. Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish
of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were five
more Sir *Iohns*: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now
take my leaue of these five drie, round, old-wither'd
Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath for-
got that.

1. Drawer. Why then couer, and set them downe: and
see if thou canst finde out *Sneaker* Noyse; *Mistis Teare-
sheet* would faile haue some Musique.

2. Drawer. Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master
Pointers, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins,
and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* must not know of it: *Bardolph*
hath brought word, that *old Pies*: it will be an ex-
cellent stratagem.

2. Draw. Ile see if I can finde out *Sneake*. *Exit.*

Enter Hostesse, and Dol.

Host. Sweet-heart, me thinks now you are in an ex-
cellent good temperallie: your Pulledge beates as ex-
traordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour
(I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you haue
dranke too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous feat:
ching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say
what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Host. Why that was well said: A good heart's worth
Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Enter Falstaffe.

Falst. When *Arthur* first in Court--(emptie the Iordan)
and was a worthy King: How now *Mistis Dol*?

Host. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-sooth,
Falst. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme,
they are sick.

Dol. You muddle Rascall, is that all the comfort you
giue me?

Falst. You make fat Rascalls, *Mistis Dol*.

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make
them, I make them not.

Falst. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to
make the Diseases (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch
of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chaynies, and our Jewels.

Falst. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to
serue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come
off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surge-
rie brauely: to venture vpon the charg'd Chambers
brauely.

Host. Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer
meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in
good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tostes, you can-
not one beare with anothers Confinimities. What the
good-ye? One must beare, and that must bee you:
you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier
Vessell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge
full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture
of Burdeaux-Stuffe in him: you haue not seene a Fuller
better stuffe in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee
Lacke: Thou art going to the Warres; and whether I
shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body
cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient *Pistol* is below, and would
speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not
come hither: it is the foule-mouth'd Rogue in Eng-
land.

Host. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must
liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggers: I am
in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the
doore, there comes no Swaggers heere: I haue not
liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: shut the
doore, I pray you.

Falst. Do'st thou heare, *Hostesse*?
Host. Pray you pacifie your selfe (*Sir Iohn*) there comes
no Swaggers heere.

Falst. Do'st

Falst. Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally (*Sir Iohn*) neuer tell me, your ancient
Swagger comes not in my doores. I was before Master
Tylick the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me,
it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour
Quickly (sayes hee;) Master *Dambe*, our Minister, was by
then: Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee) receiue those that
are Ciuill; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now
hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are
an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take
heed what Guests you receiue: Receiue (sayes hee) no
swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You
would blesse you to heare what hee said. No, Ile no
Swaggers.

Falst. Hee's no Swaggerer (*Hostesse*): a tame Cheater,
hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Grey-
hound: hee will not swagger with a Barbaric Henne, if
her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call
him vp (*Drawer*.)

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest
man my house, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue swag-
gering; I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Feele
Masters, how I shake: looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, *Hostesse*.

Host. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an As-
pen Lease: I cannot abide Swaggers.

Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Pist. Saue you, Sir *Iohn*.

Falst. Welcome Ancient *Pistol*. Here (*Pistol*) I charge
you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you discharge vpon mine
Hostesse.

Pist. I will discharge vpon her (*Sir Iohn*) with two
Bullets.

Falst. She is *Pistol*-prooffe (*Sir*) you shall hardly of-
fend her.

Host. Come, Ile drinke no Prooffes, nor no Bullets: I
will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans
pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you (*Mistis Dorothea*) I will charge
you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorne you (scourie Companion)
what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-
Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for
your Master.

Pist. I know you, *Mistis Dorothea*.

Dol. Away you Cur-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung,
away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie
Chappes, if you play the sawcie Cuttle with me. Away
you Bottle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale Iugler, you.
Since when, I pray you, Sir? whar, with two Points on
your shoulder? much.

Pist. I will murder your Ruffe, for this.

Host. No, good Captaine *Pistol*: not heere, sweete
Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abominable dam'd Cheater,
art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines
were of my minde, they would truncheon you out, for ta-
king their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them.
You a Captaine? you slave, for what? for tearing a poore
Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang
him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie stew'd-Pruines, and
dry'd Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make
the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had
need looke to it.

Bard. Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falst. Hearke thee hither, *Mistis Dol*.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I
could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee goe downe.

Pist. Ile see her damn'd first: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake,
to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde
also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe
Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not *Hwen* here?

Host. Good Captaine *Pesfel* be quiet, it is very late:
I beseeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.

Pist. These be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-
Horses, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Asia, which can-
not goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Cesar*, and
with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne
them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare: shall
wee fall foule for Toyes?

Host. By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter
words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a
Brawle anon.

Pist. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes:
Haue we not *Hwen* here?

Host. On my word (Captaine) there's none such here.
What the good-ye, doe you thinke I would denye her?
I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis*). Come,
giue me some Sack, *Si fortune me tormente, sperato me con-
tente*. Feare wee broad-fides? No, let the Fiend giue fire:
Giue me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there:
Come wee to full Points here, and are et cetera's no-
thing?

Fal. *Pistol*, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaffe: what? wee haue
seene the seven Starres.

Dol. Thrust him downe stayres, I cannot endure such
a Fustian Rascall.

Pist. Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Gallo-
way Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a shoue-groat
shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee
shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe stayres.

Pist. What? shall wee haue Incision? shall wee em-
brow? then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my dolefull
dayes: why then let grieuous, gaffly, gaping Wounds,
vntwin'd the Sisters three: Come *Atreptos*, I say.

Host. Here's good stuffe toward.

Fal. Giue me my Rapier-Boy.

Dol. I prethee *Lacke*, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe stayres.

Host. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forswear keeping
house, before Ile be in these tirrils, and frights. So: Mur-
ther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Wea-
pons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee *Lacke* be quiet, the Rascall is gone: ah,
you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i'th' Groyne? me thought hee
made a shrewd Thrust at your Belly.

Fal. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Rascall's drunke: you haue hurt
him (*Sir*) in the shoulder.

Fal. A Rascall to braue me.

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape,
how thou wear'st? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come
on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou
art

art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A rascally Slaue, I will toss the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou do'st, Ile canuas thee betwene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, Dol. A Rascall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-silver.

Dol. And thou follow'dst him like a Church: thou whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Poinès disguis'd.

Fal. Peace (good Dol) doe not speake like a Deaths-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: hee would haue made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say Poinès hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboon, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksburie Mustard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinks off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpon Ioynd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and breeds no bare with telling of discrete stories: and such other Gamboll faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayte will turne the Scales betwene their Haber-de-pois.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Look, if the wicher'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not strange, that Desire should so many yeeres out-lie performance?

Fal. Kisse me Dol.

Prince. Saluine and Venus this yeere in Coniunction? What sayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie Trigon, his Man, be not lipping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper.

Fal. Thou do'st giue me flatterring Busies.

Dol. Nay truely, I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue ere a feurue young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffle wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I shall receiue Money on Thursday: thou shalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late,

wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so: proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, Francis.

Prim. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou Poinès, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life do'st thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hof. Oh, the Lord preserue thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen bleste that sweete Face of thine: what are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad Compound of Maifestie: by this light Flefh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I scorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorson Candle-myne you, how wildly did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

Hof. Blessing on your good heart, and so shee is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse (Hal) on mine Honor, no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraise me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse (Hal).

Poin. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse (Ned) in the World; honest Nednone, I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subject, and thy Father is to giue me thanks for it. No abuse (Hal): none (Ned) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entice Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine Hofesse here, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest Bardolph (whose Zeale burnes in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin. Answer thou dead Elme, answer.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe Bardolph irreconcilable, and his Face is Lucifers Priuy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing, but rost Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill out-bids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, shee is in Hell already, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether shee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Hof. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No.

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment vpon thee, for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hof. All Victuallers doe so: What is a Ioynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What sayes your Grace?

Fal. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebels against.

Hof. Who knocks so lowd at doore? Look to the doore there, Francis?

Enter Peter.

Prince. Peter, how now? what newes?

Peter. The King, your Father, is at Westminster, and there are twentie weake and wearied Postes,

Come from the North: and as I came along, your word I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines,

Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauerne, And asking euery one for Sir Iohn Falstaff.

Prince. By Heauen (Poinès) I feele me much to blame, So idly to prophane the precious time,

When Tempest of Commotion, like the South, Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,

And drop vpon our bare vnarm'd heads. Give me my Sword, and Cloake.

Falstaff, good night.

Falstaff. Now comes in the sweetest Morfell of the night, and wee must hence, and leape it vapickr. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently, booe a dozen Captaines stay at doore for you.

Falstaff. Pay the Musicians, Sirha: farewell Hofesse, farewell Dol. You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after: the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie to burst, Well (sweete Lacke) haue a care of thy selfe.

Falstaff. Farewell, farewell, and so I Exit.

Hof. Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come Piscood-time: but an honeste; and truer-hearted man.

Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mistis Tears-sheets.

Hof. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistis Tears-sheets come to my Master.

Hof. Oh runne Dol, runne: runne, good Dol.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick: But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters, And well consider of them: make good speed. Exit.

How many thousand of my poorest Subjects Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe, Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe, And sleepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse? Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in smoakie Cribes, Vpon vneasefull Pallads stretching thee, And huiht with busling Night, flies to thy slumber, Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great? Vnder the Canopies of costly State, And lull'd with founds of sweetest Melodie? O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the wilde, In loathsome Beds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch, A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell? Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast, Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines, In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge, And in the viciation of the Windes, Who take the Russian Billowes by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them With deafning Clamors in the slip'ry Clouds, That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes? Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude, And in the calmest, and most stillest Night, With all appliances, and meanes to boote, Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe, Vnease lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maestie, King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords): Haue you read o're the Letters that I sent you?

War. We haue (my Liege).

King. Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome, How foule it is: what ranke Diseases growe,

And with what danger, nere the Heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd, Which to his former strength may be restor'd,

With good aduice, and little Medicine: My Lord Northumberland will soone be cool'd.

King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate, And see the resolution of the Times

Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent (Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe

Into the Sea: and other Times, to see The beachie Girdle of the Ocean

Too wide for Neptunes hippes; how Chances mocks And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration

With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone, Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,

Did feast together; and in two yeeres after, Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since,

This Percie was the man, nereest my Soule, Who, like a Brother, toyld in my Affaires,

And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot: Yea, for my sake, euen to the eyes of Richard

Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by (You Cousin Neuil, as I may remember)

When Richard, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares, (Then check'd, and rated by Northumberland)

Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie:) Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

My

My Cousin *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne:
(Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the State,
That I and Greatness were compell'd to kisse.)
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
And the diuision of our Amities.

War. There is a Historie in all mens Liues,
Figuring the nature of the Times deces'd:
The which obseru'd, a man may prophesie
With a greater ayme, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
And weake beginnings lye entreaured:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the necessarie forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect guesse,
That great *Northumberland*, then faine to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater fallenesse,
Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,
Vnlesse on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities?
Then let vs meete them like Necessities:
And that same word, euen now cries out on vs:
They say, the Bishop and *Northumberland*
Are fittie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Echo,
The numbers of the feared: Please it your Grace
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
The Powles that you already haue sent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very easily:
To comfort you the more, I haue receiued
A certaine instance, that *Glendour* is dead:
Your Maiestie hath bene this fortnight ill,
And these vnseason'd howres perforce must adde
Vnto your Sicknesse.

King. I will take your counsaile:
And were these inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy Land.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Shallow* and *Silence* with *Mouldie*, *Shadow*,
Wart, *Feeble*, *Bull-calfs*, and *Shadow*.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on: giue mee your
Hand, Sir: giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by
the Rood, And how doth my good Cousin *Silence*?
Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin *Shallow*.
Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow?
and your fairest Daughter, and mine, your God-Daughter
Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin *Shallow*).
Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin *William*
is become a good Scholler: hee is at Oxford still, is hee
not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost.
Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I
was once of *Clements* Inne; where (I thinke) they will
talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustie *Shallow* then (Cousin).
Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done
any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and
little *John* Doit of Staffordshire, and blacke *George* Bar,
and *Francis* Pick-bone, and *Will* Squele a Cot-fal-man, you
had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of
Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where
the *Bona-Roba* were, and had the best of them all as
a Boy, and Page to *Thomas* *Mowbray*, Duke of *Not-*
folke.

Sil. This Sir *John* (Cousin) that comes hither anon,
about Souldiers?
Shal. The same Sir *John*, the very same: I saw him
breake *Scoggin*'s Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was
a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight
with one *Sampson* *Stock-fish*, a Fruiterer, behinde *Greys*
Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see
how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin).
Shal. Certaine: tis certaine: very sure, very sure:
Death is certaine to all, all shall dye: How a good Yoke
of Bullocks at *Stamford* *Payre*?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.
Shal. Death is certaine: tis olde *Dumble* of your Towne
liuing yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir, and hee may vnder two noy quoth hee.
Shal. Dead? See, hee drew a good Bow: and
dead? hee shot a fine shoote. *John* of *Gaunt* found
him well, and beited much Money on his head. Dead?
hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelue-score, and
carried you a fore-hand shaft at fouretee, and foure-
tee, and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart
good to see.

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes
may be worth teine pounds.

Shal. And is olde *Dumble* dead?
Sil. Yes, Sir, and hee may vnder two noy quoth hee.
Shal. Enter *Bardolph* and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *John* *Falstaffe*'s Men (as I
thinke).
Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice *Shallow*?
Shal. I am *Robert* *Shallow* (Sir) a poore Esquire of this
Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace:
What is your good pleasure with me?
Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you:
my Captaine, Sir *John* *Falstaffe*: a tall Gentleman, and a
most gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a
good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight?
may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodat-
ed, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede,
too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede it
is: good phrases are surely, and every where very com-
mendable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommoda-
very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase
call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but
I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a
Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good
Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is
(as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being
whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an
excellent thing.

Enter *Falstaffe*.

Shal. It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir
John. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good
hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeares
very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. *Robert* *Shal-*
low, Master *Shallow*, as I thinke?

Shal. No Sir *John*, it is my Cousin *Silence*: in Commis-
sion with mee.

Fal. Good M. *Silence*, it well befits you should be of
the peace.

Sil. Your good Worships is welcome.
Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you
providid me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry haue we Sir: Will you Sir?
Fal. Let mee see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's
the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so:
yea marry Sir, *Raphe* *Mouldie*: let them appeare as I call:
let them do so, let them do so: Let mee see, Where is
Mouldie?

Moul. Heere, if it please you.
Shal. What thinke you (Sir *John*) a good limb'd fel-
low: yong, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie*?
Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.
Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are moul-
die, lacke life: very singular good. Well saide Sir *John*,
very well said.

Fal. Pricke him.
Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could
haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for
one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need
not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe
out, then I.

Fal. Go too; peace *Mouldie*, you shall goe. *Mouldie*,
it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?
Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you
where you are? For the other Sir *John*: Let me see: *Simon*
Shadow.

Fal. I marry, let me haue him to sit vnder: he's like to
be a cold souldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?
Shad. Heere Sir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whose sonne art thou?
Shad. My Mothers sonne, Sir.

Fal. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fa-
thers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow
of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers
substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John*?
Fal. *Shadow* will serue for Summer: prick him: For
wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vpp the Muster-
Booke.

Shal. *Thomas* *Wart*?
Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Heere Sir.
Fal. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea Sir.
Fal. Thou art a very ragged *Wart*.

Shal. Shall I prick him downe,
Sir *John*?

Fal. It were superfluous: for his apparel is built vp-
on his backe; and the whole frame stands vpon pins: prick
him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it Sir: you can doe it, I
commend you well.

Francis *Feeble*.
Feeble. Heere Sir.

Shal. What Trade art thou *Feeble*?
Feeble. A Womans Taylor Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?
Fal. You may:

But if he had bene a mans Taylor, he would haue prickt
you. Will thou make as many holes in an enemies Bat-
taile, as thou hast done in a Womans petticoate?

Feeble. I will doe my good will Sir, you can haue no
more.

Fal. Well said, good Womans Taylor: Well sayde
Couragious *Feeble*: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrath-
full Doue, or most magnanimous Moufe. Pricke the wo-
mans Taylor well Master *Shallow*, deepe Maister *Shal-*
low.

Feeble. I would I might haue gone Sir.
Fal. I would thou wert a mans Taylor, that y might ft
mend him, and make him Sir to goe. I cannot put him to
a priuate souldier, that is the Leader of so many thou-
sands. Let that suffice, most Forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It shall suffice.
Fal. I am bound to thee, reuerend *Feeble*, Who is
the next?

Shal. *Peter* *Bulcasse* of the Greene.
Fal. Yea marry, let vs see *Bulcasse*.

Bul. Heere Sir.
Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, prick me *Bul-*
casse till hee roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.
Fal. What? do it thou roare before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh Sir, I am a diseased man.
Fal. What distafe hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold Sir, a cough Sir, which I caught
with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation
day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne;
wee will haue away thy Cold, and I will take such order,
that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number:
you must haue but foure heere Sir, and so I pray you go in
with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot
tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master
Shallow.

Shal. O Sir *John*, doe you remember since wee lay all
night in the Winde-mill, in *S* *Georges* Field.

Falstaffe. No more of that good Master *Shallow*: No
more of that.

Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is *Lane* *Night-*
worke aliue?

Fal. She liues, M. *Shallow*.
Shal. She neuer could away with me.

Fal. Neuer, neuer: she would alwayes say shee could
not abide M. *Shallow*.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: shee was then a
Bona-Roba. Doth she hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M. *Shallow*.
Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choole, but be
old.

old: certaine shee's old: and had Robin Night-work, by old Night-work, before I came to Clements Inne.

Sil. That's fiftie five yeeres agoe.

Shal. Hah, Cousin Silence, that thou hadst seene that, that this Knight and I haue seene: hah, Sir John, said I well?

Falst. Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Master Shallow.

Shal. That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir John, wee haue: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner: come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that wee haue seene. Come, come.

Bul. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, Rand my friend, and heere is foure Harry tenne shillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd sir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine owne part, so much.

Bard. Go too: stand aside.

Mouldie. And good Master Corporall Capitaine, for my old Dancie like, Rand my friend: theee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall haue fortie, sir.

Bard. Go too: stand aside.

Feeble. Feare not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will neuer beare a base minde: if it be my destinie, so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to serue his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeeer, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will beare no base minde.

Falst. Come sir, which men shall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to free Mouldie and Bull-calse.

Falst. Go too: well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which foure will you haue?

Falst. Doe you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, Mouldie, Bull-calse, Feeble, and Shadow.

Falst. Mouldie and Bull-calse: for you Mouldie, stay at home, till you are past seruice: and for your part, Bull-calse, grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likeliest men, and I would haue you seru'd with the best.

Falst. Will you tell me (Master Shallow) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature, bulke, and bigge assemblance of a man? giue mee the spirit (Master Shallow.) Where's Warre? you see what a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow, Shadow, giue me this man: hee presents no marke to the Enemy, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly will this Feeble, the Woman's Taylor, runne off. O, giue me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuer into Warre's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold Warre, Trauerse: thus, thus, thus.

Falst. Come, manage me your Calyuer: so, very well, go-roo, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said Warre, thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Tetter for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then Sir Dagonet in Armes Show: there was a little quiuer fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee say, Bownce would hee say, Rah, away againe would hee goe, and againe would hee come: I shall neuer see such a fellow.

Falst. These fellowes will doe well, Master Shallow. Farewell Master Silence, I will not vse many wordes with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you: I must a dozen mile to night. Bardolph, giue the Souldiers Coates.

Shal. Sir John, Heauen blese you, and prosper your Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: per-adventure I will with you to the Court.

Falst. I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go too: I haue spoke at a word. Fare you well.

Falst. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bardolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these lustices: I doe see the bottome of lustice Shallow. How subiect wee old men are to this vice of Lying? This same staru'd Iustice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and every third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically caru'd vpon it with a Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to any thicke fight) were inuincible. Hee was the very Genius of Famine: hee came euer in the rere-ward of the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if hee had bene sworne Brother to him: and hee be sworne hee neuer saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then hee burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men. I saw it, and told John of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue trust'd him and all his Apparell into an Eele-skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoebay was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beecues. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hastings, Westmerland, Colenile.

Bish. What is this Forrest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree Forrest, and 't shall please your Grace.

Bish. Here stand (my Lords) and send discoverers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Hast. Wee

Hast. Wee haue sent forth alreadie.

Bish. 'Tis well done.

My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires) I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd New-dated Letters from Northumberland: Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus. Here doth hee with his Person, with such Powers As might hold fortance with his Qualitie, The which hee could not leue: whereupon Hee is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes, To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers, That your Attempts may ouer-lieue the hazard, And fearefull meeting of their Opposite.

Now. Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground, And dash themselves to peeces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now? what newes?

Mess. West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile, In goodly forme, comes on the Enemy: And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand.

Now. The iust proportion that we gaue them out, Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bish. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?

Now. I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland.

West. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,

The Prince, Lord John, and Duke of Lancaster.

Bish. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:

What doth concerne your coming?

West. Then (my Lord)

Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse

The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion

Came like it selfe, in base and abject Routs,

Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,

And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:

I say, if damnd Commotion so appeare,

In his true, native, and most proper shape,

You (Reuerend Father, and these Noble Lords)

Had not bene here, to dresse the ougly forme

Of base, and bloodie Insurrection,

With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,

Whose Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,

Whose Beard, the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,

Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,

Whose white Inuestments figure Innocence,

The Dove, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.

Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,

Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,

Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre?

Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,

Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine

To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.

Bish. Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands,

Briefely to this end: Wee are all diseas'd,

And with our surfering, and wanton howres,

Haue brought our selues into a burning Feuer,

And wee must bleede for it: of which Disease,

Our late King Richard (being infected) dy'd.

But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)

I take not on me here as a Physician,

Nor doe I, as an Enemy to Peace,

Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men: But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre, To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse, And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely. I haue in equall ballance iustly weigh'd, What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer, And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences. Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne, And are enforc'd from our most quiet there, By the rough Torrent of Occasion, And haue the summarie of all our Griefes (When time shall serue) to shew in Articles; Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King, And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience: When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes, Wee are deny'd access vnto his Person, Even by those men, that most haue done vs wrong. The dangers of the dayes but newly gone, Whose memorie is written on the Earth With yet appearing blood; and the examples Of euery Minutes instance (present now) Hath put vs in these ill-beseeming Armes: Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it, But to establish here a Peace indeede, Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.

West. When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd?

Wherein haue you bene galled by the King?

What Peere hath bene suborn'd, to grate on you,

That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke

Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Scale diuine?

Bish. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,

I make my Quarrell, in particular.

West. There is no neede of any such redresse:

Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Now. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,

That feeble bruises of the dayes before,

And suffer the Condition of these Times

To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?

West. O my good Lord Mowbray,

Contrie the Times to their Necessities,

And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time,

And not the King, that doth you injuries.

Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,

Either from the King, or in the present Time,

That you should haue an ynch of any ground

To build a Griefe on: were you not restor'd

To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,

Your Noble, and right well-remembered Fathers?

Now. What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,

That neede to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me?

The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then,

Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:

And then, that Henry Bullingbrooke and hee

Being mounted, and both rowled in their Seates,

Their neighing Courfers daring of the Spurre,

Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers do wne,

Their eyes of fire, sparkling through fights of Steele,

And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:

Then, then, when there was nothing could haue stay'd

My Father from the Breast of Bullingbrooke;

O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,

(His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe hee threw)

Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues,

That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,

Haue since mis-carried vnder Bullingbrooke.

West. You speak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not what. The Earle of Hereford was reputed then In England the most valiant Gentleman. Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue smil'd? But if your Father had bene Victor there, Hee ne're had borne it out of Countrey. For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce, Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue, Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on, And blest'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King. But this is meere digression from my purpose. Here come I from our Princely Generall, To know your Grieces; to tell you, from his Grace, That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein It shall appeare, that your demands are iust, You shall enjoy them, every thing set off, That might so much as thinke you Enemies.

Mow. But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer, And it proceeds from Policy, not Loue.

West. *Mowbray*, you ouer-weene to take it so: This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare. For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes, Vpon mine Honor, all too confident To giue admittance to a thought of feare. Our Battaille is more full of Names then yours, Our Men more perfect in the vse of Armes, Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best; Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good. Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence: A rotten Cae abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince *John* a full Commission, In very ample vertue of his Father, To heare, and absolutely to determine Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon?

West. That is intended in the Generals Name:

I muse you make so slight a Question.

Bish. Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule, For this contains our generall Griences: Each feuerall Article herein redress'd, All members of our Cause, both here, and hence, That are infew'd to this Action, Acquitted by a true substantiall forme, And present execution of our wills, To vs, and to our purposes confin'd, Wee come within our awfull Banks againe, And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

West. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords, In sight of both our Battailles, wee may meete At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame, Or to the place of difference call the Swords, Which must decide it.

Bish. My Lord, wee will doe so.

Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me, That no Conditions of our Peace can stand.

Hast. Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace Vpon such large termes, and so absolute, As our Conditions shall consist vpon, Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.

Mow. I, but our valuation shall be such, That euery slight, and false-deriu'd Cause, Yea, euery idle, nice, and wanton Reason, Shall, to the King, taste of this Action: That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue, Wee shall be winnow'd with so rough a winde,

That euen our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe, And good from bad finde no partition.

Bish. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie Of daintie, and such picking Griences: For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death, Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life. And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane, And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie, That may repeat, and Historie his losse, To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes, Hee cannot so precisely weed this Land, As his mis-doubts present occasion: His foes are so en-rooted with his friends, That plucking to vnfixe an Enemy, Hee doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend. So that this Land, like an offensive wife, That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes, As he is striking, holds his Infant vp, And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Arme, That was vp-rear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods, On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke The very Instruments of Chastisement: So that his power, like to a fangleffe Lion May offer, but not hold.

Bish. 'Tis very true: And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord *Marshall*) If we do now make our attonement well, Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited) Grow stronger, for the breaking.

Mow. Be it so:

Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.

Enter Westmerland.

West. The Prince is here at hand: please your Lordship, To meet his Grace, iust distance 'twene our Armies?

Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.

Bish. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince John.

John. You are wel encountered here (my cosin *Mowbray*) Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,

And so to you Lord *Hastings*, and to all.

My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you, When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell) Encircled you, to heare with reuerence Your exposition on the holy Text,

Then now to see you heere an Iron man Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme, Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:

That man that sits within a Monarches heart, And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his fauor, Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King,

Alack, what Mischiefs might hee set abroad, In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop, It is euen so. Who hath not heard it spoken,

How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen? To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;

To vs, th' imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe: The very Opener, and Intelligencer,

Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen; And our dull workings. O, who shall beleue,

But you mis-vse the reuerence of your Place, Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,

As a false Favourite doth his Princes Name, In deedes dishonorable? You haue taken vp,

Vnde

Under the counterfeit Zeale of Heauen, The Subjects of Heavens Substitute, my Father, And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him, Haue here vp-swarm'd them.

Bish. Good my Lord of Lancaster, I am not here against your Fathers Peace: But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland) The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme, To hold our safetie vp. I sent your Grace The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe, The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court: Whereon this Hydra-Sonne of Warre is borne, Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe, With graunt of our most iust and right desires; And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd, Stoope tamely to the foot of Maistie.

Mow. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes, To the last man.

Hast. And though wee here fall downe, Wee haue Supplies, to second our Attempt: If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them.

And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne, And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp, Whiles England shall haue generation.

John. You are too shallow (*Hastings*)

Much too shallow,

To found the bottome of the after-Times.

West. Please your Grace, to answer them directly, How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.

John. I like them all, and doe allow them well:

And sweare here, by the honor of my blood, My Fathers purposes haue bene mistooke, And some, about him, haue too lawfully

Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.

My Lord, these Grieces shall be with speed redrest: Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,

Discharge your Powers vnto their feuerall Countreies, As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,

Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace, That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,

Of our restored Loue, and Amicie.

Bish. I take your Princely word, for these redresses.

John. I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:

And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

Hast. Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:

I know, it will well please them.

High thee Captaine. *Exit.*

Bish. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland,

West. I pledge your Grace:

And if you knew what paines I haue bestow'd, To breede this present Peace,

You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye, Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

Bish. I doe not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray*.

Mow. You wish me health in very happy season, For I am, on the sodaine, something ill.

Bish. Against ill Chances, men are euer merry, But heauinesse fore-runes the good euent.

West. Therefore be merry (Cooze) since sodaine sorrow Serues to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.

Bish. Beleue me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true.

John. The word of Peace is render'd: hearke how they shew't.

Mow. This had been chearefull, after Victorie.

Bish. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:

For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,

And neither partie looser.

John. Goe (my Lord)

And let our Army be discharged too:

And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines

March by vs, that wee may peruse the men *Exit.*

Wee should haue coap'd withall.

Bish. Goe, good Lord *Hastings*:

And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. *Exit.*

John. I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together,

Enter Westmerland.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

West. The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,

Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.

John. They know their duties. *Enter Hastings.*

Hast. Our Army is dispers'd:

Like youthfull Steeres, vn-yok'd, they tooke their course

East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,

Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings (my Lord *Hastings*) for the which,

I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:

And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,

Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding iust, and honorable?

West. Is your Assembly so?

Bish. Will you thus breake your faith?

John. I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redresse of these same Griences

Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,

I will performe, with a most Christian care.

But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due

Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.

Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray,

Heauen, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.

Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,

Treasons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Colenile.

Falst. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir:

And my Name is *Colenile* of the Dale.

Falst. Well then, *Colenile* is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Colenile* shall

still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dun-geon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be

still *Colenile* of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir *John Falstaffe*?

Falst. As good a man as hee is, who ere I am: doe yee yeelde sir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they

are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death,

therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obser- uance to my mercy.

Col. I thinke you are Sir *John Falstaffe*, & in that thought yeeld me.

Fal. I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speaks anie other word but my name; and I had but a belly of any indiffe- rence, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe:

my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Heere comes our Generall.

Enter Prince John, and Westmerland.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now:
Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westmerland.
Now Falstaffe, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time, or other, breake some Gallows back.

Falst. I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee
thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the
reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Ar-
row, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion,
the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with
the very extreamest ynh of possibilitie. I haue fowndred
nine score and odde Postes: and heere (trauell-tainted
as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken
Sir John Collesle of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and
valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee saw mee, and
yelled: that I may iustly say with the hooke-nos'd
fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came.

John. It was more of his Courtesie, then your deser-
uing.

Falst. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld
him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with
the rest of this dayes deedes; or I sweare, I will haue it
in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top
of it (Collesle killing my foot): To the which course, if
I be enforce'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences
to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you
as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Ele-
ment (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleue not
the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right,
and let desert mount.

John. Thine's too heauie to mount.

Falst. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Falst. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may
doe me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy Name Collesle?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

John. A famous Rebell art thou, Collesle.

Falst. And a famous true Subiect tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they bene rul'd by me,
You should haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

Falst. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou
like a kinde fellow, gau'st thy selfe away; and I thanke
thee, for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

John. Haue you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

John. Send Collesle, with his Confederates,

To Yorke, to present Execution.

Blunt. leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exit with Collesle.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)

I heare no King, my Father, is fore sicke.

Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie,

Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him:

And wee with sober speede will follow you.

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you, giue me leaue to goe
through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court,
stand my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, Falstaffe: I, in my condition,
shall better speake of you, then you deserue.

Exit.

Falst. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better
then your Dukedom. Good faith, this same young so-
ber-blooded Boy doth nor loue me, nor a man cannot
make him laugh: but that's no maruail, hee drinke no
Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come
to any prooue: for thinne Drinke doth so ouer-coole
their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they
fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sicknesse: and then,
when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally
Fooles, and Cowards; which some of vs should be too,
but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-
fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dries
me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours,
which enuiron it: makes it apprehensiu, quicke, forge-
tine, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapies; which
deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the
Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second proprietie of
your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood:
which before (cold, and fetled) left the Liver white, and
pale; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowar-
dize: but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course
from the inwards, to the parts extreame: it illuminateth
the Face; which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the
rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then
the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster
me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who gear, and puff
vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage; and this
Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon
is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-works) and
Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till
Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and vfe. Hereof
comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood
hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like
leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and
tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and
good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot,
and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle
I would teach them, should be to forswear thinn Pot-
tations, and to addict themselves to Sack. Enter Bardolph.

How now Bardolph?

Bard. The Armie is discharged all, and gone.

Falst. Let them goe: He through Gloucestershire,
and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I
haue him alreadie tempering betwene my finger and my
thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwick, Clarence, Gloucester.

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue successfull end
To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores,
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd.
Our Nauie is address'd, our Power collected,
Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuested,
And every thing lyes leuell to our wish;
Onely wee want a little personall Strength:
And pawse vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot,
Come vnderneath the yoke of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie
shall soone enioy.

King. Hum.

King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is
the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind-

sores.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with

him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing, but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?

Hee loues thee, and thou dost neglect him (Thomas.)

Thou hast a better place in his Affection, than I haue.

And Noble Offices thou may'st effect.

Of Mediation (after I am dead) thou shalt be able to

betwene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.

Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,

Nor loose the good aduantage of his Grace.

By seeming cold, or careless of his will, and blood.

For hee is gracious, if hee be obseru'd.

Hee hath a Teare for Pitee, and a Hand for Justice.

Open (as Day) for melting Charitie.

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint.

As humorous as Winter, and as sudden as Spring.

As Flawes in a Diamond, in the Spring of day.

His temper therefore must be well obseru'd.

Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently.

When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to murther.

But being moody, giue him Line, and scope.

Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground) will

Confound themselves with working.

And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends.

A Hoop of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:

That the vnited Vessell of their Blood, will

(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion) be

As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in.

Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong

As Aconitum, or rash Gun-powder.

Clar. I shall obserue him with all care, and loue.

King. Why art thou not at Windfor with him (Tho-

mas?)

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in Lon-

don.

King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell

that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continuall fol-

lowers.

King. Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:

And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth) is

Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my griefe

Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.

The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape

(In formes imaginarie) thy vnguided Dayes.

And rotten Times, that thou shalt looke vpon

When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.

For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,

When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsaillers,

When Meanes and lauish Manners meete together,

Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye

Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:

The Prince but studies his Companions,

Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,

'Tis needfull, that the most immodest words

Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,

Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vfe,

But to be knowie, and hated. So, like grosse termes,

The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,

Cast off his followers: and their memorie

Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue,

By which his Grace must mete the liues of others.

Turning past euils to aduantage.

King. 'Tis seldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe

In the dead Carrion.

Enter Westmerland.

Who's heere?

West. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse

Added to that, that I am to deliuer.

Prince John, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand;

Monbray, the Bishop, Seruice, Hastings, and all,

Are brought to the Correction of your Law.

There is not now a Rebels Sword vnscath'd,

But Peace puts forth her Olive eury where.

The manner how this Action hath bene borne,

Here (at more leisure) may your Highnesse reade.

With eury course, in his particular.

King. O Westmerland, thou art a Summer Bird,

Which euer in the harnach of Winter sings.

The lifting vp of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newes.

Harc. From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maiestie:

And when they stand against you, may they fall,

As those that I am come to tell you of.

The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe,

With a great Power of English, and of Scots,

Are by the Sherife of Yorke shure ouerthrowne.

The manner, and true order of the fight,

This Packet (please it you) contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good newes

Make me sicke?

Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,

But write her faire words still in foulest Letters?

Shee eyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode,

(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast,

And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,

That haue abundance, and enioy it not).

I should reioyce now, at this happy newes,

And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.

O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Maiestie.

Clar. Oh, my Royall Father.

West. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke

vp.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Rites

Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.

Stand from him, giue him ayre:

Hee'll straight be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out these pangs,

Th'incessant care, and labour of his Minde,

Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in.

So thinne, that Life looks through, and will breake out.

Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obserue

Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:

The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere

Had found some Moneths asleepe, and leap'd them ouer.

Clar. The River hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betwene:

And the old folke (Times during Chronicles)

Say it did so, a little time before

That our great Grand-fire Edward sick'd, and dy'de.

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King recollers.

Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.

King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence.

Into some other Chamber: softly pray.

Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)

Vnlesse some doll and fauourable hand

Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit.

Call for the Musicke in the other Roome.

King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse.

P. Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none

abroad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet?

Tell it him.

Glo. Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If hee be sicke with Ioy,

Hee'll recouer without Physicke.

War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)

Sweet Prince speake lowe.

The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe.

Clar. Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.

War. Will please your Grace to goe along with vs?

P. Hen. No: I will sit, and watch here, by the King.

Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,

Being so troublefome a Bed-fellow?

O polli'd Perturbation! Golden Care!

That keepst the Ports of Slumber open wide,

To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,

Yet not so sound, and halfe so deeply sweete,

As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)

Snores out the Watch of Night. O Maiestie!

When thou do'st pinch thy Beare, thou do'st fit

Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,

That scald'st with facerie: by his Gates of breath,

There lyes a downy feather, which stirres not:

Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse downe

Perforce must moue? My gracious Lord, my Father,

This sleepe is found indeede: this is a sleepe,

That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuor'd

So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,

Is Teares, and heauie Sorrowes of the Blood,

Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tenderneffe,

Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteously,

My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,

Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)

Deriues it selfe to me. Lo, heere it sits,

Which Heauen shall guard:

And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,

It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me,

Thy, from thee, will I to mine leaue,

As 'tis left to me.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence.

War. What would your Maiestie? how fares your

Grace?

Clar. Doth the King call?

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War. What would your Maiestie? how fares your

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Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Maiestie? how fares your

Where is my Lord of Warwicke?
Prin. My Lord of Warwicke.
King. Doth any name particular, belong
 Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?
War. 'Tis call'd *Ierusalem*, my Noble Lord.
King. Laud be to heauen:
 Euen there my life must end.
 It hath bene prophesied to me many yeares,
 I should not dye, but in *Ierusalem*:
 Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy Land.
 But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:
 In that *Ierusalem*, shall Harry dye.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Dancie.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.
 What *Dancie*, I say, you shall not away to night.
Fal. You must excuse me, M. Robert Shallow.
Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused.
 Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall
 serue: you shall not be excused.

Why Dancie.
Dancie. Heere sit.
Shal. *Dancie*, *Dancie*, let me see (*Dancie*) let me see:
William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir *John*, you shall
 not be excus'd.

Dancie. Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee
 seru'd: and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with
 Wheate?

Shal. With red Wheate *Dancie*. But for *William Cooke*:
 are there no yong Pigeons?
Dancie. Yes sir.
 Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,
 And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: Sir *John*, you shall
 not be excus'd.

Dancie. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needs bee
 had: And sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of *William*'s
 Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Himckley*
 Fayre?

Shal. He shall answer it:
 Some Pigeons *Dancie*, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a
 ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little time Kickshawes,
 tell *William Cooke*.

Dancie. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?
Shal. Yes *Dancie*.

I will vse him well. A Friend to Court, is better then a
 penny in purse. Vse his men well *Dancie*, for they are ar-
 rant Knaues, and will backe-bite.

Dancie. No worse then they are bitten. sir: For they
 haue marvellous fowle linnen.

Shallow. Well conceited *Dancie*: about thy Businesse,
Dancie.

Dancie. I beseech you sir,
 To countenance *William* Visitor of Wincot, against *Cle-*
ment Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints *Dancie*, against that
 Visitor, that Visitor is an arrant Knaue, on my know-
 ledge.

Dancie. I graunt your Worship, that he is a Knaue (sir):
 But yet heauen forbid sir, but a Knaue should haue some
 Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir,
 is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue
 seru'd your Worshipp truly sir, these eight yeares: and
 if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a Knaue,
 against an honest man, I haue but a very litle credite with
 your Worshipp. The Knaue is mine honest friend sir,
 therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Counte-
 nanc'd.

Shal. Go too.
 I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about *Dancie*.
 Where are you Sir *John*? Come, off with your Boots.
 Giue me your hand M. Bardolfe.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.
Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master
 Bardolfe: and welcome my tall Fellow.
 Come Sir *John*.

Falstaffe. Ile follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.
Bardolfe. looke to our Horses. If I were saw'd into
 Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded
 Hermitees Rauges, as Master Shallow. It is a wonderfull
 thing to see the semblable Coherence of his meags spirits,
 and his: They, by obseruing of him, do beare themselves
 like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, in-
 turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirits are
 so married in Coniunction, with the participation of So-
 ciety, that they flocke together in consents, like so ma-
 ny Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to Mayster Shallow,
 I would humour his men, with the imputation of being
 neere their Master. If to his Men, I would currie with
 Master Shallow, that no man could better command his
 Seruants.

It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ig-
 norant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of
 another: therefore, let men take heede of their Companie.
 I will deuise matter enough out of this Shallow, to
 keepe Prince Harry in continuall Laughter, the wearing
 out of fixe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Ac-
 tions, and he shall laugh with *Internallums*. O it is much
 that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a iest (with a sadde
 brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache
 in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face
 be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

Shal. Sir *John*.
Falst. I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow.

Shal. Sir *John*.
Falst. I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow.

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Falst. I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow.

Shal. Sir *John*.
Falst. I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow.

War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.
Ch. Inf. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
 To welcome the condition of the Time,
 Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
 Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

*Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester,
 and Clarence.*

War. Heere come the heauy Issue of dead Harry:
 O, that the liuing Harry had the temper
 Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
 How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
 That must strike faile, to Spirits of vilde sort?

Ch. Inf. Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.
John. Good morrow Cofin Warwick, good morrow.
Glouc. Good morrow, Cofin.

John. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.
War. We do remember: but our Argument
 Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.

John. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy.
Ch. Inf. Peace be with vs, least we be heauier.
Glouc. O, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:
 And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face
 Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.

John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,
 You stand in coldest expectation.
 I am the forrier, would twere otherwise.

Ch. Inf. Wel, you must now speake Sir *John* Falstaffe faire,
 Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.

Ch. Inf. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
 Led by th Imperiall Conduict of my Soule,
 And neuer shall you see, that I will begge
 A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.

If Troth, and vpriight Innocency fayle me,
 Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,
 And tell him, who hath sent me after him.

War. Heere comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henrie.

Ch. Inf. Good morrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty
 Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,
 Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.

Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare:
 This is the English, not the Turkish Court:
 Not *Amurath*, an *Amurath* succeeds,
 But Harry, Harry: Yet be sad (good Brothers)

For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:
 Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,
 That I will deeply put the Fashion on,
 And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,
 But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)

Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.
 For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)
 Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:
 Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;

But weepe that Harry's dead, and so will I.
 But Harry liues, that shall conuert those Teares
 By pumber, into houres of Happinesse.

John. We hope no other from your Maiesty.
Prin. You all looke strangely on me: and you most,
 You are (I thinke) assur'd, I loue you not.

Ch. Inf. I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)
 Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.

Pr. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
 So great Indignities you laid vpon me?

Ch. Inf. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
 To welcome the condition of the Time,
 Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
 Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

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 Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

Ch. Inf. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
 To welcome the condition of the Time,
 Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
 Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

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 Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison
 Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this easie?
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Inf. I then did vie the Person of your Father:
 The Image of his power, lay then in me,
 And in th'administration of his Law,
 Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,
 Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
 The Maiesty, and power of Law, and Iustice,
 The Image of the King, whom I presented,
 And strooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement;

Whereon (as an Offender to your Father),
 I gaue bold way to my Authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
 To haue a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?

To plucke downe Iustice from your awefull Bench?
 To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword
 That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?
 Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,
 And mocke your workings, in a Second body?

Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:
 Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne:
 Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,
 See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;

Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdain'd:
 And then imagine me, taking you part,
 And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:

After this cold consideration, sentence me;
 And, as you are a King, speake in your State,
 What I haue done, that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my Lieges Soueraignie.

Prin. You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well:
 Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:

And I do wish your Honors may encrease,
 Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:
 Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,
 That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne;

And no lesse happy, hauing such a Sonne,
 That would deliuer vp his Greatnesse so,
 Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me:

For which, I do commit into your hand,
 Th'vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:
 With this Remembrance; That you vse the same
 With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit

As you haue done gainst me. There is my hand,
 You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
 My voice shall found, as you do prompt mine eare,

And I will stoop, and humble my Intent,
 To your well-practis'd, wise Directions.

And Princes all, belecue me, I beseech you
 My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
 (For in his Tembe, lye my Affections)

And with his Spirits, sadly I foriue,
 To mocke the expectation of the World;
 To frustrate Prophecies, and to race out
 Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe

After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
 Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
 Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,

And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.
 Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
 And let vs choofe such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,

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That the great Body of our State may go
In equall ranke, with the best govern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heauen (consigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, shall haue iust cause to say,
Heauen shorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe,
Page, and Pistoll.*

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an
Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graf-
fing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth. (Come *Co-
fin Silence*, and then to bed.)

Fal. You haue heere, a goodly dwelling, and a rich.
Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggars all, beggars all
Sir Iohn: Marry, good ayre. Spread *Dany*, spread *Danie*:
Well said *Danie*.

Falst. This *Danie* serues you for good vses: he is your
Seruingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var-
let, *Sir Iohn:* I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A
good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come
Cofin.

Sil. Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate,
and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie
yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie
Lads some heere, and there: so merrily, and euer among
so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good *M. Silence*, Ile giue
you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good *M. Bardolfe*: Some wine, *Danie*.

Da. Sweet sir, sit: Ile be with you anon: most sweete
sir, sit, Master Page, good *M. Page*, sit: Proface. What
you want in meate, we'll haue in drinke: but you beare,
the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry *M. Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour
there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all:
For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke *M. Silence* had bin a man of this
Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I haue beene merry twice and once, ere
now.

Dany. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. *Danie*.

Da. Your Worship: Ile be with you straight, A cup
of Wine, sir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke
vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.

Fal. Well said, *M. Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of
the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, *M. Silence*.

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a
mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest *Bardolfe*, welcome: If thou want'st any
thing, and wilt not call, bestrew thy heart. Welcome my
little tyme theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to
M. Bardolfe, and to all the Cauterones about London.

Da. I hope to see London, once ere I die.

Bar. If I might see you there, *Danie*.

Shal. You'll cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not
M. Bardolfe?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knaue will sticke by thee. I
can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile sticke by him, sir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry.
Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knocks?

Fal. Why now you haue done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo*. Is't
not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then say an old man can do fowthar.

Da. If it please your Worshipp, there's one *Pistoll*
come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now *Pistoll*?

Pist. *Sir Iohn*, 'saue you sir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, *Pistoll*?

Pist. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good,
sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in
the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but; Goodman *Puffe* of
Barfon.

Pist. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward
base. *Sir Iohn*, I am thy *Pistoll*, and thy Friend: helter
skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and
luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of
price.

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this
World.

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
I speake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
Let King *Conitha* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Pist. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellisons*?
And shall good newes be baffel'd?

Then *Pistoll* lay thy head in *Furies* lappe.

Shal. Honest Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon, Sir,
If sir, you come with newes from the Court, I take it, there
is but two wayes, either to vnder them, or to conceale
them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.

Pist. Vnder which King?

Bezonian, speake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.

Sir Iohn, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,
Harry the Fifth the man, I speake the truth,
When *Pistoll* lyes, do this, and figge-me, like
The bragging Spaniard. *Fal.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1. *Groo.* More Rushes, more Rushes.
2. *Groo.* The Trumpets haue sounded twice.
1. *Groo.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come
from the Coronation. *Exit Groo.*

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falstaffe. Stand heere by me, *M. Robert Shallow*, I will
make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as
he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee
will giue me.

Pistoll. Blesse thy Lungs good Knight.

Falst. Come heere *Pistoll*, stand behind me. O if I had
had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue be-
stowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is
no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre
the zeale I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My deuotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, nor to remember,
Not to haue patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certaine.

Fal. But to stand stained with Trauaile, and sweating
with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting
all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee
done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*: for *obsque hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all
in euery part.

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and
make thee rage. Thy *Del*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts
is in base Durance, and contagious prison: a Hall'd chi-
ther by most Mechanicall and dirty hand. Rowze vpp
Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell *Alecio's* Snake, for
Del is in. *Pistoll*, speakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliuer her.

Pistoll. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour
sounds.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry the
Fifth, Brothers, Lord Chiefe
Iustice.*

Falst. Saue thy Grace, King *Hal*, my Royall *Hal*.

Pist. The heauens thee guard, and keepe, most royall
Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Saue thee my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine
man.

Ch. Iust. Haue you your wits?

Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falst. My King, my loue; I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white haire become a Foole, and Iester?

I haue

Fal. What, is the old King dead?
Pist. As naile in doore.
The things I speake, are iust.
Fal. Away *Bardolfe*, Saddle my Horse,
Master *Robert Shallow*, choose what Office thou wilt
in the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistoll*, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.

Bard. O ioyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good newes.

Fal. Carry Master *Silence* to bed: Master *Shallow*, my
Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.

Get on thy Boots, wee'll ride all night. Oh sweet *Pistoll*:
Away *Bardolfe*: Come *Pistoll*, vnder more to mee: and
withall deuise something to do thy selfe good. Boote,

boote Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is sick for
me. Let vs take any mans Horses: The Lawes of Eng-
land are at my commandment. Happie are they, which
haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe
Iustice.

Pist. Let Vultures vil'de seize on his Lungs also:
Where is the life that late I led, say they?

Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare-sheete,
and Baudles.*

Hostesse. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy,
that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my
shoulder out of ioynt.

Off. The Constables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee:
and thee shall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant
her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about
her.

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile
tell thee what, thou damnd Tripe-visag'd Rascall, if the
Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better
thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Vil-
laine.

Host. O that *Sir Iohn* were come, hee would make
this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite
of her Wombe might miscarry.

Officer. If it do, you shall haue a dozen of Cushions
againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you
both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and *Pi-
stoll* beate among you.

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I
will haue you as soundly fwindg'd for this, you blew
Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you
benot swing'd, Ile forswear halfe Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel
of sufferance, comes ease.

Dol. Come you Rogue, come:

Bring me to a Iustice.

Host. Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Host. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come you thinne Thing:
Come you Rascall.

Off. Very well. *Exeunt.*

I have long dream'd of such a kinde of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane:
But being awake, I do despise my dreame.
Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leaue gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Iest,
Presume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heauen doth know (so shall the world perceiue)
That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I those that kept me Companie.
When thou dost heare I am, as I haue bin,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the rest of my Misleaders,
Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:
And as we heare you do reforme your selues,
We will according to your strength, and qualities,
Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. I marry Sir Iohn, which I beseech you to let me haue home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. Shallow, do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in priuate to him: Looke you, he must see me thus to the world: feare not your aduancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceiue how, vnlesse you should giue me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with Straw, I beseech you, good Sir Iohn, let mee haue five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir Iohn.

Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner: Come Lieutenant Pistol, come Bardolfe,

I shall be sent for soone at night.

Ch. Inf. Go carry Sir Iohn Falstaffe to the Fleete,

Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Inf. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone.

Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spera me contenta.

Exit. Master Lancaster and Chiefest Justices.

Iohn. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:

He hath intent his wonted Followers

Shall all be very well provided for:

But all are banisht, till their conuersations

Appere more wise, and modest to the world.

Ch. Inf. And so they are.

Iohn. The King hath call'd his Parliament,

My Lord.

Ch. Inf. He hath.

Iohn. I will lay odde, that ere this yeere expire,

We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Nature fire

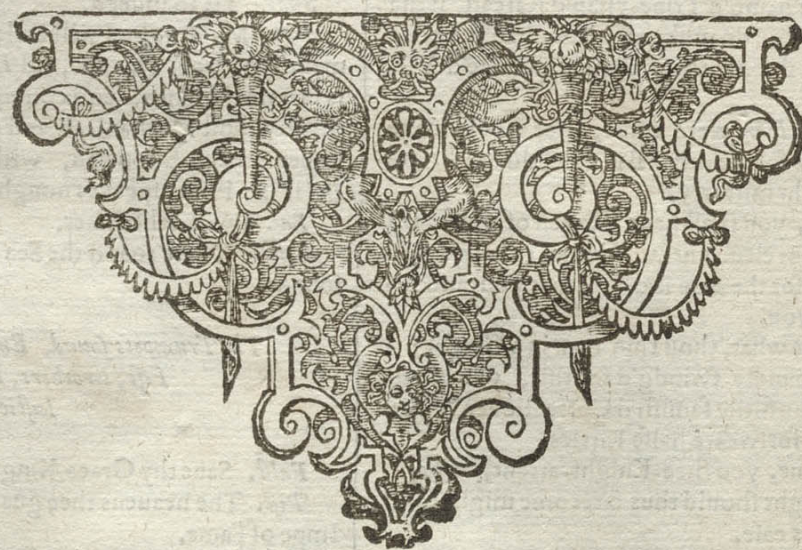
As farre as France. I heare a Bird so sing,

Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.

Come, will you hence?

Exeunt

FINIS.



EPILOGVE.

FIRST, my Feare: then, my Curtsie: last, my Speech.
My Feare, is your Displeasure: My Curtsie, my Dutie:
And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a
good speech now, you vndoe me: For what I haue to say, is
of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will
(I doubt) proue mine owne marring. But to the Purpose,
and so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very
well) I was lately heere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience
for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this,
which if (like an ill Venture) it come vnluckily home, I breake, and you, my gen-
tle Creditors lose. Heere I promise you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie
to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do)
promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to rise
my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But
a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gen-
tlewomen heere, haue forgien me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen
do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer seene before, in such an As-
sembly.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloy'd with Far Meate,
our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn in it) and make you
merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Fal-
staffe shall dye of a sweat, vnlesse already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions:
For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie,
when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night, and so kneele downe before you:
But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.



THE ACTORS NAMES.

MOV the Presenter.
King Henry the Fourth.
Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henrie the Fifth.
Prince John of Lancaster.
Humphrey of Gloucester.
Thomas of Clarence.

Northumberland.
The Arch Byshop of Yorke.
Mowbray.
Hastings.
Lord Bardolfe.
Trauers.
Morton.
Coleuile.

Warwicke.
Westmerland.
Surrey.
Gowre.
Harecourt.
Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Shallow.
Silence.
Dauid, Seruant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2. Sericants.
Mouldie.
Shadow.
Wart.
Feeble.
Bulcalfe.



The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heauen of Invention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles
(Least in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The star vnrayed Spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this vnworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Obiect. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vastie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
Attest in little place a Million,
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,

On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Peerce out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts diuide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horfes, that you see them
Printing their proud Hoofes i'th' receiving Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Jumping o're Times;
Turning th'accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an Howre-glasse: for the which supplie,
Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play.

Exit.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant.
Y Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th'eleueth yere of y last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against vs past,
But that the scambling and vnquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Bish. Ely. But how my Lord shall we resist it now?
Bish. Cant. It must be thought on: if it passe against vs,
We loose the better halfe of our Possession:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Testament haue giuen to the Church,
Would they strip from vs; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by th' yeere Thus runs the Bill.

Bish. Ely. This would drinke deepe.
Bish. Cant. 'T would drinke the Cup and all.
Bish. Ely. But what prevention?

Bish. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Bish. Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church.
Bish. Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending Adam out of him;
Leauing his body as a Paradise,
T'inculop and containe Celestiall Spirits.
Neuer was such a sodaine Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady currence scowring faults:
Nor neuer Hydra-headed Wilfulnesse
So soone did loose his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.

Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.
Bish. Cant. Heare him but reason in Diuinitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward with
You would desire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would say, it hath been all in all his study:
Lift his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare
A fearefull Battaille rendred you in Musique.

Turne

Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speaks,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steale his sweet and honied Sentences:
So that the Art and Pratique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.

Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to Courtes vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any studie,
Any retyrement, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holefome Berryes thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,
Vntene, yet cresse in his facultie.

B. Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:
And therefore we must needs admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He seemes indifferent:
Or rather swaying more vpon our part.
Then cherishing th'exhibitors against vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,
Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer seeme receiv'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie:
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The seueralls and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The French Embassador vpon that instant
Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:
Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

*Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.*

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in presence.

King. Send for him, good Vnckle.

Westm. Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

Enter two Bishops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iustly and religiously vnfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your readings,
Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation

Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops

Are euery one, a Woe, a fore Complaint,
Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such waste in brieue mortalitie.

Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,
As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

B. Cant. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,

That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land:

Which *Salike* Land, the French vnjustly gloze.
To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.

Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
Betwene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:

Where *Charles* the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,
And left behind and settled certaine French:
Who holding in disdain the German Women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female

Should be Inheritor in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* (as I said) twixt Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*.

Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the *Salike* Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres

After defunctiō of King *Pharamond*,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,

Foure hundred twentie six: and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere

Eight hundred five. Besides, their Writers say,
King *Pepin*, which depos'd *Childerike*,
Did as Heire Generall, being descended

Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne

Of *Charles* the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:
To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conuey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
Of *Charles* the Great: also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the Vsurper *Capet*,
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, till satisfied,
That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of Ioraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King *Pepin* Title, and *Hugh Capet* Clayme,
King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this *Salique* Law,
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vsurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Bish. Cant. The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:

For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,

When the man dyes, let the Inheritance

Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,

Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,

Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:

Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe,

From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,

And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,

Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:

Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe

Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English, that could entertaine

With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bish. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;

You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,

Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,

Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,

As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;
West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and

So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,

Whose hearts haue left their bodies here in England,
And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.

Bish. Cant. O let their bodies follow my deare Liege

With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualltie

Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time

Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We must not onely arme t'inuade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages.

Bish. Cant. They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the courting snatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs:

For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,

Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Affayes,

Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B. Cant. She hath bin the more fear'd the harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,

And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,

The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse,

As is the Owle and bottome of the Sea
With sunken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasures.

Bish. Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,

If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.

For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,

To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)

Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,

Playing the Moufe in absence of the Cat,

To tame and hauocke more then she can eate.

Exe. It follows then, the Cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,

Since we haue lockes to safegard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.

While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'aduis'd head defends it selfe at home:

For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,

Congreering in a full and natural close,
Like Musicke.

Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide
The state of man in diuers functions,

Setting endenour in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,

Obedience: for so worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach

The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome:
They haue a King, and Officers of sorts,

Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:

Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings,
Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes:

Which pillage, they with merry march bring home:
To the Tent-royal of their Emperour:

Who busied in his Maiesties surueyes
The faging Mafons building roofes of Gold,

The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in

Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate:

The sad-eyed Justice with his surly humme,
Delivering ore to Executors pale
The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many things hauing full reference
To one consent, may worke contrariouly,
As many Arrowes loosed seuerall wayes
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea;
As many Lynes close in the Dials center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
And in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
The name of hardinesse and policie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble sinewes of our power,
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l sit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vine,
To belesse, with no remembrance ouer them:
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue
Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tonguelesse mouth,
Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cofin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
The Dolphins meauing, and our Embasie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiect
As is our wretches fettered in our prisons,
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
Sayes, that you saue too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of you. This the Dolphin speakes.

King. What Treasure Vncle?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.
King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
His Present, and your paines we thanke you for:
When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
Not measuring what vs we made of them.
We neuer valew'd this poore scare of England,
And therefore liuing hence, did giue our selfe
To barbarous licenle: As 'tis cuer common,
That men are merriest, when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
Belike a King, and shew my fayle of Greatnesse,
When I do rowse me in my Throne of France,
For that I haue layd by my Maiestie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will rise there with so full a glorie,
That I will daze all the eyes of France,
Yea strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his foule
Shall stand fore charged, for the wastefull vengeance
That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widow
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their dear husbands
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe.
And some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That shal haue cause to curse the Dolphin's scorne,
But this lyes all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
Tel you the Dolphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphin,
His Iest will saue him but of shallow wit,
When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry Message.
King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition:
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Saue those to God, that runne before our businesse.
Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
Wee'l chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore.
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter Chorus.
Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And sicken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thriue the Armors, and Honors thought
Reignes solely in the breast of euery man.
They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged heeles, as English *Mercenaries*.
For now sits Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilt vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French aduis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seek to diuert the English purposes.
O England! Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,
Like little Body with an mightie Heart:

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall:
But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow bosomes, which hee fills
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, Richard Earle of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord Scroope of Malham, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton
Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest
Th' abuse of distance; force a play:
The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is set from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton.
There is the Play-houfe now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we conuey you safe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas
To giue you gentle Passe: for if we may,
Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene. *Exit*

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.
Bar. Well met Corporall Nym.

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little: but when
time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out
mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will
coste Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans
sword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendses,
and wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't
be so good Corporall Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will liue so long as I may, that's the cer-
taine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe
as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendezuous of it.

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to
Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you
were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men
may sleepe, and they may haue their throats about them
at that time, and some say, kniues haue edges: It must
be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee
will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot
tell.

Enter Pistol, & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good
Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoast Pi-
stol?

Pist. Base Tyke, cal'st thou mee Hoste, now by this
hand I sweare I scorne the terme: nor shall my Nell keep
Lodgers.

Host. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge
and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue
honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee
thought we keepe a Bawdy-houfe straight. O welladay
Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adu-
ltery and murder committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporall offer nothing
heere.

Nym. Pist.

Pist. Pist for thee, Island dogge: thou prickcard cur
of Island.

Host. Good Corporall Nym shew thy valor, and put
vp your sword.

Nym. Will you shogge off? I would haue you solus.
Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus
in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and
in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
perdy; and which is worse, within thy nastie mouth. I
do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and Pi-
stols cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot coniure mee: I
haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you
grow fowle with me Pistol, I will scoure you with my
Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke
off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as
I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and doting death is nere,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes
the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a sol-
dier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Giue me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me giue: Thy spirities
are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire
tearmes, that is the humor of it.

Pistol. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee a-
gaine. O hound of Creet, think't thou my spouse to get?
No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-
famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressids* kinde, Doll
Teare-sheete, the by raine, and her espouse. I haue, and I
will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the onely shee: and
Pauca, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoast Pistol, you must come to my May-
ster, and your Hostesse: He is very sicke, & would to bed.
Good Bardolfe, put thy face betwene his sheets, and do
the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Host. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one
of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Hus-
band come home presently. *Exit*

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must
to France together: why the diuel should we keep kniues
to cut one anothers throats?

Pist. Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food howle
on.

Nym. You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you
at Betting?

Pist. Base is the Slaue that payes.

Nym. That now I will haue: that's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shal compound: push home. *Draw*

Bard. By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust,
Ile kill him: By this sword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their course

Bar. Corporall Nym, & thou wilt be friends be friends,
and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to pre-
thee put vp.

Pist. A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and
Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe
shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by *Nymme*, &
Nymme shall liue by me, is not this iust? For I shal Sur-
ler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee
thy hand.

Nym. I shall haue my Noble?

Pist. In cash, most iustly payd.

Nym. Well, then that the humor of:

Enter Hostesse.

Host. As euer you come of women, come in quickly to sit *John*: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath ran bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.

Pist. *Nym*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he passes some humors, and carreceres.

Pist. Let vs condole the Knight, for (*Lambekins*) we will liue.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.

Bed. Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and euen they do bear themselves,

As if allegiance in their bosomes fate

Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,

By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours; That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of *Malsbam*,

And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:

Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs

Will cut their passage through the force of France?

Doing the execution, and the acte,

For which we haue in head assembled them.

Sero. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded

We carry not a heart with vs from hence,

That growes not in a faire consent with ours:

Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish

Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,

Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subiect

That sits in heart-greife and vncasinesse

Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment.

King. True: those that were your Fathers enemies,

Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you

With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness,

And shall forget the office of our hand

Sooner then quittance of desert and merit,

According to the weight and worthinesse.

Sero. So seruice shall with steeld fynes toyle,

And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope

To do your Grace incessant seruices.

King. We Iudge no lesse, *Vnkle of Exeter*,

Inlarge the man committed yesterday,

That rayl'd against our person: We consider

It was excesse of Wine that set him on,

And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

Sero. That's mercy, but too much security:

Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example

Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too.

Gray. Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life.

After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much loue and care of me,

Are heavy Orisons gainst this poore wretch:

If little faults proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested

Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man,

Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere cause

And tender preservation of our person

Would haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes

Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one my Lord,

Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Sero. So did you me my Liege.

Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne.

King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours:

There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Malsbam*, and Sir *Knight*:

Gray of *Northumberland*, this same is yours:

Read them, and know I know your worthinesse.

My Lord of *Westmerland*, and *Vnkle Exeter*,

We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you loofe

So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:

Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,

That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood

Out of apparence.

Cam. I do confesse my fault,

And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

Gray. *Sero.* To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,

By your owne counsaile is suppress'd and kill'd:

You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,

For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,

As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you:

See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,

These English monst'ers: My Lord of *Cambridge* heere,

You know how apt our loue was, to accord

To furnish with all apperiments

Belonging to his Honour; and this man,

Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly consp'it

And sworne vnto the practises of France

To kill vs heere in *Hampton*. To the which,

This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to vs

Then *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworne. But O,

What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,

Ingratefull, sauge, and inhumane Creature?

Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes,

That knew'st the very boxtome of my soule,

That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde,

Would'st thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vse?

May it be possible, that forraigne hyer

Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill

That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,

That though the truth of it stands off as grosse

As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason, and murder, euer kept together,

As two yoke diuels sworne to cythers purpose,

Working so grossely in an naturall cause,

That admiration did not hopee at them.

But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in

Wonder to waite on treason, and on murder:

And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was

That wrought vpon thee so preposterously,

Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And other diuels that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
From glitt'ring semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vassal Tartar backe,
And sell the Legions, I can neuer win
A soule so easie as that Englishmans.

Oh, how hast thou with ieaalousie infected
The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
Why so didst thou: seeme they graue and learned?
Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious?

Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,
Constant in spirit, not tweruing with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,

And but in purged iudgement trusting neither,
Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and best indued
With some suspicion, I will weepe for thee.

For this reuolt of thine, me thinks is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the Law,
And God acquit them of their practises.

Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of
Richard Earle of *Cambridge*.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Lord *Scroope* of *Marsbam*.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Gray, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Sero. Our purposes, God iustly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgive me,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce,
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neuer did faithfull subiect more reioyce
At the discovery of most dangerous Treason,
Then I do at this houre ioy ore my selfe,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:

My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.
King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence
You haue consp'it against Our Royall person,
Ioynd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Recey'd the Golden Earnest of Our death:

Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,
His Subiects to oppression, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into desolation:
Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge,

But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender,
Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue

You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. *Exit.*
Now Lords for France: the enterprize whercof
Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.

We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But euer Rubbe is smoothened on our way.

Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer
Our Puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France. *Flourish.*

Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostesse.

Hostesse. 'Pry thee honey sweet Husband, let me bring

thee to Staines.

Pistoll. No: for my manly heart doth erue. *Bardolph*,
be blythe: *Nim*, rowle thy vaunting Veines: Boy, bristle
thy Courage vp: for *Falsaffe* hee is dead, and wee must
erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresomere hee is,

eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

Hostesse. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arburs*
Bosome, if euer man went to *Arburs* Bosome: a made a
finer end, and went away and it had bene any *Christome*
Child: a parted eu'n iust betweene *Twelue* and *One*, eu'n
at the turning o'th Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with
the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fin-

gers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was
as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of Greene fields. How now
Sir *John* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: so a
cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I,

to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I
hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any
such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his
feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they
were as cold as any Stone: then I felt to his knees, and so
vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any Stone.

Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack.

Hostesse. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hostesse. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incar-

nate.

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-

lour he neuer lik'd.

Boy. A said once, the Deule would haue him about

Women.

Hostesse. A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women:

but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of

Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea stickt vpon

Bardolphs Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning

in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire:

that's all the Riches I got in his seruice.

Nim. Shall wee flogg? the King will be gone from

Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes:

Looke to my Chatrels, and my Moucables. Let *Senecs*

rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes

are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast

is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Caneto*, bee

thy Counsaillor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yoke

fellowes in Aimes, let vs to France, like *Hoste-*

leeches

leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.
Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bar. Farwell Hostesse.

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Pist. Let Huswiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee command.

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu.

Exeunt

Flourish.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs, And more then carefully it vs concerns, To answer Royally in our defences. Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine, Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth, And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre With men of courage, and with meanes defendant: For England his approaches makes as fierce, As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe. It fits vs then to be as prouident, As feare may teach vs, out of late examples Left by the fatall and neglected English, Vpon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father, It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe: For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome, (Though War not no knowne Quarrel were in question) But that Defences, Musters, Preparations, Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected, As were a Warre in expectation. Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth, To view the sick and feeble parts of France: And let vs doe it with no shew of feare, No, with no more, then if we heard that England Were busied with a Whiffon Morris-dance: For my good Liege, there is so idly King'd, Her Scepter so phantastically borne, By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth, That feare attends her not.

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin, You are too much mistaken in this King: Question your Grace the late Embassadors, With what great State he heard their Embassie, How well supply'd with Noble Councillors, How modest in exception; and withall, How terrible in constant resolution: And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent, Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brutus*, Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly: As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable. But though we thinke it so, it is no matter: In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh The Enemy more mightie then he seemes, So the proportions of defence are fill'd: Which of a weake and niggardly profection, Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King *Harry* strong: And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him. The Kindred of him hath bene sleight vpon vs:

And he is bred out of that bloodie straine, That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes: Witnesse our too much memorable shame, When Cressy Battell fatall was stricke, And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales: Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne, Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare The Nature mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from *Harry* King of England, Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie.

King. Weele giue them present audience, Goe, and bring them.

You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends. *Dolphin.* Turne head, and stop pursuit: for coward Dogs Most spend their mouths, whe' what they seem to threaten Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne Take vp the English short, and let them know Of what a Monarchie you are the Head: Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne, As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie: He wills you in the Name of God Almighty, That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen, By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne, And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times, Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know 'Tis no sinister, nor no awk-ward Clayme, Picked from the worme-holes of long-vanish'd dayes, Nor from the dust of old Oblitiun rakt, He sends you this most memorable Lyne, In euery Branch truly demonstratiue; Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree: And when you find him euenly deni'd From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors, *Edward* the third, he bids you then resigne Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held From him, the Nature and true Challenger.

King. Or else what followes?

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it. Therefore in fierce Tempest he he comming, In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Ion*: That if requiring faile, he will compell. And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord, Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre Opens his vastie Iawes: and on your head Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes, The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes, For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers, That shall be swallowed in this Controuersie. This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message: Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence here; To whom expressely I bring greeting to.

King. For

King. For vs, we will consider of this further: To morrow shall you beare our full intent Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,

I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt, And any thing that may not mis-become The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at. Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large, Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie; Heele call you to so hot an Answer of it, That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France Shall chide your Trespas, and retume your Mock In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,

It is against my will: for I desire Nothing but Oddes with England. To that end, as marching to his Youth and Vanitie, I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

Exe. Heele make your Paris Louer shake for it, Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe: And be assur'd, you'll find a diff'rence, As we his Subjects haue in wonder found, Betwene the promise of his greener dayes, And chiefe he masters now: now he weighs Time Euen to the vtmost Graine: that you shall reade In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.

King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Flourish.

Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, least that our King Come here himselfe to question our delay: For he is footed in this Land already.

King. You shall be soone dispatch, with faire conditions. A Night is but small breathe, and little pawle, To answer matters of this consequence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies, In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought. Suppose, that you haue scene The well-appointed King at Douer Peer, Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet, With silken Streamers, the young *Phobus* laying; Play with your Fancies: and in them behold, Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing; Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue To sounds confus'd: behold the threaten Sayles, Borne with th'inuisible and creeping Wind, Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea, Breasting the lossie Surge. O, doe but thinke You stand vpon the Riage, and behold A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing: For so appeares this Fleet Maiestically, Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow: Grapple your minds to sterage of this Naue, And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, still, Guarded with Grandfires, Babyes, and old Women, Eyther past, or not arriu'd to pyth and puissance: For who is he, whose Chin is but enrich

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow These cull'd and choys'd drawne Caualliers to France? Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege: Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages, With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew. Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back: Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him *Katherine* his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie, Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes. The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner With Lyn-Rock now the diuellish Cannon touches, *Alarum, and Chambers goe off.* And downe goes all before them. Still be kind, And eech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.

Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more vnto the Breach,

Deare friends, once more; Or close the Wall vp with our English dead: In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man, As modest stillnesse, and humilitie: But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares, Then imitate the action of the Tyger: Stiffen the sinewes, commune vp the blood, Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage: Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect: Let it pry through the portage of the Head, Like the Brasse Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it, As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke O're-hang and iurty his confounded Bale, Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean. Now let the Teeth, and stretch the Nosthrill wide, Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English, Whose blood is set from Fathers of Warre-prooffe: Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*, Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought, And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument. Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest, That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you. Be Coppy now to me of grosser blood, And teach them how to Warre, And you good Yeomen, Whose Lymes were made in England; shew vs here The mettell of your Pasture: let vs sweare, That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not: For there is none of you so meane and base, That hath not Noble luster in your eyes. I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips, Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot: Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge, Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and *S. George*. *Alarum, and Chambers goe off.*

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach. *Nim.* 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Case of Liues: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.

Pist. The plaine-Song is most iust: for humors doe abound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie.

Pist. And

Pist. And I: If wishes would preuaile with me, my purpose should not faile with me; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Flucken.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auant you Cullions.

Pist. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage; vse lenitie sweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors.

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three Swafhers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pistol*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keeps whole Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halpence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they stole a fire-shouell. I knew by that peece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine poecketing vp of Wrongs. I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore I must cast it vp.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Capitaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the concauties of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athuerfarie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt himsele foure yard vnder the Countermine: by *Cheshu*, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directi-
ons.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Capitaine *Mackmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By *Cheshu* he is an Ass, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorrice, and Capitaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Capitaine, Capitaine *Iamy*, with him.

Welch. Capitaine *Iamy* is a maruellous valorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

ledge in th'anchiant Warres, vpon my particular know- ledge of his directions: by *Cheshu* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I say gudday, Capitaine *Fluellen*.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Capitaine *Iames*.

Gower. How now Capitaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

Irish. By Christ Law tis ill done: the Worke tis giue ouer, the Trompet found the Retreat. By my Hand I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke tis ill done: it ish giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, so Christ saue me law, in an houre. O tis ill done, tis ill done: by my Hand tis ill done.

Welch. Capitaine *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion: that fall I mary.

Irish. It is no time to discoure, so Christ saue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warre, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discoure, the Towne is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breach, and we talke, and be Christ do nothing, tis shame for vs all: so God sa'ne tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Christ sa'ne law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere these eyes of mine take them- selues to slomber, ayle de gud seruice, or Ile ligge it ill grund for it: ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valou- rously as I may, that fal I fuerly do, that is the brest and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway.

Welch. Capitaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Na- tion.

Irish. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Is a Villaine, and a Bastard, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What ish my Nation? Who talke of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Capitaine *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I shall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vse me, looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particula- rities.

Irish. I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Christ saue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault.

Gower. The Towne sounds a Parley.

Welch. Capitaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end.

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.
King. How yet resoluces the Gouernour of the Towne? This is the latest Parle we will admit:

There.

Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues, Or like to men prou'd of destruction, Defie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier, A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best; If I begin the batt'rie once againe, I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew, Till in her ashes she lye buried. The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp, And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart, In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grassie Your flesh faire Virgins, and your flowering Infants. What is it then to me, if impious Warre, Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends, Doe with his smyrche complexion all fell fears, Enlynckt to wast and desolation? What is't to me, when you your selues are cause, If your pure Maydens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing Violation? What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse, When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere? We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command Vpon th'entag'd Souldiers in their spoyle, As send Precepts to the *Leuiathan*, to come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harflew, Take pittie of your Towne and of your People, Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command, Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace Ore-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany. If not: why in a moment looke to see The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand Desire the Locks of your shrill-shrieking Daughters: Your Fathers taken by the fluer Beards, And their most reuerend Heads dasht to the Walls: Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes, Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd, Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wiues of Iewry, At *Herods* bloody-hunting slaughter-men. What say you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd? Orgullitie in defence, be thus destroy'd.

Enter Gouernour.

Gower. Our expectation hath this day an end: The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated, Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready, To rayle so great a Siege: Therefore great King, We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy: Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours, For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle *Exeter*, Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine, And fortifie it strongly gainst the French: Vle mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle. The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis. Tonight in Harflew will we be your Guest, Tomorrow for the March are we adrest, Flourish, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathe. Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kathe. Je te prie m'enseignier, il faut que ie apprend a par- len: Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois?

Alice. Le main il & appelle de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. E le doys.

Kat. Le doys, ma foy le oublie, e doyt may, ie me souueneray le doys ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.

Alice. Le main de Hand, le doys le fingres, ie pense que ie suis le bon escholier.

Kath. Fay gaynie deux mots d'Anglois vissement, comment appelle vous le ongles?

Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles esconte: dites moy, si ie parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

Alice. C'est bien dict Madame, il & fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. E de coudce.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Le men fay le repiticio de tous les mots que vous m'avez, appris des a present.

Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme ie pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice esconte, d'Hand, de Fingres, de Nayles, d'Arme, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, comment ap- pelle vous le col.

Alice. De Nick, Madame.

Kath. De Nick, e le menton.

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sans vostre honneur en verite vous pronon- ciez les mots ausi droit, que le Natis d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.

Alice. N'auz vous y desia oublie ce que ie vous a ensegnie.

Kath. Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingres, de Mayles.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Elbow.

Alice. Sans vostre honneur d'Elbow.

Kath. Ainsi de ie d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: comment ap- pelle vous les pied & de roba.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il sont le mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honneur d'oser: Je ne vouldray prononcer ce mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, so le Foot & le Count, neant moy, ie recitera un autrefoys ma lecon ensemble, d'Hand, de Fingres, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Kath. C'est assez pour une foyes, alons nous a diner.

Exit.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Constable of France, and others.

King. 'Tis certaine he hath past the Riuier Some.

Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,

Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,

And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu vivant: Shall a few Sprayes of vs,

The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,

Our Syens, put in wilde and sauage Stock,

Spirt vp so suddenly into the Clouds,

And ouer-looke their Grafters?

Briu. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards:

Mort du mau vie, if they march along

Vnfought withall, but I will tell my Dukedome,

To

To buy a lobbry and a durty Farme
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

Const. *Dieu de Battailles*, where haue they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despyght, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water,
A Drench for sur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
Decoekt their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Iyckles
Vpon our Houfes Thatch, whiles a more frostie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Native Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly say,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue
Their bodyes to the Lust of English Youth,
To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.

Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schools,
And teach *Lauola's* high, and swift *Carranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are most loslie Run-aways.

King. Where is *Montjoy* the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleanse*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanson, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Iaquet Chastillon, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Beumont, *Grand Pree*, *Roussi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Leffrale*, *Bouiquall*, and *Charaloyes*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great flames:
Barre *Harry* England, that sweeps through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harlew:
Rush on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleys, whose low Vassall Seat,
The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhewme vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner.

Const. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March:
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
Hee'll drop his heart into the sinck of feare,
And for archiement, offer vs his Ransome.

King. Therefore Lord Constable, haft on *Montjoy*,
And let him say to England, that we send,
To know what willing Ransome he will giue.
Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with vs in Roan.

Dolph. Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie.

King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower
and Fluellen.*

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from
the Bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices com-
mitted at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Ag-*

memon, and a man that I loue and honour with my soule,
and my heart, and my durie, and my liue, and my liuing,
and my vttermoost power. He is not, God be prayd, and
blessed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge
most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an au-
chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very
conscience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and
hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see
him doe as gallant seruice.

Gower. What doe you call him?

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Pistoll*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Pistoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me fauours: the
Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Flu. I, I praye God, and I haue merited some loue at
his hands.

Pist. *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and sound of heart,
and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddy
Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddesse blind, that
stands vpon the rolling restlesse Stone.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Pistoll*: Fortune is
painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde; and hee is painted also
with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of
it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutabillitie
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a
Spherickall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles,
in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent descrip-
tion of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolph's* foe, and frownes on him:
for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: a damned
death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter*
hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price.
Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
and let not *Bardolph's* vitall thred bee cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for
his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient *Pistoll*, I doe partly vnderstand your
meaning.

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce
at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire
the Duke to vif his good pleasure, and put him to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be vsed.

Pist. Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figs* for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I
remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Flu. Ile assure you, a vit'ed as prauie words at the
Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very
well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
when time is serue.

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and
then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne
into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such
fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and
they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done:
at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
uoy: who came off brauely, who was shot, who dis-
grac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they
conne perfitly in the phrase of Warre; which they tricke

vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Ge-
neralls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe a-
mong foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonder-
full to be thought on: but you must learne to know such
standers of the age, or else you may be maruellously mi-
stooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue
hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to
the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell
him my minde: hearken you, the King is coming, and I
must speake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his
poore Souldiers.

Flu. God plesse your Maiestie.

King. How now *Fluellen*, canst thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, to please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter
hath very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is
gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prauie
passages: marry, th'athuerlarie was haue possession of
the Pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of
Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie,
the Duke is a prauie man.

King. What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th'athuerlarie hath bene very
great, reasonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the
Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be exe-
cuted for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maie-
stie know the man: his face is all bubukles and wheikes,
and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his
nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and
sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's
out.

King. Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off:
and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through
the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil-
lages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French
vbrayded or abused in disdainefull Language; for when
Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler
Gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter *Montjoy*.

Montjoy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of
thee?

Montjoy. My Masters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Montjoy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry*
of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe:
Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him,
wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harlew, but that wee
thought not good to bruiſe an iniurie, till it were full
ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q, and our voyce is im-
periall: England shall repent his folly, see his weak-
nesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore con-
sider of his ransome, which must proportion the losses we
haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we
haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his petti-
nesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is
too poore; for th'effusion of our bloud, the Muster of his
Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his
owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worth-
lesse satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for
conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-
demnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Masters
to much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mount. *Montjoy*.

King. Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,
And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,
But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confesse so much
Vnto an enemy of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,
That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am;
My Ransome, is this frayle and worthless Trunke;
My Army, but a weak and sickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountjoy*.

Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.

If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,
We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so *Mountjoy*, fare you well.
The summe of all our Answer is but this:
We would not seeke a Battaille as we are,
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliuer so: Thankes to your High-
nesse.

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the Riuer wee'll encampe our selues,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs,
Orleanse, Dolphin, with others.*

Const. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World:
would it were day.

Orleanse. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my
Horse haue his due.

Const. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orleanse. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleanse, and my Lord High Con-
stable, you talke of Horse and Armour?

Orleanse. You are as well provided of both, as any
Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change
my Horse with any that treads but on foure postures:
ch' ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
hayres: *le Cheual volante*, the Pegasus, *ches les narines de
feu*. When I bestyde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots
the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest
horne of his hoofe, is more Muscalle then the Pipe of
Hermes.

Orleanse. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast
for *Persens*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Ele-
ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but on-
ly in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee
is indeede a Horse, and all other Iades you may call
Beasts.

Const. In-

Const. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleanse. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deferred prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subiect for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknewne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleanse. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistressse.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistressse.

Orleanse. Your Mistressse beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the prescript prayse and perfection of a good and particular Mistressse.

Const. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistressse shrewdly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Const. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your strait Stroffers.

Const. You haue good iudgement in Horsemanship.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue my Horse to my Mistressse.

Const. I had as liue haue my Mistressse a Jade.

Dolph. I tell thee Constable, my Mistressse weares his owne hayre.

Const. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistressse.

Dolph. *Le chien est retourne a son propre vomissement est la lenye lancee au bourbier:* thou mak'st vse of any thing.

Const. Yet doe I not vse my Horse for my Mistressse, or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

Const. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Const. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

Const. Euen as your Horse beares your prayses, who would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his desert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English Faces.

Const. I will not say so, for feare I should be fac'd out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the cares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Prisoners?

Const. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, He goe arme my selfe. *Exit.*

Orleanse. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Const. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleanse. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Const. Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.

Orleanse. He is simply the most active Gentleman of France.

Const. Doing is actiuitie, and he will still be doing.

Orleanse. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Const. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name still.

Orleanse. I know him to be valiant.

Const. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orleanse. What's hee?

Const. Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee car'd not who knew it.

Orleanse. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Const. By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body saw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orleanse. Ill will neuer sayd well.

Const. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendship.

Orleanse. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill his due.

Const. Well plac'd: there stands your friend for the Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Pox of the Deuill.

Orleanse. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is soone shot.

Const. You haue shot ouer.

Orleanse. 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shoot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within fiftene hundred paces of your Tents.

Const. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpree.

Const. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore Harry of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleanse. What a wretched and peeuish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so farre out of his knowledge.

Const. If the English had any apprehension, they would runne away.

Orleanse. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectuall Armour, they could neuer weare such beaute Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Island of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Mastiffes are of vnmatchable courage.

Orleanse. Foolish Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Russian Beare, and haue their heads crush'd like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakfast on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Const. Iust, iust: and the men doe sympathize with the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough comming on, leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then giue them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolves, and fight like Deuils.

Orleanse. I,

Orleanse. I, but these English are shrowdly out of Beefe.

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they haue only stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme: come, shall we about it?

Orleanse. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten Wee shall haue each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine coniecture of a time,
When creeping Murre and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniuerse.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army stilly sounds;
That the first Centinels almost receiue
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaille sees the others vंबर'd face.
Scead threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Rieters vp,
Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
And the third howre of drowfie Morning nam'd,
Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-lustie French,
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So rediously away. The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Mornings danger: and their gesture sad,
Immisting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
Presented them vnto the gazing Moone
So many horrid Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Prayse and Glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countrey men.
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night:
But freshly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maicstie:
That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Largeesse vniuersall, like the Sunne,
His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthinesse define.
A little touch of Harry in the Night,
And so our Scene must to the Battaille flye:
Where, O for pittie, we shall much disgrace,
With foure or five most vile and ragged foyles,
(Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt: Yet sit and see,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother Bedford: God Almightye,
There is some foule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men obseruingly distill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Consciencs,
And Preachers to vs all; admonishing,
That we should dresse vs fairely for our end:
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turfe of France.
Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowfie Graue, and newly moue
With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe,
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my Pauillion.

Gloster. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knight:

Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Bosome must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heauen bestee thee, Noble Harry. *Exeunt.*

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speakest chearefully. *Enter Pistoll.*

Pist. *Che vous la?*

King. A friend.

Pist. Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou base, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trayl'st thou the pusilliant Pyke?

King. Euen so: what are you?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift most valiant: I kisse his durty shooe, and from heart-string I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy? a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon S. Davies day.

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, least he knock that about yours.

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Pist. Art

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. And his Kinsman too.

Pist. The Figo for thee then.

King. I thanke you: God be with you.

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd.

King. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Exit.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine Fluellen.

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vniuersali World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatives and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of Pompey the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tattle nor pibble bable in Pompeys Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warre, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobriety of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwise.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Assle and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Assle and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conscience now?

Gow. I will speake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother Iohn Bates, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine serue you?

King. Vnder Sir Iohn Erpingham.

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinke he of our estate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to be washt off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednesse he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possesse him with any appearance of feare; least hee, by shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but I beleue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could with himselfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the

King: I thinke hee would not wish himselfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should hee be sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens liues saved.

King. I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to wish him here alone: howeuer you speake this to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not see any where so contented, as in the Kings company; his Cause being iust, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee should seeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects; if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King himselfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaille, shall ioine together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgeon; some vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them; some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children rawly left: I am asfear'd, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaille: for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all proportion of subiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Seas; the imputation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be imposed vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Seruant, vnder his Masters command, transporting a summe of Money, be assailed by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcilable Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not so. The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no King, but his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Souldiers: some (peraduenture) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murther; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Scales of Periurie; some, making the Warres their Zulwarke, that haue before goored the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and our runne Nature punishment; though they can out-strip men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men are punished, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprovided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Every Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but every Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore should every Souldier in the Warres doe as every sicke man in his Bed, wash every Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. Tis

Will. 'Tis certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill vpon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be ransomed.

Will. I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ransomed, and wee ne're the wiser.

King. If I liue to see it, I will neuer trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeasure can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yee, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'll neuer trust his word after; come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproofe is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betwene vs, if you liue.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also weare in my Cap: if euer thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If euer I liue to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings company.

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exit Souldiers.

King. Indeepe the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules, Our Debts, our carefull Wiues, Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King: We must beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse, Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whose sence No more can feele, but his owne wringing.

What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect, That priuate men enioy?

And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too, Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie?

And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?

What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.

What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?

O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.

What? is thy Soule of Odoration?

Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,

Creating awe and feare in other men?

Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,

Then they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of Homage sweet, But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greannesse, And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.

Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out With Titles blowne from Adulation?

Will it giue place to flexure and low bending? Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proudest Dreame, That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose.

I am a King that find thee: and I know, 'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,

The Sword, the Mace, the Crowne Imperiall, The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle,

The farst Title running 'fore the King, The Throne he sits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,

That beates vpon the high shore of this World: No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;

Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maiesticall, Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue:

Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind, Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread,

Neuer sees horrid Night, the Child of Hell: But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,

Sweates in the eye of Phebus; and all Night Sleepes in Elizium: next day after dawne,

Doth rise and helpe Elipio to his Horse, And followes so the euer-running yeere

With profitable labour to his Graue: And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,

Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe, Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.

The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace, Enioyes it; but in grosse braine little wots,

What watch the King keepe, to maintaine the peace; Whole howres, the Peasant best aduantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles ialous of your absence, Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together At my Tent: He be before thee.

Erp. I shall doo't, my Lord.

Exit.

King. O God of Battailles, Steele my Souldiers hearts, Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now

The sence of reckning of th'opposed numbers: Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,

O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.

I Richards body haue interred new, And on it haue bestowed more contrite teares,

Then from it issued forced drops of blood. Five hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,

Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:

And I haue built two Chuntries, Where the sad and solemne Priests sing still For Richards Soule. More will I doe:

Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth; Since that my Penitence comes after all,

Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother Gloucesters voyce? I: I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:

The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt.

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Enter

Enter the Dolphin, Orleanse, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleanse. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolph. Monte Cheual: My Horse, Verlot Lacquay: Ha.

Orleanse. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph. Vin les ewes & terre.

Orleanse. Rien puis le air & fens.

Dolph. Ceins, Cousin Orleanse. Enter Constable.

Now my Lord Constable?

Const. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Service neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides, That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha.

Ramb. What, wil you haue them weep our Horses blood? How shall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Messenger.

Messeng. The English are embattail'd, you French Peeres.

Const. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse. Doe but behold yond poore and starued Band, And your faire shew shall suck away their Soules, Leaving them but the shales and huskes of men. There is not worke enough for all our hands, Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines, To giue each naked Curtlex a stayne, That our French Gallants shall to day draw our, And sheath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them, The vapour of our Valour will o'te-rurne them. 'Tis positiue against all exceptions, Lords, That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pendants, Who in yanecessarie action swarme About our Squares of Battaille, were enow To purge this field of such a hilding Foe; Though we vpon this Mountaine Basis by, Tooke stand for idle speculation: But that our Honours must not. What's to say? A very little little let vs doe, And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount: For our approach shall so much dare the field, That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Grandprece.

Grandprece. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France? Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones, Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field: Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loose, And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully. Bigge Mars seemes banqu' rout in their begger'd Hoast, And faintly through a rustie Beuer peepes. The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks, With Torch-staues in their hand: and their poore Iades Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips: The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes, And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionlesse. And their executors, the knauish Crowes, Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre. Description cannot sute it selfe in words, To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaille, In life so liuelesse, as it shewes it selfe.

Const. They haue said their prayers, And they stay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe fend them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,

And giue their fasting Horses Prouender, And after fight with them?

Const. I stay but for my Guard: on To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take, And vse it for my haste. Come, come away, The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. Exeunt.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his Hoast: Salisbury, and Westmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Battaille.

West. Of fighting men they haue full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's fise to one, besides they all are fresh.

Salub. Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull odds, God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen; Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,

My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter, And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf. Farwell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee.

And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it, For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse, Princely in both.

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here But one ten thousand of those men in England,

That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wishes so?

My Cousin Westmerland. No, my faire Cousin: If we are markt to dye, we are enow

To doe our Country losse: and if to liue, The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more, By Ioue, I am not couetous for Gold,

Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost: It yeraes me not, if men my Garments weare;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires, But if it be a sinne to couet Honor,

I am the most offending Soule aliue. No faith, my Couze, with not a man from England:

Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor, As one man more me thinkes would share from me,

For the best hope I haue. O, doe not wish one more: Rather proclaime it (Westmerland) through my Hoast,

That he which hath no stomack to this fight, Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,

And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse: We would not dye in that mans companie,

That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs. This day is call'd the Feast of Crispian:

He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home, Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,

And rowse him at the Name of Crispian, He that shall see this day, and liue old age,

Will ycerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours, And say, to morrow is Saint Crispian.

Then will he stirp his fleec, and shew his skarres: Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:

But hee'll remember, with aduantages, What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names, Familiar in his mouth as household words,

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester, Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred. This story shall the good man teach his sonne: And Crispine Crispian shall ne're goe by, From this day to the ending of the World, But we in it shall be remembred;

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers: For he to day that sheds his blood with me,

Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile, This day shall gentle his Condition.

And Gentlemen in England, now a bed, Shall thinke themselves accurs'd they were not here;

And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speaks, That fought with vs vpon Saint Crispines day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed: The French are brauely in their battailes set,

And will with all expedience charge on vs.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England, Couze?

West. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone, Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaille.

King. Why now thou hast vnwisht fise thousand men: Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.

You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry, If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,

Before thy most assured Querthrow: For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,

Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind

Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre

From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies Must lye and fester.

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

King. I pray thee beare my former Answer back:

Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones. Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus?

The man that once did sell the Lyons skin While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt Find Natiae Graues: vpon the which, I trust

Shall witness lie in Brasse of this dayes worke. And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,

Dying like men, though buried in your Dunghills, They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,

And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen, Leaving their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,

The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France. Marke then abounding valour in our English:

That being dead, like to the bullets crafing, Breake out into a second course of mischief,

Killing in relapse of Mortalitie. Let me speake proudly: Tell the Constable,

We are but Warriors for the working day: Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all beismyrt

With raynie Marching in the painefull field. There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast:

Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:

And time hath worne vs into slouenrie.

But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:

And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,

They'll be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck

The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,

And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,

As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then

Will soone be leuyed.

Herauld, saue thou thy labour:

Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,

They shall haue none, I sweare, but these my ioynts:

Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,

Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:

Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more. Exit.

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a Ransome.

Enter Torke.

Torke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge

The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, braue Torke.

Now Souldiers march away,

And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. Exeunt.

Alarum. Exursions.

Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Pist. Yeeld Currie.

French. Le pense que vous estes le Gentilhomme de bon qualitee.

Pist. Qualitie calme cuture me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. O Seigneur Dieu.

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe giue to me egregions Ransome.

French. O prennies misericordie aye pitee de moy.

Pist. Moy shall not ferue, I will haue fortie Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimson blood.

French. Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.

Pist. Brasse, Currie: thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer't me Brasse?

French. O pardonne moy.

Pist. Say't thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this slaue in French what is his Name.

Boy. Esoute comment estes vous appele?

French. Mounseur le Fer.

Boy. He sayes his Name is M. Fer.

Pist. M. Fer: Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: discusse the same in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dis il Mounseur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous prest, car ce soldat icy est dispose tout asture de coupes vostre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cupple gorge permafoy pelant, vnlesse thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes, or mangled shalt thou be by this my Sword.

French. O le vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma pardonner, le suis le Gentilhomme de bon maison, garde ma vie, & le vous donneray deux cent escus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He

Boy. He prays you to save his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred Crownes.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contra son l'irement, de pardonner aucune prisonner: neant-moins pour les esclues que vous l'ayz a promettre, il est content a vous donner la liberte le franchisement.

Fren. Sur mes genoux se vous donnez mille remerciens, et le me estime heureux que le tombe entre les main d'un Chevalier. Je pense le plus brave valiant et tres digne signeur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me boy.

Boy. He gives you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most braue, valorous and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

Pist. As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow mee.

Boy. Saluez vous le grand Capitaine?

I did neuer know so full a voyce issue from so emptie a heart: but the saying is true. The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie one may payre his nayles with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst steale any thing aduenturously. I must stay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

Exit.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs.

Con. O Diabie.

Orl. O signeur le tour et perdis, tout et perdis.

Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,

Reproach, and euerslasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

A short Alarm.

Omeschante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our ranks are broke.

Dol. O perdurable shame, let's stab our selues:

Bethese the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent too, for his ransom?

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,

Let vs dye in once more backe againe,

And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,

Whilst a base slaue, no gentler then my dogge,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now,

Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.

Orl. We are enow yet liuing in the field,

To smother vp the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng;

Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

Exit.

Alarm. Enter the King and his trayne, with Prisoners.

King. Well haue we done, thrice- valiant Countreymen, But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maiefty

King. LIVES he good Vnckle: thrice within this houre I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting. From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,

Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side,

(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)

The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.

Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all haged ouer

Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteept,

And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes

That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.

He cries aloud; Tarry my Cousin Suffolke,

My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen:

Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-best:

As in this glorious and well-foughten field

We kept together in our Chivalrie.

Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,

He smil'd me in the face, taught me his hand,

And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord,

Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,

So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke

He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,

And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A Testament of Noble-ending-love:

The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd,

But I had not so much of man in mee,

And all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gaue me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not,

For hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mixtull eyes, or they will issue to.

But hearken, what new alarm is this fame?

The French haue re-enforc'd their scatter'd men:

Then euery souldiour kill his Prisoners,

Giue the word through.

Alarm.

Exit.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressly against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of honour marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, and the Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the bataille ha' done this slaughter: besides they haue burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd euery souldiour to cut his prisoners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, hee was porne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower*: What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the pig was borne?

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, saue the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porne.

porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you shall finde in the comparisons betweene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in *Macedon*, & there is also moreouer a Riuer at *Monmouth*, it is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other Riuer: but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke *Alexander's* life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth's* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend *Chyus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures, and comparisons of it: as *Alexander* kill'd his friend *Chyus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; so also *Harry* *Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of iests, and gypes, and knaueries, and mockes. I haue forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Heere comes his Maiefty.

Alarm. Enter King Harry and Bourbon with prisoners. Flourish.

King. I was not angry since I came to France, Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald, Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill: If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe, Or voyde the field: they do offend our fight, If they'l do neither, we will come to them, And make them sker away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings: Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we haue, And not a man of them that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege *Glouc.* His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowst thou not,

That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for ransom? Com'st thou againe for ransom?

Her. No great King:

I come to thee for charitable License,

That we may wander ore this bloody field,

To booke our dead, and then to bury them,

To fort our Nobles from our common men.

For many of our Princes (woe the while)

Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes

In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds

Fret fer-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage

Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,

Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,

To view the field in safety, and dispose

Of their dead bodies.

Kim. I tell thee truly Herald,

I know not if the day be ours or no,

For yet a many of your horsemen peere,

And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kim. Praised be God, and not our strength for it:

What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by?

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,

Fought on the day of *Crispin* *Cristianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please

your Maiefty) and your great Vnckle *Edward* the Placke

Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought

a most prauie battell here in France.

Kim. They did *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Maiefty sayes very true: If your Maiesties

is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a

Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their

Monmouth caps, which your Maiefty know to this houre

is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do beleue

your Maiefty takes no scorn to weare the Lecke vpon

S. *Taues* day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor:

For I am Welch you know good Countreiman.

Flu. All the water in *Wye*, cannot wash your Maie-

fies Welch blood out of your pody, I can tell you that:

God plesse it, and preserue it, as long as it pleases his

Grace, and his Maiefty too.

Kim. Thanks good my Countrymen.

Flu. By Ieshu, I am your Maiesties Countreymen, I

care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I

need not to be ashamed of your Maiefty, praised be God

so long as your Maiefty is an honest man.

King. Good keepe me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,

Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead

On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Souldier, you must come to the King.

Kim. Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy

Cappe?

Will. And't please your Maiefty, tis the gage of one

that I should fight withall, if he be aliue.

Kim. An Englishman?

Will. And't please your Maiefty, a Rascall that swag-

ge'd with me last night: who if aliue, and euer dare to

challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe

a'th ere: or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he

swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliue) I wil

strike it out soundly.

Kim. What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this

souldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine else, and't please

your Maiefty in my conscience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great

sort quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the diuel is,

as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke

your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee

bee periu'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a

villaine and a lacke sawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd

vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law

King. Then keepe thy vow firrah, when thou meet'st

the fellow.

Will. So, I wil my Liege, as I liue.

King. Who seru'st thou ynder?

Will.

Will. Under Captaine Gower, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literated in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege.

King. Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanson* and ray selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanson*, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me loue.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subjects: I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreeds at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.

The Gloue which I haue given him for a fauour, May haply purchase him a box a'th' eare. It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick*: If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word; Some sodaine mischief may arise of it: For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant, And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder, And quickly will returne an iniurie. Follow, and see there be no harme betwene them. Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuersall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke he be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will giue Treason his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alansons*.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, heere is, prayd be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maiestie.

Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which

your Maiestie is take out of the Helme of *Alanson*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue beene good as my word.

Flu. Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowlie and wittlesse, and will aouchment, that this is the Gloue of *Alanson*, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Conscience now.

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier;

Looke, heere is the fellow of it:

'Twas I indeed thou promis'd'st to strike,

And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answer for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Maiestie.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man: witness the Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse: and what your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you bene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes, And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow, And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe, Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes: And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's merrell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrells and dissensions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you be so fashfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now Herald, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the slaughtred French.

King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, Nephew to the King, John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord *Bouchiquald*:

Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, Full fiftene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number,

And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead One hundred twentie six: added to these,

Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen, Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,

Fiue hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights. So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,

There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries: The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires, And

And Gentlemen of blood and qualitie.

The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,

Jaques of Chailion, Admirall of France,

The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord *Rambures*,

Great Master of France, the braue Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,

John Duke of *Alanson*, *Anthony* Duke of *Brabant*,

The Brother to the Duke of *Burgundie*,

And *Edward* Duke of *Barr*: of lustie Earles,

Grandpre and *Rouffie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,

Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Lestrale*.

Here was a Royall fellowship of death.

Where is the number of our English dead?

Edward the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,

Sir *Richard Kely*, *Dauy* Gam Elquire;

None else of name: and of all other men,

But fiue and twentie.

O God, thy Arme was heere:

And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,

Ascribe we all: when, without stratagem,

But in plaine shock, and euen play of Battaille,

Was euer knowne so great and little losse?

On one part and on the other, take it God,

For it is none but thine.

Exit. 'Tis wonderfull.

King. Come, goe me in procession to the Village:

And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,

To boast of this, or take that prayse from God,

Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to tell how many is kill'd?

King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,

That God fought for vs.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights:

Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,

The dead with charitie enclosed in Clay:

And then to Callice, and to England then,

Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.

Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story, That I may prompt them: and of such as haue,

I humbly pray them to admit this excuse

Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,

Which cannot in their huge and proper life,

Be here presented. Now we beare the King

Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there scene,

Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,

Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach

Pales in the flood; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,

Whole shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,

Which like a mightie Whiffler fore the King,

Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,

And solemnly see him set on to London.

So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now

You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:

Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne

His bruid Helme, and his bended Sword

Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,

Being free from vain-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride;

Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent,

Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,

In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought,

How London doth powre out her Citizens,

The Maior and all his Brethren in best fort,

Like to the Senatours of th' antique Rome,

With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,

Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cesar* in:

As by a lower, but by louing likelihood,

Were now the Generall of our gracious Empresse,

As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,

Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;

How many would the peacefull Citie quit,

To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,

Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him.

As yet the lamentation of the French

Inuities the King of England's stay at home:

The Emperour's coming in behalfe of France,

To order peace betwene them: and omit

All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,

Till *Harry*es backe returne againe to France:

There must we bring him; and my selfe haue play'd

The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.

Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,

After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France.

Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your Lecke to day? *S. Danies* day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you asse my friend, Captaine Gower; the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowlie, praggling Knaue *Pistol*, which you and your selfe, and all the World, know to be no better then a fellow, looke you now, of no merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Lecke: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turkey-cocks. God plesse you aunchient *Pistol*, you scurvie lowlie Knaue, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, bafe Troian, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatale Web? Hence; I am qualmish at the smell of Lecke.

Flu. I plesseech you heartily, scurvie lowlie Knaue, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this Lecke; because, looke you, you doe not loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eate it.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.*

Will you be so good, scauld Knaue, as eate it?

Pist. Bafe Troian, thou shalt dye.

Flu. You say very true, scauld Knaue, when Gods will is: I will desire you to liue in the meane time, and eate your Vi'tuals: come, there is sawce for it. You call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make you

you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Lecke, you can eate a Lecke.

Gowr. Enough Captaine, you haue astonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my lecke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxcombe.

Pist. Must I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this Lecke, I will most horribly reuenge I eate and eate I swear.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce to your Lecke: there is not enough Lecke to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.

Flu. Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occasions to see Leckes hereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. I, Leckes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Pist. Mea groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue another Lecke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgells, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God buy you, and keepe you, & heale your pate. *Exit*

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this.

Gowr. Go, go, you are a counterfeite cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vpon an honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophée of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds any of your words. I haue seene you gleeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welch correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well. *Exit*

Pist. Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now? Newes haue I that my Doll is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendezous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to Cut-purse of quickhand: To England will I steale, and there Ile steale.

And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres, And swore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit*

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords. At another, Quene Isabel,

the King, the Duke of Bourgogne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met; Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister,

Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wishes To our most faire and Princely Cousine Katherine:

And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great assembly is contri'd,

We do salute you Duke of Burgoyne, And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, fairely met, So are you Princes (English) euery one.

Quee. So happy be the issue brother Ireland Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which hitherto haue borne In them against the French that met them in their bent, The fatall Balls of murdering Basiliskes: The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope Haue lost their qualitie, and that this day Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Quee. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall loue, Great Kings of France and England: hat I haue labour'd With all my wits, my paines, and strong endowes, To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview;

Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witness, Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,

You haue congreteed: let it not disgrace me, If I demand before this Royall view,

What Rub, or what Impediment there is, Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,

Deare Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and ioyfull Births, Should not in this best Garden of the World,

Our fertile France, put vp her lonely Visage? Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd,

And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes, Corrupting in it owne fertilitye.

Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart, Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd,

Like Prisoners wildly ouer-grown with hayre, Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,

The Darnell, Hemlock, and tanke Fenerary, Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rusts,

That should deracinate such Sauagery: The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth

The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clouer, Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, rankes;

Conceiues by idleness, and nothing teemes, But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Keksyes, Burres,

Loosing both beaurtie and vilitie; And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,

Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildnesse. Euen so our Houses, and our selues, and Children,

Haue lost, or doe not learne, for want of time, The Sciences that should become our Countrey;

But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will, That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,

To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attire, And euery thing that seemes vnnatural.

Which to reduce into our former fauour, You are assembled: and my speech entreats,

That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace Should not expell these inconueniences,

And blesse vs with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgoyne, you would the Peace, Whole want giues growth to th'imperfections

Which you haue cited; you must buy that Peace With full accord to all our iust demands,

Whose Tenures and particular effects You haue enshel'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, As yet There is no Answer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before so vrg'd, Lyes in his Answer.

France. I haue but with a cursellarie eye O're-glanc'd the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace

To appoint some of your Councell presently To sit with vs once more, with better heed

To sit with vs once more, with better heed To re-survey them; we will suddenly

Pass our accept and peremptorie Answer. *England.* Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle Exeter,

And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloucester, Warwick, and Huntington, goe with the King,

And take with you free power, to ratifie, Augment, or alter, as your Wisedomes best

Shall see aduantageable for our Dignities, Any thing in or out of our Demands,

And wee'll conigne thereto. Will you, faire Sister, Goe with the Princes, or stay here with vs?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them: Happily a Womans Voyle may doe some good,

When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be stood on. *England.* Yet leaue our Cousin Katherine here with vs,

She is our capitall Demand, compris'd Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leaue. *Exit omnes.*

Manner King and Katherine.

King. Faire Katherine, and most faire, Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier rearmes,

Such as will enter at a Ladies eare, And pleade his Loue-fuit to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake your English.

King. O faire Katherine, if you will loue me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you confesse it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you Kate, and you are like an Angell.

Kath. Que dit il que le suis semblable a les Anges?

Lady. Ouy verayment (sans vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.

King. I said so, deare Katherine, and I must not blush to asseure it.

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de tromperies.

King. What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princeesse.

King. The Princeesse is the better English-woman: yfaith Kate, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou couldst, thou wouldst finde me such a plaine King, that

thou wouldst thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but directly to say, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther, then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Giue me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bargain: how say you, Lady?

Kath. Sans vostre honneur, me vnderstand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to Dance for your sake, Kate, why you vndid me: for the one I haue neither words nor measure; and for the other, I haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vaulting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe; vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffer for my

Loue, or bound my Horse for her fauours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and sit like a lack an Apes, neuer off. But before God Kate, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in protestation; onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vse till vrg'd, nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth Sunne-burning: that neuer lookes in his Glasle, for loue of any thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke: I speake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this, take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And while thou liu'st, deare Kate, take a fellow of plaine and vncoyned Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for these fellows of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselves into Ladies fauours, they doe alwayes reason themselves out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it shines bright, and neuer changes, but keepe his course truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me? and take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. And what say'st thou then to my Loue? speake my faire, and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should loue de ennemie of France?

King. No, it is not possible you should loue the Enemie of France, Kate; but in louing me, you should loue the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine: and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; le

quand sur le possession de France, & quand vous auez le possession de moy. (Let mee see, what then? Saint Dennis bee my speede) Donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.

It is as easie for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdome, as to speake so much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sans vostre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, il & meliens que l'Anglois le quel le parle.

King. No faith is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be graunted to be much at one. But Kate, doo'st thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou loue mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? Ile aske them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night, when you come into your Closet, you'll question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me, that you loue with your heart: but good Kate, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princeesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou beest mine, Kate, as I haue a sauing Faith within me tells me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou must therefore needs proue a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English,

that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeavour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deuin deesse.*

Kath. Your Maiessee aue faulse French enough to deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fye vpon my false French: by mine Honor in true English, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and vntempering effect of my Visage. Now bestrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stubborn out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the colder I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire *Katherine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empreffe, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry* of England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner bleesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I speake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come, your Answer in broken Musick; for thy Voyee is Musick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou haue me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de Roy mon pere.

King. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate*.

Kath. Den it fall also content me.

King. Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kath. *Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may soy: Je ne vens point que vous abbaisse vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indigne seruiteur excuse moy. Je vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.*

King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, *Kate*.

Kath. *Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baisees devant leur nopces il net pas le costume de Fraunce.*

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashion pour le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en Anglish.

King. To kisse.

Lady. Your Maiessee entendre better que moy.

King. It is not a fashion for the Maids in Fraunce to kisse before they are marryed, would she say?

Lady. *Ouy verayment.*

King. O *Kate*, nice Customes curie to great Kings. Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyst of a Countreyes fashion: wee are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the libertie that followes our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion of your

Country, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently, and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they should sooner perswade *Harry* of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God saue your Maiesstie, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princeesse English?

King. I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is shee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the Voyee nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so coniuere vpon the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would coniuere in her, you must make a Circle: if coniuere vpon Loue in her in his true likeness, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd over with the Virgin Crimfon of Modestie, if shee deny the apparence of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configure to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flies at Bartholomew-ryde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the latter end, and shee must be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspectiuely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

England. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: so the Maid that stood in the way for my With, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee haue consented to all tearmes of reason.

England. Is't so, my Lords of England?

West. The King hath graunted euery Article:

His Daughter first; and in sequele, all,

According to their firme proposed natures.

Exet. Onely

Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:

Where your Maiesstie demands, That the King of France hauing any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this addition, in French: *Nostre trescher fils Henry Roy d'Angleterre Heretere de Fraunce*: and thus in Latine; *Præclarissimus Filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ & Hæres Franciæ.*

France. Nor this I haue not Brother so deny'd, But your request shall make me let it passe.

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance, Let that one Article ranke with the rest, And thereupon giue me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale, With enuy of each others happinesse, May cease their hatred; and this deare Coniunction Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord In their sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre aduance His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome *Kate*, and beare me witnesse all,

That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one: As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue, So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spoufall, That neuer may ill Office, or fell Jealousie,

Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage, Thrust in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes, To make diuorce of their incorporate League: That English may as French, French Englishmen, Receiue each other. God speake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day, My Lord of Burgundy wee'll take your Oath And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues, Then shall I sweare to *Kate*, and you to me, And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous be.

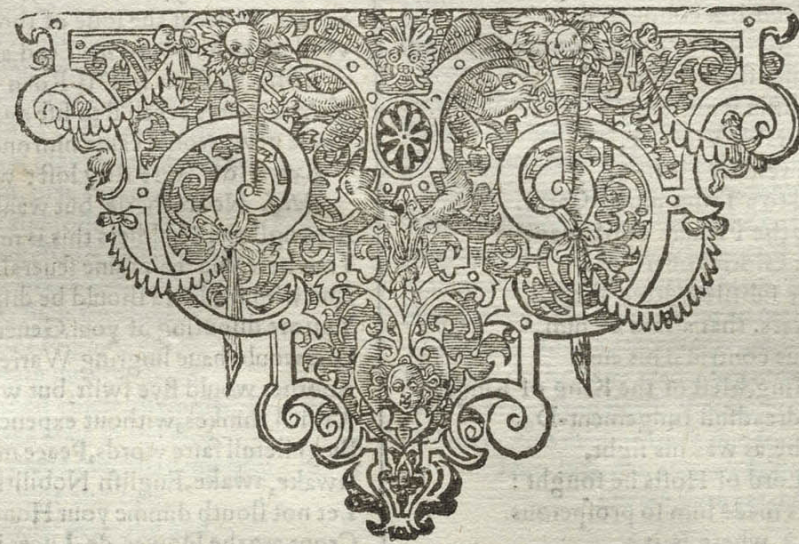
Senet.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen, Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story, In little roome confining mightie men, Mangling by starts the full course of their glory. Small time: but in that small, most greatly liued This Starre of England, Fortune made his Swords; By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued: And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord. *Henry* the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King Of France and England, did this King succeed: Whose State so many had the managing, That they lost France, and made his England bleed: Which oft our Stage hath showne; and for their sake, In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.



The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter Warwicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

Hing be y heavens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your crystal Tresses in the Skie,
And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars,
That haue contented vnto Henries death:
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to liue long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.

Gloster. England ne're had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deseruing to command,
His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and droue back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their fates.
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and neuer shall reuiue:
Vpon a Wooden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths dishonourable Viſbrie,
We with our stately preſence glorifie,
Like Captiues bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?
Or shall we thinke the subtile-witted French,
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verses haue contri'd his end.

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his fight.
The Battailles of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Gloster. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.

Exe. None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe.

Winch. Gloster, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and Realme:
Thy Wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloster. Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bed. Cease, cease these farres, & rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;
In stead of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes auayle not, now that Henry's dead,
Posteritie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck,
Our Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead,
Henry the Fifth, thy Ghost I inuocate:
Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,
Combat with aduerſe Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then *Iulius Caesar*, or bright----

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guyen, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guyvors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bedf. What say'st thou man, before dead Henry's Coarſe?
Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Gloster. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded vp?
If Henry were recall'd to life againe,
These news would caufe him once more yeeld the Ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd?
Mess. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.

Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine feuerall Factions:
And whilst a Field should be dispatcht and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would haue lingering Warres, with little cost;
Another would fye swift, but wanteth Wings:
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Giue me my Steele Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermiſſiue Miſeries.

Enter

The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter to them another Messenger.
Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is reuolted from the English quite,
Except some petty Townes, of no import.
The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rheims:
The Bastard of Orleans with him is ioyn'd:
Regnold, Duke of Aniou, doth take his part.
The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side. **Exit.**
Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all fye to him?
O whether shall we fye from this reproach?
Gloster. We will not fye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out.
Bed. Gloster, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?
An Army haue I musterd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is ouer-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henries hearie,
I must informe you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot, and the French.

Winch. What? wherein Talbot ouercame, is't so?
Mess. O no: wherein Lord Talbot was o'rethrowne:
The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,
Retrying from the Siege of Orleans,
Hauing full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
By three and twentie thousand of the French
Was round compassed, and set vpon:

No leysure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:
In stead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.

More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant Talbot, aboue humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and quere where enrag'd, he slew.
The French exclaym'd, the Deuill was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.

His Souldiers spying his vndaunted Spirit,
A Talbot, a Talbot, cry'd out amaine,
And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaille.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd vp,
If Sir Iohn Falstaffe had not play'd the Coward.

He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,
With purpose to relieue and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not hauing struck one stroke.
Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their Enemies.

A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust Talbot with a Speare into the Back,
Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

Bedf. Is Talbot slaine then? I will slay my selfe,
For liuing idly here, in pompe and ease,
Whilst such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Vnto his daftard foe-men is betray'd.

Mess. O no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay,
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.

Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint Georges Feast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Mess. So you had need, for Orleans is besieg'd,
The English Army is growne weake and faint:
The Earle of Salisbury craueth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutinie,
Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to Henry sworne:
Eyther to quell the Dolphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.

Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leaue,
To goe about my preparation. **Exit Bedford.**

Gloster. Ile to the Tower with all the haft I can,
To view th' Artillerie and Munition,
And then I will proclayne young Henry King.

Exit Gloster.
Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his speciall Gouernor,
And for his safetie there Ile best deuise. **Exit.**

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be Iack out of Office,
The King from Eltam I intend to send,
And sit at chiefeſt Sterne of publike Weale.

Sound a Flouriſh.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir, marching
with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles, Mars his true mouing, euen as in the Heauens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.
Late did he shine vpon the English side:
Now we are Victors, vpon vs he smiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we haue?
At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleans:
Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts,
Faintly besiege vs one houre in a moneth.

Alon. They want their Porridge, & their fat Bul Beeces:
Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules,
And haue their Prouender ty'd to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.

Reigneir. Let's rayse the Siege: why liue we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:
Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.

Charles. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them,
Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
Him I forgiue my death, that killeth me,
When he fees me goe back one foot, or fye. **Exeunt.**

Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the
English, with great losse.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir.

Charles. Who euer saw the like? what men haue I?
Dogges, Cowards, Daftards: I would ne're haue fled,
But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.

Reigneir. Salisbury is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe rush vpon vs as their hungry prey.

k 3

Alanf. Froy-

Alanson. Froylard, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all *Oliners* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Samsons* and *Goliasses*
It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne?
Leane raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e're suppose,
They had such courage and audacitie?

Charles. Let's leaue this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaues,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'll teare downe, then forsake the Siege.

Reignier. I thinke by some odde Gimmors or Deuice
Their Armes are set, like Clocks, till to strike on;
Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe:
By my consent, wee'le euen let them alone.
Alanson. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I haue newes
for him.

Dolph. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to vs,
Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appall'd.
Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heauen,
Ordain'd is to rase this tedious Siege,
And driue the English forth the bounds of France:
The Spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speake, shall I call her in? beleeue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfallible.

Dolph. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,
Reignier stand thou as Dolphin in my place;
Question her proudly, let thy Lookes be sterne,
By this meanes shall we found what skill she hath.

Enter Ioane Puzel.

Reignier. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these won-
drous feats?

Puzel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though neuer seene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In priuate will I talke with thee apart:
Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while.

Reignier. She takes vpon her brauely at first dash.

Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepherds Daughter,
My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art:
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate,
Loe, whilst I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deign'd to appeare to me,
And in a Vision full of Maicstie,
Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamitie:

Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe,
In compleat Glory shee reueal'd her selfe:
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me,
That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.

Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer vnpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Resolue on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dolph. Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes:
Onely this prooffe Ile of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puzel. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The which at Touraine, in *S. Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman,
Puzel. And while I liue, Ile ne're flye from a man,
Here they fight, and *Ioane de Puzel* ouercomes.

Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of *Deborah*.

Puzel. Christs Mother helps me, else I were too
weake.

Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must helpe me:
Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy seruant, and not Soueraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.

Puzel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Loue,
For my Profession's sacred from aboue:
When I haue chased all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke vpon a recompence.

Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate
Thrall.

Reignier. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.
Alanson. Doubtlesse he shrikes this woman to her smock,
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.

Reignier. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keeps no
meane?

Alanson. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reignier. My Lord, where are you? what deuisest thou on?
Shall we giue o're Orleans, or no?

Puzel. Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreates,
Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard.

Dolph. What shee sayes, Ile confirme: wee'le fight
it out.

Puzel. Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge,
This night the Siege assuredly Ile rase:
Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyons* dayes,
Since I haue entred into these Warres,
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
With *Henries* death, the English Circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud insulting Ship,
Which *Cesar* and his fortune bare at once.

Dolph. Was *Mahomer* inspired with a Doue?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.

Helene, the Mother of Great *Constantine*,
Nor yet *S. Philips* daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of *Venus*, false downe on the Earth,
How may I reuerently worship thee enough?

Alanson. Leauce off delayes, and let vs rase the
Siege.

Reignier. Wo-

Reignier. Woman, do what thou canst to saue our honors,
Driue them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
Dolph. Presently wee'le try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I trust, if these proue false. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloster, with his Serving-men.

Gloster. I am come to suruey the Tower this day:
Since *Henries* death, I feare there is Conueyance:
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis *Gloster* that calls.

1. Warder. Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?
Gloster. *1. Man.* It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.

2. Warder. Who ere he be, you may not be let in.
1. Man. Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1. Warder. The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd.

Gloster. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:

Breake vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?

Gloster men rush at the Tower Gates, and *Woodville*
the Lieutenant speaks within.

Woodville. What noyse is this? what Traytors haue
wee here?

Gloster. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?
Open the Gates, here's *Gloster* that would enter.

Woodville. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:

From him I haue expresse commandement,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Gloster. Faint-hearted *Woodville*, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester*, that haughtie Prelate,

Whom *Henry* our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God or to the King:

Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly.
Serving-men. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,

Or wee'le burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchester
and his men in Tawney Coates.

Winchester. How now ambitious *Vmpheir*, what meanes
this?

Gloster. Pic'd Priest, dost thou command me to be
shut out?

Winchester. I doe, thou most vsurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme.

Gloster. Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,
Thou that contriued'st to murder our dead Lord,

Thou that giu'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,
Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalis Hat,

If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Winchester. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:

This be *Damascus*, be thou curld *Cain*,
To slay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

Gloster. I will not slay thee, but Ile driue thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,

Ile vse, to carry thee out of this place.
Winchester. Doe what thou dar'st, I heard thee to thy face.

Gloster. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priuiledged place,

Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,
I meane to tugge it, and to cusse you foundly.

Vnder my feet I stampe thy Cardinalis Hat:

In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.
Winchester. *Gloster*, thou wilt answer this before the
Pope.

Gloster. Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay?
Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalis men,
and enter in the burly-burly the Maior
of London, and his Officers.

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.

Gloster. Peace Maior, thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his vse.

Winchester. Here's *Gloster*, a Foe to Citizens,
One that still motions Warre, and neuer Peace,

O're-charging your free Purfes with large Fines;
That seekes to ouerthrow Religion,

Because he is Protector of the Realme;
And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,

To Crowne himselfe King, and suppress the Prince.
Gloster. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.

Here they skirmish againe.
Maior. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst, cry:
All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day,

against Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and command
you, in his Highnesse Name, to repaire to your severall dwell-

ing places, and not to weare, handle, or vse any Sword, Wea-
pon, or Dagger hence-forward, vpon paine of death.

Gloster. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
But wee shall meet, and breake our minds at large.

Winchester. *Gloster*, wee'le meet to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will haue for this dayes worke.

Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinal's more haughtie then the Deuill.

Gloster. Maior farewell: thou dost but what thou
may'st.

Winchester. Abominable *Gloster*, guard thy Head,
For I intend to haue it ere long. *Exeunt.*

Maior. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these Nobles should such stomacks beare,

I my selfe fight not once in fortie yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Master Gunner of Orleans, and
his Boy.

M. Gunner. Sir, ha, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English haue the Suburbs wonne.

Boy. Father I know, and oft haue shot at them,
How e're vnfortunate, I miss'd my ayme.

M. Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,

Something I must doe to procure me grace:
The Princes epyals haue informed me,

How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,

In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie,
And thence discouer, how with most aduantage

They may vex vs with Shot or with Assault.
To intercept this inconuenience,

A Peece of Ordnance gainst it I haue plac'd,

And

And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,
And thou shalt finde me at the Gouernors.
Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
He neuer trouble you, if I may spye them.

*Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets,
with others.*

Salib. Talbot, my life, my ioy, againe return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?
Discombe I prethee on this Turrets top.

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the braue Lord Ponton de Santrayle,
For him was I exchang'd, and ranfom'd,
But with a baser man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempt they would haue barter'd me:
Which I disdaining, scorn'd, and craued death,
Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But O, the trecherous *Falstaffe* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salib. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-
tain'd.

Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't they me,
To be a publique spectacle to all:
Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-crow that affrightes our Children so.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others flye,
None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,
That walkt about me euery Minute while:
And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Salib. I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleans:

Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let vs looke in, the fight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Gargraue, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me haue your expresse opinions,
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gargraue. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands
Lords.

Glansdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the
Bridge.

Talb. For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebl'd. *Here they shoot, and
Salisbury falls downe.*

Salib. O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners.
Gargraue. O Lord haue mercy on me, wofull man.

Talb. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?
Speake Salisbury; at least, if thou canst, speake:

How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?
Accursed Tower, accursed fatal Hand,
That hath contriu'd this wofull Tragedie.
In thirteene Battails, Salisbury o'ecame:

Henry the Fifth he first trayn'd to the Warres,
Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,
His Sword did ne're leaue striking in the field.
Yet liu'st thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World,
Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands.

Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargraue, hast thou any life?
Speake vnto Talbot, nay, looke vp to him.
Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not dye whiles—
He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to auenge me on the French.

Plantagines I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.
What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the French haue gather'd head,
The Dolphin, with one *Ioane de Puzel* ioynd,
A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,
Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.

Here Salisbury listeth himselfe vp, and groanes.
Talb. Heare, heare, how dying Salisbury doth groane,
It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.

Frenchmen, be a Salisbury to you.
Puzel or *Pussel*, Dolphin or Dog-fish,
Your hearts be stampe out with my Horles heeles,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.
Conuey me Salisbury into his Tent,
And then wee'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Exeunt.

*Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,
and drineth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel,
driving Englishmen before her.*

Then enter Talbot.

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chafeth them.

Enter Puzel.

Here, here shee comes. He haue a bowt with thee:
Deuill, or Devils Dam, Ile coniure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru'st.

Puzel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace
thee. *Here they fight.*

Talb. Heauens, can you suffer Hell so to preuayle?
My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Puzel. Talbot farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must goe Victuall Orleans forthwith:

*A short Alarum: then enter the Towne
with Souldiers.*

O're-

O're-take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.
Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry-starued men,
Helpe Salisbury to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be.

Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
A Witch by feare, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troupes, and conquers as she lists:
So Bees with smoake, and Doves with noysome stench,
Are from their Hyues and Houses driven away.
They call'd vs, for our fierceneesse, English Dogges,
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.

A short Alarum.

Hearte Countreyemen, eyther renew the fight,
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;
Renounce your Soyle, giue Sheepe in Lyons stead:
Sheepe run not halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe,
Or Horle or Oxen from the Leopard.
As you flye from your oft-subdued slaves.

Alarum. Here another Skirmish.

It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:
You all consented vnto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his reuenge.
Puzel is entred into Orleans,
In sight of vs, or ought that we could doe.
O would I were to dye with Salisbury,
The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.

Exit Talbot.

Alarum, Retreat, Flowish.

*Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir,
Alanfon, and Souldiers.*

Puzel. Aduance our waving Colours on the Walls,
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English.

Thus *Ioane de Puzel* hath perform'd her word.

Dolph. Diuine Creature, *Astrea's* Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this successe?
Thy promises are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse,
Recover'd is the Towne of Orleans,
More blessed hap did ne're befall our State.

Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
Throughout the Towne?

Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,

To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs.

Alanf. All France will be repleat with mirth and ioy,
When they shall heare how we haue play'd the men.

Dolph. 'Tis *Ioane*, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,

And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.

A stately Pyramis to her Ile reare,
Then *Rhodope's* or *Memphis* euer was.

In memorie of her, when she is dead,
Her Ashes, in an Vrne more precious

Then the rich-iewel'd Coffer of *Darius*,
Transported, shall be at high Festiualls

Before the Kings and Queenes of France,
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,

But *Ioane de Puzel* shall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,

After this Golden Day of Victorie.

Flowish.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyse or Souldier you perceiue
Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe
Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.
Ser. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Seruitors
(When others sleepe vpon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling
Ladders: Their Drummes beating a
Dead March.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubt'd Burgundy,
By whose approach, the Regions of Artoys,
Wallon, and *Picardy*, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Hauing all day carows'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.
Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispaire of his owne armes fortitude,
To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.

Bur. Traitors haue neuer other company.
But what's that *Puzel* whom they tearme so pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid? And be so martiall?

Bur. Pray God she proue not masculine ere long:

If vnderneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and conuerse with spirits.
God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
Let vs resolute to scale their flinty bulwarkes.

Bed. Ascend braue Talbot, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,

That we do make our entrance severall wayes:

That if it chance the one of vs do faile,

The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; Ile to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And heere will Talbot mount, or make his graue.

Now Salisbury, for thee and for the right

Of English Henry, shall this night appeare

How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Ser. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.

Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

*The French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter
seuerall wayes, Bastard, Alanfon, Reigneir,
halfe ready, and halfe vnrady.*

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnreadie so?

Bast. Vnrady? I and glad we scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize

More

More venturous, or desperate then this.

Basf. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.

Alansf. Here cometh *Charles*, I marvel how he sped?

Enter Charles and Ioane.

Basf. Tut, holy *Ioane* was his defensue Guard.

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,

Make vs partakers of a little gayne,

That now our losse might be ten times so much?

Ioane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?

At all times will you haue my Power alike?

Sleeping or waking, must I still preuaile,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improuident Souldiers, had your Watch been good,

This sudden Mischiefe neuer could haue falne.

Charl. Duke of *Alanson*, this was your default,

That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,

Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.

Alansf. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the gouernment,

We had not bene thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Basf. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night

Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieuing of the Centinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?

Ioane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,

How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:

And now there rests no other shift but this,

To gather our Souldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,

And lay new Plat-formes to endamage them.

Exeunt.

Alansf. *Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot:*
they flye, leauing their Clothes behind.

Sould. He be so bold to take what they haue left:

The Cry of *Talbot* serues me for a Sword,

For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,

Vsing no other Weapon but his Name.

Exit.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,

Whose pitchy Mantle ouer-vayl'd the Earth.

Here found Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

Retreat.

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,

And here aduance it in the Market-Place,

The middle Centure of this cursed Towne.

Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:

For every drop of blood was drawne from him,

There hath at least fise Frenchmen dyed to night,

And that hereafter Ages may behold

What ruine happened in reuenge of him,

Within their chiefeft Temple Ile erect

A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:

Vpon the which, that euery one may reade,

Shall be engrau'd the sacke of *Orleance*,

The trecherous manner of his mournfull death,

And what a terror he had bene to France.

But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,

I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,

His new-come Champion, vertuous *Ioane* of *Acre*,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rows'd on the sudden from their drowfie Beds,

They did amongst the treupes of armed men,
Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne,
For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night,

Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,

Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Doues,
That could not liue asunder day or night.

After that things are set in order here,
Wee'll follow them with all the power we haue.

Enter a Messenger.

Messf. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts

So much applauded through the Realme of France?

Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speake with him?

Messf. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of *Queborne*,
With modestie admiring thy Renowne,

By me entreates (great Lord) thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,

That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.

Burg. Is it euen so? Nay, then I see our Wartes
Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport,

When Ladyes craue to be encountred with
You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.

Talb. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men
Could not preuaile with all their Oratorie,

Yet hath a Womans kindnesse ouer-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I returne great thanks,

And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your Honors beare me company?

Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:
And I haue heard it sayd, Vnbidden Guests

Are often welcommet when they are gone.
Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)

I meane to proue this Ladyes courtlesie,
Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.

Enter Countesse.

Count. Porter, remember what I gaue in charge,
And when you haue done so, bring the Keyes to me.

Port. Madame, I will.

Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,

As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death,
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,

And his achievements of no lesse account:
Faine would mine eyes be witnesse with mine eares,

To giue their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Messf. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,
By Message crau'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?

Messf. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of France?

Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers fill their Babes?
I see Report is fabulous and false.

I thought I should haue seene some *Hercules*,
A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,

And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes.

Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarfie:
It cannot be, this weake and writhled shrimpe

Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

Talb. Madame, I haue bene bold to trouble you:
But since your Ladyship is not at leysure,

Ile sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What meanes he now?

Messf. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craues,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure?

Talb. Marry, for that thee's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.

Talb. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirstie Lord:

And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:

But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,

That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres
Wasted our Countrey, flaine our Citizens,

And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captiuat.

Talb. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laughst thou Wretch?

Thy mirth shall turne to moane.

Talb. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,
To thinke, that you haue ought but *Talbot's* shadow,

Whereon to practise your feueritie.

Count. Why? art not thou the man?

Talb. I am indeede.

Count. Then haue I substance too.

Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:
You are decei'd, my substance is not here;

For what you see, is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of Humanitie:

I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious loslie pitch,

Your Roofe were not sufficient to contain't.

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarieties agree?

Talb. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his Horne, Drummes strike vp, a Peale
of Ordinance: *Enter Souldiers.*

How say you Madame? are you now perswaded,
That *Talbot* is but shadow of himselfe?

These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,
With which he yoaeketh your rebellious Neckes,

Razeth your Cities, and subuertes your Townes,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse,
Ifinde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruided,

And more then may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not prouoke thy wrath,

For I am sorry, that with reuerence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.

Talb. Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconfer
The minde of *Talbot*, as you did mistake

The outward composition of his body:
What you haue done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction doe I craue,

But onely with your patience, that we may

Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you haue,

For Souldiers stomachs alwayes serue them well.

Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,

To feast so great a Warrior in my House.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset,
Poole, and others.

Torke. Great Lords and Gentlemen,

What meanes this silence?

Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,

The Garden here is more conuenient.

Torke. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth?

Or else was wrangling *Somerfet* in th'error?

Suff. Faith I haue bene a Truant in the Law,

And neuer yet could frame my will to it,

And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.

Som. Iudge you, my Lord of *Warwicke*, then be-

tweene vs.

War. Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,

Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,

Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,

Between two Horses, which doth beare him best,

Between two Girles, which hath the merriest eye,

I haue perhaps some shallow spirit of Iudgement:

But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,

Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw.

Torke. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:

The truth appeares so naked on my side,

That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,

So cleare, so shining, and so euident,

That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.

Torke. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,

In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts:

Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,

And stands vpon the honor of his birth,

If he suppose that I haue pleaded truth,

From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,

But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,

Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.

War. I loue no Colours: and without all colour

Of base insinuating flatterie,

I pluck this white Rose with *Plantagenet*.

Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young *Somerfet*,

And say withall, I thinke he held the right.

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more

Till you conclude, that he vpon whose side

The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree,

Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master *Vernon*, it is well objected:

If I haue fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Torke. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case,

I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,

Giuing my Verdict on the white Rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,

Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,

And fall on my side so against your will.

Vernon. If I may Lord, for my opinion bleed,

Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,

And keepe me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on, who else?

Lawyer. Vn-

Lawyer. Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.

York. Now *Somerset*, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.

York. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No *Plantagenet*;

'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.

York. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerset*?

Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, *Plantagenet*?

York. I, sharpe and piercing, to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy consuming Canker eates his falsehood.

Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,
That shall maintaine what I haue said is true,
Where false *Plantagenet* dare not be scene.

York. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,
I scorne thee and thy fashion, peeuish Boy.

Suff. Turne not thy scornes this way, *Plantagenet*.

York. Prowd *Poole*, I will, and scorne both him and
thee.

Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,
We grace the Yeoman, by conuersing with him.

Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'st him, *Somerset*:
His Grandfather was *Lionel* Duke of Clarence,
Thirde Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England:
Spring Crestlesse Yeomen from to deepe a Root?

York. He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,
Or durst not for his crauen heart say thus.

Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Christendome.
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?
And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His Trespas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

York. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor;
And that Ile proue on better men then *Somerset*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker *Poole*, and you your selfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Looke to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt finde vs ready for thee still:
And know vs by these Colours for thy Foes,
For these, my friends in spight of thee shall weare.

York. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,
Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,

Or flourish to the height of my Degree.
Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And so farwell, vntill I meet thee next. Exit.

Som. Haue with thee *Poole*: Farwell ambitious *Richard*.
Exit.

York. How I am brau'd, and must perforce endure
it?

Warw. This blot that they obiect against your House,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament.

Call'd for the Truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester*:
And if thou be not then created *York*,
I will not liue to be accounted *Warwicke*.

Meane time, in signall of my loue to thee,
Against proud *Somerset*, and *William Poole*,
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose,
And here I propheticke: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send betwene the Red-Rose and the White,
A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.

York. Good Master *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.

Vern. In your behalfe still will I weare the same,
Lawyer. And so will I.

York. Thankes gentle.

Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare say,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.

Exeunt.

Enter *Mortimer*, brought in a Chayre,
and *Laylors*.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himselfe.
Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment:
And these gray Locks, the Pursuiuants of death,
Nefor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.

These Eyes, like Lampes, whose waisting Oyle is spent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent,
Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,
And pyth-lesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droupes his tappe-lesse Branches to the ground,
Yet are these Feet, whose strength-lesse stay is numme,
(Vnable to support this Lumpe of Clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a Graue,
As witting I no other comfort haue.

But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?
Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come:
We sent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mort. Enough: my Soule shall then be satisfied.
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reigne,
Before whose Glory I was great in Armes,
This loathsome sequestration haue I had;
And euen since then, hath *Richard* bene obscur'd,
Deprid'd of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Despaire,
Iust Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismisse me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recouer what was lost.

Enter *Richard*.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.
Mort. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?

Rich. I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly vs'd,
Your Nephew, late despis'd *Richard*, comes.

Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosome spend my latter gaipe.

Oh tell me when my Lipps doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly giue one fainting Kisse.

And now declare sweet Stem from *Yorkes* great Stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Rich. First

Rich. First, leane thine aged Back against mine Arme,
And in that case, Ile tell thee my Discafe.

This day in argument vpon a Cafe,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerset* and me:
Among which tearmes, he vs'd his lauish tongue,
And did vpbraid me with my Fathers death;
Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers sake,
In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance sake, declare the cause
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head.

Mort. That cause (saire Nephew) that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flowing Youth,
Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne,
Was curst Instrumēt of his deceafe.

Rich. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guesse.

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not ere my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edwards* Sonne,

The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Descent.
During whose Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,
Finding his Vfurpation most vniust,
Endeuour'd my aduancement to the Throne.
The reason mou'd these Warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remou'd,
Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body)
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:

For by my Mother, I deriued am
From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,
From *John* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but fourth of that Heroick Line.
But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,
They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,
I lost my Libertie, and they their Liues.

Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne;
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriud
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *York*,
Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was;
Againe, in pittie of my hard distresse,
Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme,
And haue install'd me in the Diademe:
But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title rested, were suppress'd.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.

Mort. True; and thou seest, that I no Issue haue,
And that my fainting words doe warrant death:
Thou art my Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Rich. Thy graue admonishments preuayle with me:
But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution
Was nothing lesse then bloody Tyranny.

Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou politick,
Strong fix'd is the House of *LANCASTER*,
And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.

But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence,
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Rich. O Vnckle, would some part of my young yeeres
Might but redeeme the passage of your Age.

Mort. Thou do'st then wrong me, as 't slaughterer doth,
Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill.

Mourne not, except thou sorrow for my good,
Onely giue order for my Funerall.
And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. Dyes.

Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.
In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite ouer-past thy dayes.
Well, I will locke his Councell in my Brest,
And what I doe imagine, let that rest.

Keepers conuey him hence, and I my selfe
Will see his Buryall better then his Life. Exit.
Here dyes the duskie Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner fort.
And for those Wrongs, those bitter Iniuries,
Which *Somerset* hath offer'd to my House,
I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Eyther to be restored to my Blood,
Or make my will th'aduantage of my good. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, *Gloster*, *Winchester*, *Warwicke*,
Somerset, *Suffolk*, *Richard Plantagenet*. *Gloster* offers
to put up a Bill: *Winchester* snatches it, teares it.

Winch. Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, studiously deuiz'd?

Humphrey of *Gloster*, if thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay vnto my charge,
Doe it without inuention, suddenly,
As I with sudden, and extemporall speech,
Purpose to answer what thou canst obiect.

Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st finde thou hast dishonor'd me.

I thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous Crimes,
That therefore I haue forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the Methode of my Penne.

No Prelate, such is thy audacious wickednesse,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very Infants prattle of thy pride.

Thou art a most pernicious Vfurper,
Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,
Lasciuious, wanton, more then well beleeues
A man of thy Profession, and Degree.

And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifest?
In that thou layd'st a Trap to take my Life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.

Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt
From enuious mallice of thy swelling heart.

Winch. *Gloster*, I doe desie thee, Lords vouchsafe
To giue me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerse,
As he will haue me: how am I so poore?

Or how haps it, I seeke not to aduance
Or rayse my selfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.

And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace
More then I doe? except I be prouok'd.

No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:

It is because no one should sway but hee,
No one, but hee, should be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his breast,

And

And makes him sore these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.

Glo. As good?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.

Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne?

Glo. Am I not Protector, lawcie Priest?

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Glo. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,
And vseth it, to patronage his Theft.

Winch. Vnreuerent *Glo.*

Glo. Thou art reuerent,

Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.

Winch. Rome shall remedie this.

Warw. Roame thither then.

My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear.

Som. I see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:

Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,

And know the Office that belongs to such.

Warw. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.

Warw. State holy, or vnhallowd, what of that?

Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. *Plantagenet* I see must hold his tongue,

Least it be said, Speake Sirha when you should:

Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?

Else would I haue a fling at *Winchester*.

King. Vnckles of *Gloster*, and of *Winchester*,

The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,

I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,

To ioine your hearts in loue and amitie.

Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,

That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?

Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,

Ciuill dissention is a viperous Worme,

That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

A noise within, Downe with the

Tawny-Coats.

King. What tumult's this?

Warw. An Vproue, I dare warrant,

Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

A noise againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,

Pitty the Citie of London, pittie vs:

The Bishop, and the Duke of *Glosters* men,

Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,

Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;

And banding themselves in contrary parts,

Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,

That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:

Our Windows are broke downe in euery Street,

And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,

To hold your slaughtring hands, and keepe the Peace:

Pray' Vnckle *Gloster* mitigate this strife.

1. *Seruing.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall

to it with our Teeth.

2. *Seruing.* Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Skirmish againe.

Glo. You of my household, leaue this peeuisish broyle,

And set this vnaccustom'd fight aside.

3. *Seru.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Iust, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:

And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,

So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,

To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,

Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,

And haue our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes.

1. *Seru.* I and the very parings of our Nayles

Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin againe.

Glo. Stay, stay, I say:

And if you loue me, as you say you doe,

Let me perfwade you to forbear a while.

King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule,

Can you, my Lord of *Winchester*, behold

My fighes and teares, and will not once relent?

Who should be pittifull, if you be not?

Or who should study to preferre a Peace,

If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Winchester*,

Except you meane with obstinate repulse

To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme,

You see what Mischiefe, and what Murder too,

Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Winch. He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld.

Glo. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,

Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest

Should euer get that priuiledge of me.

Warw. Behold my Lord of *Winchester*, the Duke

Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,

As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:

Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?

Glo. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.

King. Fie Vnckle *Beauford*, I haue heard you preach,

That Mallice was a great and grieuous sinne:

And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?

But proue a chiefe offendor in the same.

Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:

For shame my Lord of *Winchester* relent;

What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?

Winch. Well, Duke of *Gloster*, I will yeeld to thee

Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.

Glo. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart,

See here my Friends and louing Countreymen,

This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,

Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:

So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of *Gloster*,

How ioyfull am I made by this Contract,

Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,

But ioine in friendship, as your Lords haue done.

1. *Seru.* Content, Ile to the Surgeons.

2. *Seru.* And so will I.

3. *Seru.* And I will see what Phyfick the Tauerne of

fords.

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,

Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,

We doe exhibite to your Maiestie.

Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*: for sweet Prince,

And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,

You haue great reason to doe *Richard* right,

Especially for those occasions

At Elton Place I told your Maiestie.

King. And

King. And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force:

Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,

That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.

Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,

So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.

Winch. As will the rest, so willet *Winchester*.

King. If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,

But all the whole Inheritance I giue,

That doth belong vnto the House of *Torke*.

From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.

Rich. Thy humble seruant vowes obedience,

And humble seruice, till the point of death.

King. Stoope then, and set your Knece against my Foot,

And in reuerdion of that dutie done,

I gytt thee with the valiant Sword of *Torke*:

Rich. Like a true *Plantagenet*,

And rise created Princely Duke of *Torke*.

Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,

And as my dutie springs, so perish they,

That grudge one thought against your Maiefty.

All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Torke*.

Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Torke*.

Glo. Now will it best auaille your Maiefty,

To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:

The presence of a King engenders loue

Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,

As it disanimates his Enemies.

King. When *Gloster* sayes the word, *King Henry* goes,

For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.

Glo. Your Ships already are in readinesse.

Sener. Flourish. *Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue:

This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,

Burnes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue,

And will at last breake out into a flame,

As festered members rot but by degree,

Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,

So will this base and enuious discord breed.

And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,

Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fifth,

Was in the mouth of euery sucking Babe,

That *Henry* borne at Monmouth should winne all,

And *Henry* borne at Windfor, loose all:

Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish,

His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pucell disguised, with foure Souldiors with

Sacks upon their backs.

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,

Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.

Take heed, be wary how you place your words,

Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,

That come to gather Money for their Corne.

If we haue entrance, as I hope we shall,

And that we finde the flouthfull Watch but weake,

Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,

That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City

And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan,

Therefore wee'le knock.

Knock.

Watch. Che la.

Pucell. Peasants la pourre gens de France,

Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.

Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.

Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the

ground.

Exeunt.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.

Charles. Saint Dennis blesse this happy Stratageme,

And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan.

Bastard. Here entered *Pucell*, and her Practisants:

Now she is there, how will she specifie?

Here is the best and safest passage in.

Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,

Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,

No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred.

Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a

Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,

That ioyneth Roan vnto her Countreymen,

But burning fatall to the *Talbotites*.

Bastard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,

The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.

Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Reuenge,

A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reig. Deferre no time, delays haue dangerous ends,

Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,

And then doe execution on the Watch.

Alarm.

An Alarm. Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,

If *Talbot* but suruiue thy Trecherie.

Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,

Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe vnauares,

That hardly we escap't the Pride of France.

Exit.

An Alarm: Excursions. Bedford brought

in sickle in a Chayre.

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell,

Charles, Bastard, and Reigneur on the Walls.

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?

I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,

Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.

'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?

Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,

I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,

And make thee curse the Haruett of that Corne.

Charles. Your Grace may statue (perhaps) before that

time.

Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Treason.

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?

Breake a Launce, and runne a Tilt at Death,

Within a Chayre.

Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?
Pucell. Belike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles,
 To try if that our owne be ours, or no.

Talb. I speake not to that rayling *Hecate*,
 But vnto thee *Alanson*, and the rest.
 Will ye like Souldiors, come and fight it out?

Alans. Seignior no.
Talb. Seignior hang: base Muletters of France,
 Like Pefant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
 And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen.

Pucell. Away Capitaines, let's get vs from the Walls,
 For *Talbot* meanes no goodnesse by his Lookes.
 God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you
 That wee are here.

Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
 Or else reproach be *Talbots* greatest fame.
 Vow *Burgonie*, by honor of thy House,
 Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France,
 Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.
 And I, as sure as English *Henry* liues,
 And as his Father here was Conqueror;
 As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,
 Great *Cordeliens* Heart was buried;
 So sure I sweare, to get the Towne, or dye.

Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy
 Vowes.

Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
 The valiant Duke of *Bedford*: Come my Lord,
 We will bestow you in some better place,
 Fitter for sicknesse, and for crasie age.

Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, doe not so dishonour me:
 Here will I sit, before the Walls of *Roan*,
 And will be partner of your weale or woe.

Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let vs now perswade you.

Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
 That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,
 Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
 Me thinkes I should reuiue the Souldiors hearts,
 Because I euer found them as my selfe.

Talb. Vndaunted spirit in a dying breast,
 Then be it so: Heaueus keepe old *Bedford* safe.
 And now no more adoe, braue *Burgonie*,
 But gather we our Forces out of hand,
 And set vpon our boasting Enemye.

Exit.

An Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir Iohn
Falstaffe, and a Capitaine.

Capr. Whither away Sir Iohn *Falstaffe*, in such haste?
Falst. Whither away? to saue my selfe by flight,
 We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe.

Capr. What? will you flye, and leaue Lord *Talbot*?
Falst. I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to saue my life.

Exit.

Capr. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.
 Exit.

Retreat: Excursions. *Pucell*, *Alanson*, and
Charles flye.

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please,
 For I haue seene our Enemies ouerthrow.
 What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
 They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
 Are glad and faine by flight to saue themselves.
Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarum. Enter *Talbot*, *Burgonie*, and
 the rest.

Talb. Lost, and recouered in a day againe,
 This is a double Honor, *Burgonie*:
 Yet Heaueus haue glory for this Victorie.

Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
 Infringes thee in his heart, and there erects
 Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.

Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Pucell* now?
 I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.

Now where's the Bastards braues, and *Charles* his glikes?
 What all amott? *Roan* hangs her head for griefe,
 That such a valiant Company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the Towne,
 Placing therein some expert Officers,
 And then depart to Paris, to the King,
 For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.

Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleasest *Burgonie*.
Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
 The Noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd,

But see his Exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*,
 A brauer Souldier neuer couched Launce,
 A gentler Heart did neuer fway in Court.
 But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
 For that's the end of humane miserie.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Charles*, *Bastard*, *Alanson*, *Pucell*.

Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
 Nor grieve that *Roan* is so recouered:

Care is no cure, but rather corrouse,
 For things that are not to be remedy'd.
 Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
 And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,
 Wee'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
 If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Charles. We haue been guided by thee hitherto,
 And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
 One sudden Foyle shall neuer breed distrust.

Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,
 And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alans. Wee'll set thy Statue in some holy place,
 And haue thee reuerenc'd like a blessed Saint.
 Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.

Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth *Ioane* deuise:
 By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words,
 We will entice the Duke of *Burgonie*
 To leaue the *Talbot*, and to follow vs.

Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
 France were no place for *Henries* Warriors,
 Nor should that Nation boast it so with vs,
 But be extirp'd from our Prouinces.

Alans. For euer should they be expuls'd from France,
 And not haue Title of an Earledome here.

Pucell. Your Honors shall perceiue how I will worke,
 To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drumme sounds a farr off.

Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceiue
 Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.

Here found an English March.

There goes the *Talbot*, with his Colours spred,
 And all the Troupes of English after him.

French

French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
 Fortune in fauor makes him lagge behinde.
 Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of *Burgonie*.

Burg. Who craues a Parley with the *Burgonie*?

Pucell. The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countrey-

man.

Burg. What say'st thou *Charles*? for I am marching

hence.

Charles. Speake *Pucell*, and enchaunt him with thy

words.

Pucell. Braue *Burgonie*, vndoubted hope of France,
 Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.

Burg. Speake on, but be not ouer-tedious.

Pucell. Look on thy Countrey, look on fertile France,
 And see the Cities and the Townes defac't.

By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe,
 As looks the Mother on her lowly Babe,

When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes,
 See, see the pining Maladie of France:

Behold the Wounds, the most vnnatural Wounds,
 Which thou thy selfe hast giuen her wofull Brest.

Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
 Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:

One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countreys Bosome,
 Should grieve thee more then streames of forraigne gore.

Returne thee therefore with a shoud of Teares,
 And wash away thy Countreys stayned Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitcht me with her words,
 Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclames on thee,
 Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.

Who ioy'n't thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
 That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?

When *Talbot* hath set footing once in France,
 And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,

Who then, but English *Henry*, will be Lord,
 And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitiue?

Call we to minde, and marke but this for prooffe:
 Was not the Duke of *Orleanes* thy Foe?

And was he not in England Prisoner?
 But when they heard he was thine Enemye,

They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,
 In spite of *Burgonie* and all his friends.

See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,
 And ioy'n't with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:
 These haughtie wordes of hers

Haue batt' red me like roaring Cannon-shot,
 And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees.

Forgiue me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
 And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.

My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
 So farwell *Talbot*, Ile no longer trust thee.

Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne a-

gaine.

Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes
 vs fresh.

Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our
 Breasts.

Alans. *Pucell* hath brauely play'd her part in this;
 And doth deserue a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let vs on, my Lords,
 And ioyne our Powers,
 And seeke how we may preiudice the Foe.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the King, *Gloucester*, *Winchester*, *Torke*, *Suffolke*,
Somerset, *Warwicke*, *Exeter*: To them, with
 his Souldiors, *Talbot*.

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
 Hearing of your arriual in this Realme,
 I haue a while giuen Truce vnto my Warres,
 To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne.
 In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd
 To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses,
 Twelue Cities, and seuen walled Townes of strength,
 Beside fiftie hundred Prisoners of esteeme;
 Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
 And with submissiue loyaltie of heart
 Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
 First to my God, and next vnto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord *Talbot*, Vnckle *Gloucester*,
 That hath so long bene resident in France?

Glost. Yes, it please your Maiestie, my Liege.

King. Welcome braue Capitaine, and victorious Lord.

When I was young (as yet I am not old)

I doe remember how my Father said,
 A fouter Champion neuer handled Sword,

Long since we were resolu'd of your truth,
 Your faithfull seruice, and your toyle in Warre:

Yet neuer haue you tasted our Reward,
 Or bene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,

Because till now, we neuer saw your face.
 Therefore stand vp, and for these good desertes,

We here create you Earle of *Shrewsbury*,
 And in our Coronation take your place.

Senet. Flourish. Exit.

Manet *Vernon* and *Basset*.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
 Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,

In honor of my Noble Lord of *Yorke*,
 Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st?

Bass. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
 The enuious barking of your sawcie Tongue,

Against my Lord the Duke of *Somerset*.

Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bass. Why, what is he? as good a man as *Torke*.

Vern. Hearke ye: not so: in witness take ye that.

Strikes him.

Bass. Villaine, thou knowest
 The Law of Armes is such,

That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
 Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.

But Ile vnto his Maiestie, and craue,
 I may haue libertie to venge this Wrong,

When thou shalt see, Ile meet thee to thy cost.

Vern. Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you.

And after meete you, sooner then you would.

Exit.

13

Enter

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset, Warwicke, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crowne vpon his head.

Win. God saue King Henry of that name the sixt.

Glo. Now Gouverneur of Paris take your oath, That you elect no other King but him; Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends, And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend Malicious practises against his State: This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice, To haste vnto your Coronation:

A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands.

Writ to your Grace, from th' Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:

I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next,

To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legges,

Which I haue done, because (vnworthily)

Thou wast installed in that High Degree.

Pardon me Princely Henry, and the rest:

This Dastard, at the battell of Poitiers,

When (but in all) I was fixe thousand strong,

And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met, or that a stroke was giuen,

Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.

In which assault, we lost twelue hundred men.

My selfe, and diuers Gentlemen beside,

Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.

Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:

Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare

This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill befeeming any common man;

Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,

Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;

Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,

Such as were growne to credit by the warres:

Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,

But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.

He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,

Doth but vsurpe the Sacred name of Knight,

Prophaning this most Honourable Order,

And should (if I were worthy to be Iudge)

Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,

That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom:

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight:

Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.

And now Lord Protector, view the Letter

Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd

his Stile?

No more but plaine and bluntly? (To the King.)

Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?

Or doth this churlish Superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's heere? I haue vpon especiall cause,

Mou'd with compassion of my Countryes wracke,

Together with the pittifull complaints

Of such as your oppression feedes vpon,

Forsooke your pernicious Faction,

And ioynd with Charles, the rightfull King of France.

O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?

That in alliance, amity, and oathes,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy reuolt?

Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe?

Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes.

King. Why then Lord Talbot there shal talk with him,

And giue him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But y I am preuented,

I should haue begg'd I might haue bene employd.

King. Then gather strength, and march vnto him

straight:

Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treason,

And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring skill

You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Bassil.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.

Bass. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.

Yorke. This is my Seruant, heere him Noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine (sweet Henry) fauour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to speak.

Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,

And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

Bass. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong, whereof you both complain

First let me know, and then Ile answer you.

Bass. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,

This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue,

Vpbraid me about the Rose I weare,

Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leanes

Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes:

When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,

About a certaine question in the Law,

Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him:

With other vile and ignominious tearmes.

In confusion of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,

I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord):

For though he seeme with forged queint conceits

To set a gloss vpon his bold intent,

Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,

And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,

Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flowet,

Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart.

Yorke. Will not this malice Somerset be left?

Som. Your priuate grudge my Lord of Yorke, wil out,

Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braines

sicke men,

When for so slight and friuolous a cause,

Such factious emulation shall arise?

Good Cousins both of Yorke and Somerset,

Quiet your selues (I pray) and be at peace.

Yorke. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,

And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,

Betwixt our selues let vs decide it then.

Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bass.

Bass. Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord.

Glo. Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife,

And perish ye with your audacious prate,

Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd

With this immodest clamorous outrage,

To trouble and disturb the King, and vs?

And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well

To beare with their peruerse Obiections:

Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes,

To raise a mutiny betwixt your selues.

Let me periwade you take a better course.

Exet. It grieues his Highnesse,

Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:

Henceforth I charge you, as you loue our fauour,

Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.

And you my Lords: Remember where we are,

In France, amongst a fickle wauering Nation:

If they perceiue dissention in our lookes,

And that within our selues we disagree;

How will their grudging stomackes be prouok'd

To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell?

Beside, What infamy will there arise,

When Forraigne Princes shall be certified,

That for a toy, a thing of no regard,

King Henries Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the Realme of France?

Oh thinke vpon the Conquest of my Father,

My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe

That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.

Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull strife:

I see no reason if I weare this Rose,

That any one should therefore be suspicious

Imore incline to Somerset, than Yorke:

Both are my kinsmen, and I loue them both.

As well they may vpbraid me with my Crowne,

Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.

But your discretions better can perswade,

Then I am able to instruct or teach:

And therefore, as we hither came in peace,

So let vs still continue peace, and loue.

Cosin of Yorke, we institute your Grace

To be our Regent in these parts of France:

And good my Lord of Somerset, write

Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,

And like true Subiects, sonnes of your Progenitors,

Go cheerefully together, and digest

Your angry Choller on your Enemies.

Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,

After some respite, will returne to Calice;

From thence to England, where I hope ere long

To be presented by your Victories,

With Charles, Alanfon, and that Traiterous rout.

Exeunt. Manet Yorke, Warwicke, Exeter, Vernon.

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King

Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.)

Yorke. And so he did, but yet I like it not,

In that he weares the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,

I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.

Yorke. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,

Other affaires must now be managed.

Flourish. Manet Exeter.

Exet. Well didst thou Richard to suppress thy voice:

For had the passions of thy heart burst out,

I feare we should haue scene decipher'd there

More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,

Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:

But howsoere, no simple man that sees

This iarring discord of Nobilitie,

This shouldering of each other in the Court,

This factious bandying of their fauourites,

But that it doth presage some ill euent.

'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:

But more, when Envy breeds vnkinde deuision,

There comes the ruine, there begins confusion. Exit.

Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme,
before Burdeaux.

Tal. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall vnto the Wall. Sounds.

Enter Generall aloft.

English John Talbot (Captaine) call you forth,

Seruant in Armes to Harry King of England,

And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,

Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yours,

And do him homage as obedient Subiects,

And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.

But if you frowne vpon this proffer'd Peace,

You tempt the fury of my three attendants,

Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,

Who in a moment, euen with the earth,

Shall lay your stately, and ayre-brauing Towers,

If you forsake the offer of their loue.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,

Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,

The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,

On vs thou canst not enter but by death:

For I protest we are well fortified,

And strong enough to issue out and fight.

If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,

Stands with the snarles of Warre to rangle thee.

On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht,

To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;

And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,

But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,

And pale destruction meets thee in the face:

Ten thousand French haue tane the Sacrament,

To ryue their dangerous Arillerie

Vpon no Christian soule but English Talbot:

Loe, there thou standst a breathing valiant man

Of an inuincible vnconquer'd spirit:

This is the latest Glorie of thy praise,

That I thy enemy dew thee withall:

For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,

Finish the proceffe of his sandy houre,

These eyes that see thee now well coloured,

Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,

Sings heauy Musicke to thy timorous soule,

And mine shall ring thy due departure out. Exit

Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemy:

Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.

O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,

How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?

A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,

Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.

If we be English Deere, be then in blood,

Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,

But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,

Turne

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:
Sell every man his life as deere as mine,
And they shall finde deere of vs my Friends.
God, and S. George, Talbot and Englands right,
Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

*Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke
with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.*

Yorke. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Mess. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with Talbot as he march'd along.
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which ioynd with him, and made their march for

Yorke. A plague vpon that Villaine Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were leuied for this siege.
Renowned Talbot doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier:
God comfort him in this necessity:
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Messenger.

2. Mess. Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,
Neuer so needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girtled with a waste of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction:
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,
Else farewell Talbot, France, and Englands honor.

Yorke. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth stop my Cornets, were in Talbots place,
So should wee saue a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeiting a Traitor, and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.

Mess. O send some succour to the distressed Lord.

Yorke. He dies, we loofe: I breake my warlike word:
We mourne, France smiles: We loofe, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.

Mess. Then God take mercy on braue Talbots soule,
And on his Sonne yong John, who two houres since,
I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father;
This seuen yeeres did not Talbot see his sonne,
And now they meete where both their liues are done.

Yorke. Alas, what ioy shall noble Talbot haue,
To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Graue:
Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath,
That hundred friends greeke in the houre of death.

Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.
Maine, Blois, Poytiers, and Toures, are wonne away,
Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Mess. Thus while the Vulture of sedition,
Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders,
Sleeping neglectiō doth betray to losse:
The Conquest of our scarce-cold Conqueror,
That euer-living man of Memorie,
Henrie the first: Whiles they each other crosse,
Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to losse.

Enter Somerset with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by Yorke and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a sally of the very Towne
Be buckled with: the ouer-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor
By this vnheede full, desperate, wilde aduenture:
Yorke set him on to fight, and dye in shame,
That Talbot dead, great Yorke might beare the name.

Cap. Heere is Sir William Lucie, who with me
Set from our ore-marcht forces forth for ayde.

Som. How now Sir William, whether were you sent?
Luc. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L. Talbot,
Who ring'd about with bold aduersitie,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset,
To beate assaying death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honorable Capitaine there
Drops bloody sweate from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in aduantage lingring looks for rescue,
You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor,
Keepe off aloofe with worthelesse emulation:
Let not your priuate discord keepe away
The leuied succours that should lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yield vp his life vnto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Bastard, Charles, Burgundie,
Alanson, Reignard, compasse him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. Yorke set him on, Yorke should haue sent him
ayde.

Luc. And Yorke as fast vpon your Grace exclaims,
Swearing that you with-hold his leuied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lyes: He might haue sent, & had the Horse:
I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Loue,
And take soule scorne to fawne on him by sending.

Luc. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded Talbot:
Neuer to England shall he beare his life,
But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen strait:
Within fixe houres, they will be at his ayde.

Luc. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,
For flye he could not, if he would haue fled:
And flye would Talbot neuer though he might.

Som. If he be dead, braue Talbot then adieu.

Luc. His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you.
Exit.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong John Talbot, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of Warre,
That Talbots name might be in thee reuiu'd,
When saplesse Age, and weake vnable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,
Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death,
A terrible and vnauoyded danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne?

Shall

And shall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Bastard, and a Slaue of me:
The World will say, he is not Talbots blood,
That basely fled, when Noble Talbot stood.
Talb. Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be slaine.
John. He that flies so, will ne're returne againe.
Talb. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.
John. Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:

Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
My worth vnknowne, no losse is knowne in me.
Vpon my death, the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stayne the Honor you haue wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done.
You fled for Vantage, euery one will sweare:
But if I bow, they'll say it was for feare.
There is no hope that euer I will stay,
If the first howre I shrinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, prefer'd with Infamie.

Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?

John. I rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe.

Talb. Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe.

John. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.

Talb. Part of thy Father may be sau'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in mee.

Talb. Thou neuer hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned Name: shall slight abuse it?

Talb. Thy Fathers charge that cleare thee from y^e flaine.

John. You cannot witnesse for me, being slaine.

If Death be so apparant, then both flye.

Talb. And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?

My Age was neuer taint with such shame.

John. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?

More can I be seuered from your side,

Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine diuide:

Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;

For liue I will not, if my Father dye.

Talb. Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,

Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:

Come, side by side, together liue and dye,

And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. *Exit.*

*Alarums: Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne
is hemm'd about, and Talbot
rescues him.*

Talb. Saint George, and Victory, fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is John Talbot? pawle, and take thy breath,
I gaue thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.

John. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gau'st me first, was lost and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, despite of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gau'st new date.

Talb. When fro the Dolphins Crest thy Sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,

Beat downe Alanson, Orleance, Burgundie,
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.

Theirefull Bastard Orleance, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood

Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed

Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my braue Boy.

Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not wearie, John? How do'st thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaille, Boy, and flie,
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chualric?

Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one stands me in little stead.

Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our liues in one small Boat.

If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.

By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.

In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name,
My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:

All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sau'd, if thou wilt flye away.

John. The Sword of Orleance hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.

On that aduantage, bought with such a shame,
To saue a paltry Life, and flay bright Fame,

Before yong Talbot from old Talbot flye,
The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye:

And like me to the peasant Boyes of France,
To be Shames scorne, and subiect of Mischance.

Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,
And if I flye, I am not Talbots Sonne.

Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Sonne to Talbot, dye at Talbots foot.

Talb. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creer,
Thou scarn'st, thy Life to me is sweet:

If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
And commendable proud, let's dye in pride. *Exit.*

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter old
Talbot led.*

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's yong Talbot? where is valiant John?

Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie,
Yong Talbots Valour makes me smile at thee.

When he perceiu'd me shrinke, and on my Knee,
His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee,

And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience:

But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
Tending my ruine, and assayl'd of none,

Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start.

Into the clust'ring Battaille of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench

His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My Icarus, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter with John Talbot, borne.

Seru. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne,
Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'st vs here to scorne,

Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetiuitie,

Two Talbots winged through the lither Skie,
In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie.

O

O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death,
 Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
 Braue death by speaking, whiche he will or no:
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
 Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,
 Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
 Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
 My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
 Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
 Now my old armes are yong *John Talbots* graue. *Dyes*

*Enter Charles, Alanfon, Burgundie, Bastard,
 and Pucell.*

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
 We should haue found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the yong whelpe of *Talbots* raging wood,
 Did flesh his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood.

Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
 Thou Maiden youth, be vanquish't by a Maide.
 But with a proud Maicestick high scorne
 He answer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne
 To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:
 So rushing in the bowels of the French,
 He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:
 See where he lyes inhered in the armes
 Of the most bloody Nurser of his harmes.
Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones asunder,
 Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we haue fled
 During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucie.

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
 To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissiue message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:
 We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.
 I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
 And to suruey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.
 But tell me whom thou seek'st?
Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
 Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
 Created for his rare successe in Armes,
 Great Earle of *Walsford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
 Lord *Talbot* of *Goodric* and *Frecheinfield*,
 Lord *Strange* of *Blackmore*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
 Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnivall* of *Sheffield*,
 The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
 Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George*,
 Worthy *S. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
 Great Marshall to *Henry* the sixt,
 Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.

Puc. Heere's a filly stateli stile indeede:
 The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
 Writes not so tedious a stile as this.
 Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
 Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
 Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Namesis*?
 Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
 That I in rage might shoor them at your faces.
 Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
 It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
 Were but his Picture left amongst you here,

It would amaze the proudest of you all.
 Giue me their Bodies, that I may beare them hence,
 And giue them Buriall, as becomes their worth.
Pucel. I thinke this ystert is old *Talbots* Ghost,
 He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit:
 For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
 They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.
Char. Go take their bodies hence.
Lucy. He beare them hence: but from their ashes shall
 bereard

A Phoenix that shall make all France affear'd.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what you wilt.
 And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
 All will be ours, now bloody *Talbots* slaine. *Exit.*

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
 The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?

Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
 They humbly sue vnto your Excellence,
 To haue a godly peace concluded of,
 Betwene the Realmes of England, and of France.

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
 To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
 And stablish quietnesse on euery side.

King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
 It was both impious and ynnaturall,
 That such immanity and bloody strife
 Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.

Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,
 And sure binde this knot of amitie,
 The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to *Charles*,
 A man of great Authoritie in France,
 Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
 In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.

King. Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:
 And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
 Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
 Yet call th' Embassadors, and as you please,
 So let them haue their answers euery one:
 I shall be well content with any choyce
 Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
 And call'd vnto a Cardinalls degree?
 Then I perceiue, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie,
 If once he come to be a Cardinall,

Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.
King. My Lords Ambassadors, your seuerall suites
 Haue bin consider'd and debated on,
 Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
 And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,
 To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which

Which by my Lord of *Winchester* we meane
 Shall be transported presently to France.
Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
 I haue inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
 As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
 Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dowry,
 He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.
King. In argument and prooffe of which contract,
 Beare her this Iewell, pledge of my affection.
 And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
 And safely brought to *Douer*, wherein ship'd
 Commit them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*
Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receiue
 The summe of money which I promised
 Should be delivered to his Holinesse,
 For cloathing me in these graue Ornaments.
Legat. I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure.
Win. Now *Winchester* will not submit, I trow,
 Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;
Humfrey of *Gloster*, thou shalt well perceiue,
 That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
 The Bishop will be ouer-borne by thee:
 He either make thee Roope, and bend thy knee,
 Or lacke this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanfon, Bastard,
 Reignier, and Ione.*

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our droo-
 ping spirits:
 Tis said, the stout Parisians do reuolt,
 And turne againe vnto the warlike French.
Alan. Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
 And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.
Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
 Elle ruine combat with their Pallaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Successe vnto our valiant Generall,
 And happinesse to his accomplices.
Char. What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.
Scout. The English Army that diuided was
 Into two parties, is now conioyn'd in one,
 And meanes to giue you battell presently.
Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,
 But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there:
 Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.
Pucel. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.
 Command the Conquest *Charles*, it shall be thine:
 Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.
Exeunt. *Alarum.* *Excursions.*

Enter Ione de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
 Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,
 And ye choise spirits that admonish me,
 And giue me signes of future accidents. *Thunder.*
 You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
 Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues prooffe
 Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
 Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
 Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,
 Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.
They walke, and speake not.

Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long:
 Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
 He lop a member off, and giue it you,
 In earnest of a further benefit:
 So you do condiscend to helpe me now.

They hang their heads.

No hope to haue redresse? My body shall
 Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.
They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
 Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
 Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,
 Before that England giue the French the foyle.
They depart.

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
 That France must vale her lofty plumed Crest,
 And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
 My ancient Incantations are too weake,
 And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
 Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit.*

Excursions. *Burgundie* and *Yorke* fight hand to
 hand. *French flye.*

Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I haue you fast,
 Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
 And try if they can gaine your liberty.
 A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
 See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,
 As if with *Circe*, she would change my shape.
Puc. Chang'd to a worse shape thou canst not be:
Yor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
 No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischeefe light on *Charles*, and thee,
 And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
 By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.
Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy
 tongue.

Puc. I prethee giue me leaue to curse awhile.

Yorke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake
Exeunt.

Alarum. *Enter Suffolke* with *Margaret*
 in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
Gazes on her.

Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
 For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,
 I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
 And lay them gently on thy tender side.
 Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.

Mar. *Margaret* my name, and daughter to a King,
 The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.

Suff. An Earle I am, and *Suffolke* am I call'd.
 Be not offended Natures myracle,
 Thou art allotted to be tane by me:
 So doth the Swan her downie Signets saue,

Oh stay:

Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
 Yet if this seruile vsage once offend,
 Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going*
 Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe,
 My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
 As playes the Sunne vpon the glasse streames,
 Twinkling another counterfett beame,
 So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
 Faine would I wooe her, yet I dare not speake:
 Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
 Eye *De la Pole*, disablenot thy selfe:
 Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?
 I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is such,
 'Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
 What ranfome must I pay before I passe?
 For I perceiue I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
 Before thou make a triall of her loue?
M. Why speak'st thou not? What ranfome must I pay?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:
 She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranfome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
 Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were best to leaue him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at random: sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me:
Suf. Ile win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
 Why for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
 And peace established betwene these Realmes.
 But there remains a scruple in that too:
 For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
 Duke of *Anion* and *Mayne*, yet is he poore,
 And our Nobility will scorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdaine they ne're so much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
 Madam, I haue a secret to reueale.
Mar. What though I be inthrall'd, he seems a knight
 And will not any way dishonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be reser'd by the French,
 And then I need not craue his curtesie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tush, women haue bene captiuate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid pro Quo*.
Suf. Say gentle Princeesse, would you not suppose
 Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
 Than is a slave, in base serility:
 For Princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
 If happy Englands Royall King be free.
Mar. Why what concerns his freedome vnto mee?
Suf. Ile undertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
 To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
 And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
 If thou wilt condescend to be my
Mar. What?

Suf. His loue.
Mar. I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
 To wooe so faire a Dame to be his wife,
 And haue no portion in the choice my selfe.
 How say you Madam, are ye so content?
Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
 And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,
 We'll craue a parley, to conferre with him.
Somd. Enter *Reignier* on the *Walles*.
 See *Reignier* see, thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
 I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
 Or to exclaime on Fortunes sicklenesse.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
 Consent, and for thy Honor giue consent,
 Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
 Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:
 And this her easie held imprisonment,
 Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinks?
Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,
 That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.
Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
 To giue thee answer of thy iust demand.
Suf. And heere I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Reignier*.

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
 Command in *Anion* what your Honor pleases.
Suf. Thanks *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Child,
 Fit to be made companion with a King:
 What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite?
Reig. Since thou dost daigne to wooe her little worth,
 To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
 Vpon condition I may quietly
 Enioy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Anion*,
 Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,
 My daughter shall be *Henries*, if he please.
Suf. That is her ranfome, I deliuer her,
 And those two Counties I will undertake
 Your Grace shall well and quietly enioy.
Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
 As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
 Giue thee her hand for signe of plightd faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of France, I giue thee Kingly thanks,
 Because this is in Trafficke of a King.
 And yet me thinkes I could be well content
 To be mine owne Attorney in this case.
 Ile ouer then to England with this newes.
 And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
 So farewell *Reignier*, let this Diamond safe
 In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
 The Christian Prince King *Henry* were he heere.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & praier,
 Shall Suffolke euer haue of *Margaret*. *She is going*
Suf. Farewell sweet Madam: but hearken you *Margaret*,
 No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
 A Virgin, and his Seruant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,

But Madam, I must trouble you againe,
 No louing Token to his Maieesty?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,
 Neuer yet taint with loue, I send the King. *Kisse her.*
Suf. And this withall.
Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
 To send such peeuit tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe: but *Suffolke* stay,
 Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
 There Minotaur and vgly Treasons lurke,
 Solicite *Henry* with her wonderful praise.
 Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,
 Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art,
 Repeat their semblance often on the Seas,
 That when thou com'st to kneele at *Henries* feete,
 Thou mayest becaue him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*
 Enter *Torke*, *Warwicke*, *Shepherd*, *Pucell*.
Tor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.
Shep. Ah *Ione*, this kills thy Fathers heart out-right,
 Haue I sought eury Country farre and neere,
 And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
 Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:
 Ah *Ione*, sweet daughter *Ione*, Ile die with thee.
Pucell. Decrepit Miser, bafe ignoble Wretch,
 I am descended of a gentler blood.
 Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so
 I did beget her, all the Parish knowes:
 Her Mother liueth yet, can testifie
 She was the first fruite of my Bach'ler-ship.
War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Torke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
 Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
 Shep. Fye *Ione*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
 God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
 And for thy sake haue I shed many a teare:
 Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Ione*.
Pucell. Pezant auant. You haue suborn'd this man
 Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,
 The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
 Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrl.
 Wilt thou not sloop? Now curst be the time
 Of thy natiuitie: I would the Milke
 Thy mother gaue thee when thou suck't her brest,
 Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake.
 Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,
 I wish some rauenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
 Dost thou deny thy Father, curst Drab?
 O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit*
Torke. Take her away, for she hath liu'd too long,
 To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd:
 Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
 But issued from the Progeny of Kings,
 Vertuous and Holy, chosen from aboue,
 By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,
 To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
 I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
 But you that are polluted with your lustes,
 Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
 Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
 Because you want the grace that others haue,
 You iudge it straight a thing impossible
 To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.

No misconceyued, *Ione* of *Aire* hath beene
 A Virgin from her tender infancie,
 Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
 Whose Maideen-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
 Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.
Torke. J, I: away with her to execution.
War. And hearken ye first: because she is a Maide,
 Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
 Place barrells of pitch vpon the fatall stake,
 That so her torture may be shortned.
Puc. Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?
 Then *Ione* discouer thine infirmity,
 That warranteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.
 I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
 Murder not then the Frute within my Wombe,
 Although ye hale me to a violent death.
Tor. Now heauen forfend, the holy Maide with child?
War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought,
 Is all your strict precisenesse come to this?
Torke. She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,
 I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well go too, we'll haue no Bastards liue,
 Especially since *Charles* must Father it.
Puc. You are decey'd, my childe is none of his;
 It was *Alanson* that inoy'd my loue.
Torke. *Alanson* that notorious Macheuile?
 It dyes, and if it had a thousand liues.
Puc. Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,
 'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
 But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that preuayl'd.
War. A married man, that's most intollerable.
Tor. Why here's a Gyrl: I think she knowes not wel
 (There were so many) whom she may accuse.
War. It's signe she hath bene liberrall and free.
Tor. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure,
 Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee,
 Vse no intreaty, for it is in vaine.
Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curse,
 May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames
 Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
 But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death
 Inuiron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,
 Drive you to break your necks, or hang your selues. *Exit*
 Enter *Cardinall*.
Torke. Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,
 Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell.
Car. Lord Regent, I do grette your Excellence.
 With Letters of Commission from the King,
 For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
 Mou'd with remorse of these out-ragious broyles,
 Haue earnestly implor'd a generall peace,
 Betwixt our Nation, and the aspyring French;
 And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Train
 Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.
Torke. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,
 After the slaughter of so many Peeres,
 So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
 That in this quarrell haue bene ouerthrowne,
 And sold their bodies for their Countryes benefit,
 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
 Haue we not lost most part of all the Townes,
 By Treason, Falshood, and by Treacherie,
 Our great Progenitors had conquered:
 Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foresee with greefe
 The vtter losse of all the Realme of France.
War. Be patient *Torke*, if we conclude a Peace

It shall be with such strict and seuer Couenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alançon, Bastard, Reigner.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your selues,
What the conditions of that league must be.
Yorke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choiler chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,
By sight of these our balefull enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King Henry giues consent,
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Countie of distressefull Warre,
And suffer you to breath in frailefull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And Charles, vpon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,
And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retaine but priuiledge of a private man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am posselt
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reuerend'd for their lawfull King,
Shall I for lucre of the rest vn-vanquish't,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe
That which I haue, than coueting for more
Be cast from possibilty of all.

Yorke. Insulting Charles, hast thou by secret meanes
Vs'd intercession to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Standst thou aloofe vpon Comparifon.
Either accept the Title thou vsurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Wartes.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To caull in the court of this Contrast:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,
To saue your Subiects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly scene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues.

War. How sayst thou Charles?
Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It shall:
Onely refer'd you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.

Yor. Then sweare Allegiance to his Maieesty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So now dismisle your Army when ye please:
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For here we entertaine a solemne peace.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Suffolke in conference with the King,
Glocester, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loues seled passions in my heare,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes
Prookes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
So am I driuen by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arriue
Where I may haue fruition of her Loue.

Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficial tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The cheefe perfections of that lovely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to vtter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to rauish any dull conceit.

And which is more, she is not so Diuine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
To Loue, and Honor Henry as her Lord.

King. And otherwise, will Henry ne' reprefume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, giue consent,
That Margaret may be Englands Royall Queene.

Glo. So should I giue consent to flatter himne,
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd
Vnto another Lady of esteeme,
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes
By reason of his Adversaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is vnquall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glocester. Why what (I pray) is Margaret more
then that?

Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.

Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Ierusalem,
And of such great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Because he is neere Kinsman vnto Charles.

Exet. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reigner sooner will receyue, than giue.

Suf. A Dower my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abiect, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.
Henry is able to enrich his Queene,

And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthlesse Pezants bargain for their Wiues,
As Marker men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horfe.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Atturney-ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Must

Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth vs,
In our opinions she should be prefer'd.
For what is wedlocke forced? but a Hell,
An Age of discord and continuall strife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,
And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.
Whom should we match with Henry being a King,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a King:
Her peerlesse feature, ioyned with her birth,
Approoves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and vndaunted spirit,
(More then in women commonly is scene)
Will answer our hope in issue of a King.
For Henry, sonne vnto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
With a Lady of so high resolute,
(As is faire Margaret) he be link'd in loue.

Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That Margaret shall be Queene, and none but shee.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
My tender youth was neuer yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming loue,
I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,

I feele such sharpe dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am sicke with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,
Agree to any couenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henries faithfull and annointed Queene.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you (good Vnckle) banish all offence:
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sodaine execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may reuolue and ruminare my greefe.

Exit.

Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at first and last.

Exit Glocester.

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull Paris once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like euent in loue,
But prosper better than the Troian did:
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme.

Exit

FINIS.





The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke HUMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Bedford on the one side.

The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolke.

S by your high Imperiall Maiesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace;

So in the Famous Ancient City, Towres,
In presence of the Kings of France, and Sicill,
The Dukes of Orleance, Calaber, Britaigne, and Alanson,
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend Bishops
I haue perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd,
And humbly now vpon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliu' vp my Title in the Queene
To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance
Of that great Shadow I did represent:
The happiest Gift, that euer Marquesse gaue,
The Fairest Queene, that euer King recei'd.

King. Suffolke arise. Welcome Queene Margaret,
I can expresse no kinder signe of Loue
Then this kinde kisse: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness:
For thou hast given me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly blessings to my soule,
If Simpaty of Loue vnite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine Alder liefest Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With ruder termes, such as my wit affords,
And ouer ioy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did rauish, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wisdomes Maiesty,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes,
Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content.

Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.

All kneel. Long liue Qu. Margaret, Englands happines,
Queene. We thanke you all.

Flourish

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,
Betwene our Soueraigne, and the French King Charles,
For eightene moneths concluded by consent.

Glo. Reads. Inprimis, It is agreed betwene the French R.
Charles, and William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke, Am-
bassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shall
espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter vnto Reigner King of
Naples, Sicillia, and Ierusalem, and Crowne her Queene of
England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.

Item, That the Dutchy of Aniou, and the County of Maine,
shall be releas'd and deliuer'd to the King her father.

King. Vnkle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some sodaine qualme hath stricke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes; that I can reade no further.

King. Vnkle of Winchester, I pray read on.
Win. *Item,* It is further agreed betwene them, That the
Dutcheffe of Aniou and Maine, shall be releas'd and deliuer'd
ouer to the King her Father, and shew sent ouer of the King of
England's owne proper Cost and Charges, without hauing any
Dowry.

King. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Cofin of Yorke,
We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till terme of eightene Moneths
Be full expy'd. Thankes Vnkle Winchester,
Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwicke.
We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all speede provide
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Manet the rest.

Glo. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke Humfrey must vnload his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land,
What? did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
Did he so often lodge in open field:
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toyle his wits,

To

The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

To keepe by policy what Henrie got:

Haue you your felues, Somerset, Buckingham,
Braue Yorke, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Recei'd deepe scarres in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Vnkle Bedford, and my selfe,
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
Studied so long, sat in the Councell house,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highnesse in his infancie,
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes,
And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
Shall Henries Conquest, Bedfords vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,
Fatal this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Racing the Chara'cters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had neuer bin.

Car. Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstance:

For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still.

Glo. I Vnkle, we will keepe it, if we can:

But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the roost,

Hath giuen the Dutchy of Aniou and Mayne,

Vnto the poore King Reigner, whose large stile

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,

These Counties were the Keyes of Normandie:

But wherefore weepes Warwicke, my valiant sonne?

War. For greefe that they are past recouerie.

For were there hope to conquer them againe,

My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.

Aniou and Maine? My selfe did win them both:

Those Prouinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,

And are the Cities that I got with wounds,

Deliu' d vp againe with peacefull words?

Mort Dieu.

Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,

That dims the Honor of this Warlike Isle:

France should haue torne and rent my very hart,

Before I would haue yeelded to this League.

Ineuer read but Englands Kings haue had

Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,

And our King Henry giues away his owne,

To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hum. A proper iest, and neuer heard before,

That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,

For Costs and Charges in transporting her:

She should haue staid in France, and ster'd in France

Before—

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,

It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of Winchester I know your minde,

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:

But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,

Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face

I see thy furie: If I longer stay,

We shall begin our ancient bickerings:

Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,

Prophecied, France will be lost ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:

'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:

Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,

And no great friend, I feare me to the King:

Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,

And heyre apparant to the English Crowne:

Had Henrie got an Empire by his marriage,

And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,

There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:

Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.

What though the common people fauour him,

Calling him, Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster,

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,

Iesu maintaine your Royall Excellence,

With God preferue the good Duke Humfrey:

I feare me Lords, for all this flattering glosse,

He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?

He being of age to gouerne of himselfe.

Cofin of Somerset, ioyne you with me,

And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,

Wee'l quickly hoys Duke Humfrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,

He to the Duke of Suffolke presently. *Exit Cardinal.*

Som. Cofin of Buckingham, though Humfries pride

And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs,

Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinal,

His insolence is more intollerable

Then all the Princes in the Land beside,

If Gloster be displac'd, hee'l be Protector.

Buc. Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protectors,

Despite Duke Humfrey, or the Cardinal.

Exit Buckingham, and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him.

While these do labour for their owne preferment,

Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.

I neuer saw but Humfrey Duke of Gloster,

Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:

Oft haue I seene the haughty Cardinal,

More like a Souldier then a man o'th Church,

As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,

Swear like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe

Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.

Warwicke my sonne, the comfort of my age,

Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping,

Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons,

Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.

And Brother Yorke, thy Aids in Ireland,

In bringing them to ciuill Discipline:

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,

When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,

Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,

Ioyne we together for the publike good,

In what we can, to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinal.

With Somerset and Buckinghams Ambition,

And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds,

While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land,

And common profit of his Country.

Tor. And so sayes Yorke,

For he hath greatest cause.

Salisbury. Then lets make hast away,

And looke vnto the maine.

Warwicke. Vnto the maine?

Oh Father, Maine is lost,

That Maine, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,

And would haue kept, so long as breath did last:

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

Exit Warwick, and Salisbury. Enter York.

York. *Anion* and *Maine* are given to the French,
Paris is lost, the State of *Normandie*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they giue away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and giue to Curtezans,
Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the silly Owner of the goods
Weepes ouer them, and wrings his haplesse hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to sterue, and dare not touch his owne.
So *York* must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
Me thinks the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand *Althas* burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of *Calidon*:
Anion and *Maine* both giuen vnto the French:
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue off fertile Englands soile.
A day will come, when *York* shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuils* parts,
And make a shew of loue to proud Duke *Humphrey*,
And when I spy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish fist,
Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then *York* be still a-while, till time do serue:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To pricke into the secrets of the State,
Till *Henrie* surfetting in ioyes of loue,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
And *Humphrey* with the Peeres be false at iarres:
Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rose,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *York*,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.

Exit York.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Elianor.

Elianor. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke *Humphrey* knit his browes,
As frowning at the Fauours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the fullen earth,
Gazing on that which seemes to dimme thy sight?
What seest thou there? King *Henries* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
If so, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold,
What, is't too thort? Ile lengthen it with mine,
And hauing both together heard it vp,
Wee'l both together lift our heads to heauen,
And neuer more abase our sight so low,

As to vouchsafe one glance vnto the ground.

Hum. O *Nelly*, sweet *Nelly*, if thou dost loue thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad,
Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With sweet rehearfall of my mornings dreame?
Hum. Me thought this stasse mine Office-badge in
Court

Was broke in twaine: by whom, I haue forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by th Cardinall,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of Somerset,
And *William de la Pole* first Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.

Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a stick of Glosters groue,
Shall loose his head for his presumption.
But list to me my *Humphrey*, my sweete Duke:
Me thought I fate in Seate of Maiesty,
In the Cathedral Church of Westminster,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crown'd,
Where *Henrie* and Dame *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.

Hum. Nay *Elianor*, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elianor*,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Abooue the reach or compasse of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,
From top of Honor, to Disgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.

Eli. What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollericke
With *Elianor*, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my selfe,
And not be check'd.

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe,

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride vnto *S. Albons*,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke,

Ha. I go, Come *Nel* thou wilt ride with vs? *Ex. Hum.*

Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster beares this base and humble minde,
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remoue these tedious stumbling blockes,
And smooth my way vpon their headlesse neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be slacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *John*, nay feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hum.*

Hum. Iesus preferue your Royall Maiesty.

Eli. What saist thou? Maiesty: I am but Grace.

Hum. But by the grace of God, and *Humers* aduice,

Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.

Eli. What saist thou man? Hast thou as yet confer'd

With *Margerie* *lordane* the cunning Witch,

With *Roger Bollingbrooke* the Coniurer?

And will they vndertake to do me good?

Hum. This they haue promised to fiew your Highnes

A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,

That

That shall make answer to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.
Elianor. It is enough, Ile thinke vpon the Questions:
When from *Saint Albons* we doe make returne,
Wee'll see these things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie cause.

Exit Elianor.

Hume. *Hume* must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:
Marry and shall: but how now, Sir *John Hume*?
Seale vp your Lips, and giue no words but *Mum*,
The businesse asketh silent secrecie.
Dame *Elianor* giues Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuill.
Yet haue I Gold fyes from another Coast:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;
Yet I doe finde it so: for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame *Elianors* aspiring humor)
Haue hyred me to vnder-mine the Duchesse,
And buzze these Coniurations in her brayne.
They say, a craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,
Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.
Well, so it stand: and thus I feare at last,
Humes Knauerie will be the Duchesse Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be *Humphreys* fall:
Sort how it will, I shall haue Gold for all.

Exit

*Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armours
Man being one.*

1. *Pet.* My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Pro-
tector will come this way by and by, and then wee may
deliuer our Supplications in the Quill.
2. *Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good
man, Iesu blesse him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with
him: Ile be the first fure.

2. *Pet.* Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolke,
and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow: wouldst any thing with me?

1. *Pet.* I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my
Lord Protector.

Queene. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplica-
tions to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

1. *Pet.* Mine is, and't please your Grace, against *John*
Goodman, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my House,
and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede.
What's yours? What's here? Against the Duke of
Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How
now, Sir Knaue?

2. *Pet.* Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our
whole Towneship.

Peter. Against my Master *Thomas Horner*, for saying,
That the Duke of *York* was rightfull Heire to the
Crowne.

Queene. What sayst thou? Did the Duke of *York*
say, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

Peter. That my Mistresse was? No forsooth: my Master
said, That he was, and that the King was an Vsurper.

Suff. Who is there?

Enter Servant.

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Purse-
uant presently: wee'll heare more of your matter before
the King.

Exit.

Queene. And as for you that loue to be protected
Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him.

Tear the Supplication.

Away, base Cullions: *Suffolke* let them goe.

All. Come, let's be gone.

Exit.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the guise?
Is this the Fashions in the Court of England?
Is this the Gouernment of Brittaines Ile?
And this the Royaltie of *Albions* King?
What, shall King *Henry* be a Pupill still,
Vnder the surly *Glosters* Gouernance?
Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
And must be made a Subiect to a Duke?
I tell thee *Paule*, when in the Citie *Tours*,
Thou ran'st a tilt in honor of my Loue,
And stol'st away the Ladies hearts of France:
I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee,
In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:
But all his minde is bent to Holinesse,
To number *Ane-Maries* on his Beades:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,
His Weapons, holy Sawes of sacred Writ,
His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the Triple Crowne vpon his Head:
That were a State fit for his Holinesse.

Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cause,
Your Highnesse came to England, so will I
In England worke your Graces full content.

Queene. Beside the haughtie Protector, haue we *Beauford*?
The imperious Churchman, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *York*: and not the least of these,
But can doe more in England then the King.

Suff. And he of these, that can doe most of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the *Neuils*:
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple Peeres.

Queene. Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She sweepes it through the Court with troups of Ladies,
More like an Empresse, then Duke *Humphreyes* Wife,
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She beares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe,
And in her heart she scornes our Pouertie:
Shall I not liue to be aueng'd on her?

Contemptuous base-borne Calloc as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her Minions & other day,
The very trayne of her worst wearing Cowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till *Suffolke* gaue two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Suff. Madame, my selfe haue lym'd a Bush for her,
And plac'd a Quier of such entailing Birds,
That she will light to listen to the Lays,
And neuer mount to trouble you againe.

So let her rest: and Madame, list to me,
For I am bold to counsaile you in this:
Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet must we ioyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we haue brought Duke *Humphrey* in disgrace.

As

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complain
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one we'll weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Sound a Somet.

*Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Bucking-
ham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwick,
and the Duchesse.*

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or Somerset, or Yorke, all's one to me.
Yorke. If Yorke have ill demean'd himselfe in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regent-ship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the Place,
Let Yorke be Regent, I will yeeld to him.

Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that, Yorke is the worthy.

Card. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speake.

Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

Warw. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Salub. Peace Sonne, and shew some reason Buckingham

Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this?

Queene. Because the King forsooth will haue it so.

Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himselfe

To giue his Censure: These are no Womens matters.

Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace

To be Protector of his Excellence?

Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,

And at his pleasure will resigne my Place.

Suff. Resigne it then, and leaue thine insolence.

Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?

The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wracke,

The Dolphin hath prey'd beyond the Seas,

And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme

Haue beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraigntie.

Card. The Commons haue thou rackt, the Clergies Bags

Are lankt and leane with thy Exortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attire

Haue cost a masse of publike Treasurie.

Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution

Vpon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,

And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

Queene. Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,

If they were knowne, as the suspect is great,

Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

Exit Humfrey.

Giue me my Fanne: what, Myntion, can ye not?

She giues the Duchesse a box on the eare.

I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:

Could I come heere your Beautie with my Nayles,

I could set my ten Commandements in your face.

King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will, good King? looke to't in time,

Shew'le hamper thee, and handle thee like a Baby:

Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor vntreueng'd.

Exit Eleanor.

Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow Eleanor,

And listen after Humfrey, how he proceeds:

Shew'le tickled now, her Fume needs no spurs,

Shew'le gallop farre enough to her destruction.

Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrange,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affaires.
As for your spightfull false Obiections,
Prooue them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey.
But to the matter that we haue in hand:
I say, my Soueraigne, Yorke is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.

Suff. Before we make election, giue me leaue
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That Yorke is most vnmeet of any man.

Yorke. He tell thee, Suffolke, why I am vnmeet.

First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:

Next, if I be appointed for the Place,

My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here,

Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,

Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:

Last time I dane't attendance on his will,

Till Paris was besieg'd, famisht, and lost.

Warw. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact

Did neuer Traitor in the Land commit.

Suff. Peace head-strong Warwick.

Warw. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Because here is a man accus'd of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe.

Yorke. Doth any one accuse Yorke for a Traytor?

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolke? tell me, what are

these?

Suff. Please it your Maiestie, this is the man

That doth accuse his Master of High Treason;

His words were these: That Richard, Duke of Yorke,

Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne,

And that your Maiestie was an Vsurper.

King. Say man, were these thy words?

Armorer. And't shall please your Maiestie, I neuer sayd

nor thought any such matter: God is my witnesse, I am

falsely accus'd by the Villaine.

Peter. By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did speake

them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were scow-

ring my Lord of Yorkes Armor.

Yorke. Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,

He haue thy Head for this thy Traytors speech:

I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie,

Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.

Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the

words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did cor-

rect him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his

knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witnesse

of this; therefore I beseech your Maiestie, doe not cast

away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.

King. Vncke, what shall we say to this in law?

Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may iudge:

Let Somerset be Regent o're the French,

Because in Yorke this breeds suspition;

And let these haue a day appointed them

For single Combat, in conuenient place,

For he hath witnesse of his seruants malice:

This is the Law, and this Duke Humfrees doome.

Som. I

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Maiestie.

Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake

pitty my case: the spight of man preyeth against me.

O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I shall neuer be able to

fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

Humf. Sirha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to Prison: and the day of

Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come

Somerset, wee'll see thee sent away.

Flourish. Exit.

Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.

Humf. Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you ex-
pects performance of your promises.

Bulling. Master Humf, we are therefore provided: will

her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?

Humf. I, what else? feare you not her courage.

Bulling. I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of

an inuincible spirit: but it shall be conuenient, Master

Humf, that you be by her aloft, while wee be busie be-

low; and to I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.

Exit Humf.

Mother Iordan, be you prostrate, and grouell on the

Earth; John Southwell reade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Eleanor aloft.

Eleanor. Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To
this geere, the sooner the better.

Bulling. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:

Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night,

The time of Night when Troy was set on fire,

The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle,

And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake vp their Graues;

That time best fits the worke we haue in hand.

Madame, sit you, and feare not: whom wee rayse,

Wee will make fast within a hallo'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,

Bullingbrooke or Southwell reade, Coniuro

te, &c. It Thunders and Lightens

terribly: then the Spirit

rise.

Spirit. Ad sum.

Witch. Asmath, by the eternall God,

Whose name and power thou tremblest at,

Answer that I shall aske: for till thou speake,

Thou shalt not passe from hence.

Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and

done.

Bulling. First of the King: What shall of him be-

come?

Spirit. The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:

But him out-lie, and dye a violent death.

Bulling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?

Spirit. By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

Bulling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him thin Castles,

Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,

Then where Castles mounted stand.

Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bulling. Discend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake:

False Fiend auoide.

Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham
with their Guard, and breake in.*

Yorke. Lay hands vpon these Traytors, and their trash:
Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynnch.

What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale

Are deeply indebted for this peece of paines;

My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Eleanor. Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King,

Iniurious Duke, that threatst where's no cause.

Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this?

Away with them, let them be clapt vp close,

And kept asunder: you Madame shall with vs.

Stafford take her to thee.

Wee'll see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.

All away. *Exit.*

Yorke. Lord Buckingham, me thinks you watcht her well:

A pretty Plot, well chosen to build vpon.

Now pray my Lord, let's see the Devils Writ.

What haue we here? *Reades.*

The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:

But him out-lie, and dye a violent death.

Why this is iust, *Asio Eacida Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him thinne Castles,

Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,

Then where Castles mounted stand.

Come, come, my Lords,

These Oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly vnderstood.

The King is now in progresse towards Saint Albones,

With him, the Husband of this louely Lady:

Thither goes these Newes,

As fast as Horse can carry them:

A forry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shal giue me leaue, my Lord of Yorke,

To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.

Yorke. At your pleasure, my good Lord,

Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Servingman.

Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick

To suppe with me to morrow Night. Away.

Exit.

*Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and
Suffolke, with Faulconers hallowing.*

Queene. Beleue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,

I saw not better sport these seuen yeeres day:

Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high,

And ten to one, old Ioane had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,

And what a pyrch she flew about the rest:

To see how God in all his Creatures workes,

Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.

Suff. No maruell, and it like your Maiestie,

My Lord Protector's Hawkes doe towre so well,

They know their Master loues to be aloft,

And beares his thoughts about his Faulcons Pitch:

Glof. My Lord, tis but a base ignoble minde,

That mounts no higher then a Bird can fore.

Card. I

Card. I thought as much, hee would be about the Clouds.

Gloft. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that? Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?

King. The Treasurie of euerlasting Ioy.

Card. Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts Beat on a Crowne, the Treasurie of thy Heart, Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peere, That smooth't it so with King and Common-weale.

Gloft. What, Cardinall?

Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie?

Tantane animis Celestibus ira, Church-men so hot?

Good Vnckle hide such mallice:

With such Holynesse can you doe it?

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes

So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere:

Gloft. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord,

Ant like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.

Gloft. Why *Suffolke*, England knowes thine insolence.

Queene. And thy Ambition, *Gloster*.

King. I prythee peace, good Queene,

And whet not on these furious Peeres,

For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make

Against this proud Protector with my Sword.

Gloft. Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.

Card. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Gloft. Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,

In thine owne person an' were thy abuse.

Card. I, where thou dar'st not peepe:

And if thou dar'st, this Euenig,

On the East side of the Groue.

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Beleue me, Cousin *Gloster*,

Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly,

We had had more sport.

Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Gloft. True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd?

The East side of the Groue:

Cardinall, I am with you.

King. Why how now, Vnckle *Gloster*?

Gloft. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.

Now by Gods Mother, Priest,

He shaued your Crowne for this,

Or all my Fence shall fayle.

Card. *Medice teipsum*, Protector see to't well, protect

your selfe.

King. The Windes grow high,

So doe your Stomacks, Lords:

How irkesome is this Musick to my heart?

When such Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony?

I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gloft. What meanes this noyse?

Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclaime?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Mi-

racle.

One. Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint *Albones* Shrine,

Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his sight,

A man that ne're saw in his life before.

King. Now God be pray'd, that to beleeuig Soules

Giues Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren,

bearing the man betwene two in a Chayre.

Card. Here comes the Townes-men, on Procession,

To present your Highnesse with the man,

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,

Although by his sight his sinne be multiplyed.

Gloft. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King,

His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorifie the Lord,

What hast thou bene long blinde, and now restor'd?

Simp. Borne blinde, and t' please your Grace.

Wife. I indeede was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and t' like your Worship.

Gloft. Hadst thou bene his Mother, thou could'st haue

better told.

King. Where wert thou borne?

Simp. At Barwick in the North, and t' like your

Grace.

King. Poore Soule,

Gods goodnesse hath bene great to thee:

Let neuer Day nor Night vnhalloved passe,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow,

Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Denotion,

To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knowes of pure Deuotion,

Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,

In my sleepe, by good Saint *Albon*:

Who said; *Symon*, come; come offer at my Shrine,

And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth:

And many time and oft my selfe haue heard a Voyce,

To call him so.

Card. What art thou lame?

Simp. I, God Almighty helpe me.

Suff. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master.

Gloft. How long hast thou bene blinde?

Simp. O borne so, Master.

Gloft. What, and would'st climbe a Tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

Gloft. 'Masse, thou lou'd'st Plummes well, that would'st

venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some

Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my

Life.

Gloft. A subtil Knaue, but yet it shall not serue:

Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,

In my opinion, yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and

Saint *Albones*.

Gloft. Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake

of?

Simp. Red Master, Red as Blood.

Gloft. Why that's well said: What Colour is my

Gowne of?

Simp. Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.

King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is

of?

Suff. And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer see.

Gloft. But

Gloft. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a

many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Gloft. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simp. Alas Master, I know not.

Gloft. What's his Name?

Simp. I know not.

Gloft. Nor his?

Simp. No indeede, Master.

Gloft. What's thine owne Name?

Simp. *Saunder Simpcox*, and if it please you, Master.

Gloft. Then *Saunder*, sit there,

The lying'st Knaue in Christendome.

If thou hadst bene borne blinde,

Thou might'st as well haue knowne all our Names,

As thus to name the feuerall Colours we doe weare.

Sight may distinguish of Colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint *Albone* here hath done a Miracle:

And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,

That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe.

Simp. O Master, that you could?

Gloft. My Masters of Saint *Albones*,

Have you not Beadles in your Towne,

And Things call'd Whippes?

Maior. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Gloft. Then fend for one presently.

Maior. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.

Exit.

Gloft. Now fetch me a Stooler hither by and by.

Now Sirrha, if you meane to saue your selfe from Whip-

ping, leape me ouer this Stooler, and runne away.

Simp. Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:

You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Gloft. Well Sir, we must haue you faine your Legges.

Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that same

Stooler.

Beadle. I will, my Lord.

Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Simp. Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to

stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes ouer

the Stooler, and runnes away: and they

follow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Queene. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne.

Gloft. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Gloft. Let the be whipt through euery Market Towne,

Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Exit.

Card. Duke *Humfrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.

Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.

Gloft. But you haue done more Miracles then I:

You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Cousin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold:

A sort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent,

Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie

Of Lady *Eliano*, the Protectors Wife,

The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,

Haue practis'd dangerously against your State,

Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,

Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact,

Rayning vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,

Demanding of King *Henries* Life and Death,

And other of your Highnesse Priue Councell,

As more at large your Grace shall vnderstand.

Card. And to my Lord Protector, by this meanes

Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.

This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edges:

'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre:

Gloft. Ambitious Church-man, leaue to afflict my heart:

Sorrow and grieve haue vanquish'd all my powers:

And vanquish't as I am, I yeeld to thee,

Or to the meaneft Groome.

King. O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones

Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby.

Queene. *Gloster*, see here the Tainture of thy Nest,

And looke thy selfe be faultlesse, thou wert best.

Gloft. Madame, for my selfe, to Heauen I doe appeale,

How I haue lou'd my King, and Common-weale:

And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,

Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard,

Noble shee is: but if shee haue forgot

Honor and Vertue, and conuers't with such,

As like to Pyrch, defile Nobilitie;

I banish her my Bed, and Companie,

And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame,

That hath dishonored *Glosters* honest Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repose vs here:

To morrow toward London, back againe,

To looke into this Businesse thorowly,

And call these foule Offenders to their Answers;

And paye the Cause in Iustice equall Scales,

Whole Beame stands sure, whose rightfull cause preuailes.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,

Our simple Supper ended, giue me leaue,

In this close Walke, to satisfie my selfe,

In crauing your opinion of my Title,

Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.

Salisb. My Lord, I long to heare it at full,

Warw. Sweet *Yorke* begin: and if thy clayme be good,

The *Newills* are thy Subiects to command,

Yorke. Then thus:

Edward the third, my Lords, had seuen Sonnes:

The first, *Edward* the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;

The second, *William* of Hatfield; and the third,

Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,

Was *Iohn* of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;

The fift, was *Edmond Langley*, Duke of Yorke;

The sixt, was *Thomas* of Woodstock, Duke of *Gloster*;

William of Windsor was the seuenth, and last.

And him to Pymfret; where, as all you know,
Harmlesse Richard was murdered traitorously.

Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crowne.

Yorke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The issue of the next Sonne should haue reign'd.

Salisb. But William of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.

Yorke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I claime the Crowne,
Had Issue Phillip, a Daughter,
Who married Edmond Mortimer, Earle of March:
Edmond had Issue, Roger, Earle of March;
Roger had Issue, Edmond, Anne, and Elianor.

Salisb. This Edmond, in the Reigne of Bullingbrooke,
As I haue read, layd claime vnto the Crowne,
And but for Owen Glendour, had bene King;
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed,
But, to the rest.

Yorke. His eldest Sister, Anne,
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Married Richard, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to Edmond Langley,
Edward the thirde's fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I claime the Kingdome:
She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of Edmond Mortimer,
Who married Phillip, sole Daughter
Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?
Henry doth claime the Crowne from John of Gaunt;

The fourth Sonne, Yorke claimes it from the third:
Till Lionels Issue sayles, his should not reigne.

It sayles not yet, but flourisheth in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire Slippes of such a Stock.

Then Father Salisbury, kneele we together,
And in this private Plot be we the first,

That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Both. Long liue our Soueraigne Richard, Englands King.

Yorke. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,

And that my Sword be stayn'd
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster:

And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with aduice and silent secrecie.

Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,

At Beaufords Pride, at Somersets Ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them,

Till they haue snar'd the Shepherd of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humfrey:

'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,
Shall finde their deaths, if Yorke can prophetic.

Salisb. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde
at full.

Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.

Yorke. And Nemill, this I doe assure my selfe,
Richard shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,
with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.

King. Stand forth Dame Elianor Cobham,
Glosters Wife:

In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,

Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;

From thence, vnto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,

And you three shall be strangled on the Gallies.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,

Deipoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,

Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Ile of Man.

Elianor. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my Death.

Gloster. Elianor, the Law thou seest hath iudg'd thee,
I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:

Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe,
Ah Humfrey, this dishonor in thine age,

Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Maiestie giue me leaue to goe;

Sorrow would folow, and mine Age would cefe.
King. Stay Humfrey, Duke of Gloster,

Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,

And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feete:

And goe in peace, Humfrey, no lesse belou'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeeres
Should be to be protected like a Child,

God and King Henry gouerne Englands Realme:
Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Gloster. My Staffe? Here, Noble Henry, is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the same resigne,

As ere thy Father Henry made it mine;
And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,

As others would ambitiously receiue it.
Farewell good King; when I am dead, and gone,

May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloster.

Queene. Why now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen,
And Humfrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe,

That beares so shrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once;
His Lady banish'd, and a Limbe lapt off.

This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henries hand.

Snuff. Thus dropes this loslie Pyne, & hangs his sprayes,
Thus Elianors Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.

Yorke. Lords, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,

And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,

So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.
Queene. I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore

Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'd.

King. A Gods Name see the Lyfts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

Yorke. I neuer saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,

The seruant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking
to him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a
Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge
fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a
Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. Neighbor. Here Neighbour Horner, I drinke to you
in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe
well enough.

2. Neighbor. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of
Charneco.

3. Neighbor. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere
Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all,
and a figge for Peter.

1. Prent. Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not a
fraid.

2. Prent. Be merry Peter, and feare not thy Master,
Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray
you, for I thinke I haue taken my last Draught in this
World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne;

and Will, thou shalt haue my Hammer: and here Tom,
take all the Money that I haue. O Lord blesse me. I pray
God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Master, hee
hath leame so much fence ah eady.

Salisb. Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.
Sirha, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter forsooth.

Salisb. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Salisb. Thumpe? Then see thou thumpe thy Master
well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon
my Mans instigation, to proue him a Knaue; and my selfe
an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will
take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King,
nor the Queene: and therefore Peter haue at thee with a
downe-right blow.

Yorke. Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double.
Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Treason.

Yorke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God,
and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, haue I overcome mine Enemies in this
presence? O Peter, thou hast preuayl'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight,
For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt,

And God in Iustice hath reueal'd to vs
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,

Which he had thought to haue murder'd wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in
Mourning Cloakes.

Gloster. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud:
And after Summer, euermore succeeds

Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seasons fleet.

Sirs, what's a Clock?

Seru. Tenne, my Lord.

Gloster. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd Duchesse:

Vnneath may shee endure the Flintie Streets,
To treade them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke
The abiect People, gazing on thy face,

With enuious Lookes laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy prowd Chariot-Wheelles,

When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare
My teare-stayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries.

Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheer, and a Taper
burning in her hand, with the Sherife
and Officers.

Seru. So please your Grace, wee'll take her from the
Sherife.

Gloster. No, stirre not for your liues, let her passe
by.

Elianor. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou do'st Penance too. Looke how they gaze,

See how the giddy multitude doe point,
And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.

Ah Gloster, hide thee from their hatefull lookes,
And in thy Closet pent vp, rue my shame,

And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloster. Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this griefe.

Elianor. Ah Gloster, teach me to forget my selfe:
For whilest I thinke I am thy married Wife,

And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;
Me thinkes I should not thus be led along,

May I'd vp in shame, with Papers on my back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce

To see my teares, and heare my deepe-fer groanes.
The ruthlesse Flint doth cut my tender feet,

And when I start, the enuious people laugh,
And bid me be aduis'd how I treade.

Ah Humfrey, can I beare this shamefull yoke?
Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World,

Or count them happy, that enioyes the Sunne?
No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.

To thinke vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.
Sometime Ile say, I am Duke Humfrees Wife,

And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,

As he stood by, whilest I, his forlorne Duchesse,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock

To euery idle Rascall follower.
But be thou milde, and blush not at my shame,

Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death
Hang ouer thee, as sure it shortly will.

For Suffolk, he that can doe all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all,

And Torke, and impious Beauford, that false Priest,
Haue all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings,

And flye thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.
But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be snar'd,

Nor neuer seeke prevention of thy foes.

Gloster. Ah Nell, forbear: thou aymest all awry.
I must offend, before I be attainted:

And had I twentie times so many foes,
And each of them had twentie times their power,

All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse.

Wouldst thou haue me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greatesse helpe is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,
These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne:

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament,
Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.

Gloft. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
My Nell, I take my leaue: and Master Sherife,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.

Sh. And please your Grace, here my Commission stayes:
And Sir *John Stanley* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Gloft. Must you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here?
Stanly. So am I giuen in charge, may't please your Grace.

Gloft. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You vse her well: the World may laugh againe,
And I may lue to doe you kindeesse, if you doe it her.
And so Sir *John*, farewell.

Eliano. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not fare-
well?

Gloft. Witnesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.

Exit Gloster.

Eliano. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death;
Death, at whose Name I oft haue bene afear'd,
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie,
Stanly, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;
Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.

Stanly. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be vs'd according to your State.

Eliano. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be vs'd reproachfully?

Stanly. Like to a Duchesse, and Duke *Humphreyes* Lady,
According to that State you shall be vs'd.

Eliano. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast bene Conduct of my shame.

Sherife. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.
Eliano. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:

Come *Stanly*, shall we goe?
Stanly. Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,

And goe we to attyre you for our Journey.
Eliano. My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:

No, it will hang vpon my richest Robes,
And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.

Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison. *Exeunt*

*Sound a Sennet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke,
Torke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke,
to the Parliament.*

King. I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
What e're occasion keeps him from vs now.

Queene. Can you not see? or will ye not obserue
The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?

With what a Maiestie he beares himselfe,
How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, how peremptorie, and vnlike himselfe,
We know the time since he was milde and affable,

And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,
Immediately he was vpon his Kneee,

That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When every one will giue the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,
And passeth by with stiffe vnbow'd Kneee,
Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs.

Small Curres are not regarded when they gryne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
And *Humphrey* is no little Man in England,

First note, that he is neere you in discent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie,
Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,

And his aduantage following your decease,
That he should come about your Royall Person,

Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell,
By flatterer hath he wonne the Commons hearts:

And when he please to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they le o're-grow the Garden,

And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,

Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:

Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.

My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Torke,
Reproue my allegation, if you can,

Or else conclude my words effectually.
Suff. Well hath your Highnesse scene into this Duke:

And had I first bene put to speake my minde,
I thinke I should haue told your Graces Tale.

The Duchesse, by his subornation,
Vpon my Life began her diuellish practises:

Or if he were not priue to those Faults,
Yet by repute of his high discent,

As next the King, he was successiue Heire,
And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,

Did infligate the Bedlam braine-sick Duchesse,
By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.

Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.

The Fox barks not, when he would steale the Lambe.
No, no, my Soueraigne, *Gloster* is a man

Vnfounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.
Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,

Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done?
Torke. And did he not, in his Protectorship,

Leuie great summes of Money through the Realme,
For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer sent it?

By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.
Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnknowne,

Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphrey*.
King. My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,

To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy prayse: but shall I speake my conscience,

Our Kinsman *Gloster* is as innocent,
From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,

As is the sucking Lambe, or harmlesse Dove:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,

To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall.
Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?

Seemes he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For hee's disposed as the barefull Raven.

Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,
For hee's enclin'd as is the rauenous Wolues.

Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?

For hee's enclin'd as is the rauenous Wolues.
Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne,
King. Welcome Lord *Somerset*: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is verily bereft you: all is lost.

King. Cold Newes, Lord *Somerset*: but Gods will be
done.

Torke. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away:

But I will remedie this geare ere long,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Graue.

Enter Gloucester.

Gloft. All happinesse vnto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I haue stay'd so long.

Suff. Nay *Gloster*, know that thou art come too soone,
Vnto thee wert more loyall then thou art:

I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.
Gloft. Well *Suffolke*, thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:
A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted.

The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,
As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne.

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?
Torke. 'Tis thought, my Lord,

That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay.

By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.
Gloft. Is it but thought so?

What are they that thinke it?
I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,

Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France.
So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,

I Night by Night, in studying good for England.
That Day that ere I wrested from the King,

Or any Groat I hoorded to my vse,
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.

No many a Pound of mine owne proper store,
Because I would not take the needie Commons,

Haue I dis-pursed to the Garrisons,
And neuer ask'd for restitution.

Card. It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much.
Gloft. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.

Torke. In your Protectorship, you did deuise
Strange Tortures for Offendors, neuer heard of.

That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.
Gloft. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,

Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
For I should meele at an Offenders teares,

And lowly words were Ransome for their faults:
Vnto it were a bloody Murderer,

Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleed poore passengers,
I neuer gaue them condigne punishment.

Murther indeede, that bloodie sinne, I tortur'd
About the Felon, or what Trespas else.

Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,

Whereof you cannot easie purge your selfe.

I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall.

To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.
King. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,

That you will cleare your selfe from all suspence,
My Conscience tells me you are innocent.

Gloft. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,

And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand,
Foule Subornation is predominant,

And Equitie exil'd your Highnesse Land.
I know, their Complot is to haue my Life:

And if my death might make this Land happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,

I would expend it with all willingnesse.
For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill,

Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.
Beauford's red sparkling eyes blas his hearts mallice,

And *Suffolke's* cloudie Brow his stormie hate,
Sharpe *Buckingham* vnburthens with his tongue,

The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart:
And dogged *Torke*, that reaches at the Moone,

Whose over-weening Arme I haue pluckt backe,
By false accuse doth leuell at my Life.

And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the rest,
Causelesse haue lay'd disgraces on my head,

And with your best endeavour haue stirr'd vp
My liefest Liege to be mine Enemie:

I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
My selfe had notice of your Conuenticles,

And all to make away my guiltlesse Life.
I shall not want false Witnesse, to condemne me,

Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,

A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.
Card. My Liege, his rayling is intollerable:

If those that care to keepe your Royall Person
From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,

Be thus vpbayrded, chid, and rated at,
And the Offendor graunted scope of speech,

'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.
Suff. Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here

With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?
As if she had suborned some to sweare

False allegations, to o'rethrow his state.
Qu. But I can giue the loser leaue to chide.

Gloft. Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede,
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false,

And well such losers may haue leaue to speake.
Buck. Hee'le wrest the sence, and hold vs here all day.

Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.
Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Gloft. Ah, thus King *Henry* throwes away his *Crutch*,
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.

Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy side,
And Wolues are gnawing, who shall gnaw thee first.

Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were,
For good King *Henry*, thy decay I feare.

Exit Gloster.
King. My Lords, what to your wisdomes seemeth best,
Doe, or vndoe, as if our selfe were here.

Queene. What, will your Highnesse leaue the Parlia-
ment?

King. I *Margaret*: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose flood begins to flowe within mine eyes;

My Body round engirt with miserie:

For what's more miserable then Discontent? *Exeunt.*
 Ah Vnckle *Humphrey*, in thy face I see
 The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie; *Exeunt.*
 And yet, good *Humphrey*, is the houre to come,
 That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith;
 What lowring Starre now enuies thy estate?
 That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,
 Doe seeke subuersion of thy harmelesse Life;
 Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
 And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
 And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strays,
 Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
 Euen so remorselesse haue they borne him hence;
 And as the Damne runnes lowing vp and downe,
 Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,
 And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;
 Euen so my selfe bewayles good *Glosters* case;
 With sad vnhelpfull teares, and with dimm'd eyes;
 Looke after him, and cannot doe him good;
 So mightie are his vowed Enemies.
 His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
 Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none. *Exit.*
Queene. Free Lords, cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames;
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
 Too full of foolish pittie: and *Glosters* shew
 Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile
 With sorrow suares relenting passengers;
 Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowing Banke,
 With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child;
 That for the beautie thinks it excellent,
 Beleue me Lords, were none more wise then I,
 And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;
 This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,
 To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.
Card. That he should dye, is worchie pollicie;
 But yet we want a Colour for his death:
Suff. But in my minde, that were no pollicie:
 The King will labour still to saue his Life,
 The Commons haply rise, to saue his Life;
 And yet we haue but triuiall argument,
 More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.
York. So that by this, you would not haue him dye.
Suff. Ah *York*, no man aliue, so faine as I
York. 'Tis *York* that hath more reason for his death;
 But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
 Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:
 Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set,
 To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kytte,
 As place Duke *Humphrey* for the Kings Protector?
Queene. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.
Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then,
 To make the Fox suruey of the Fold
 Who being accus'd a craftie Murderer,
 His guilt should be but idly posted ouer,
 Because his purpose is not executed;
 No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
 By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock,
 Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood,
 As *Humphrey* prou'd by Reasons to my Liege,
 And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him:
 Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subletie,
 Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
 Which mates him first; that first intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble Suffolke, 'tis resolutely spoke;
Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,
 For things are often spoke, and seldome meant;
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,
 And to preferue my Soueraigne from his Foe,
 Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.
Card. But I would haue him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,
 Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:
 Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
 And Ile prouide his Executioner,
 I tender to the safetie of my Liege.
Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Queene. And so say I.
York. And I: and now we three haue spoke it,
 It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Posse.

Posse. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come atmaine,
 To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,
 And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword,
 Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
 Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;
 For being Greene, there is great hope of helpe.
Card. A Breach that craues a quick expedient stoppe,
 What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause?
York. That *Somer* be sent as Regent thither:
 'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be employ'd,
 Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.
Som. If *York*, with all his farre-fer pollicie,
 Had bene the Regent there, in stead of me,
 He neuer would haue stay'd in France so long,
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done,
 I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,
 Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,
 By staying there so long, till all were lost.
 Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,
 Mens flesh prefer'd so whole, doe seldome winne.
Qu. Nay then, this sparke will proue a raging fire,
 If Wind and Fuel be brought, to feed it with:
 No more, good *York*, sweet *Somer* be still,
 Thy fortune *York*, hadst thou bene Regent there,
 Might happily haue prou'd farre worse then his.

York. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame
 take all.

Somer. And in the number, thee, that wilt
 shame.

Card. My Lord of *York*, trie what your fortune is:
 Th'vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
 And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
 To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
 Collected choicely, from each Countie some,
 And trie your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie.
Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his consent,
 And what we doe establish, he confirms:
 Then, Noble *York*, take thou this Taske in hand,
York. I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,
 Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.
Suff. A charge, Lord *York*, that I will see perform'd:
 But now returne we to the false Duke *Humphrey*.
Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,
 That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:
 And so breake off, the day is almost spent,
 Lord Suffolke, you and I must talke of charuent.

York. My

York. My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes
 At Britlow I expect my Souldiers,
 For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland.
Suff. Ile see it truly done, my Lord of *York*. *Exeunt.*

Maunt York.

York. Now *York*, or neuer, Steele thy fearfull thoughts,
 And change mild doubt to resolution;
 Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;
 Reigne to death, it is not worth th' enioying:
 Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,
 And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.
 Faster the Spring-time shewes, comes thought on thought,
 And not a thought, but thinks on Dignitie.
 My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,
 Weaves tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
 Well Nobles, well: 'tis politickely done,
 To send me packing with an Hoast of men:
 I feare me, you but warme the starued Snake,
 Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
 'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me;
 I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,
 You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.
 Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,
 I will stirre vp in England some black Scorme,
 Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell:
 And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
 Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
 Like to the glorious Sunnes transparent Beames,
 Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.

And for a minister of my intent,
 I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
 To make Commotion, as full well he can,
 Vnder the Title of *John Mortimer*.
 In Ireland haue I seene this Stubborne *Cade*
 Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,
 And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts
 Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:
 And in the end being rescued, I haue seene
 Him capre vpright, like a wilde Morisco,
 Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
 Full often, like a shag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,
 Hath he conuerued with the Enemie,
 And vndiscouer'd, come to me againe,
 And giuen me notice of their Villanies.
 This Deuill here shall be my substitute;
 For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,
 In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.
 By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde,
 How they affect the House and Clayme of *York*.
 Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;
 I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him,
 Will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes.
 Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
 Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And reape the Haruest which that Rascall sow'd.
 For *Humphrey*, being dead, as he shall be,
 And *Henry* put apart: the next for me. *Exit.*

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the
 Murder of Duke *Humphrey*.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know
 We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded;
 2. Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done?
 Didst euer heare a man so penitent? *Enter Suffolke.*
 1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs, haue you dispatcht this thing?

1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead.
Suff. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my House,
 I will reward you for this venturous deed:
 The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.
 Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,
 According as I gaue directions?
 1. 'Tis, my good Lord.
Suff. Away, be gone. *Exeunt.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene,
 Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerset, with
 Attendants.

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight:
 Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
 If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.

Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*

King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all
 Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Vnckle *Gloster*,
 Then from true euidence, of good esteeme,
 He be approu'd in practise culpable.

Queene. God forbid any Malice should preuaile,
 That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man:
 Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion.

King. I thanke thee *Nell*, these wordes content mee
 much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
 Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter, Suffolke?

Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloster* is dead.

Queene. Marry God forsend.

Card. Gods secret Judgement: I did dreame to Night,
 The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

King sounds.

Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is
 dead.

Som. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose,

Qu. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes,

Suff. He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient.

King. Oh Heauenly God.

Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious *Henry* com-
 fort.

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?
 Came he right now to sing a Rauens Note,
 Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres:
 And thinks he, that the chirping of a Wren,
 By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
 Can chase away the first-conceiued sound?
 Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,
 Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I say,
 Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.
 Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight:
 Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie
 Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World.
 Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
 Yet doe not goe away: come Basiliske,
 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
 For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy;
 In life, but double death, now *Gloster*'s dead.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?

Although the Duke was enemie to him,
 Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:

And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,
 Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,
 Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life;

I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with grones,
Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking sighes,
And all to haue the Noble Duke aliue.
What know I how the world may deeme of me?
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,
So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappy,
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.

King. Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
What, dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.
What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
Is all thy comfort shut in Glosters Tombe?
Why then Dame *Eleanor* was neere thy ioy.
Erect his Statue, and worship it,
And make my Image but an Ale-house signe.
Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,
And twice by aukward winde from Englands banke
Droue backe againe vnto my Native Clime.
What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde
Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest,
Nor set no footing on this vnkinde Shore.
What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caves,
And bid them blow towards Englands blessed shore,
Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke:
Yet *Aolus* would not be a murderere,
But left that hatefull office vnto thee.

The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,
Knowing that thou wouldst haue me drown'd on shore
With teares as salt as Sea, through thy vnkindnesse.
The splitting Rockes cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,
Might in thy Pallace, perish *Eleanor*.
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate vs backe,
I stood vpon the Hatches in the storme:
And when the duskie sky, began to rob
My earnest-gaping-sight of thy Lands view,
Iooke a costly Iewell from my necke,
A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiue'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart:
And even with this, I lost faire Englands view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,
And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,
For loosing ken of *Albions* wished Coast.
How often haue I tempted *Suffolkes* tongue
(The agent of thy soule inconstancie)
To sit and watch me as *Aeneas* did,
When he to madding *Dido* would vnfold,
His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.

Am I not witch-like her? Or thou not false like him?
Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Elinor*, to chaste and true
For Henry weepes, that thou dost liue so long.

Noyse within. Enter *Warwicke*, and many others.

Commons. Enter *Suffolke*, and many others.

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterously is murthered.

By *Suffolke*, and the Cardinall *Beaufords* meanes:
The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees
That want their Leader, scatter vp and downe,
And care not who they sting in his reuenge.
My selfe haue calm'd their spleenfull mutinie,
Vntill they heare the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good *Warwicke*, 'tis too true,
But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*.
Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes,
And comment then vpon his sodaine death.

War. That shall I do my Liege; Stay *Salsburie*
With the rude multitude, till I returne.

King. O thou that iudget all things, stay my thoughts:
My thoughts, that labour to perfwade my soule,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life:
If my suspect be false, forgie me God,
For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:
Faine would I go to chafe his pale lips,
With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine
Vpon his face an Ocean of salt teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deaf trunkes,
And with my fingers feele his hand, vnfeeling:
But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies,
Bed put forth.

And to suruey his dead and earthy Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
Warw. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this
body.

King. That is to see how deepe my graue is made,
For with his soule fled all my worldly solace:
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soule intends to liue
With that dread King that tooke our state vpon him,
To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curse,
I do beleeue that violent hands were laid
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suff. A dreadfull Oath, I sworne with a solemn tongue:
What instance giues Lord *Warwicke* for his vow.

War. See how the blood is seel'd in his face.
Of haue I seene a timely-parted Ghost,
Of fathy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse,
Being all descended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the fame for aydance 'gainst the enemy,
Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
To blush and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
His eye-balles further out, than when he liued,
Staring full gaskly, like a strangled man:
His hayre vprear'd, his nostrils stretcht with struggling:
His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
And rugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is sticking,
His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged,
Like to the Summers Come by Tempest lodged:
It cannot be but he was murthered heere,
The least of all these signes were probable.

Suff. Why *Warwicke*, who should do the D. to death?
My selfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we I hope sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vowed D. *Humfries* foes,
And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seene, he found an enemy.

Queen. Than you belike suspect these Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timelesse death.

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast-by, a Burcher with an Axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kye soare with vnbloudied Beake?
Euen so suspicious is this Tragedie.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolke*? where's your Knife?
Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kye? where are his Talions?

Suff. I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with Murthers Crimfon Badge.
Say, if thou dar'st it, proude Lord of *Warwickshire*,
That I am faultie in Duke *Humfries* death.

Warw. What dares not *Warwicke*, if false *Suffolke* dare
him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty thousand times.

Warw. Madame be still: with reuerence may I say,
For every word you speake in his behalfe,
Is slander to your Royall Dignitie.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
Some sterne vntur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,
And neuer of the *Neuils* Noble Race.

Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quiting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Soueraignes preface makes me milde,
I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;
And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this preface thou dar'st goe with me.

Warw. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:
Voworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
And doe some seruice to Duke *Humfries* Ghost.

Exeunt.

King. What stronger Brest-plate then a heart vntainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iust;
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
Whose Conscience with Iniustice is corrupted.

A noyse within.

Queen. What noyse is this?

*Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their
Weapons drawne.*

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our preface? Dare you be so bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?

Suff. The trait'rous *Warwicke*, with the men of *Bury*,
Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne.

Enter Salisbury.
Salib. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your
minde.

Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Vnlesse Lord *Suffolke* straight be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grievous lingring death.
They say, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'd:
They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;
And meere instinct of Loue and Loyaltie,
Free from a stubborne opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
They say, in care of your most Royall Person,
That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,
And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,
In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,
Were there a Serpent scene, with forked Tongue,
That slyly glyded towards your Maiestie,
It were but necessarie you were wak't:
Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,
The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From such fell Serpents as false *Suffolke* is;
With whose inuened and fatal sting,
Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,
They say is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord
of *Salisbury*.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolisht Hindes,
Could send such Message to their Soueraigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how quaint an Orator you are.
But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or wee will all
breake in.

King. Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thanke them for their tender louing care;
And had I not bene cired so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:

For sure, my thoughts doe hourly prophecie,
Mischance vnto my State by *Suffolkes* meanes.
And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare,
Whose farre-vnworthie Deputie I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

Qu. Oh *Henry*, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolke*.

King. Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle *Suffolke*.

No more I say: if thou do'st pleade for him,
Thou wilt but adde encrease vnto my Wrath.
Had I but sayd, I would haue kept my Word;
But when I sweare, it is irreuocable:
If after three dayes space thou here bee'st found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.
Come *Warwicke*, come good *Warwicke*, goe with mee,
I haue great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*

Qu. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Discontent, and sowre Affliction,
Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie:
There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your steps.

Suff. Cease, gentle Queene, these Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolke* take his heauie leaue.

Queen. Fye

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.

Suf. A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curse
them?

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would inuent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,
Deliu'ed strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathsome caue.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract:
I, euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke.
Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:
Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypress Trees:
Their cheefest Prospekt, murdering Basiliskes:
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings:
Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Confort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

Q. Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares:
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
To wash away my wofull Monuments.
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st thinke vpon these by the Seale,
Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
Tis but furmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want:
I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,
Aduenture to be banished my selfe:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speake not to me; euen now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
Tis not the Land I care for, wert thou thence,
A Wildernesse is populous enough,
So Suffolke had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
With euery feuerall pleasure in the World:
And where thou art not, Desolation,
I can no more: Liue thou to ioy thy life;
My selfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'st.

Enter Vaux.

Queen. Whether goes Vaux so fast? What newes I
preshee?

Vaux. To signifie vnto his Maiesty,
That Cardinall Beauford is at point of death:
For sodainly a greuous sicknesse tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke Humphries Ghost
Were by his side: Sometime, he calles the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his ouer-charged soule,
And I am sent to tell his Maiesty,
That euen now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Go tell this heauy Message to the King.
Exit Vaux. What is this World? What newes are these?
But wherefore greene I at an houres poore losse,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure?
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is coming.
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot liue,
And in thy sight to dye, what were it elie,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips.
Where from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close vp mine eyes:
To haue thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou euer turne my flying soule,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liu'd in sweete Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in iest,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.

Queen. Away: Though parting be a fiersfull corosiu,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
For wherefore thou art in this worlds Globe,
He haue an Iris that shall finde thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A Iewell locke into the wofull Caske,
That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a splitted Barke, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Q. This way for me.

*Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the
Cardinal in bed.*

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake Beauford to thy
Soueraigne.

Ca. If thou bee'st death, Ile giue thee Englands Treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.

King. Ah, what a signe it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is seene so terrible.

War. Beauford, it is thy Soueraigne speakes to thee.

Beau. Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.
Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye?

Ca. Can I make men liue where they will or no?

Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.

Alieue againe? Then shew me where he is,

Ile giue a thousand pound to looke vpon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb.

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands vpright,
Like Lime-twigs set to catch my winged soule:
Giue me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.

King. Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens,
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the busie meddling Fiend,
That layes strong siege vnto this wretches soule,
And from his bosome purge this blacke dispaire.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.

King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.
Lord Cardinall, if thou thinkest on heauens blisse,
Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope.

War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.
King. Forbeare to iudge, for we are sinners all.

Close vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,
And let vs all to Meditation.

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordinance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

Lien. The gaudy blabbing and remorsefull day,
Is crept into the bosome of the Sea:
And now loud howling Wolves arouse the Iades
That dragge the Tragick melancholy night:
Who with their drowfie, flow, and flagging wings
Cleape dead-mens graues, and from their misty Iawes,
Breath foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Heere shall they make their ranfome on the sand,
Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.
Maister, this Prisoner freely giue I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
The other Walter Whitmore is thy share.

1. Gent. What is my ranfome Maister, let me know.
Ma. A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head.
Mate. And so much shall you giue, or off goes yours.

Lien. What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?

Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you shall:
The liues of those which we haue lost in fight,
Be counter-poy's'd with such a pettie summe.

1. Gent. Ile giue it fir, and therefore spare my life.
2. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whim. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to reuenge it, shalt thou dye.

And so should these, if I might haue my will.
Lien. Be not so rash, take ranfome, let him liue.

Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.

Whim. And so am I: my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why start'st thou? What doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me that by Water I should dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,

Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.
Whim. Gualtier or Walter, which it is I care not,

Neuer yet did base dishonour blurbe our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.

Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell reuenge,
Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,

And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

Suf. Stay Whitmore, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Pole.

Whim. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in ragges?
Suf. I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.

Lien. But Ioue was neuer laine as thou shalt be,
Obscure and lowlie Swaine, King Henries blood.

Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaster
Must not be shed by such a iaded Groome:

Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,

And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.
How often hast thou waited at my cup,

Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I haue feasted with Queene Margaret?

Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-falne,
I, and alay this thy abortiue Pride:

How in our voyding Lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue.

Whim. Speak Capitaine, shall I stab the forlorn Swain.
Lien. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Bafe laue, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Lien. Conuey him hence, and on our long boats side,

Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy owne.
Lien. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord,

I kennell, puddle, finke, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the siluer Spring, where England drinks:

Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.

Thy lips that kist the Queene, shall sweepe the ground:
And thou that smil'd'st at good Duke Humphries death,

Against the senselesse windes shall grin in vaine,
Who in contempt shall hisse at thee againe.

And wedded be thou to the Haggas of hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord

Vnto the daughter of a worthlesse King.
Hauing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:

By diuellish policy art thou growne great,
And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gorg'd,

With gobbers of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France.

The false reuolting Normans thorough thee,
Disdaine to call vs Lord, and Piccardie

Hath laine their Gouvernors, surpriz'd our Forts,
And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.

The Princely Warwicke, and the Nemils all,
Whose dreadfull swords were neuer drawne in vaine,

As hating thee, and rising vp in armes.
And now the House of Yorke thrust from the Crowne,

By shamefull murder of a guiltlesse King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,

Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopefull colours
Aduance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, striving to shine;

Vnder the which is writ, *Inimicus nubibus.*
The Commons here in Kent are vp in armes,

And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
Is crept into the Pallace of our King.

And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder

Vpon these paltry, seruile, abiect Drudges:
Small things make bafe men proud. This Villaine heere,

Being Capitaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then *Bargulus* the strong Illyrian Pyrate.

Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues:
It is impossible that I should dye

By

By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.
Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of Message from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waite me safely crosse the Channell.

Lieu. Water: W. Come Suffolke, I must waite thee to thy death.

Suf. *Pino gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I feare.
Wal. Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee.

What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope,
i. Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:
V's'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.

Farre be it, we should honor such as these
With humble suite: no, rather let my head

Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:

And sooner dance vpon a bloody pole,
Then stand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.

True Nobility, is exempt from feare:
More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:
Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may neuer be forget,
Great men oft dye by wilde Bezonions.

A Romane Sworde, and Bandetto slaue
Murder'd sweet Tully. *Brum* Bastard hand

Stab'd *Iulius Caesar*. Sauage Islanders
Pompey the Great, and Suffolke dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke.
Lieu. And as for these whose ransom we haue let,

It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.
Manet the first Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.*

Wal. There let his head, and huelesse bodie lye,
Vntill the Queene his Mistis bury it. *Exit Walter.*

i. Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle,
His body will I beare vnto the King:

If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.

Enter Benis, and Iohn Holland.

Benis. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a
Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.

Hol. They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.
Benis. I tell thee, *Iacke Cade* the Cloathier, meanes to

dress the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new
nap vpon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say,
it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen

came vp.
Benis. O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in

Handy-crafts men.
Hol. The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather

Aprons.
Benis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good

Workemen.
Hol. True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocation:

which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be la-
bouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

Benis. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a
braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them: There's *Best's* Sonne, the
Tanner of Wingham.

Benis. Hee shall haue the skinner of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.
Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Benis. Then is an stricke downe like an Oxe, and in-
quities throate cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weauer.
Ben. Argo, their thred of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.
Drumme. *Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer,*

and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. Wee *Iohn Cade*, to teame'd of our supposed Fa-
ther.

But. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.
Cade. For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired

with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Com-
mand silence.

But. Silence.
Cade. My Father was a Mortimer.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.
Cade. My mother a Plantagenet.

But. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.
Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many
Laces.

Weauer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her
furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.
But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there

was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a
house but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.
Weauer. A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.
But. No question of that: for I haue seene him whip

three Market dayes together.
Cade. I feare neither sword, nor fire.

Wea. He neede not feare the sword, for his Coate is of
proofe.

But. But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, be-
ing burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be braue then, for your Capitaine is Braue, and
Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seven

halfe peny Loanes sold for a peny: the three hoop'd por,
shall haue ten hoop'es, and I will make it felony to drinke

small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in
Chespide shall my Palfrey go to graffe: and when I am

King, as King I will be.
All. God saue your Maiesty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There shall be no
mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will

apparel them all in one Liurey, that they may agree like
Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.
Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamenta-

ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should
be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore,

should vndoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say,
'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but seale once to a thing, and

I was neuer mine owne man since. How now? Who's
there?

Enter a Clarke.
Weauer. The Clarke of Charram: hee can write and

reade, and cast accompt.
Cade. O monstrous.

Wea. We tooke him setting of boyes Copies. *Cade.*

Cade. Here's a Villaine.
Wea. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

Cade. Nay then he is a Coniurer.
But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court

hand.
Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of

mine Honour: vnlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die.
Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy

name?
Clarke. Emannell.

But. They vse to write it on the top of Letters: 'T will
go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Dost thou vse to write thy name?
Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain

dealing man?
Clarke. Sir I thanke God, I haue bin so well brought

vp, that I can write my name.
All. He hath confest: away with him: he's a Villaine

and a Traitor.
Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen

and Inke-horne about his necke.
Exit one with the Clarke

Enter Michael.
Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.
Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his brother

are hard by, with the Kings Forces.
Cade. Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe: he

shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He
is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.
Cade. To equall him I will make my selfe a knight pre-

sently: Rise vp *Sig Iohn Mortimer*. Now haue at him.
Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother,

with Drum and Soldiers.

Staff. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the Gallows: Lay your Weapons downe,

Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome.
The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaues I passe not,
It is to you good people, that I speake,

ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne:
For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer,
And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a Gardiner.
Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March,
married the Duke of Clarence daughter, did he not?

Staff. I sir.
Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.
Cade. I, there's the question: But I say, 'tis true:

The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a begger-woman stolne away,

And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.

His sonne am I, deny it if you can.
But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, &
the bricke are aliue at this day to testifie it: therefore

deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes,
that speakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.
Bro. *Iacke Cade*, the D. of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I inuented it my selfe. Go too Sir-
rah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake *Hen-*

ry the fifth, (in whose time, boyes went to Span-counter
for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but Ile

be Protector ouer him.
Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l haue the Lord *Sayes*

head, for selling the Dukedome of *Maine*.

Cade. And good reason: for thereby is England main'd
And faime to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds

it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath
gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: &

more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is
a Traitor.

Staff. O grosse and miserable ignorance.
Cade. Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our

enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that speakes
with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councillour, or

no?
All. No, no, and therefore wee'l haue his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle wordes will not preuaile,
Assaile them with the Army of the King.

Staff. Herald away, and throughout euery Towne,
Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with *Cade*,

That those which flye before the battell ends,
May euen in their Wiues and Childrens sight,

Be hang'd vp for example at their doores:
And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that loue the Commons, follow me:
Now shew your felues men, 'tis for Liberty.

We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in cloured shooen,

For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs.
Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out

of order. Come, march forward.
Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine.

Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

But. Heere sir.
Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, &

thou behauedst thy selfe, as if thou hadst bene in thine
owne Slaughter-house: Therefore thus will I reward thee,

the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt
haue a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I desire no more.
Cade. And to speake truth, thou deseru'st no lesse.

This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bo-
dies shall be dragg'd at my horse heels, till I do come to

London, where we will haue the Maiors sword born be-
fore vs.

But. If we meane to thrise, and do good, breake open
the Gaules, and let out the Prisoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march
towards London. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with suf-
folkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the*

Lord Say.
Queene. Oft haue I heard that greefe softens the mind,

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on reuenge, and cease to weepe.
But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this.
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buc. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebels
Supplication?

King. He send some holy Bishop to intreat:
For God forbid, so many simple soules
Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe,
Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,
Will parley with *Lacke Cade* their Generall.
But stay, he read it ouer once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this louely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were vnworthy to behold the same.

King. Lord *Say*, *Lacke Cade* hath sworne to haue thy
head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall haue his.
King. How now Madam?

Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
I feare me (Loue) if that I had bene dead,
Thou would'st not haue mourn'd so much for me.

Qu. No my Loue, I should not mourne, but dye for
thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in
such haste?

Mes. The Rebels are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord:
Lacke Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord *Mortimer*,
Descended from the Duke of *Clarence* house,
And calles your Grace *Vsurper*, openly,
And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminster.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of *Hindes* and *Pezants*, rude and mercilesse:
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brothers death,
Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:
All *Schollers*, *Lawyers*, *Courtiers*, *Gentlemen*,
They call false *Caterpillers*, and intend their death.

King. Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do.

Buc. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of *Suffolke* now aliue,
These *Kentish* Rebels would be soone appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Graces person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this City will I stay,
And liue alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. *Lacke Cade* hath gotten London-bridge,
The Citizens flye and forsake their houses:
The *Rascall* people, thirsting after prey,
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyfully sweare
To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

King. Come *Mary*, God our hope will succor vs.
Qu. My hope is gone, now *Suffolke* is decaist.

King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the *Kentish* Rebels
Buc. Trust no body for feare you betrayd.

Say. The trust I haue, is in mine innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute.

*Enter Lord Scales vpon the Tower walking. Then enters
two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? Is *Lacke Cade* slaine?

1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:
For they haue wonne the Bridge,

Killing all those that withstand them:

The *L. Maior* craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to *Smithfield*, and gather head,
And thither I will send you *Mathew Goffe*.
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Lines,
And so farwell, for I must hence againe.

*Enter Lacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his
scaffe on London stone.*

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And heere sitting vpon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities cost
The pissing Conduit run nothing but *Clarret Wine*
This first yeare of our raigne.

And now henceforward it shall be *Treason* for any,
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. *Lacke Cade*, *Lacke Cade*.

Cade. Knocke him downe there.

But. If this Fellow be wise, hee'l neuer call yee *Lacke*
Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together
in *Smithfield*.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:

But first, go and fet *London Bridge* on fire,

And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.

Come, let's away.

Alarums. *Mathew Goffe* is slaine, and all the rest.

Then enter *Lacke Cade*, with his Company.

Cade. So first: now go some and pull downe the *Sauoy*:
Others to th *Innes* of Court, downe with them all.

But. I haue a suite vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt haue it for that
word.

But. Onely that the *Lawes* of England may come out
of your mouth.

John. Masse 'twill be fore *Law* then, for he was thrust
in the mouth with a *Speare*, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay *John*, it will be stinking *Law*, for his breath
stinkes with eating roasted cheefe.

Cade. I haue thought vpon it, it shall bee so. Away,
burne all the *Records* of the Realme, my mouth shall be
the *Parliament* of England.

John. Then we are like to haue biting *Statutes*
Vnlesse his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in *Com-*
mon.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*,
which sold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay
one and twenty *Fiftenees*, and one shilling to the pound,
the last *Subsidie*.

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times:
Ah thou *Say*, thou *Surge*, nay thou *Buckram* Lord, now
art thou within point-blanke of our *Iurisdiction* Regall.
What canst thou answer to my Majesty, for giuing vp of
Normandie vnto *Monsieur Basmech*, the *Dolphine* of
France? Be it knowne vnto thee by these presence, euen
the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the *Beefome*
that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou
art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of
the Realme, in erecting a *Grammar Schoole*: and where-
as before, our Fore-fathers had no other *Bookes* but the
Score and the *Tally*, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd,
and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou
hast built a *Paper-Mill*. It will be prooued to thy Face,
that thou hast men about thee, that vsually talke of a
Nowne and a *Verbe*, and such abominable wordes, as
no *Christian* eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appoint-
ed *Iustices* of Peace, to call poore men before them, a-
bout matters they were not able to answer. Moreover,
thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not
reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for
that cause they haue bene most worthy to liue. Thou
dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare
a *Cloake*, when honest men then thou go in their *Hose*
and *Doublets*.

Dicke. And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for ex-
ample, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of *Kent*.

Dic. What say you of *Kent*?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks *La-*
tine.

Say. Heare me but speake, and beare mee where you
will:

Kent, in the *Commentaries* *Cesar* writ,
Is term'd the ciuel' st place of all this Isle:
Sweet is the Countrey, because full of *Riches*,
The People *Liberal*, *Valiant*, *Achie*, *Wealthy*,
Which makes me hope you are not void of *pitty*.

I sold not *Maine*, I lost not *Normandie*,
Yet to recouer them would loose my life:

Iustice with fauour haue I alwayes done,
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.

When haue I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,

Large gifts haue I bestow'd on learned *Clarikes*,
Because my Booke prefer'd me to the King.

And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.

Vnlesse you be possest with diuellish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me:

This Tongue hath parlied vnto *Forraigne Kings*
For your behoofe.

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching handstoft haue I struck
those that I neuer saw, and stricke them dead.

Gen. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde
Folkes?

Say. These cheekes are pale for watching for your good
Cade. Giue him a box o' the eare, and that will make 'em
red againe.

Say. Long sitting to determine poore mens causes,
Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall haue a hempen Candle then, & the help
of hatchet.

Dicke. Why dost thou quier man?

Say. The *Pallie*, and not feare prouokes me.

Cade. Nay, he noddas at vs, as who should say, Ile be
euen with you. Ile see if his head will stand steddier on
a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein haue I offended most?

Haue I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.

Are my Cheests fill'd vp with extorted Gold?

Is my Appatrell sumptuous to behold?

Whom haue I iniur'd, that ye seeke my death?

These hands are free from guiltesse bloodshedding.

This breast from harbouring soule deceitfull thoughts.

O let me liue.

Cade. I feele remorse in my selfe with his words: but
Ile bridle it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so
well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a *Familiar* vn-
der his Tongue, he speaks not a Gods name. Goe, take
him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then
breake into his Sonne in *Lawes* house, *Sir James Cromer*,
and strike off his head, and bring them both vpon two
poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countymen: If when you make your prair's,
God should be so obdurate as your selues:

How would it fare with your departed soules,

And therefore yet relent, and saue my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the
proudest *Peere* in the Realme, shall not weare a head on
his shoulders, vnlesse he pay me tribute: there shall not
a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her *Mayden*-
head ere they haue it: Men shall hold of mee in *Capite*.
And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free
as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dicke. My Lord,
When shall we go to *Cheapside*, and take vp *commodi-*
ties vpon our billes?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this brauer:
Let them kisse one another: For they lou'd well

When they were aliue. Now part them againe,
Least they confute about the giuing vp

Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Deferre the spoile of the Citie vntill night:

For with these borne before vs, in steed of *Maces*,
Will we ride through the streets, & at every Corner

Haue them kisse. Away. *Exit*

Alarums, and Retreat. Enter againe *Cade*,
and all his rabblement.

Cade. Vp *Fish-streets*, downe *Saint Magnes* corner,
kill and knocke downe, throw them into *Thames*:

Sound a parley.

What noise is this I heare?

Dare any be so bold to found *Retreat* or *Parley*
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.

Buc. Heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Countermen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whilst 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths,
Who loues the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and say, God saue his Maiesty.
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye to braue?
And you base Pezants, do ye beleue him, will you needs
be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath
my sword therefore broke through London gates, that
you should leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke.
I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out these Armes til
you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are
all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to liue in slauerie
to the Nobility. Let them breake your backs with bur-
thens, take your houses ouer your heads, rauish your
Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
make shift for one, and so Gods Curse light vpon you
all.

All. Wee'll follow *Cade*,

Wee'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is *Cade* the sonne of Henry the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you'll go with him,
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:
Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile,
Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you liue at iatte,
The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished
Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you?
Me thinkes already in this ciuill broyle,
I see them Lording it in London streets,
Crying *Villago* vnto all they meere.

Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miscarry,
Then you should stoope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you haue lost:
Spare England, for it is your Native Coast:
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,

Wee'll follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too & fro,
as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hailes them
to an hundred mischieses, and makes them leaue mee de-
solate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize
me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying:
in despite of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie
middest of you, and heauens and honor be witnesse, that
no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers
base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to
my heeles. *Exit*

Buc. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Exit some of them.

Follow me souldiers, wee'll deuise a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King.

Exit some of them.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and
Somerset on the Tarras.*

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty.

King. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter Multitudes with Halts about their
Neckes.*

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halts on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen set ope thy euilasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thanks and praise.
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Countrey:
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And Henry though he be infortunate,
Assure your selues will neuer be vnkinde:
And so with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisie you to your feuerall Countreies.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be aduertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glaffes and stout Kernes,
Is marching hither ward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he termes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and Yorke
distrest,

Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boarded with a Pyrate.
But now is *Cade* driuen backe, his men dispierc'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, Ile send Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be dismist from him.

Somerset. My Lord,

Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

Flourish.

Exit.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Eye on Ambitions: sic on my selfe, that haue a
sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five daies haue
I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all
the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that
if I might haue a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I
could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue
I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or
a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole
a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word
Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for
a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill;
and many a time when I haue bene dry, & brauely mar-
ching, it hath seru'd me in steede of a quart pot to drinke
in: and now the word Sallet must serue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court,
And may enioy such quiet walkes as these?
This small inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I seeke not to waxe great by others warning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy:
Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my state,
And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me
for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leaue. A
Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a rooe. Crownes
of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make
thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword
like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be,
I know thee not, why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,
And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds:
Climbing my walles in spite of me the Owner,
But thou wilt braue me with these sawcie termes?

Cade. Braue thee? I by the best blood that euer was
broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue
eate no meate these fiue dayes, yet come thou and thy
fiue men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore
naile, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Esquire of Kent,
Tooke odds to combate a poore famisht man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy lookes:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy legge a stick compared with this Truncheon,
My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast,
And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre,
Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth:
As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the most compleate Champi-
on that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or
cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chins of Beefe,
ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees
thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Heere they Fight.

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten

thousand diuelles come against me, and giue me but the
ten meales I haue lost, and I'll deie them all. Wither
Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do
dwell in this house, because the vnconquered soule of
Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I haue slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate,
To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.

Cade. *Iden* farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell
Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all
the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any,
am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour. *Dies.*

Id. How much thou wrong'st me, heauen be my iudge;
Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So with I, I might thrust thy soule to hell.
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles
Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy graue,
And there cut off thy most vngracious head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leauing thy trunk for Crows to feed vpon. *Exit.*

*Enter Yorke, and his Army of Irish, with
Drum and Colours.*

Yor. From Ireland thus comes Yorke to claim his right,
And plucke the Crowne from feeble *Henries* head.
Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
Ah *Santa Maestas!* who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot giue due adon to my words,
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter shall it haue, haue I a soule,
On which Ilerosse the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to disturbe me?
The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.
Buc. Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well.
Yor. *Humphrey* of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure?
Buc. A Messenger from Henry, our dread Liege,
To know the reason of these Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am,
Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a power without his leaue?
Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?

Yor. Scarfe can I speake, my Choller is so great:
Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint;
I am so angry at these abieft rearmes,
And now like *Ajax Telamonius*,
On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie, well.
I am farre better borne then is the king:
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.
But I must make faire weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weake, and I more strong.
Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
That I haue giuen no answer all this while:
My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.
The cause why I haue brought this Armie hither,

Is to remove proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.
Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yielded vnto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

Yorke. Vpon thine Honor he is Prisoner?

Buck. Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner.

Yorke. Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres.
Souldiers, I thanke you all: disperse your selues:
Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,
You shall haue pay, and euery thing you wish:
And let my Soueraigne, vertuous Henry,
Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,
As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,
He send them all as willing as I liue:
Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I haue
Is his to vse, so Somerset may die.

Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde submission,
Wetwaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?

Yorke. In all submission and humility,
Yorke doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse.

K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?

Yor. To haue the Traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebell Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so meane condition
May passe into the presence of a King:
Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of Cade? Great God, how iust art thou?
Oh let me view his Visage being dead,
That liuing wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Maiesty.

King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name.

A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King.
Buc. So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created Knight for his good seruice.

King. Iden, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight:
We giue thee for reward a thousand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.

Iden. May Iden liue to merit such a bounty,
And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerset.

K. See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th' Queene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Qu. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

Yor. How now? is Somerset at libertie?

Then Yorke vnloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?

King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:
Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awfull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,

Whose Smile and Frowne, like to Achilles Speare,
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.

Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:

Giue place: by heauen thou shalt rule no more
O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.

Som. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crowne:

Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace,
Yorke. Would'st thou haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee,

If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale:

I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,
They'll pawne their swords of my infranchisement.

Qu. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amaine,
To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke

Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.
Yorke. O blood-bespotted Neopolitan,

Out-cast of Naples, Englands bloody Scourge,
The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,

Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those
That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.
See where they come, Ile warrant they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.
Qu. And here comes Clifford to deny their baile.

Clif. Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King.
Yor. I thanke thee Clifford: Say, what newes with thee?

Nay, do not fight vs with an angry looke:
We are thy Soueraigne Clifford, kneele againe;

For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,

But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.

King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.

Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Qu. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sonnes (he sayes) shall giue their words for him,

Yor. Will you not Sonnes?
Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will serue,

Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shall.
Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere?

Yorke. Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.
I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor:

Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares,
That with the very shaking of their Chaines,

They may astonish these fell-lurking Curres,
Bid Salisbury and Warwicke come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears to death,
And manacle the Beards in their Chaines,

If thou dar'st bring them to the bayting place.
Rich. Oft haue I seene a hot ore-weening Curie,

Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,

Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,
And such a peece of seruice will you do,

If you oppose your selues to match Lord Warwicke.
Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpes,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

Yor. Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon.
Clif. Take heede leaft by your heate you burne your

selues:
King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy siluer haire,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sicke sonne,

What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Russian?
And seeke for sorrow with thy Spectacles?

Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be banisht from the frostie head,

Where shall it finde a habour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,

And shame thine honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame in dutie bend thy knee to me,

That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age.
Sal. My Lord, I haue considered with my selfe

The Title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my conscience, do repute his grace

The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall seate.
King. Hast thou not sworn Allegiance vnto me?

Sal. I haue.
K. Canst thou dispense with heauen for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sinne, to sweare vnto a sinne:
But greater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath:

Who can be bound by any solemne Vow
To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,

To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,
To reue the Orphan of his Patrimoine,

To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,
And haue no other reason for this wrong,

But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?
Qu. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.
Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolu'd for death and dignitie.
Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreames proue true

War. You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day:

And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy hous'd Badge.

War. Now by my Fathers badge, old Nevils Crest,
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,

This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,

That keeps his leaues inspight of any storme,
Euen so affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,

Delphight the Beards, that protects the Beare.
Ya Clif. And so to Armes victorious Father,

To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.
Rich. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,

For you shall sup with Iesu Christ to night.
To Clif. Foule flygmatike that's more then thou

canst tell.
Ric. If not in heauen, you'll surely sup in hell. *Exeunt*

Enter Warwicke.
War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:

And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,

Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot?

Yor. The deadly handed Clifford slew my Steed:

But match to match I haue encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes

Euen of the bonnie beast he loued so well.
Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of vs the time is come.

Yor. Hold Warwicke: seek thee out some other chace
For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death.

War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fight'st:
As I intend Clifford to thrue to day,

It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassail'd. *Exit War.*
Clif. What seest thou in me Yorke?

Why dost thou pause?

Yorke. With thy braue bearing should I be in loue,
But that thou art so fast mine enemye.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise & esteeme,
But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason.

Yorke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword,
As I in iustice, and true right expresse it.

Clif. My soule and bodie on the action both.
Yor. A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly.

Clif. *La fia Corone les eumenes.*
Yor. Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for 't art still,

Peace with his soule, heauen if it be thy will.
Enter young Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,
Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,
Whom angy heauens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.

He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no selfe-loue: nor he that loues himselfe,

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,

And the premised Flames of the Last day,
Knit earth and heauen together.

Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities, and pettie sounds

To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)
To loose thy youth in peace, and to atcheue

The Silver Livery of aduised Age,
And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus

To die in Russian battell? Euen at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,

It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares:
No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,

Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,
And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,

Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pitty.

Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it

As wilde *Medea* yong *Abfirtis* did.
In cruelty, will I seeke out my Fame.

Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house:
As did *Aeneas* old *Anchyses* beare,

So beare I thee vpon my manly shoulders:
But then, *Aeneas* bare a liuing load;

Nothing so heauy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:
For vnderneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
The Castle in S. Albons, Somerset
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.
King. Can we outrun the Heauens? Good Margaret stay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To giue the enemy way, and to secure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum a farre off.
If you be rane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future mischeefe set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you must: Vncurable discomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releefe, and we will liue
To see their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away.

Exeunt

FINIS.



The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of YORKE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Alarum.
Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Mount-
ague, Warwick, and Souldiers.

Warwick.

Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?
Pl. While we pursu'd the Horsemen of North,
He flyly stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,

Whose Warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,
Chear'd vp the drouping Army, and himselfe.
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-breast
Charg'd our maine Battailles Front: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers slaine.

Edw. Lord Stafford's Father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerous.
I left his Beauer with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wilts shires
Whom I encountred as the Battels ioy'd. (blood,

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
Plant. Richard hath best deseru'd of all my sonnes:

But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Nor. Such hope haue all the line of Iohn of Gaunt.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henries head.
Warw. And so doe I, victorious Prince of Yorke.

Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
Which now the House of Lancaster vsurpes,

I vow by Heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.
This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,

And this the Regall Seat: possesse it Yorke,
For this is thine, and not King Henries Heires.

Plant. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will,
For hither we haue broken in by force.

Nor. VVee'll all assist you: he that flies, shall dye.
Plant. Thanks gentle Norfolk, stay by me my Lords,

And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.
They goe vp.

Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce.

Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinkes we shall be of her counsaile,

By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.

W. W. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Vnlesse Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King,

And bathfull Henry depos'd, whose Cowardize
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Plant. Then leaue me not, my Lords be resolute,
meane to take possession of my Right.

Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loues him best,
The proudest hee that holds vp Lancaster,
Dares stirre a Wing, if Warwick shake his Bells.
He plant Plantagenet, root him vp who dares:
Resolute thee Richard, clayme the English Crowne.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland,
Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell sits,
Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,
Backt by the power of Warwick, that false Peere,
To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father,
And thine, Lord Clifford, & you both haue vow'd reuenge
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.

Northumb. If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.
Clifford. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in
Steele.

Westm. What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him down,
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland,
Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, such as he:

He durst not sit there, had your Father liu'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament

Let vs assayle the Family of Yorke.
North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie fauours them,
And they haue troupes of Souldiers at their beck?

Westm. But when the Duke is slaine, they'll quickly
flye.

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from Henries heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.

Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre that Henry meanes to vse.

Thou factious Duke of Yorke descend my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,

I am thy Soueraigne.
Yorke. I am thine.

Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of
Yorke.

Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earldome was.

Exet. Thy

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.
 Warw. Exeter thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,
 In following this vsurping Henry.

Clifford. Whom should hee follow, but his naturall King?

Warw. True Clifford, that's Richard Duke of Yorke.

Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

Yorke. It must and shall be so, content thy selfe.

Warw. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.

Westm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,

And that the Lord of Westmerland shall maintaine.

Warw. And Warwick shall disproue it. You forget,

That we are those which chas'd you from the field,

And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread

Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.

Northumb. Yes Warwick, I remember it to my griefe,

And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it.

Westm. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy Sonnes,

Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, He haue more liues

Then drops of blood were in my Fathers Veines.

Cliff. Vnge it no more, lest that in stead of words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a Messenger,

As shall reuenge his death, before I stirre.

Warw. Poore Clifford, how I scorne his worthless

Threats.

Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?

If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.

Henry. What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne?

My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,

Thy Grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earle of March.

I am the Sonne of Henry the Fifth,

Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoupe,

And seiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.

Warw. Talk not of France, fith thou hast lost it all.

Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:

When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.

Rich. You are old enough now,

And yet me thinkes you loose:

Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurers Head.

Edward. Sweet Father doe so, set it on your Head.

Mount. Good Brother,

As thou lou'st and honorest Armes,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilling thus.

Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the

King will fye.

Plant. Sonnes peace.

Henry. Peace thou, and giue King Henry leaue to

speake.

Warw. Plantagenet shal speake first: Heare him Lords,

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him, shall not liue.

Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,

Wherein my Grandfire and my Father sat?

No: first shall Warre vnpeople this my Realme;

I, and their Colours often borne in France,

And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,

Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords?

My Tidle's good, and better farre then his.

Warw. Prove it Henry, and thou shalt be King.

Hen. Henry the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.

Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.

Henry. I know not what to say, my Titles weake:

Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?

Plant. What then?

Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:

For Richard, in the view of many Lords,

Refign'd the Crowne to Henry the Fourth,

Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.

Plant. He rose against him, being his Soueraigne,

And made him to religne his Crowne perforce.

Warw. Suppose, my Lords, he did it vnconstrayn'd,

Thinke you 'twere preiudiciall to his Crowne?

Exet. No: for he could not so religne his Crowne,

But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne.

Henry. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exet. My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.

Henry. All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.

Northumb. Plantagenet, for all the Clayme thou lay'st,

Thinke not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

Warw. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all,

Northumb. Thou art deceiu'd:

'Tis not thy Southerne power

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolke, nor of Kent,

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,

Can set the Duke vp in despite of me,

Clifford. King Henry, be thy Title right or wrong,

Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me aliue,

Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father.

Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words reuiue my heart,

Plant. Henry of Lancaster, religne thy Crowne:

What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?

Warw. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,

Or I will fill the House with armed men,

And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he sits,

Write vp his Title with vsurping blood.

He stamps with his foot, and the Souldiers

shew themselves.

Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,

Let me for this my life time reigne as King.

Plant. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,

And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'st.

Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet

Enioy the Kingdome after my decease.

Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your

Sonne?

Warw. What good is this to England, and himselfe?

Westm. Bafe, fearefull, and despayring Henry.

Clifford. How hast thou iniur'd both thy selfe and vs?

Westm. I cannot stay to heare these Articles.

Northumb. Nor I.

Clifford. Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene these

Newes.

Westm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,

In whose cold blood no sparke of Honor bides.

Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the House of Yorke,

And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.

Cliff. In dreadfull Warre may'st thou be ouercome,

Or liue in peace abandon'd and despis'd.

Warw. Turne this way Henry, and regard them not.

Exeter. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not

yeeld.

Henry. Ah Exeter.

Warw. Why should you sigh, my Lord?

Henry. Not for my selfe Lord Warwick, but my Sonne,

Whom I vnaturally shall dis-inherite.

But be it as it may: I here entayle

The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,

Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,

To cease this Ciuill Warre: and whil'st I liue,

To

To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne:

And neyther by Treason nor Hostilitie,

To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.

Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.

Warw. Long liue King Henry: Plantagenet embrace

him.

Henry. And long liue thou, and these thy forward

Sonnes.

Plant. Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exet. Accust be he that seekes to make them foes.

Senet. Here they come downe.

Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.

Warw. And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.

Nor. And I to Norfolk with my follower.

Mount. And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.

Henry. And I with griefe and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.

Exeter. Heere comes the Queene,

Whose Lookes be wray ner anger:

He steale away.

Henry. Exeter so will I.

Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.

Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.

Queene. Who can be patient in such extreames?

Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid!

And neuer seene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne,

Seeing thou hast prou'd so vnnatural a Father.

Hath hee deseru'd to loose his Birth-right thus?

Or feele that paine which I did for him once,

Or nourish him, as I did with my blood;

Thou would'st haue left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather then haue made that sauge Duke thine Heire,

And dis-inherited thine only Sonne.

Prince. Father, you cannot dis-inherite me:

If you be King, why should not I succede?

Henry. Pardon me Margaret, pardon me sweet Sonne,

The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforce't me.

Quee. Enforce't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?

I haue to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,

Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,

And giu'st vnto the House of Yorke such head,

As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.

To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,

What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,

And creepe into it farre before thy time?

Warwick is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,

Sterne Falconbridge commands the Narrow Seas,

The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,

And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes

The trembling Lambe, inuironed with Wolues.

Had I beene there, which am a silly Woman,

The Souldiers should haue tof'd me on their Pikes,

Before I would haue granted to that Act.

But thou prefer'st thy Life, before thine Honor.

And seeing thou do'st, I here diuorce my selfe,

Both from thy Table Henry, and thy Bed,

Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,

Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.

The Northerne Lords, that haue forsworne thy Colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:

And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,

And vtter ruine of the House of Yorke.

Thus doe I leaue thee: Come Sonne, let's away,

Our Army is ready; come, we'll after them.

Henry. Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me speake.

Queene. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee

gone.

Henry. Gentle Sonne Edward, thou wilt stay me?

Queene. I, to be murder'd by his Enemies.

Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,

Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.

Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.

Henry. Poore Queene,

How loue to me, and to her Sonne,

Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.

Reueng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,

Whose haughtie spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,

Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.

The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:

Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;

Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

Exet. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

Enter Richard, Edward, and

Flourish. Mountague.

Richard. Brother, though I bee youngest, giue mee

leaue.

Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.

Mount. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife?

What is your Quarrell? how began it first?

Edward. No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.

Yorke. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and vs,

The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.

Yorke. Mine Boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.

Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enioy it now:

By giuing the House of Lancaster leaue to breathe,

It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.

Yorke. I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly

reigne.

Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:

I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.

Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be for-

sworne.

Yorke. I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre.

Richard. Ile proue the contrary, if you'll heare mee

speake.

Yorke. Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.

Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke

Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,

That hath authoritie ouer him that sweares.

Henry had none, but did vsurpe the place.

Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your Oath, my Lord, is yaine and friuolous.

Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,

How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,

Within whose Circuit is *Elizium*,

And all that Poets faine of Blisse and Joy.

Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,

Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de

Euen in the luke-warme blood of Henries heart.

Y

Thou Richard shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You Edward shall vnto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust: for they are Souldiers,
Wittie, courteous, libell, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more?
But that I seeke occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not priue to my Drift,
Nor any of the House of Lancaster.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what Newes? Why com'st thou in such
posse?

Gabriel. The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.
She is hard by, with twentie thousand men:
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

Torke. I, with my Sword.

What? think'st thou, that we feare them?
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me,
My Brother Mountague shall poste to London.
Let Noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we haue left Protectors of the King,
With powerfull Pollicie strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his Oathes.

Mount. Brother, I goe: He winne them, feare it not.
And thus most humbly I doe take my leaue.

Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

Torke. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine Vnckles,
You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.
The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege vs.

John. Shee shall not neede, we'll meete her in the
field.

Torke. What, with five thousand men?

Richard. I, with five hundred, Father, for a neede.
A Woman's generall: what should we feare?

A March as farre off.

Edward. Theare their Drummes:
Let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them Battaille straight.

Torke. Five men to twentie: though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.
Many a Battaille haue I wonne in France,
When as the Enemie hath bene tenne to one:
Why should I not now haue the like successe?

Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whether shall I flye, to scape their hands?
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood saues thy life.
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.

Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.
Tutor. Ah Clifford, murder not this innocent Child,
Least thou be hated both of God and Man. Exit.

Clifford. How now? is he dead already?
Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes?
He open them.

Rutland. So looks the pent-up Lyon o're the Wretch,
That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes:
And so he walks, insulting o're his Prey,
And so he comes, to rend his Limbes aunder.
Ah gentle Clifford, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruell threatening Looke.
Sweet Clifford heare me speake, before I dye:
I am too meane a subiect for thy Wrath,
Bethou reueng'd on men, and let me liue.

Clifford. In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath stop't the passage
Where thy words should enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and Clifford cope with him.

Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me:

No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graues,
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,
It could not flake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The fight of any of the House of Torke,
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accursed Line,
And leaue not one aliue, I liue in Hell.

Therefore—

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford pittie me.

Clifford. Such pittie as my Rapiers point affords,
Rutland. I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou slay
me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath.

Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne,
Thou hast one Sonne, for his sake pittie me,
Least in reuenge thereof, fith God is iust,
He be as miserably slaine as I.

Ah, let me liue in Prison all my dayes,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause.

Clifford. No cause? thy Father slew my Father: there-
fore dye.

Rutland. *Dis faciant laudis summa sit ista tua.*

Clifford. Plantagenet, I come Plantagenet:
And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my Blade,
Shall rust vpon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. Exit.

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.

Torke. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:
My Vnckles both are slaine, in rescuing me;
And all my followers, to the eager foe
Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,
Or Lambes pursu'd by hunger-staru'd Wolues.
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they haue demean'd themselves
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.
Three times did Richard make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of those that had encountered him:
And when the hardyest Warriors did retyre,
Richard cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,
And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,

A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I haue seene a Swan
With bootlesse labour swimme against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with ouer-matching Waues.

A short Alarum within.

Ah hearken, the fatal followers doe pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I strong, I would not shunne my furie.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
Here must I slay, and here my Life must end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,
the young Prince, and Souldiers.

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage:
I am your Sutt, and I abide your Shot.

Northumb. Yeld to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clifford. I, to such mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme
With downe-right payment, shew'd vnto my Father.
Now Phacton hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick.

Torke. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:

And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?
Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,

So Doves doe peck the Faulcons piercing Talons,
So desperate Theeues, all hopelesse of their Liues,

Breathe out Inuectiues gainst the Officers.
Torke. Oh Clifford, but bethinke thee once againe,

And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,

And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice,
Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.

Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.

Queene. Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:

Wrath makes him deafe; speake thou Northumberland.
Northumb. Hold Clifford, doe not honor him so much,

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,

For one to thrust his Hand betwene his Teeth,
When he might spurne him with his Foot away?

It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.

Clifford. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the
Gynne.

Northumb. So doth the Connie struggle in the
Net.

Torke. So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeld with Robbers, so o're-match.

Northumb. What would your Grace haue done vnto
him now?

Queene. Braue Warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand vpon this Mole-hill here,

That raught at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes,
Yet parted but the Shadow with his Hand.

What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,

And made a Preachment of your high Descent?
Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lustie George?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce

Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the rest, where is your Darling, Rutland?

Looke Torke, I stay'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point,

Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,

I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.
Alas poore Torke, but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.
I prythee giue me, to make me merry, Torke:

What, hath thy fierie heart so parcht thine entrayles,
That not a Teare can fall, for Rutlands death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.

Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou would'st be fed'd, I see, to make me sport:

Torke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for Torke; and Lords, bow lowe to him:

Hold you his hands, whilest I doe set it on.
I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:

I, this is he that tooke King Henries Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted Heire.

But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soone, and broke his solemne Oath?

As I bethinke me, you should not be King,
Till our King Henry had shooke hands with Death.

And will you pale your head in Henries Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,

Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fault too too vnardonable.

Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,
And whilest we breathe, take time to doe him dead.

Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.
Queene. Nay Ray, let's heare the Orizons hee
makes.

Torke. Shee-Wolfe of France,
But worse then Wolues of France,

Whose Tongue more poysons then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex,

To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates?

But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vnchanging,
Made impudent with vse of euill deedes.

I would assay, proud Queene, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriu'd,

Were shame enough, to shame thee,
Wert thou not shamelesse.

Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Ierusalem,

Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?

It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verifi'd,

That Beggars mounted, runne their Horse to death,
'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women proud,

But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admir'd,

The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.
'Tis Government that makes them seeme Diuine,

The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euery good,

As the Antipodes are vnto vs,
Or as the South to the Septentrion.

Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,
How

How couldst thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be seene to beare a Womans face?
Women are soft, milde, pittifull, and flexible;
Thou, sterne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorselesse.
Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.
Wouldst thou haue me weepe? why now thou hast thy will.
For raging Wind blowes vp incessant showers,
And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.
These Teares are my sweet Rutlands Obsequies,
And euery drop cryes vengeance for his death.
Gainst thee fell Clifford, and thee false French-woman,

Northumb. Bestrew me, but his passions moues me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares,

Yorke. That Face of his,
The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht,
Would not haue steynd with blood:
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthlesse Queene, a haplesse Fathers Teares:
This Cloth thou dipst in blood of my sweet Boy,
And with Teares doe wash the blood away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of this,
And if thou tellst the heauie storie right,
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will shed Teares:
Yea, euery Foes will shed fast-falling Teares,
And say, Alas, it was a pittious deed.
There take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curse,
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the World,
My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads.

Northumb. Had he been slaughter-man to all my Kinne,
I should not for my Life but weepe with him,
To see how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.

Queene. What weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.

Clifford. Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers
Death.

Queene. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted
King.

Yorke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,
My Soule flies through these wounds, to seeke out thee.
Queene. Off with his Head, and set it on Yorke Gates,
So Yorke may ouer-looke the Towne of Yorke.

Flourish. Exit.

*A March. Enter Edward, Richard,
and their power.*

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father scap't:
Or whether he be scap't away, or no,
From Cliffords and Northumberlands pursuit?
Had he been ta'en, we should haue heard the newes;
Had heeene slaine, we should haue heard the newes:
Or had he scap't, me thinks we should haue heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.

How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?

Richard. I cannot ioy, vntill I be resolu'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.

I saw him in the Battaille range about,
And watcht him how he singled Clifford forth,
Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neare,
Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:

Who hauing pinch't a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
Me thinks 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne,
How well resembles it the prime of Youth,
Trim'd like a Yonker, praucing to his Loue?

Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes?
Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
Not seperated with the racking Clouds,
But seuer'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye.
See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vow'd some League inuolable.
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:
In this, the Heauen figures some event.

Edward. 'Tis wondrous strange,
The like yet neuer heard of.

I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field,
That wee, the Sunnes of braue Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meedes,
Should notwithstanding ioyne our Lights together,
And ouer-shine the Earth, as this the World.
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
Vpon my Targuer three faire shining Sunnes.
Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters:
By your leaue, I speake it,
You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whose heauie Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine,
Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.

Edward. Oh speake no more, for I haue heard too
much.

Richard. Say how he dy'd, for I will heare it all.
Mess. Enuironed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy.
But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to odds:
And many stroakes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tymbred Oak.
By many hands your Father was subdu'd,
But onely slaught'ed by the irefull Arme
Of vn-relentng Clifford, and the Queene:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruthlesse Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,
A Napkin, steeped in the harmelesse blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slaine.
And after many scornes, many foule taunts,
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke
They set the same, and there it doth remaine,
The saddest spectacle that ere I view'd.

Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh Clifford, boyt'rous Clifford, thou hast slaine
The floure of Europe, for his Cheualrie,
And trecherously hast thou vanquish't him,
For hand to hand he would haue vanquish't thee.
Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prison:
Ah, would she breake from hence, that this my body

Might

Might in the ground be clos'd vp in rest:
For neuer henceforth shall I ioy againe:
Neuer, oh neuer shall I see more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moysture
Scarce serues to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
Nor can my tongue vnload my hearts great burthen,
For selfe-same winde that I should speake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my brest,
And burnes me vp with flames, that tears would quench.
To weepe, is to make lesse the depth of griefe:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for mee.
Richard. I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the Sunne:
For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March. Enter Warwick, Marquesse Montague,
and their Army.*

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What faire? What
newes abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwicke, if we should teecompt
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliurance
Stab Poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguish then the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Ed. O Warwicke, Warwicke, that Plantagenet
Which held thee deere, as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the sterne Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago, I drown'd these newes in teares,
And now to adde more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things fish then befallne.

After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue Father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne,
Were brought me of your Losse, and his Depart.

I then in London, keeper of the King,
Must'rd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:

For by my Scouts, I was aduertised
That she was comming with a full intent
To dash our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henries Oath, and your Succession:
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met,
Our Battailles ioynd, and both sides fiercely fought:

But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.
Or whether 'twas report of her successe,

Or more then common feare of Cliffords Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captiues, Blood and Death,
I cannot iudge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:

Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles lazie flight,
Or like a lazie Thresher with a Flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they strucke their Friends.

I cheer'd them vp with iustice of our Cause,
With promise of high pay, and great Rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,

So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,
Lord George, your Brother, Norfolk, and my Selfe,

In haste, post haste, are come to ioyne with you:
For in the Marches here we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
And for your Brother he was lately sent
From your kinde Aunt Dutchesse of Burgundie,
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

Rich. 'Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft haue I heard his praises in Pursuite,
But ne're till now, his Scandall of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandall Richard, dost thou heare:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from saint Henries head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is farr'd for Mildnesse, Peace, and Prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
'Tis loue I beare thy glories make me speake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?

Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?

Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Tell our Deuotion with reuengefull Armes?
If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother Montague:
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birde,
Haue wrought the easie-melting King, like Wax.
He swore consent to your Succession,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.

And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.

Their power (I thinke) is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolk, and my selfe,
With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March,
Amongst the louing Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to fure and twenty thousand,

Why Vis, to London will we march,
And once againe, bestride our foaming Steeds,
And once againe cry Charge vpon our Foes,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick speake:
Ne're may he liue to see a Sun-shine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him stay.

Ed. Lord Warwicke, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou failest (as God forbid the houre)
Must Edward fall, which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In euery Burrough as we passe along,
And he that throwes not vp his cap for ioy,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward, valiant Richard Montague:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,
But sound the Trumpets, and about our Taske.

Rich. Then Clifford, were thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thou hast shewne it flintie by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to giue thee mine.

Ed. Then strike vp Drums, God and S. George for vs.

War.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what newes?
 Mes. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
 The Queene is comming with a puissant Host,
 And craues your company, for speedy counsell.
 War. Why then it fort, braue Warriors, let's away.
 Exeunt Omnes.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, and Young Prince, with Drumme and Trumpettes.

Ed. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke,
 Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy,
 That sought to be incompast with your Crowne.
 Doth not the object cheere your heart, my Lord.

K. I, as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack,
 To see this sight, it irkes my very soule:
 With-hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,
 Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
 And harmful pittie must be layd aside:
 To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes?
 Not to the Beast, that would vsurpe their Den.
 Whose hand is that the Forrest Beare doth like?
 Not his that spoyle her yong before her face.
 Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
 Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.
 The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on,
 And Doues will pecke in safegard of their Brood.
 Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne,
 Thou smiling, while he knit his angry browes.
 He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King,
 And raise his issue like a louing Sire.
 Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,
 Didst yeeld consent to disinherit him:
 Which argued thee a most vnloving Father.
 Vnreasonable Creatures feed their yong,
 And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
 Yet in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not scene them euen with those wings,
 Which sometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight,
 Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their nest,
 Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?
 For shame, my Liege, make them your President:
 Were it not pittie that this goodly Boy
 Should loose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,
 And long heereafter say vnto his childe,
 What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got,
 My carelesse Father fondly gaue away.

Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy,
 And let his manly face, which promiseth
 Successfull Fortune Steele thy melting heart,
 To hold thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford plaid the Orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force:
 But Clifford tell me, didst thou neuer heare,
 That things ill got, had euer bad successe.
 And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,
 Whose Father for his hoording went to hell:
 He leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,
 And would my Father had left me no more:
 For all the rest is held at such a Rate,
 As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe,
 Then in possession any iot of pleasure.
 Ah Cousin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,

How it doth greeue me that thy head is heere.

Qu. My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are nye,
 And this soft courage makes your Followers faint:
 You promist Knighthood to our forward sonne,
 Vnneath your sword, and dub him presently.
 Edward, kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
 And learne this Lesson; Draw thy Sword in right.
 Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
 He draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,
 And in that quarrell, vse it to the death.
 Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,
 For with a Band of thirty thousand men,
 Comes Warwick backing of the Duke of Yorke,
 And in the Townes as they do march along,
 Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him.
 Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
 The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.
 Qu. I good my Lord, and leaue vs to our Fortune.
 King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile stay.
 North. Be it with resolution then to fight.
 Prin. My Royall Father, cheere these Noble Lords,
 And hearten those that fight in your defence:
 Vnneath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.

March. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence,
 Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now periu'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace
 And set thy Diadem vpon my head?
 Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,
 Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,
 Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?
 Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee:
 I was adopted Heire by his consent.

Cl. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare,
 You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,
 Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,
 To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.

Clif. And reason too,
 Who should succede the Father, but the Sonne.
 Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake.
 Clif. I Crooke-back, here I stand to answer thee,
 Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?
 Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue signall to the fight.
 War. What say'st thou Henry,
 Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you speake)

Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwick, dare
 When you and I, met at S. Albons last,
 Your legges did better seruiue then your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:
 Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valor Clifford droue me thence,
 Nor No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently,
 Breake off the parley, for I can refraine

The execution of my big-swolne heart
 Vpon that Clifford, that cruell Child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy Father, call'st thou him a Child?
 Rich.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
 I lay me downe a little while to breath:
 For strokes receiv'd, and many blowes repaid,
 Haue robb'd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
 And spight of spight, needs must I rest a-while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or strike vngentle death,
 For this world frownes, and Edwards Sonne is clouded.
 War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cl. Our hap is losse, our hope but sad dispaire,
 Our ranks are broke, and ruine followes vs.
 What counsaile giue you? whether shall we flye?
 Ed. Bootlesse is flight, they follow vs with Wings,
 And weake we are, and cannot shun pursuiter.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thy selfe?
 Thy Brothers blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
 Broach'd with the Steely point of Cliffords Lance:
 And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,
 Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,
 Warwick, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death.
 So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,
 That staid their Fetlockes in his smoaking blood,
 The Noble Gentleman gaue vp the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
 He kill my Horse, because I will not flye:
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women heere,
 Wayling our losses, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
 And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie
 Were plaid in iest, by counterfetting Actors,
 Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue,
 He neuer pawse againe, neuer stand still,
 Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
 Or Fortune giuen me measure of Reuenge.

Ed. Oh Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
 And in this vow do chaine my soule to thine:
 And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,
 I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
 Thou setter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:
 Beseeching thee (if with thy will it stands)
 That to my Foes this body must be prey,
 Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
 And giue sweet passage to my sinfull soule.
 Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,
 Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.

Rich. Brother,
 Giue me thy hand, and gentle Warwick,
 Let me embrace thee in my weary armes:
 I that did neuer weepe, now melt with wo,
 That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.

War. Away, away:
 Once more sweet Lords farwell.

Cl. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,
 And giue them leaue to flye, that will not stay:
 And call them Pillars that will stand to vs:
 And if we thriue, promise them such rewards
 As Victors weare at the Olympian Games.
 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
 For yet is hope of Life and Victory:

Forcslow no longer, make we hence amaine. *Exeunt*

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now Clifford, I haue singled thee alone,
Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge,
Wer't thou inuiron'd with a Brazen wall.

Clif. Now Richard, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that stabb'd thy Father Yorke,
And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheeres these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

They Fight. Warwick comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwick, single out some other Chace,
For I my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
What time the Shepherd blowing of his nailes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now twyes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
For'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
Now twyes it that way, like the selfe-same Sea,
For'd to retyre by furie of the Winde.

Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:
Now, one the better: then, another best;
Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest:
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
So is the equall poise of this fell Warre.

Heere on this Mole-hill will I sit me downe,
To whom God will, there be the Victorie:
For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too
Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.

Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine,

To sit vpon a hill, as I do now,
To carue out Dialls quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the Minutes how they runne:
How many makes the Houre full compleate,
How many Houres brings about the Day,
How many Dayes will finish vp the Yeare,
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may liue.

When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:
So many Houres, must I tend my Flocke;
So many Houres, must I take my Rest:
So many Houres, must I Contemplate:
So many Houres, must I Sport my selfe:

So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong:
So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:
So many yeares, ere I shall there the Fleece:
So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,
Past ouer to the end they were created,
Would bring white haire, vnto a Quiet graue.

Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how louely?
Giues not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade
To Shepherds, looking on their silly Sheepe,
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie
To Kings, that feare their Subiects treacherie?
Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,

His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted sleepe, vnder a fresh trees shade,
All which secure, and sweetly he enioyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of Crownes,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.

Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) haue kill'd:
Oh heauy times! begetting such Euent,
From London, by the King was I prest forth,
My Father being the Earle of Warwicks man,
Came on the part of Yorke, prest by his Master:
And I, who at his hands recei'd my life,
Haue by my hands, of Life bereaued him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.

My Teares shall wipe away these bloody markes:
And no more words, till they haue flow'd their fill.

King. O pitteous Spectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
Poore harmlesse Lambes abide their enmity.
Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Ciuill Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with grieue.

Enter Father bearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,
Giue me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:
For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me see: Is this our Foe-mans face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw vp thine eye: see, see, what showres arise,
Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart,
Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart,
O pittie God, this miserable Age!
What Stragles how fell! how Butcherly?
Erroneous, mutinous, and vnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget:
O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too soone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Wo aboute wo: greefe, more the common greefe
O that my death would stay these ruthfull deeds:
O pittie, pittie, gentle heauen pittie:
The Red Rose and the White are on his face,
The fatall Colours of our struiuing Houfes:
The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) presenteth:
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish:
If you contend, a thousand liues must wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and ne're be satisfi'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,
Shed seas of Teares, and ne're be satisfi'd?

King. How will the Country, for these woful chancas,
Mist-thinke

Mist-thinke the King, and not be satisfied?
Son. Was euer Sonne, so rewd a Fathers death?

Fa. Was euer Father so bemoan'd his Sonne?
Hen. Was euer King so green'd for Subiects woe?
Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.

Son. Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.
Fa. These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheet:

My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thine Image ne're shall go.

My sighing brest, shall be thy Funerall bell;
And so obsequious will thy Father be,

Men for the losse of thee, hauing no more,
As Priams was for all his Valiant Sonnes,

Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I haue murthered where I should not kill. *Exit*

Hen. Sad-hearted-men, much ouergone with Care;
Heere sits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed Bull:
Away, for death doth hold vs in pursuite.

Qu. Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post a-
maine:

Edward and Richard like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Hauing the fearfull flying Hare in sight,

With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody Steele graspt in their yrefull hands

Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.
Exit. Away: for vengeance comes along with them.

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,
Or else come after, Ile away before.

Hen. Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I feare to stay, but loue to go

Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt*

A lowd alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out; I heere it dies,
Which whiles it lasted, gaue King Henry light.

O Lancaster! I feare thy overthrow,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:

My Loue and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts;

Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud Yorke;
And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?

And who shines now, but Henries Enemies?
O Phœbus! had'st thou neuer giuen consent,

That Phaeton should cheeke thy fiery Seeds,
Thy burning Carre neuer had scorcht the earth.

And Henry, had'st thou sway'd as Kings should do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,

Giuing no ground vnto the house of Yorke,
They neuer then had sprung like Sommer Flies:

I, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realme,
Hed left no mourning Widdowes for our death,

And thou this day, had'st kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherrish Weeds, but gentle ayre?

And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootlesse are Plaints, and Curelesse are my Wounds:

No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:
The Foe is mercilesse, and will not pittie:

For at their hands I haue deseru'd no pittie.
The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,

And much effluie of blood, doth make me faint:
Come Yorke, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest,
I stab'd your Fathers bolonies; Split my brest.

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, and Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.

Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pause,
And smoothe the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes:

Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme Henry, though he were a King.

As doth a Saile, fill'd with a retting Gust
Command an Argosie to flie the Waves.

But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:

(For though before his face I speake the words)
Your Brother Richard markt him for the Graue.

And wherefore he is, hee's surely dead. *Clifford groans*
Rich. Whose soule is that which takes his heauy leaue?

A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battailles ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vied.

Rich. Reuoke that doome of mercy for 'tis Clifford,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch

In hewing Rutland, when his leaues put forth,
But set his murthering knife vnto the Roote,

From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.

War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down y head,
Your Fathers head, which Clifford placed there:

In head whereof, let this supply the roome,
Measure for measure, must be answered.

Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreechowe to our house,
That nothing sung but death, to vs and ours:

Now death shall stop his dimmall threatening sound,
And his ill-boating tongue, no more shall speake.

War. I thinke is vnderstanding is bereft:
Speake Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?

Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,
And hee nor sees, nor heares vs, what we say.

Rich. O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfet,

Because he would auoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gaue our Father.

Cl. If so thou think'st,
Vex him with eager Words.

Rich. Clifford, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.
Ed. Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.

War. Clifford, deuile excuses for thy faults.
Cl. While we deuile fell Tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou did'st loue Yorke, and I am son to Yorke.
Ed. Thou pittied'st Rutland, I will pittie thee.

Cl. Where's Captaine Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee Clifford,

Swear as thou was't wont.
Ric. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard

When Clifford cannot spare his Friends an oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,

If this right hand would buy two houres life,
That I (in all despight) might rayle at him,

This hand should chop it off: & with the issuing Blood
Stifle the Villaine, whose vnstanch'd thirst

Yorke, and yong Rutland could not satisfie.
War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,
And reare it in the place your Fathers stands,
And now to London with Triumphant march,

There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene:
So shalt thou sinow both these Lands together,
And hauing France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattred Foe, that hopes to rise againe:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buz to offend thine eares:
First, will I see the Coronation,
And then to Britanny the crosse the Sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Ed. Even as thou wilt sweet Warwicke, let it bee:
For in thy shoulder do I builde my Seate;
And neuer will I vnder take the thing
Wherein thy counsaile and consent is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And *George* of Clarence; *Warwicke* as our Selfe,
Shall do, and vndo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, *George* of Gloster,
For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish obseruation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these Honors in possession.

*Enter Sinklo, and Humphrey, with Crosse-bowes
in their hands.*

(our felues:)
Sink. Vnder this thicke growne brake, wee'l shrowd
For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,
And in this couert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principall of all the Deere.

Hum. He stay about the hill, so both may shoot.
Sink. That cannot be, the noise of thy Crosse-bow
Will scarre the Heard, and so my shoot is lost:
Heere stand we both, and ayme we at the best:
And for the time shall not seeme tedious,
He tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this selfe-place, where now we meane to stand.

Sink. Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past:
Enter the King with a Prayer booke.

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,
To greet mine owne Land with my wishfull sight:
No *Harry, Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is hill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balme washt off, wherewith thou was Anointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cesar* now,
No humble futers prease to speake for right:
No, not a man comes for redresse of thee:
For how can I helpe them, and not my selfe?

Sink. I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; Let's seize vpon him.

Hen. Let me embrace the sower Adversaries,
For Wife men say, it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.
Sink. Forbear a while, wee'l heare a little more.

Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:
And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke
Is thither gone, to craue the French Kings Sister
To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true,
Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost:
For Warwicke is a subtle Orator:
And *Lewis* a Prince soone wonne with mouing words:
By this account then, *Margaret* may winne him,
For she's a woman to be pittied much:
Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his breest,
Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:

The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourne;
And *Nero* will be rained with remorse,
To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.
I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to giue:
Shee on his left side, craning ayde for *Henrie*:
He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
Shee Weepes, and sayes, her *Henry* is depos'd:
He Smiles, and sayes, his *Edward* is instaul'd:
That she (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more:
Whiles Warwicke tells his Title, smoothes the Wrongs,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promise of his Sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King *Edward's* place.
O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore soule)
Art then forsaken, as thou wert forlorne.

Hum. Say, what art thou talk' of Kings & Queenes?
King. More then I seeme, and lesse then I was born to:
A man at least, for lesse I should not be:

And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. I, but thou talk' it, as if thou wert a King.
King. Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:

Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones:
Nor to be seene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that sildome Kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you must be contented
To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)
You are the king King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his Subiects, iworne in all Allegiance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemye.

King. But did you neuer sweare, and breake an Oath,
Hum. No, neuer such an Oath, nor will not now.

King. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?
Hum. Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.

King. I was annointed King at nine monethes old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:

And you were sworne true Subiects vnto me:
And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes?

Sin. No, for we were Subiects, but while you were king
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?

Ah simple men, you know not what you sweare:
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,

And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,

And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded alwayes by the greater gust:

Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that sinne,

My milde intreatie shall not make you guiltie,
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,

And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.
Sinklo. We are true Subiects to the king,

King *Edward*.
King. So would you be againe to *Henrie*,

If he were seated as king *Edward* is.
Sinklo. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,

To go with vs vnto the Officers.
King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obey'd,

And what God will, that let your King performe,
And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto.

*Enter K. Edward, Gloster, Clarence, Lady Grey,
King. Brother of Gloster, at S. Albons field*

This

This Ladyes Husband, Sir *Richard Grey*, was slaine,
His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her suit is now, to repollesse those Lands,
Which wee in Iustice cannot well deny,
Because in Quarrell of the House of *Torke*,
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.

Rich. Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her suit:
It were dishonor to deny it her.

King. It were no lesse, but yet Ile make a pawse.
Rich. Yea, is it so?

I see the Lady hath a thing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble suit.

Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes
the winde?

Rich. Silence.
King. Widow, we will consider of your suit,

And come some other time to know our minde.
Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:

May it please your Highnesse to resolue me now,
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfie me.

Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you:

Fight closer, or good faith you'll catch a Blow.
Clarence. I feare her not, vnlesse she chance to fall,

Rich. God forbid that, for hee'll take vantages.
King. How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell

me.
Clarence. I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.

Rich. Nay then whip me: hee'll rather giue her two.
Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Rich. You shall haue foure, if you'll be rul'd by him.
King. 'Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers

Lands.
Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes
wit.

Rich. I, good leaue haue you, for you will haue leaue,
Till Youth take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch.

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue your
Children?

Wid. I, full as dearely as I loue my selfe.
King. And would you not doe much to doe them

good?
Wid. To doe them good, I would sustayne some

harme.
King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them

good.
Wid. Therefore I came vnto your Maiestie.

King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.
Wid. So shall you bind me to your Highnesse seruice.

King. What seruice wilt thou doe me, if I giue them?
Wid. What you command, that rests in me to doe.

King. But where you will take exceptions to my Boone.
Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.

King. I, but thou canst doe what I meane to aske.
Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace com-

mands.
Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the

Marble.
Clar. As red as fire? nay then, her Wax must melt.

Wid. Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my
Taske?

King. An easie Taske, 'tis but to loue a King.
Wid. That's soone perform'd, because I am a Subiect.

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue
thee.

Wid. I take my leaue with many thousand thanks,
Rich. The Match is made, shee seales it with a Curfie.

King. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meane.
Wid. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.

King. I, but I feare me in another sence.
What Loue, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Wid. My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.

King. No, by my troth, I did not meane such loue.
Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.

King. But now you partly may perceiue my minde.
Wid. My minde will neuer graunt what I perceiue

Your Highnesse aymes at, if I ayme aright.
King. To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.

Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Prison.
King. Why then thou shalt not haue thy Husbands

Lands.
Wid. Why then mine Honestie shall be my Dower,

For by that losse, I will not purchase them.
King. Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.

Wid. Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me:
But mightie Lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadnesse of my suit:
Please you dismisse me, eyther with I, or no.

King. If thou wilt say I to my request;
No, if thou do'st say No to my demand.

Wid. Then No, my Lord: my suit is at an end.
Rich. The Widow likes him not, shee knits her

Browes.
Clarence. Hee is the bluntest Wooer in Christen-

dome.
King. Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modesty,

Her Words doth shew her Wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Soueraigntie,

One way, or other, shee is for a King,
And thee shall be my Loue, or else my Queene.

Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queene?
Wid. 'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord:

I am a subiect fit to leaue withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I sweare to thee,
I speake no more then what my Soule intends,

And that is, to enjoy thee for my Loue.
Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto:

I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

King. You cattill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.
Wid. 'I will grieue your Grace, my Sonnes should call

you Father.
King. No more, then when my Daughters

Call thee Mother.
Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,

And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Haue other-some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,

To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

Rich. The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift.
Clarence. When hee was made a Shriuer, 'twas for shift.

King. Brothers, you muse what Chat wee two haue
had.

Rich. The Widow likes it not, for shee lookes very
sad.

King. You'd thinke it strange, if I should marrie
her.

Clarence. To who, my Lord?
King. Why *Clarence*, to my selfe.

Rich. That

Rich. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the least.
Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts.
Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extremes.
King. Well, least on Brothers: I can tell you both,
 Her suit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
 And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate.

King. See that he be convey'd vnto the Tower:
 And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
 To question of his apprehension.
 Widow goe you along: Lords vse her honourable.

Exeunt.

Marquet Richard.

Rich. I, *Edward* will vse Women honourably:
 Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
 That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,
 To crosse me from the Golden time I looke for:
 And yet, betwene my Soules desire, and me,
 The lustfull *Edward's* Title buried,
 Is *Clarence, Henry*, and his Sonne young *Edward*,
 And all the vnlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies,
 To take their Roomes, ere I can place my selfe:
 A cold premeditation for my purpose.
 Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigntie,
 Like one that stands vpon a Promontorie,
 And spies a farre-off shore, where hee would tread,
 Wishing his foot were equall with his eye,
 And chides the Sea, that sunders him from thence,
 Saying, hee'le lade it dry, to haue his way:
 So doe I wish the Crowne, being so farre off,
 And so I chide the meanes that keepe me from it,
 And so I say I'll cut the Causes off,
 Flattering me with impossibilities:
 My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
 Vnlesse my Hand and Strength could equall them.
 Well, say there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:
 What other Pleasure can the World afford?
 He make my Heaven in a Ladies Lappe,
 And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
 And witch sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
 Oh miserable Thought! and more vnlikely,
 Then to accomplish twentie Golden Crownes.
 Why Loue forswore me in my Mothers Wombe:
 And for I should not deale in her soft Lawes,
 Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with some Bribe,
 To shrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,
 To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,
 Where sits Deformitie to mocke my Body;
 To shape my Legges of an vnequall size,
 To dis-proportion me in euery part:
 Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beare-whelp,
 That carries no impression like the Damme.
 And am I then a man to be belou'd?
 Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought,
 Then since this Earth affords no Ioy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o're-beare such,
 As are of better Person then my selfe:
 He make my Heaven, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
 And whiles I liue, account this World but Hell,
 Vntill my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,
 Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
 And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
 For many Liues stand betwene me and home:

And I, like one lost in a Thornie Wood,
 That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
 Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
 But toying desperately to finde it out,
 Torment my selfe, to catch the English Crowne:
 And from that torment I will free my selfe,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
 Why I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
 And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
 And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
 And frame my Face to all occasions.
 He drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,
 He slay more gacets then the Basiliske,
 He play the Orator as well as *Neslor*,
 Deceiue more flyly then *Vlisses* could,
 And like a *Synon*, take another Troy.
 I can adde Colours to the Cameliion,
 Change shapes with *Proteus*, for aduantages,
 And see the murderous *Macbeth* to Schoole.
 Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
 Tut, were it farther off, He plucke it downe. *Exit.*

Flourish.

*Enter Lewis the French King, his Sister Bona, his
 Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward,
 Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford.
 Lewis sits, and riseth up againe.*

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret*,
 Sit downe with vs: it ill befits thy State,
 And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while *Lewis* doth sit.
Marg. No, mightie King of France: now *Margaret*
 Must strike her sayle, and learne a while to serue,
 Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)
 Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
 But now mischance hath trod my Title downe,
 And with dishonor layd me on the ground,
 Where I must take like Seat vnto my fortune,
 And to my humble Seat conforme my selfe.

Lewis. Why say, faire Queene, whence springs this
 deepe despaire?

Marg. From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with teares,
 And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

Lewis. What ere it be, be thou still like thy selfe,
 And sit thee by our side. *Sits her by him.*
 Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoke,
 But let thy dauntlesse minde still ride in triumph,
 Ouer all mischance.
 Be plaine, Queene *Margaret*, and tell thy griefe,
 It shall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.

Marg. Those gracious words
 Reuiue my drooping thoughts,
 And giue my tongue, ty'd sorrowes leaue to speake.
 Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,
 That *Henry*, sole possessor of my Loue,
 Is, of a King, become a banisht man,
 And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlorne;
 While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of York,
 Vsurses the Regall Title, and the Seat
 Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
 This is the cause that I, poore *Margaret*,
 With this my Sonne, Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Heire,
 Am come to craue thy iust and lawfull ayde:
 And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done,
 Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Out.

Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led,
 Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiours put to flight,
 And (as thou seest) our selues in heauie plight.

Lewis. Renowned Queene,
 With patience calme the Storme,
 While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.

Marg. The more wee stay, the stronger growes our
 Foe.

Lewis. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
 And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our pre-
 sence?

Marg. Our Earle of Warwick, *Edward's* greatest
 Friend.

Lewis. Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee
 to France? *Flee descends. Shee ariseth.*

Marg. I now begins a second Storme to rise,
 For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde.

Warw. From worthy *Edward*, King of Albion,
 My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend,
 I come (in Kindnesse, and vnfayned Loue)

First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,
 And then to craue a League of Amitie:

And lastly, to confirme that Amitie
 With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt
 That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy faire Sister,
 To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

Marg. If that goe forward, *Henries* hope is done.

Warw. And gracious Madame, *Speaking to Bona.*
 In our Kings behalfe,

I am commanded, with your leaue and fauor,
 Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue

To tell the passion of my Soueraignes Heart;
 Where Fame, late entering at his heedfull Eares,
 Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

Marg. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, heare me speake,
 Before you answer *Warwicke*. His demand
 Springs not from *Edward's* well-meant honest Loue,
 But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie:

For how can Tyrants safely gouerne home,
 Vnlesse abroad they purchase great allyance?

To proue him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
 That *Henry* liueth still: but were hee dead,

Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henries* Sonne,
 Looke therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Mariage

Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
 For though Vsurers sway the rule a while,
 Yet Heaues are iust, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.

Warw. Inuious *Margaret*.

Edw. And why not Queene?

Warw. Because thy Father *Henry* did vsurpe,
 And thou no more art Prince, then shee is Queene.

Oxf. Then *Warwicke* disannuls great *John* of Gaunt,
 Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;

And after *John* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth,
 Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest:

And after that wife Prince, *Henry* the Fifth,
 Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:

From these, our *Henry* lineally descends.

Warw. *Oxford*, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
 You told not, how *Henry* the Sixth hath lost

All that, which *Henry* the Fifth had gotten:

Me thinks these Peeres of France should smile at that,
 But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree
 Of threescore and two yeeres, a silly time
 To make prescription for a Kingdome worth,
Oxf. Why *Warwicke*, canst thou speak against thy Liege,
 Whom thou obey'd'st thirtie and six yeeres,
 And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush?

Warw. Can *Oxford*, that did euer fence the right,
 Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?
 For shame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose iniurious doome
 My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
 Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,
 Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
 When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?
 No *Warwicke*, no: while Life vpholds this Arme,
 This Arme vpholds the House of Lancaster.

Warw. And I the House of York.

Lewis. Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*,
 Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,
 While I vse further conference with *Warwicke*.

They stand aloofe.

Marg. Heaues graunt, that *Warwicke's* wordes be-
 witch him not.

Lewis. Now *Warwicke*, tell me euen vpon thy conscience
 Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
 To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.

Warw. Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Ho-
 nor.

Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?

Warw. The more, that *Henry* was vnfortunate.

Lewis. Then further: all dissembling set aside,
 Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue
 Vnto our Sister *Bona*.

Warw. Such it seemes,
 As may beseeeme a Monarch like himselfe.
 My selfe haue often heard him say, and sweare,
 That this his Loue was an external Plant,
 Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
 The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,
 Exempt from Enuy, but not from Disdain,
 Vnlesse the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.

Lewis. Now Sister, let vs heare your firme resolute.

Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, shall be mine.

Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, *Speaks to Warw.*
 When I haue heard your Kings desert recounted,
 Mine eare hath temptred iudgement to desire.

Lewis. Then *Warwicke*, thus:
 Our Sister shall be *Edward's*.
 And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne,
 Touching the Ioynture that your King must make,
 Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poynd:
 Draw neere, Queene *Margaret*, and be a witnesse,
 That *Bona* shall be Wife to the English King.

Pr. Edw. To *Edward*, but not to the English King.

Marg. Deceitfull *Warwicke*, it was thy deuice,
 By this alliance to make void my suit:
 Before thy comming, *Lewis* was *Henries* friend.

Lewis. And still is friend to him, and *Margaret*.
 But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
 As may appeare by *Edward's* good successe:
 Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
 From giuing ayde, which late I promised.
 Yet shall you haue all kindnesse at my hand,
 That your Estate requires, and mine can yeeld.

Warw. *Henry* now liues in Scotland, at his ease;
 Where

Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose.

And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)
You haue a Father able to maintaine you,
And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.

Mar. Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke,
Proud setter vp, and puller downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares
(Both full of Truth) I make King Lewis behold
Thy flye conueyance, and thy Lords false loue,

For both of you are Birds of selfe-same Feather.
Post blowing a horn within.

Lewis. Warwicke, this is some poste to vs, or thee.

Enter the Poste.
Post. My Lord Ambassador,
These Letters are for you. *Speakes to Warwick.*
Sent from your Brother Marquesse Montague.
These from our King, vnto your Maieesty. *To Lewis.*
And Madam, these for you: *To Margaret*
From whom, I know not.

They all read their Letters.
Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris
Smiles at her newes, while Warwicke frownes at his.
Prince Ed. Nay marke how Lewis stampes as he were
netled. I hope, all's for the best.

Lewis. Warwicke, what are thy Newes?

Mar. Mine such, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes.

War. Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent.

Lewis. What's your King married the Lady Grey?

And now to sooth your Forgery, and his,

Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?

Is this th' Alliance that he seeks with France?

Dare he presume to scorne vs in this manner?

Mar. I told your Maiesty as much before:

This prometh Edwards Loue, and Warwicks honesty.

War. King Lewis, I heere protest in sight of heauen,

And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,

That I am cleere from this misdeed of Edwards;

No more my King, for he dishonors me,

But mocke himselfe, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke

My Father came vnto timely to his death?

Did I let passe th' abuse done to my Neece?

Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?

Did I put Henry from his Native Right?

And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?

Shame on himselfe, for my Desert is Honor.

And to repaire my Honor lost for him,

I heere renounce him, and returne to Henry.

My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,

And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour:

I will reuenge his wrong to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former State.

Mar. Warwicke,

These words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,

And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,

And ioy that thou becom'st King Henries Friend.

War. So much his Friend, I his vnfaied Friend,

That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish vs

With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours,

He vndertake to Land them on our Coast,

And force the Tyrant from his fear by Warre.

'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him,

And as for Clarence, as my Letters tell me,

Hee's very likely now to fall from him,

For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,

Or then for strength and safety of our Country.

Bona. Deere Brother, how shall Bona be reueng'd,
But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?

Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poore Henry live,
Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one.

War. And mine faire Lady Bona, ioynes with yours.

Lewis. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margarets.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolu'd

You shall haue ayde.

Mar. Let me giue humble thanks for all at once,

Lewis. Then Englands Messenger, returne in Poste,

And tell false Edward, thy supposed King,

That Lewis of France, is sending ouer Maskers

To reuall it with him, and his new Bride.

Thou seest what's past, go feare thy King withall.

Bona. Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a widower shortly,

I weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,

And I am ready to put Armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore Ile vn-crowne him, er't be long.

There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Post.*

Lewis. But Warwicke,

Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men

Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false Edward battaile:

And as occasion serues, this Noble Queen

And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply.

Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:

What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant Loyalty,

That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,

Ile ioyne mine eldest daughter, and my Ioy,

To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.

Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion,

Sonne Edward, she is Faire and Vertuous,

Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,

And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable,

That onely Warwicks daughter shall be thine.

Prin. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserues it,

And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.

He giues his hand to War.

Lewis. Why stay we now? These soldiers shalbe leuied,

And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall

Shall waite them ouer with our Royall Fleet.

I long till Edward fall by Warres mischance,

For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

Exeunt. Mar. and Warwicke.

War. I came from Edward as Ambassador,

But I returne his sworne and mortall Foe:

Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,

But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a stale but me?

Then none but I, shall turne his Iest to Sorrow.

I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,

And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:

Not that I pittie Henries misery,

But seeke Reuenge on Edwards mockery. *Exit.*

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother Clarence, what thinke you

Of this new Marriage with the Lady Grey?

Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?

Cl. Alas, you know, 'tis farre from hence to France,

How

How could he stay till Warwicke made returne?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talke: heere comes the King.

Flourish.

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Hastings: foure stand on one side, and foure on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride.

Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.

King. Now Brother of Clarence,

How like you our Choyce,

That you stand pensieue, as halfe malecontent?

Clarence. As well as Lewis of France,

Or the Earle of Warwicke,

Which are so weake of courage, and in iudgement,

That they le take no offence at our abuse.

King. Suppose they take offence without a cause:

They are but Lewis and Warwicke, I am Edward,

Your King and Warwicks, and must haue my will.

Rich. And I shall haue your will, because our King:

Yet halfe Marriage sel dome proueth well.

King. Yea, Brother Richard, are you offended too?

Rich. Not I: no:

God forbid, that I should wish them seuer'd,

Whom God hath ioyn'd together:

I, and 'twere pittie, to funder them,

That yoke so well together.

King. Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside,

Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey

Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?

And you too, Somerset, and Mountague,

Speake freely what you thinke.

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:

That King Lewis becomes your Enemye,

For mocking him about the Marriage

Of the Lady Bona.

Rich. And Warwicke, doing what you gaue in charge,

Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.

King. What, if both Lewis and Warwicke be appeas'd,

By such inuention as I can deuise?

Mount. Yet, to haue ioyn'd with France in such alliance,

Would more haue strength'n'd this our Commonwealth

'Gainst foraine stormes, then any home-bred Marriage.

Hast. Why, knowes not Mountague, that of it selfe,

England is safe, if true within it selfe?

Mount. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better vsing France, then trusting France:

Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,

Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,

And with their helpees, onely defend our selues:

In them, and in our selues, our safetie lyes.

Cl. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserues

To haue the Heire of the Lord Hungerford.

King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,

And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law.

Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,

To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord Scales

Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride;

Shée better would haue fitted me, or Clarence:

But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood.

Cl. Or else you would not haue bestow'd the Heire

Of the Lord Bonnil on your new Wiues Sonne,

And leaue your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.

King. Alas, poore Clarence: is it for a Wife

That thou art malecontent? I will prouide thee.

Clarence. In chusing for your selfe,

You shew'd your iudgement:

Which being shallow, you shall giue me leaue

To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;

And to that end, I shortly minde to leaue you.

King. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be King,

And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will.

Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maieesty

To raise my State to Title of a Queene,

Doe me but right, and you must all confesse,

That I was not ignoble of Descent,

And meaner then my selfe haue had like fortune.

But as this Title honors me and mine,

So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

Doth cloud my ioyes with danger, and with sorrow.

King. My Loue, forbear to fawne vpon their frownes:

What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,

So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and loue thee too,

Vnlesse they seeke for hatred at my hands:

Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee safe,

And they shall feele the vengeance of my wrath.

Rich. I heare, yet say not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Poste.

King. Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes

from France?

Post. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,

But such, as I (without your speciall pardon)

Dare not relate.

King. Goe too, wee pardon thee:

Therefore, in brieft, tell me their words,

As neere as thou canst guesse them.

What answer makes King Lewis vnto our Letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:

Goe tell false Edward, the supposed King,

That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,

To reuall it with him, and his new Bride.

King. Is Lewis so braue? belike he thinke me Henry.

But what said Lady Bona to my Marriage?

Post. These were her words, vt' red with mild disdain:

Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a Widower shortly,

Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

King. I blame not her; she could say little lesse:

She had the wrong. But what said Henries Queene?

For I haue heard, that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him (quoth she)

My mourning Weedes are done,

And I am readie to put Armour on.

King. Belike she minde to play the Amazon.

But what said Warwicke to these iniuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Maieesty,

Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:

Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore Ile vncrowne him, er't be long.

King. Hadst thou the Traytor breath out so prou'd words?

Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:

They shall haue Warres, and pay for their presumption.

But say, is Warwicke friends with Margarets?

Post. I, gracious Soueraigne,

They are so link'd in friendship,

That yong Prince Edward marryes Warwicks Daughter.

Clarence. Belike, the elder;

Clarence will haue the younger.

Now

Now Brother King farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
I may not proue inferior to your selfe.
You that loue me, and Warwick, follow me.

Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.

Rich. Not I:

My thoughts ayme at a further matter:
I stay not for the loue of Edward, but the Crowne.
King. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick?
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen:
And haste is needfull in this desperate case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalfe
Goe leue men, and make prepare for Warre;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
My selfe in person will straight follow you.

Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.

But ere I goe, *Hastings* and *Mountague*
Resolue my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,
Are neere to Warwick, by bloud, and by alliance:
Tell me, if you loue Warwick more then me;
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes, then hollow friends.
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,
Giue me assurance with some friendly Vow,
That I may neuer haue you in suspence.

Mount. So God helpe Mountague, as hee proues true.

Hast. And Hastings, as hee fauours Edwards cause.

King. Now, Brother Richard, will you stand by vs?

Rich. I, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

King. Why so: then am I sure of Victorie.

Now therefore let vs hence, and lofe no howre,

Till wee meet Warwick, with his forreine powre.

Exeunt.

*Enter Warwick and Oxford in England,
with French Souldiers.*

*Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs.*

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes:

Speake suddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?

Clar. Feare not that, my Lord.

Warw. Then gentle Clarence, welcome vnto Warwick,

And welcome Somerset: I hold it cowardize,

To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart

Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in signe of Loue;

Else might I thinke, that Clarence, Edwards Brother,

Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:

But welcome sweet Clarence, my Daughter shall be thine.

And now, what rests? but in Nights Couerture,

Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His Souldiers lurking in the Towne about,

And but attended by a simple Guard,

Wee may surprize and take him at our pleasure,

Our Scouts haue found the aduenture very easie:

That as *Phyllis*, and stout *Diomedes*,

With sleight and manhood stole to *Rhesus* Tents,

And brought from thence the Thracian fatal Steeds;

So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle,

At vnawares may beat downe Edwards Guard,

And feize himselfe: I say not, slaughter him,

For I intend but onely to surprize him,

You that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the Name of Henry, with your Leaders.

They all cry, Henry.

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,

For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George.

Exeunt.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1. Watch. Come on my Masters, each man take his stand,

The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.

2. Watch. What, will he not to Bed?

1. Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a solemne Vow,

Neuer to lye and take his naturall Rest,

Till Warwick, or himselfe, be quite suppress'd.

2. Watch. To morrow then belike shall be the day,

If Warwick be so neere as men report.

3. Watch. But say, I pray, what Noble man is that,

That with the King here resteth in his Tent?

1. Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the Kings chiefest

friend.

3. Watch. O, is it so? but why commands the King,

That his chiefest followers lodge in Townes about him,

While he himselfe keeps in the cold field?

2. Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dan-

gerous.

3. Watch. I, but giue me worship, and quietnesse,

I like it better then a dangerous honor.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1. Watch. Vnlesse our Halberds did shut vp his pas-

sage.

2. Watch. I: wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,

But to defend his Person from Night-foes?

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,
and French Souldiers, silent all.*

Warw. This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard:

Courage my Masters: Honor now, or neuer:

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1. Watch. Who goes there?

2. Watch. Stay, or thou dyest.

Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick, Warwick,

and set upon the Guard, who flye crying, Arme, Arme,

Warwick and the rest following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.

Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King

out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chaire: Richard

and Hastings flye over the Stage.

Som. What are they that flye there?

Warw. Richard and Hastings: let them goe, heere is

the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke?

Why Warwick, when wee parted,

Thou call'dst me King,

Warw. I, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrac'd me in my Embassage,

Then I degraded you from being King,

And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.

Alas, how should you gouerne any Kingdome,

That know not how to vse Embassadors,

Nor how to be contented with one Wife,

Nor how to vse your Brothers Brotherly,

Nor how to studie for the Peoples Welfare,

Nor how to throwd your selfe from Enemies?

K. Edw. Yet,

K. Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I see, that Edward needs must downe.
Yet Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,
Edward will alwayes beare himselfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State,
My minde exceeds the compasse of her Wheele.
Warw. Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King,

Takes off his Crowne.

But Henry now shall weare the English Crowne,
And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be conuey'd
Vnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:
When I haue fought with Pembroke, and his fellowes,
He follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.
Now for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke.

They leade him out forcibly.

K. Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both winde and tide. *Exeunt.*
Oxf. What now remains my Lords for vs to do,
But march to London with our Soldiers?
War. I, that's the first thing that we haue to do,
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the Regall Throne. *exit.*

Enter Rivers, and Lady Gray.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sodain change?
Gray. Why Brother Rivers, are you yet to learne
What late misfortune is befalling King Edward?

Riv. What losse of some pitch battell

Against Warwick?

Gray. No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.

Riv. Then is my Soueraigne slaine?

Gray. I almost slaine, for he is taken prisoner,

Either betrayd by falshood of his Guard,

Or by his Foe surpriz'd at vnawares:

And as I further haue to vnderstand,

Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke,

Fell Warwicks Brother, and by that our Foe.

Riv. These Newes I must confesse are full of greefe,

Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,

Warwick may looke, that now hath wonne the day.

Gray. Till then, faire hope must hinder liues decay:

And I the rather waine me from dispaire

For loue of Edwards Off-spring in my wombe:

This is it that makes me bridle passion,

And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:

I, for this I draw in many a teare,

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighes,

Least with my sighes or teares, I blast or drowne

King Edwards Fruite, true heyre to th' English Crowne.

Riv. But Madam,

Where is Warwick then become?

Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,

To set the Crowne once more on Henries head,

Guelfe thou the rest, King Edwards Friends must downe.

But to prevent the Tyrants violence,

(For trust not him that hath once broken Faith)

He hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,

To saue (at least) the heire of Edwards right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,
If Warwick take vs, we are sure to dye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley
Leaue off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this cheefest Thicket of the Parke.
Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good vsage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weake guard,
Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.
I haue aduertis'd him by secret meanes,
That if about this houre he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his vsual game,
He shall heere finde his Friends with Horse and Men,
To set him free from his Captiuitie.

*Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman
with him.*

Huntsman. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.

King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntsmen stand.

Now Brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?

Rich. Brother, the time and case, requireth hast,
Your horse stands ready at the Parke-corner.

King Ed. But whether shall we then?

Hast. To Lyn my Lord,
And shipt from thence to Flanders.

Rich. Wel guest beleeue me, for that was my meaning

K. Ed. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardnesse.

Rich. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talke.

K. Ed. Huntsman, what say'st thou?

Wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd.

Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more ado.

K. Ed. Bishop farewell,

Sheeld thee from Warwicks frowne,

And pray that I may re-possesse the Crowne. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter King Henry the sixth, Clarence, Warwick,
Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague,
and Lieutenant.*

K. Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Haue shaken Edward from the Regall seate,
And turn'd my captiue state to libertie,
My feare to hope, my sorrowes vnto ioyes,

At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?

Lien. Subiects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains

But, if an humble prayer may preuaile,

I then craue pardon of your Maiestie.

K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well vsing me?

Nay, be thou sure, he well requite thy kindnesse.

For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:

I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds

Conceiue; when after many moody Thoughts,

At last, by Notes of Household harmonie;

They quite forget their losse of Libertie.

But Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thanke God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the Instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed Land
May not be punish't with my thwarting starres,
Warwicke, although my Head still weare the Crowne,
I here resigne my Gouvernement to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

Warw. Your Grace hath still bene fam'd for vertuous,
And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,
By spying and auoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Starres:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heav'ns in thy Natiuitie,
Adiudg'd an Oliue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent.

Warw. And I chuse Clarence onely for Protector.
King, Warwick and Clarence, giue me both your Hands:
Now ioyne your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,
That no dissention hinder Gouvernement:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my selfe will lead a priuate Life,
And in deuotion spend my latter dayes,
To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators prayse.

Warw. What answers Clarence to his Soueraignes will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yeeld consent,
For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.

Warw. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
Wee'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henries Body, and supply his place;
I meane, in bearing weight of Gouvernement,
While he enjoys the Honor, and his ease.
And Clarence, now then it is more then needfull,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined.

Warw. I, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

King. But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That Margaret your Queene, and my Sonne Edward,
Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtfull feare,
My ioy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.

Clar. It shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all speede.

King. My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seeme to haue so tender care?

Somerset. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earle of Richmond.

King. Come hither, England's Hope:

Layes his Hand on his Head.

If secret Powers suggest but truth
To my diuining thoughts,
This prettie Lad will proue our Countries blisse.

His Lookes are full of peacefull Maiestie,
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
Likely in time to blisse a Regall Throne:

Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee
Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Posse.

Warw. What newes, my friend?

Posse. That Edward is escaped from your Brother,
And fled (as hee heares since) to Burgundie.

Warw. Vnfauor newes: but how made he escape?

Posse. He was conuey'd by Richard, Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,
And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him:
For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.

Warw. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge,
But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide
A salue for any sore, that may betide.

Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edwards:
For doubtlesse, Burgundie will yeeld him helpe,
And we shall haue more Warres before't be long.

As Henries late presaging Prophecie
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond:
So doth my heart mis-giue me, in these Conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harme and ours,
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith wee'll send him hence to Brittainie,
Till stormes be past of Ciuill Enmitie.

Oxf. I: for if Edward re-possest the Crowne,
'Tis like that Richmond, with the rest, shall downe.

Som. It shall be so: he shall to Brittainie,
Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Hastings,
and Soldiers.

Edw. Now Brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,

And sayes, that once more I shall enter change
My wained state, for Henries Regall Crowne.
Well haue we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,
And brought desired helpe from Burgundie.

What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Rauenspurte Hauens, before the Gates of Yorke,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?

Rich. The Gates made fast?

Brother, I like not this.
For many men that stumble at the Threshold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.

Edw. Tush man, aboadments must not now affright vs:
By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repaire to vs.

Hast. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke,
and his Brethren.

Maior. My Lords,

We were fore-warned of your coming,
And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues:
For now we owe allegiance vnto Henry.

Edw. But, Master Maior, if Henry be your King,
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of Yorke.

Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no lesse.

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with that alone.

Rich. But

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose,
Hee'll soone finde meanes to make the Body follow.

Hast. Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King Henries friends.

Maior. I, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.
He descends.

Rich. A wise stout Capitaine, and soone perswaded.
Hast. The good old man would faine that all were wel,

So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall soone perswade
Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reason.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.

What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,
Takes his Keyes.

For Edward will defend the Towne, and thee,
And all those friends, that deine to follow mee.

March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme
and Souldiers.

Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Mountgomerie,
Our trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiu'd.

Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in
Armes?

Mount. To helpe King Edward in his time of storme,
As euery loyall Subiect ought to doe.

Edw. Thankes good Mountgomerie:
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely claime our Dukedome,

Till God please to send the rest.

Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,
I came to serue a King, and not a Duke:

Drumme strike vp, and let vs march away.
The Drumme begins to march.

Edw. Nay stay, Sir John, a while, and wee'll debate
By what safe meanes the Crowne may be recouer'd.

Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaime your selfe our King,

Ile leaue you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keepe them back, that come to succour you.

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Rich. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?

Edw. When wee grow stronger,
Then wee'll make our Claime:

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceale our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must
rule.

Rich. And fearelesse minds clyme soonest vnto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,

The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And Henry but vsurpes the Diademe.

Mount. I, now my Soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be Edwards Champion.

Hast. Sound Trumpet, Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Souldier, make thou proclamation.

Flourish. Sound.

Soul. Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mount. And whosoe're gainesayes King Edwards right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

Throws downe his Gauntlet.
All. Long liue Edward the Fourth.

Edw. Thankes braue Mountgomerie,

And thankes vnto you all:
If fortune serue me, Ile requite this kindnesse.

Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke:
And when the Morning Sonne shall rayse his Carre
About the Border of this Horizon,

Wee'll forward towards Warwick, and his Mates;
For well I wor, that Henry is no Souldier.

Ah froward Clarence, how euill it becomes thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy Brother?

Yet as wee may, wee'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on braue Souldiers: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter the King, Warwick, Mountague,
Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

War. What counsaile, Lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hastie Germanes, and blunt Hollanders,

Hath pass'd in safetie through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troups doth march amaine to London,

And many giddie people flock to him.

King. Let's leuie men, and beat him backe againe,
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,

Which being suffer'd, Riues cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I haue true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,

Those will I muster vp: and thou Sonne Clarence
Shalt stirre vp in Suffolke, Norfolk, and in Kent,

The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee,
Thou Brother Mountague, in Buckingham,

Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'st.

And thou, braue Oxford, wondrous well belou'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster vp thy friends.

My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens,
Like to his land, gyrt in with the Ocean,

Or modest Dyon, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him:

Faire Lords take leaue, and stand not to reply:
Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farewell my Hector, and my Troyes true hope.

Clar. In signe of truth, I kisse your Highnesse Hand.

King. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leaue.

Oxf. And thus I seale my truth, and bid adieu.

King. Sweet Oxford, and my louing Mountague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Couentry.

Exeunt.

King. Here at the Pallace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinkes your Lordship?

Me thinkes, the Power that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exet. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:
I haue not stopt mine eares to their demands,

Nor posted off their suites with slow delays,
My pittie hath bene balme to heale their wounds,

My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefes,
My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares:

I haue not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress't them with great Subsidies,

Nor forward of reuenge, though they much et'r'd.
Then why should they loue Edward more then me?
No Exeter, these Graces challenge Grace:

And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe,
The Lambe will neuer cease to follow him.

Shout within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.

Exet. Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are these?

Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the shamefac'd Henry, beare him hence,
And once againe proclaime vs King of England,
You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,
Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher, by their ebbe.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.

Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards Countrey bend we our course,
Where peremptorie Warwick now remains:
The Sunne shines hot, and if we vse delay,
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.

Rich. Away betimes, before his forces ioyne,
And take the great-growne Traytor vnawares:
Braue Warriors, march againe towards Countrey.

Exeunt.

*Enter Warwick, the Maior of Countrey, two
Messengers, and others vpon the Walls.*

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

Mess. 1. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How farre off is our Brother Mountague?

Mess. 2. By this at Daintrey, with a puissant troope.

Enter Somerset.

War. Say Somerset, what sayes my louing Sonne?

And by thy guesse, how nigh is Clarence now?

Somerset. At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,

And doe expect him here some two howres hence.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I heare his Drumme.

Somerset. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:

The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike vnlook'd for friends.

Somerset. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard,

and Souldiers.

Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle.

Rich. See how the fury Warwick mans the Wall.

War. Oh vnbid spight, is sportfull Edward come?

Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could heare no newes of his repayre.

Edw. Now Warwick, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,

Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,

Call Edward King, and at his hands begge Mercy,

And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confesse who set thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,

Call Warwick Patron, and be penitent,

And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

Rich. I thought at least he would haue said the King,

Or did he make the feast against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?

Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue,

He doe thee seruike for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Brother.

Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And Weakeling, Warwick takes his gift againe,

And Henry is my King, Warwick his Subiect.

Edw. But Warwick's King is Edwards Prisoner:

And gallant Warwick, doe but answer this,

What is the Body, when the Head is off?

Rich. Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-cast,

But whiles he thought to steale the single Ten,

The King was slyly finger'd from the Deck:

You left poore Henry at the Bishops Pallace,

And tenne to one you'le meet him in the Tower.

Edw. 'Tis euen so, yet you are Warwick still.

Rich. Come Warwick,

Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:

Nay when? strike now, or else the Iron cooles.

War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,

And with the other, fling it at thy face,

Then beare so low a sayle, to strike to thee.

Edw. Sayle how thou canst,

Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,

This Hand, fast wound about thy coale-black hayre,

Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,

Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,

Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh chearefull Colours, see where Oxford comes.

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.

Rich. The Gates are open, let vs enter too.

Edw. So other foes may set vpon our backs,

Stand we in good array: for they no doubt

Will issue out againe, and bid vs batteile;

If not, the Citie being but of small defence,

Wee'le quickly rowze the Traitors in the same.

War. Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. Mountague, Mountague, for Lancaster.

Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason

Euen with the dearest blood your bodies beare.

Edw. The harder matcht, the greater Victorie,

My minde prefigeth happy gaine, and Conquest.

Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.

Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,

Haue sold their Liues vnto the House of Yorke,

And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where George of Clarence sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaille:

With whom, in vpriht zeale to right, preuailes

More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.

Come Clarence, come: thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?

Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:

I will not ruinate my Fathers House,

Who gaue his blood to lyme the Stones together,

And set vp Lancaster. Why, throwest thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, vnnatural,

To bend the farall Instruments of Warre

Against

Against his Brother, and his lawfull King.

Perhaps thou wilt obiekt my holy Oath:

To keepe that Oath, were more impietie;

Then Iphig, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.

I am so sorry for my Trespas made,

That to deserue well at my Brothers hands,

I here proclaime my selfe thy mortall foe:

With resolution, wherefoe're I meet thee,

(As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)

To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defie thee,

And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes,

Pardon me Edward, I will make amends:

And Richard, doe not frowne vpon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more vnconstant.

Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,

Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate.

Rich. Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like.

War. Oh passing Traytor, periu'd and vnjust,

Edw. What Warwick,

Wilt thou leaue the Towne, and fight?

Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barner presently,

And bid thee Battaille, Edward, if thou dar'st.

Edw. Yes Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:

Lords to the field: Saint George, and Victorie.

March. Warwick and his compaignes followes.

*Alarum, and Exursions. Enter Edward bringing
forth Warwick wounded.*

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,

For Warwick was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.

Now Mountague sit fast, I seeke for thee,

That Warwick's Bones may keepe thine companie.

Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,

And tell me who is Victor, Yorke, or Warwick?

Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes,

My blood, my want of strength, my sicke heart shewes,

That I must yeeld my body to the Earth,

And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,

Whose Armes gaue shelter to the Princely Eagle,

Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon slept,

Whose top-branch over-peer'd Ioues spreading Tree,

And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.

These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,

Haue bene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,

To search the secret Treasons of the World:

The Wrinkles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,

Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:

For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue?

And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his Brow?

Loe, now my Glory smear'd in dust and blood,

My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,

Euen now forsake me; and of all my Latids,

Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.

Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Dust?

And lue we how we can, yet dye we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,

We might recouer all our Loffe againe:

The Queene from France hath brought a puissant power.
Euen now we heard the newes: ah, could'st thou flye.

War. Why then I would not flye. Ah Mountague,

If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,

And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.

Thou lou'st me not: for, Brother, if thou didst,

Thy teares would wash this cold congealed blood,

That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me speake.

Come quickly Mountague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah Warwick, Mountague hath breath'd his last,

And to the latest gaspe, cry'd out for Warwick:

And said, Commend me to my valiant Brother.

And more he would haue said, and more he spoke,

Which sounded like a Cannon in a Vault,

That might not be distinguishing: but at last,

I well might heare, deliuer'd with a groane,

Oh farewell Warwick.

War. Sweet rest his Soule:

Flye Lords, and saue your selues,

For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.

Here they beare away his Body. Exeunt.

*Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with
Richard, Clarence, and the rest.*

King. Thus farre our fortune keeps an vpward course,

And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victorie:

But in the midst of this bright-shining Day,

I spy a black suspicious threatening Cloud,

That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,

Ere he attaine his casefull Westerne Bed:

I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene

Hath rays'd in Gallia, haue arriued our Coast,

And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.

Clar. A little gale will soone disperse that Cloud,

And blow it to the Source from whence it came,

Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours vp,

For euery Cloud engenders not a Storme.

Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thousand strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:

If she haue time to breathe, be well assur'd

Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

King. We are aduertis'd by our louing friends,

That they doe hold their course toward Tewksbury.

We haueing now the best at Barner field,

Will thither straight, for willingness ride way,

And as we march, our strength will be augmented:

In euery Countie as we goe along,

Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away.

Exeunt.

*Flourish. March. Enter the Queene, young
Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and
Souldiers.*

Qu. Great Lords, wife men ne'r sit and waile their loffe,

But chearely seeke how to redresse their harmes.

What though the Mast be now blowne over-boord,

The Cable broke, the holding Anchor lost,

And halfe our Saylors swallow'd in the flood?

Yet liues our Pilot still. Is't meet, that hee

Should leaue the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,

With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,

And giue more strength to that which hath too much?

Whiles in his moane, the Ship splits on the Rock,

Which Indurie and Courage might haue sau'd?

Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this.

Say Warwick was our Anchor: what of that?

And

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And *Montaigne* our Top-Mast: what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends, the Tackles: what of these?
Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?
And *Somerset*, another goodly Mast?
The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though vnskilfull, why not *Ned* and I,
For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helm, to sit and weepe,
But keepe our Course (though the rough Winde say no)
From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack,
As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire.

And what is *Edward*, but a ruthlesse Sea?
What *Clarence*, but a Quick-sand of Deceit?
And *Richard*, but a rag'd fatall Rocke?
All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,
Beside the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death.
This speake I (Lords) to let you vnderstand,
If case some one of you would flye from vs,
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthlesse Waues, with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,
'Twere childish weaknesse to lament, or feare.

Prince. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,
Infuse his Breast with Magnanimitie,
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
I speake not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but suspect a fearefull man,
He should haue leaue to goe away betimes,
Least in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himselfe.
If any such be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.

Oxf. Women and Children of so high a courage,
And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame.
Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee; long may'st thou liue,
To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at.

Qu. Thankes gentle *Somerset*, sweet *Oxford* thankes.

Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing
else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Readie to fight: therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no lesse: it is his Policie,
To haste thus fast, to finde vs vnprouided.

Som. But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readinesse.

Qu. This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.
Oxf. Here pitch our Battaille, hence we will not budge.

Flourish, and march. Enter *Edward*, *Richard*,
Clarence, and *Souldiers*.

Edw. Braue followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood,
Which by the Heauens assistance, and your strength,
Must by the Roots be hew'n vp yet ere Night.
I need not adde more fuell to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Giue signall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gaine say: for euery word I speake,
Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soueraigne
Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State vsurp'd,
His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subiects slaine,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.
You fight in Iustice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and giue signall to the fight.

Alarm, Retreat, Excursions.

Flourish. Enter *Edward*, *Richard*, *Queene*, *Clarence*,
Oxford, *Somerset*.

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles,
Away with *Oxford* to Hames Castle straight:
For *Somerset*, off with his guiltie Head.

Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake.
Oxf. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.

Qu. So part we sadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Ioy in sweet Ierusalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake,
What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing Armes, for stirring vp my Subiects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speake like a Subiect, prowd ambitious York,
Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Reigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,
Whil'st I propose the selfe-same words to thee,
Which (Taytor) thou would'st haue me answer to.

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had bene so resolu'd.
Rich. That you might still haue worne the Petticoat,
And ne're haue stolne the Breech from *Lancaster*.

Prince. Let *Esop* fable in a Winters Night,
His Curious Riddles sorts not with this place.

Rich. By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.

Qu. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captiue Scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe,
rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.

Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull:
Lasciuious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou mis-shapen *Dicke*, I tell ye all,
I am your better Traytors as ye are,
And thou vsurp'st my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.

Rich. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with periurie.

Qu. Oh, kill me too!

Rich. Marry, and shall.

Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much.

Rich. Why

Clar. flabs him.

Rich. flabs him.

Clar. flabs him.

Qu. Offers to kill her.

Rich. Why

Rich. Why should shee liue, to fill the World with
words.

Edw. What? doth shee twonne? yse meanes for her
recouerie.

Rich. *Clarence* excuse me to the King my Brother:
Ile hence to London on a serious matter,

Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes.

Cl. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower.

Qu. Oh *Ned*, sweet *Ned*, speake to thy Mother Boy.

Can'st thou not speake? O Traitors, Murderers!
They that stabb'd *Caesar*, shed no blood at all:

Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foule deed were by, to equall it.

He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childe,
And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Childe.

What's worse then Murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,

And I will speake, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and Villaines, bloody Caniballes,

How sweet a Plant haue you vntimely crop't:
You haue no children (Butchers) if you had,

The thought of them would haue stir'd vp remorse,
But if you euer chance to haue a Childe,

Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off.
As deathmen you haue rid this sweet yong Prince.

King. Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.

Qu. Nay, neuer beare me hence, dispatch me heere:
Here sheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:

What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

Cl. By heauen, I will not do thee so much ease.

Qu. Good *Clarence* do: sweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

Cl. Did'st thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

Qu. I, but thou v'st to forswear thy selfe.

Twos Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.

What wilt thou? Where is that diuels butcher *Richard*?

Hard fauor'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?

Thou art not heere; Murder is thy Almes-deed:
Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'st backe.

Ed. Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence.

Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Exit *Queene*.

Ed. Where's *Richard* gone.

Cl. To London all in post, and as I guesse,
To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's sodaine if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, discharge the common fort

With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle *Queene* how well she fares,

By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me.

Exit.

Enter *Henry* the sixth, and *Richard*, with the Lieutenant
on the Wall.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so
hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather,
Tis sinne to flatter, Good was little better:

Good Gloster, and good Deuill, were alike,
And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirra, leaue vs to our selues, we must conferre.

Hen. So flies the weaklesse shepherd from y Wolfe:
So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece,

And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.

What Scene of death hath *Rossini* now to Acte?

Rich. Suspicion alwayes haunts the guilty minde,

And

The Theefe doth feare each bush an Officer,

Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a bush,

With trembling wings mildoubteth euery bush,

And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,

Haue now the fatall Obiect in my eye,

Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Rich. Why what a peeuish Foole was that of *Crete*,
That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,

And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd.

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore Boy *Icarus*,
Thy Father *Minos*, that deni'de our courtesie,

The Sunne that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy,

Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy Selfe, the Sea

Whose enuious Gulfe did swallow vp his life.

Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,
My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point,

Then can my eares that Tragick History.

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A Persecutor I am sure thou art,
If murdering Innocents be Executing.

Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first y didst presume,
Thou had'st not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine:

And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcell of my feare,

And many an old mans sigh, and many a Widdowes,
And many an Orphans water-standing eye,

Men for their Sonnes, Wiues for their Husbands,
Orphans, for their Parents times death,

Shall rue the houre that euer thou wast borne.

The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an euill signe,

The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding lucklesse time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempest shook down Trees:

The Raven rook'd her on the Chimnies top,
And char'ring Pies in difmall Discords sung:

Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,
And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope,

To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.

Teeth had'st thou in thy head, when thou wast borne,
To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world:

And if the rest be true, which I haue heard,
Thou cam'st

Rich. Ile heare no more:
Dye Prophet in thy speech,

For this (amongst the rest) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more slaughter after this,
O God forgive my finnes, and pardon thee.

Rich. What? will the aspiring blood of *Lancaster*
Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted.

See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death,
O may such purple teares be alway shed

From those that wish the downfall of our house.
If any sparke of Life be yet remaining,

Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.

Hen. I that haue neyther pittie, loue, nor feare,
Indeed 'tis true that *Henry* told me of:

For I haue often heard my Mother say,
I came into the world with my Legges forward.

Had I not reason (thinke ye) to make haist,
And seeke their Ruine, that vsurp'd our Right?

The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de
O Iesus blese vs, he is borne with teeth,

And

And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dogge:
Then since the Heavens haue shap'd my Body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.
I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Loue] which Gray-beards call Diuine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keepe'st me from the Light,
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzze abroad such Prophecies,
That *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph *Henry* in thy day of Doome. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter *King*, *Queene*, *Clarence*, *Richard*, *Hastings*,
Nurse, and *Attendants*.

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and vndoubted Champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands: two brauer men,
Ne're spurr'd their Couriers at the Trumpets sound.
With them, the two braue Beares, *Warwick* & *Montague*,
That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus haue we swept Suspicion from our Seate,
And made our Footstool of Security.
Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my Boy:
Yong Ned, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my selfe,
Haue in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,
That thou might'st repose the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.
Rich. Ile blast his Haruest, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to heaue,
And heaue it shall some waight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.
King. *Clarence* and *Gloster*, loue my lotely Queene,
And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.
Cl. The duty that I owe vnto your Maiesty,
I Seale vpon the lips of this sweet Babe.
Cl. Thanke Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.
Rich. And that I loue the tree fro whence I sprang:
Witness the louing kisse I giue the Fruite,
To say the truth, so *Indas* kist his master,
And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.

King. Now am I seated as my soule delights,
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.
Cl. What will your Grace haue done with *Margaret*,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France,
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ierusalem,
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.
King. Away with her, and waite her hence to France:
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell sowe annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Richard Duke of Gloster*, *solo*.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that low'r'd vpon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.
Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in steed of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fight the Soules of fearfull Aduerfaries,
He capers nimble in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I, that am Rudely stamp'd, and want loues Maiesty,
To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vn-fashionable,
That dogges bark at me, as I halt by them.
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot proue a Lotter,
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
I am determin'd to proue a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
Plots haue I laid, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophecies, Libels, and Dreames,
To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if *King Edward* be as true and iust,
As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous,
This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd vp:
About a Prophecie, which sayes that G,
Of *Edward* be the murtherer shall be.
Dine thoughts downe to my soule, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter *Clarence*, and *Brakenbury* guarded.
Brother, good day: What means this armed guard

That waites vpon your Grace?

Cl. His Maiesty tending my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduet, to conuey me to th' Tower.
Rich. Vpon what cause?

Cl. Because my name is *George*.
Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your Godfathers.
O belike, his Maiesty hath some intent,
That you should be new Christned in the Tower,
But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cl. Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He hearkens after Prophecies and Dreames,
And from the Crosse-row pluckes the letter G:
And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought, that I am he.
These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these,
Hath moou'd his Highnesse to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis shee.
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.
Was it not shee, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodville her Brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cl. By heauen, I thinke there is no man secure
But the Queene's Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and *Mistis Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was, for her deliury?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Liurey.
The iealous ore-worne Widdow, and her selfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.

Bra. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Maiesty hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate Conference
(Of what degree soeuer) with your Brother.

Rich.

Rich. Euen so, and please your Worshipp *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no Treason man; We say the King
Is wife and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not ialous.
We say, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a pasing pleasing tongue:
And that the *Queenes* Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How say you sir? can you deny all this?

Bra. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to doo.

Rich. Naught to do with Mistris *Shore*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.

Bra. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband *Knate*, wouldst thou betray me?

Bra. I do beseech your Grace

To pardon me, and withall forbear
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

Cl. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and wil obey.

Rich. We are the *Queenes* abjects, and must obey.

Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoe're you will employ me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow, Sister,
I will performe it to infranchise you.

Meane time, this deepe disgrace in Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cl. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliuer you, or else lye for you:
Meane time, haue patience.

Cl. I must perforce: Farewell.

Exit Cl.

Rich. Go treade the path that thou shalt ne're return:
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heaven,
If Heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes heere? the new deliuered *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue (my Lord) to giue them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you,

Hast. More pittie, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake, and melancholly,
And his Physitians feare him mightily.

Rich. Now by S. Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed.

O he hath kept an euill Diet long,

And ouer-much consum'd his Royall Person:

'Tis very greuous to be thought vpon.

Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings.

He cannot liue I hope, and must not dye,
Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse vp to Heaven.

He in to vрге his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well steel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to busle in.
For then, Ile marry *Warwicks* yongest daughter,
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readiest way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach vnto:
But yet I run before my horse to Market:
Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaires. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter the Coarse of Henrie the sixth with Halberds to guard it,
Lady Anne being the Mourner.*

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be throwed in a Herse;
Whil'st I a-while obsequiously lament
Th' vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster.
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Athes of the House of Lancaster;
Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,
To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughterd Sonne,
Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.
Loc, in these windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpelesse Balme of my poore eyes,
O curst be the hand that made these holes:
Curst the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Curst the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wish to *Wolues*, to *Spiders*, to *Toades*,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.
If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,
Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light,
Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse.
If euer he haue Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards *Chertsey* with your holy Lode,
Taken from *Paules*, to be interred there.
And still as you are weary of this waight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it downe.
An. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
Rich. Villaines set downe the Coarse, or by S. Paul,
Ile make a Coarse of him that disobeyes.

Gen.

Gen. My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.

Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
Stand'st thou when I commaund:
Advance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by S. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote,
And spurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldnesse.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auant thou dreadfull minister of Hell;
Thou had'st but power ouer his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canst not haue: Therefore be gone,
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.

An. Foule Diuell,
For Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deepe exclames:
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lumpe of fowle Deformitie:
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this Deluge most vnnaturall.

O God! which this Blood mad'st, reuenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'st, reuenge his death.
Either Hea'v'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead:
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quick,
As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered.

Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.

An. Villaine, thou know'st not law of God nor Man,
No Beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pittie.

Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.

An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!

Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:

Vouchsafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)

Of these suppos'd Crimes, to giue me leaue

By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.

An. Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)

Of these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue

By circumstance, to curse thy curst Selfe.

Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue

Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe.

An. Foulter then heart can thinke thee,

Thou canst make no excuse currant,

But to hang thy selfe.

Rich. By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe.

An. And by dispairing shalt thou stand excus'd,

For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,

That did'st vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

Rich. Say that I slew them not.

An. Then say they were not slaine:

But dead they are, and diuellish slave by thee.

Rich. I did not kill your Husband.

An. Why then he is aliue.

Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by *Edwards* hands.

An. In thy foule throat thou Ly'st,

Queene *Margaret* saw

Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoking in his blood:

The which, thou once did'st bend against her brest,

But that thy Brothers beate aside the point.

Rich. I was prouoked by her stand'rous tongue,

That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltlesse Shoulders.

An. Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,

That neuer dream'st on ought but Butcheries:

Did'st thou not kill this King?

Rich. I graunt ye.

An. Do'st grant me Hedge-hogge,

Then God graunt me too

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deede,

O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him.

An. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.

Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to send him thi-

ther:

For he was fitter for that place then earth.

An. And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.

Rich. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.

An. Some dungeon.

Rich. Your Bed-chamber.

An. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lye'st.

Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.

An. I hope so.

Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady *Anne*,

To leaue this keene encounter of our wittes,

And fall something into a slower method.

Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths

Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henrie* and *Edward*,

As blamefull as the Executioner.

An. Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect.

Rich. Your beauty was the cause of that effect:

Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,

To vndertake the death of all the world,

So I might liue one houre in your sweet bosome.

An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,

These Nilles should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.

Rich. These eyes could not endure y beauties wrack,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by;

As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,

So I by that: It is my day, my life.

An. Blacke night ore-shade thy day, & death thy life.

Rich. Curse not thy selfe faire Creature,

Thou art both.

An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee,

Rich. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,

To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.

An. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,

To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.

Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,

Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.

An. His better doth not breach vpon the earth.

Rich. He liues, that loues thee better then he could.

An. Name him.

Rich. *Plantagenet*.

An. Why that was he.

Rich. The selfesame name, but one of better Nature.

An. Where is he?

Rich. Heere: *Spirits at him.*

Why dost thou spit at me.

An. Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake.

Rich. Neuer came poyson from so sweet a place.

An. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler Toade.

Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.

Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) haue infected mine.

An. Would they were Basiliskes, to strike thee dead.

Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:

For now they kill me with a liuing death.

Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt Teares;

For

Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which neuer shed remorsfull teares,
No, when my Father Yorke, and Edward wept,
To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford shooke his sword at him.
Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,
Told the sad storie of my Fathers death,
And twenty times, made pause to sob and weepes:
That all the standers by had wet their cheekes
Like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorne an humble teare:
And what these sorowes could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
I neuer sued to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could neuer learne sweet smoothing word.
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.

She looks scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made
For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgieue,
Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true brest,
And let the Soule forth that adareth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly begge the death vpon my knee.
He layes his brest open, she offers at with his sword.
Nay do not pause: For I did kill King Henrie,
But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.
Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that stab'd yong Edward,
But 'twas thy Heauenly face that set me on.

She fals the sword.

Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.
An. Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner.

Rich. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.
An. I haue already.

Rich. That was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

An. I would I knew thy heart.

Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

An. I feare me, both are false.

Rich. Then neuer Man was true.

An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.

Rich. Say then my Peace is made.

An. That shalt thou know heereafter.

Rich. But shall I liue in hope.

An. All men I hope liue so.

Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.

Rich. Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger,
Euen so thy Brest incloseth my poore heart:
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirme his happinesse for euer.

An. What is it?

Rich. That it may please you leaue these sad designes,
To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
And presently repayre to Crosbie House:
Where (after I haue solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey Monast'ry this Noble King,
And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares)
I will with all expedient duty see you,

For diuers ynkowne Reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this Boon.

An. With all my heart, and much it loyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel and Barkley, go along with me.

Rich. Bid me farwell.

An. 'Tis more then you deserue:

But since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I haue said farewell already.

Exit two with Anne.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?

Rich. No: to White Friars, there attend my comming.

Exit Comptroler.

Was euer woman in this humour woo'd?

Was euer woman in this humour wonne?

He haue her, but I will not keepe her long.

What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,

To take her in her hearts extreamest hate,

With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of my hatred by,

Having God, her Conscience, and these bars against me,

And I, no Friends to backe my suite withall,

But the plaine Diuell, and dissembling lookes?

And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.

Hah!

Hath she forgot already that braue Prince,

Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three monthes since)

Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?

A sweeter, and a louelier Gentleman,

Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature:

Yong, Valiant, Wile, and (no doubt) right Royal,

The spacious World cannot againe afford:

And will she yet abate her eyes on me,

That crop't the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,

And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?

On me, whose All not equals Edwards Moytie?

On me, that halts, and am misshapen thus?

My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!

I do mistake my person all this while:

Vpon my life she findes (although I cannot)

My selfe to be a maru'llous proper man.

He be at Charges for a Looking-glasse,

And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,

To study fashions to adorne my body:

Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,

I will maintaine it with some little cost.

But first he turne yon Fellow in his Graue,

And then returne lamenting to my Loue.

Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,

That I may see my Shadow as I passe.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Rivers,
and Lord Gray.*

Riv. Haue patience Madam, there's no doubt his Maiesty
Will soone recover his accustom'd health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worke.
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes.

Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray.

If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Gray. No other harme, but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes.
Gray. The Heauens haue blest you with a goodly Son,

To be your Comforter, when he is gone.

Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority

Is put vnto the trust of Richard Gloucester,

A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

Tit. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet.

Tit. It is determin'd, not concluded yet.

Qu. But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.

Buc. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.

Der. God make your Maiesty ioyful, as you haue bin

Qu. The Countesse Richmond, good my Lord of Derby.

To your good prayer, will scarcely say, Amen.

Der. Yet notwithstanding shee's your wife,

And loues not me, be you good Lord assur'd,

I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not beleuee

The enuious slanders of her false Accusers:

Or if she be accus'd on true report,

Bear with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds

From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of Derby?

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,

Arc come from visiting his Maiesty.

Qu. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.

Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.

Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. I Madam, he desires to make attonement;

Betweene the Duke of Gloucester, and your Brothers,

And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,

And sent to warne them to his Royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,

I feare our happinesse is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,

Who is it that complaines vnto the King,

That I (forsooth) am sterne, and loue them not?

By holy Paul, they loue his Grace but lightly,

That fill his eares with such dissentious Rumors.

Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,

Smile in mens faces, smooth, decciue, and cogge,

Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie,

I must be held a rancorous Enemy.

Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,

But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,

With silken, slye, insinuating Iackes?

Gray. To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Rich. To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace:

When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?

Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?

A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace

(Whom God preferue better then you would wish)

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter:

The King on his owne Royall disposition,

(And not prouok'd by any Sutor else)

Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred,

That in your outward action shewes it selfe,
Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,

Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground.

Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,

That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not perch.

Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother

You enuy my advancement, and my friends:

God grant we neuer may haue neede of you.

Rich. Meane time, God grants that I haue need of you.

Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes,

My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie

Held in contempt; while great Promotions

Are daily giuen to enoble those

That scarce some two dayes since were worth a Noble.

Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,

From that contented hap which I inioy'd,

I neuer did incense his Maiestie

Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue bin

An earnest aduocate to plead for him.

My Lord you do me shamefull iniurie,

Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Rich. You may deny that you were not the meane

Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

Riv. She may my Lord, for

Rich. She may Lord Rivers, why who knowes not so?

She may do more fir then denying that:

She may helpe you to many faire preferments,

And then deny her ayding hand therein,

And lay those Honors on your high desert.

What may she not, she may, I marry may she.

Riv. What marry may she?

Rich. What marrie may she? Marrie with a King,

A Batcheller, and a handsonie stripling too,

I wis your Grandam had a worse match.

Qu. My Lord of Gloucester, I haue too long borne

Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes:

By heauen, I will acquaint his Maiestie

Of those grosse taunts that oft I haue endur'd.

I had rather be a Countrie seruant maide

Then a great Queene, with this condition,

To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at,

Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Quene Margaret.

Mar. And lefnd be that small, God I beseech him,
Thy honor, state, and seate, is due to me.

Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?

I will anouch't in presence of the King:

I dare aduenture to be sent to th' Towre.

'Tis time to speake,

My paines are quite forgot.

Margaret. Out Diuell,

I do remember them too well:

Thou kill'd'st my Husband Henrie in the Towre;

And Edward my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.

Rich. Ere you were Queene,

I, or your Husband King:

I was a packe-horse in his great affaires:

A weeder out of his proud Aduersaries,

A liberal rewarder of his Friends,

To royalize his blood, I spent mine owne.

Margaret. I and much better blood

Then his, or thine.

Rich.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey* Were factious, for the House of *Lancaster*; And *Rivers*, so were you: Was not your Husband, In *Margaret's* Battaille, at *Saint Albons*, slaine? Let me put in your mindes, if you forget What you haue bene ere this, and what you are: Withall, what I haue bene, and what I am.

Q. M. A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art.

Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwicke*, I, and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)

Q. M. Which God reuenge.

Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne, And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mew'd vp: I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*, Or *Edwards* soft and pittifull, like mine; I am too childish foolish for this World.

Q. M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leaue this World Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.

Rich. My Lord of *Gloster*; in those busie dayes, Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies, We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King, So should we you, if you should be our King.

Rich. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler: Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Q. M. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose You should enioy, were you this Countries King, As little ioy you may suppose in me, That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.

Q. M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof, For I am shee, and altogether ioylesse: I can no longer hold me patient.

Hear me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out, In sharing that which you haue pill'd from me: Which off you trembles not, that looks on me? If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects; Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels. Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away.

Rich. Foulle wrinckled Witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. M. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd, That will I make, before I let thee goe.

Rich. Wert thou not banished, on paine of death?

Q. M. I was; but I doe find more paine in banishment, Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.

A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me, And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegiance: This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours, And all the Pleasures you vsurpe, are mine.

Rich. The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee, When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper, And with thy scornes drew'st *Rivers* from his eyes, And then to dry them, gau'st the Duke a Clowt, Steep'd in the faultlesse blood of prettie *Rusland*: His Curses then, from bitterness of Soule, Denounc'd against thee, are all false vpon thee: And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. M. So iust is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe, And the most mercilesse, that ere was heard of.

Rich. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

Buck. *Northumberland*, then present, wept to see it.

Q. M. What? were you snarling all before I came, Ready to catch each other by the throat, And turne you all your hatred now on me? Did *Torkes* dread Curse preuaile so much with Heaven, That *Henries* death, my lovely *Edwards* death,

Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull Banishment, Should all but answer for that peeuisish Brat? Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heaven? Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curses, Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King, As ours by Murther, to make him a King.

Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales, For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales, Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence, Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene, Out-lie thy glory, like my wretched selfe: Long may'st thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death, And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine, Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death, And after many length'n'd howres of griefe, Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.

Rivers and *Dorset*, you were standers by, And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Sonne Was stab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him, That none of you may liue his naturall age, But by some vnlook'd accident cut off.

Rich. Haue done thy Charme, y^e hateful wither'd Hagge,

Q. M. And leaue out thee? stay Dog, for y^e shalt heare me, If Heaven haue any grievous plague in store, Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee,

O let them keepe it, till thy sinnes be ripe, And then hurle downe their indignation On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace,

The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule, Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'st, And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends: No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine, Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills.

Thou eluist mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge, Thou that wast seal'd in thy Natiuitie The slave of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell: Thou slander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe, Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes, Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested--

Rich. *Margaret*,

Q. M. *Richard*. *Rich.* Ha,

Q. M. I call thee not.

Rich. I cry thee merie then: for I did thinke,

That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names,

Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.

Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.

Q. M. Thus haue you breath'd your Curse against your selfe.

Q. M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,

Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Botell'd Spider,

Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about?

Foole, foole, thou wher'st a Knife to kill thy selfe:

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,

To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toade.

Hast. False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curse,

Least to thy harme, thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Foulle shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.

Ri. Were you well seru'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. M. To serue me well, you all should do me duty,

Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:

O serue me well, and teach your felues that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke.

Q. M. Peace Master Marquesse, you are malapert,

Your fire-new stampe of Honor is scarce currant.

O that your yong Nobility could iudge What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable. They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them, And if they fall, they dash themselves to peeces.

Rich. Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it *Margaret*.

Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.

Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne so high:

Our aerie buildeth in the Cedars top,

And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne.

Mar. And turnes the Sun to shade: alas, alas,

Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death,

Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath

Hath in eternall darknesse folded vp.

Your aerie buildeth in our aeries Nest:

O God that seest it, do not suffer it,

As it is wonne with blood, lost be it so.

Buc. Peace, peace for shame: If not, for Charity.

Mar. Vrge neither charity, nor shame to me:

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,

And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.

My Charity is outrage, Life my shame,

And in that shame, still liue my sorrowes rage.

Buc. Haue done, haue done.

Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kisse thy hand,

In signe of League and amity with thee:

Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble house:

Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood:

Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curses neuer passe

The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.

Mar. I will not thinke but they ascend the sky,

And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dogge:

Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,

His venom tooth will ranke to the death.

Haue not to do with him, beware of him,

Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him,

And all their Ministers attend on him.

Rich. What doth the say, my Lord of Buckingham.

Buc. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Mar. What dost thou scorne me

For my gentle counsell?

And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from.

Obut remember this another day:

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow:

And say (poore *Margaret*) was a Propheteesse:

Liue each of you the subiects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to Gods.

Buc. My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses.

Rich. And so doth mine, I muse why she's at libertie.

Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent

My part thereof, that I haue done to her.

Mar. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

Rich. Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:

I was too hot, to do somebody good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now:

Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed:

He is frank'd vp to farting for his paines,

God pardon them, that are the cause thereof.

Rich. A vertuous, and a Christian-like conclusion

To pray for them that haue done scath to vs.

Rich. So do I euer, being well aduis'd.

Speakes to himselfe.

For had I curst now, I had curst my selfe.

Enter *Catesby*.

Cates. Madam, his Maiesty doth call for you, And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.

Q. M. *Catesby* I come, Lords will you go with mee.

Rich. We wait vpon your Grace.

Exeunt all but *Gloster*.

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle.

The secret Mischiefes that I set abroad,

I lay vnto the greuous charge of others.

Clarence, who I indeede haue cast in darknesse,

I do beweepe to many simple Gullies,

Namely to *Derby*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*,

And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,

That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother,

Now they beleene it, and withall whet me

To be reueng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorset*, *Grey*.

But then I sigh, and with a peece of Scripture,

Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:

And thus I cloath my naked Villanie

With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ,

And seeme a Saint, when most I play the deuill.

Enter two murderers.

But soft, heere come my Executioners,

How now my hardy stout resolved Mates,

Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

Vil. We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Rich. Well thought vpon, I haue it heere about me:

When you haue done, repaire to *Croby* place;

But first be sodaine in the execution,

Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;

For *Clarence* is well spoken, and perhappes

May moue your hearts to pittie, if you marke him.

Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,

Talkers are no good dooers, be assur'd:

We go to vse our hands, and not our tongues.

Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when *Pooles* eyes

fall Teares:

I like you Lads, about your businesse straight.

Go, go, dispatch.

Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Clarence* and *Keeper*.

Keep. Why looks your Grace so heauily to day.

Cl. O, I haue past a miserable night,

So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly sights,

That as I am a Christian faithfull man,

I would not spend another such a night

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies:

So full of dismall terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me

Cl. Me thought that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embark'd to crosse to Burgundy,

And in my company my Brother *Gloster*,

Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,

Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,

And cited vp a thousand heavy times,

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster
That had befall vs. As we pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer-boord,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares,
What sights of vgly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes:
A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd vpon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Inestimable Stones, vnualewed Jewels,
All scattred in the bottome of the Sea,
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by.

Keep. Had you such leysure in the time of death
To gaze vpon these secrets of the deepe?

Clas. Me thought I had, and often did I strue
To yeeld the Ghost: but still the enuious Flood
Stopp'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre:
But smother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this fore Agony?

Clas. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempest to my Soule.

I past (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
With that fowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who spake aloud: What scourge for Perurie,
Can this darke Monarchy afford false Clarence?

And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbell'd in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud
Clarence is come, false, fleeing, periur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.

With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hideous cries, that with the very Noise,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
Could not beleue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impression made my Dreame.

Keep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.

Clas. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done these things
(That now giue euidence against my Soule)
For Edwards sake, and see how he requits mee.
O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appeale thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children,
Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while,
My Soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.

Keep. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seasons, and reposing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:

Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnselt Imaginations
They often feele a world of restlesse Cares:
So that betwene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murderers.

1. Mur. Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What wouldst thou Fellow? And how cam'st
thou hither.

2. Mur. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither
on my Legges.

Bra. What to breesse?

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:

Let him see our Commission, and talke no more.

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer

The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.

I will not reason what is meant heereby,

Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.

There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.

Ile to the King, and signifie to him,

That thus I haue resign'd to you my charge.

1. You may sir, 'tis a point of wisdom:

Far you well.

2. What shall we stab him as he sleepe.

1. No: hee'l say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes

2. Why he shall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudg-

ment day.

1. Why then hee'l say, we stab'd him sleeping.

2. The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bread

kinde of remorse in me.

1. What art thou affraid?

2. Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,

But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which

No Warrant can defend me.

1. I thought thou hadst bin resolute.

2. So I am, to let him liue.

1. Ile backe to the Duke of Glouster, and tell him so.

2. Nay, I prythee stay a little:

I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,

It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.

1. How dost thou feele thy selfe now?

2. Some certaine dregges of conscience are yet with-

in mee.

1. Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

2. Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1. Where's thy conscience now.

2. O, in the Duke of Glousters purse.

1. When hee opens his purse to giue vs our Reward,

thy Conscience flies out.

2. 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will

entertaine it.

1. What if it come to thee againe?

2. Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:

A man cannot steale, but it accuseth him: A man cannot

Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his

Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing

shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans bosome: It

fills a man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a

Purse of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any

man that keeps it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cit-

ties for a dangerous thing, and euery man that means to

liue well, endeouours to trust to himselfe, and liue with-

out it.

1. 'Tis euen now at my elbow, perswading me not to
kill the Duke.

2. Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleue him not:
He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1. I am strong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.

2. Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation.

Come, shall we fall to worke?

1. Take him on the Costard, with the hiltes of thy
sword, and then throw him into the Malmesey-Butte in
the next roome.

2. O excellent deuice; and make a sop of him.

1. Soft, he wakes.

2. Strike.

1. No, wee'l reason with him.

Clas. Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.

2. You shall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.

Clas. In Gods name, what art thou?

1. A man, as you are.

Clas. But not as I am Royall.

1. Nor you as we are, Loyall.

Clas. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1. My voice is now the Kings, my looks mine owne.

Clas. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speake?

Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2. To, to, to—

Clas. To murder me?

Both. I, I.

Clas. You fearfully haue the hearts to tell me so,

And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.

Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?

1. Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Clas. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe.

2. Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Clas. Are you drawne forth among a world of men

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the Euidence that doth accuse me?

What lawfull Quest haue giuen their Verdict vp

Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,

Before I be conuict by course of Law?

To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me:

The deed you vndertake is damnable.

1. What we will do, we do vpon command.

2. And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Clas. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings

Hath in the Table of his Law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder. Will you then

Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans?

Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,

To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2. And that same Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,

For false Forswearing, and for murder too:

Thou didst receiue the Sacrament, to fight

In quarrell of the House of Lancaster.

1. And like a Traitor to the name of God,

Didst breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,

Vncip't the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.

2. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1. How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,

When thou hast broke it in such deepe degree?

Clas. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deede?

For Edwards, for my Brother, for his sake.

He sends you not to murder me for this:

For in that sinne, he is as deepe as I.

If God will be auenged for the deed,

O know you yet, he doth it publickly,

Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme:

He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course,

To cut off those that haue offended him,

1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant springing braue Plantagenet,

That Princely Nourice was stricke dead by thee?

Clas. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage,

1. Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faules,

Prouoke vs hither now, to slaughter thee.

Clas. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me:

I am his Brother, and I loue him well.

If you are hyrd for meed, go backe againe,

And I will tend you to my Brother Glouster:

Who shall reward you better for my life,

Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2. You are decei'd,

Your Brother Glouster hates you.

Clas. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere:

Go you to him from me.

1. I so we will.

Clas. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,

Blest his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,

He little thought of this diuided Friendship:

Bid Glouster thinke on this, and he will weepe.

1. I Millstones, as he lesioned vs to weepe.

Clas. O do not slander him, for he is kinde.

1. Right, as Snow in Haruest:

Come, you deceiue your selfe,

'Tis he that sends vs to destroy you heere.

Clas. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,

And hugg'd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,

That he would labour my delinery.

1. Why so he doth, when he deliueys you

From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen.

2. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.

Clas. Haue you that holy feeling in your soules,

To counsaile me to make my peace with God,

And are you yet to your owne soules so blinde,

That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me.

O sirs consider, they that set you on

To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.

2. What shall we do?

Clas. Relent, and saue your soules:

Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,

Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,

If few such murderers as your selues came to you,

Would not intreat for life, as you would begge

Were you in my distresse.

1. Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.

Clas. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuellish:

My Friend, I spy some pittie in thy looks:

O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,

A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.

2. Looke behinde you, my Lord.

1. Take that, and that, if all this will not do, Stabs him.

Ile drowne you in the Malmesey-But within.

2. A bloody deede, and desperately dispatch:

How faine (like Pilate) would I wash my hands

Of this most greuous murder.

Enter 1. Murderer

1. How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me

not? By Heauen the Duke shall know how slacke you

haue beene.

2. *Mur.* I would he knew that I had fau'd his brother,
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine.

Exit.

1. *Mur.* So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede, I will away,
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Flourish.

Enter the King sicke, the Queene, Lord Marquesse
Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby,
Buckingham, Woodvill.

King. Why so: now haue I done a good daies work.
You Peeres, continue this vnited League:
I, euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorset and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, Swear your loue.

King. By heauen, my soule is purg'd from grudging hate
And with my hand I seale my true hearts Loue.

Hast. So thrise I, as I truly sweare the like.

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Let he that is the supreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.

King. And I, as I loue *Hastings* with my heart,
Ri. And I, as I loue *Hastings* with my heart,
Nor you Sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You haue benefactions one against the other.
Wife, loue *Lord Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfeignedly.

Qu. There, *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thrise I, and mine.

King. *Dorset*, embrace him:

Hastings, loue *Lord Marquesse*.

Dor. This interchange of loue, I heere protest
Vpon my part, shall be inuiolable.

Hast. And so sweare I.

King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, seale y this league
With thy embracements to my wriues Allies,
And make me happy in your vnity.

Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most need to imploy a Friend,
And most assured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heauen,
When I am cold in loue, to you, or yours.

Embrace

King. A pleasing Cordiall, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy Vow, vnto my sickely heart:

There waitech now our Brother *Gloster* heere,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buc. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.

King. Happy indeed, as we haue spent the day:
Gloster, we haue done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.

Rich. A blessed labour my most Soueraigne Lord:
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise
Hold me a Foe: If I vnwillingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie:

I hate it, and desire all good mens loue,
First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruite.

Of you my Noble Cofin *Buckingham*,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.

Of you and you, *Lord Rivers* and of *Dorset*,
That all without desert haue frown'd on me:

Of you *Lord Woodvill*, and *Lord Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.

I do not know that Englishman aliue,
With whom my soule is any ior at oddes,

More then the Infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my Humility.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept heereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded,

My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

Rich. Why Madam, haue I offered loue for this,
To be so flowted in this Royall presence?

Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They*
You do him iniurie to scorne his Coarse. *all part.*

King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?

Qu. All-seeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I to pale *Lord Dorset*, as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forooke his cheekes.

King. Is *Clarence* dead? The Order was reuerst.
Rich. But he (poore man) by your first order dyed,

And that a winged *Mercurie* did beare:
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,

That came too lagge to see him buried.
God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyall,

Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserue not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,

And yet go currant from Suspicion.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my seruite done.
King. I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, vnlesse your Highnesse heare me.
King. Then say at once, what is it thou requests.

Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a Riorous Gentleman,

Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
King. Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?

And shall that tongue giue pardon to a slaue?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,

And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who

Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd?

Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of loue?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake

The mighty *Warwicke*, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at *Tewkesbury*,

When *Oxford* had me downe, he refused me:
And said deare Brother liue, and be a King?

Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almost) to death, how he did lap me

Euen in his Garments, and did giue himselfe
(All trim and naked) to the numbe cold night?

All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your Carters, or your wayting Vassalls

Haue done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (vnjustly too) must grant it you.

But for my Brother, not a man would speake,
Not I (vgracious) speake vnto my selfe

For him poore Soule: The proudest of you all,
Haue bin beholding to him in his life:

Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy iustice will take hold

On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Hastings* helpe me to my Closset.

Ah poore *Clarence*. *Exeunt some with R. & Queen.*
Rich. This is the fruits of rashnes: Markt you not,

How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene
Look'd pale, when they did beare of *Clarence* death.

O! they did vrge it still vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,

To comfort *Edward* with our company.
Buc. We wait vpon your Grace. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke, with the two
children of Clarence.

Edw. Good *Grandam* tell vs, is our Father dead?
Dutch. No Boy.

Dough. Why do weepe so oft? And beate your Brest?
And cry, O *Clarence*, my vnhappy Sonne.

Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head,
And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Castaways,

If that our Noble Father were aliue?
Dut. My pretty Cofins, you mistake me both,

I do lament the sicknesse of the King,
As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death:

If were lost sorrow to waile one that's lost.
Boy. Then you conclude, (my *Grandam*) he is dead:

The King mine Vnkle is too blame for it.
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune

With earnest prayers, all to that effect.
Dough. And so will I.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel.
Incapable, and shallow Innocents,

You cannot guesse who caus'd your Fathers death.
Boy. *Grandam* we can: for my good Vnkle *Gloster*

Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him;

And when my Vnkle told me so, he wept,
And pittied me, and kindly kist my cheek:

Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would loue me deere as a childe.

Dut. Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.

He is my sonne, I, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vnkle did dissemble *Grandam*?
Dut. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noise is this?

Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears,
Rivers & *Dorset* after her.

Qu. Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selve.

Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my Soule,
And to my selfe, become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of Tragick violence.

Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?

Why wither not the leaues that want their sap?
If you will liue, Lament: if dye, be breefe,

That our swift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subiects follow him,

To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.
Dut. Ah so much interest haue in thy sorrow,

As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I haue bewept a worthy Husbunds death,

And liu'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,

Are crack'd in peeces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, haue but one false Glasse,

That greeces me, when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,

And hast the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,

And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and *Edward*. O, what cause haue I,

(Thine being but a moiety of my moane)
To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.

Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:
How can we syde you with our Kindred teares?

Dough. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoan'd,
Your widdow-dolour, likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:

All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being govern'd by the waterie Moone,

May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere *Lord Edward*.

Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere *Lord Clarence*.
Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Qu. What stay had I but *Edward*, and hee's gone?
Chil. What stay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone.

Dut. What stayes had I, but they? and they are gone.
Qu. Was neuer widdow had so deere a losse.

Chil. Were neuer Orphans had so deere a losse.
Dut. Was neuer Mother had so deere a losse.

Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.

She for an *Edward* weepes, and so do I:
I for an *Edward* weepes, and so do I.

I for a Clarence weepes, so doth not thee:

These Babes for Clarence weepe, so do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold distrest:
Power all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurse,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd,
That you take with vthankfulness his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull,
With dull vnwillingnesse to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opposite with heauen,
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.

Rivers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your sonne: send straight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues.
Drowne desperate sorrow in dead Edwards graue,
And plant your ioyes in liuing Edwards Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliffe.

Rich. Sister haue comfort, all of vs haue cause
To waile the dimming of our shining Starre:
But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I craue your Blessing.

Dur. God blesse thee, and put meeknes in thy breast,
Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers blessing;
I maruell that her Grace did leaue it out.

Enc. You cloudy-Princes, & hart-forowing-Peeres,
That beare this heauie mutuall load of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:
Though we haue spent our Haruest of this King,
We are to reape the Haruest of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high-swolne hates,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and ioynd together,
Must gently be preferu'd, cherisht, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Rivers. Why with some little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?

Buc. Marrie my Lord, least by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice should breake out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is greene, and yet vngouern'd.
Where every Horse beares his commanding Reine,
And may direct his course as please himselfe,
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
In my opinion, ought to be preuented.

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs,
And the compact is firme, and true in me.

Riv. And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all,
Yet since it is but greene, it should be put
To no apparant likely-hood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:
Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meete so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Rich. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall poste to London.
Madam, and you my Sister, will you go
To giue your censures in this businesse.

Exeunt.

Manet Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who euer iournies to the Prince,
For God sake let not vs two stay at home:
For by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As Index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.
Rich. My other selfe, my Counsailes Confitory,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cofin,
I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,
Toward London then, for wee'l not stay behinde.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1. Cit. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so fast?

2. Cit. I promise you, I fearfully know my selfe:
Heare you the newes abroad?

1. Yes, that the King is dead.
2. Ill newes byrlady, feldome comes the better:
I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed,
1. Giue you good morrow sir.

3. Doth the newes hold of good king Edwards death?
2. I sir, it is too true, God helpe the while.

3. Then Masters looke to see a troublous world.
1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.

2. Wee to that Land that's gouern'd by a Childe,
3. In him there is a hope of Government,

Which in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe

No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
1. So stood the State, when Henry the sixt

Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.
3. Stood the State so? No, no, good friends, God wot

For then this Land was famously enrich'd
With politike graue Counsell; then the King

Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.
1. Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother.

3. Better it were they all came by his Father:
Or by his Father there were none at all:

For emulation, who shall now be neereft,
Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not.

O full of danger is the Duke of Glouster,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly Land, might solace as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the worst: all will be well.
3. When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their clokes;

When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night?

Vntimely stormes, makes men expect a Dearth:
All may be well; but if God fort it so,

'Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.
2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:

You cannot reason (almost) with a man,
That lookes not heauily, and full of dread.

3. Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,
By a diuine instinct, mens mindes mistrust

Enfuing.

Pursuing danger: as by prooffe we see
The Water swell before a boystrous storme:
But leaue it all to God. Whither away?
2. Marry we were sent for to the Iustices.
3. And so was I: I'll beare you company.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-bishop, young Yorke, the Queene, and the Dutchesse.

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to night:
Tomorrow, or next day, they will be heere.

Dur. I long with all my heart to see the Prince:
I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.

Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Has almost ouertane him in his growth.

Yorke. I Mother, but I would not haue it so,
Dur. Why my good Cofin, it is good to grow.

Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper,
My Vnkle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More then my Brother. I quoth my Vnkle Glouster,
Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace.

And since, me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet Flowres are slow, and Weeds make hast.

Dur. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did obiect the same to thee.

He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing, and so leysurely,

That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
Yor. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dur. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth, if I had bene remembered,

I could haue giuen my Vnkles Grace, a flout,
To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.

Dur. How my yong Yorke,
I prythee let me heare it.

Yor. Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,

'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would haue bene a byting Iest.

Dur. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?
Yor. Grandam, his Nurfle.

Dur. His Nurfle? why she was dead, ere y^e wast borne.
Yor. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Qu. A parlous Boy: go too, you are too shrew'd,
Dur. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.

Qu. Pitchers haue eares.
Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes?
Mes. Such newes my Lord, as greues me to report.

Qu. How doth the Prince?
Mes. Well Madam, and in health.

Dur. What is thy Newes?
Mes. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey,

Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisoners.

Dur. Who hath committed them?
Mes. The mighty Dukes, Glouster and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The summe of all I can, I haue disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,

Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lord.
Qu. Aye me! I see the ruine of my House:

The Tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Insulting Tiranny begins to lutt

Vpon the innocent and awelesse Throne:
Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre,

I see (as in a Map) the end of all.
Dur. Accur'd, and vnquiet wrangling dayes,

How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My Husband lost his life, to get the Crowne,

And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost
For me to ioy, and weepe, their gaine and losse.

And being seated, and Domesticke broyles
Cleane ouer-blowne, themselves the Conquerors,

Make warre vpon themselves, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, selfe against selfe: O preposterous

And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.

Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary,
Madam, farwell.

Dur. Stay, I will go with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thether beare your Treasure and your Goodes,

For my part, I'll resigne vnto your Grace
The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, I'll conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

The Trumpets sound.
Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester, and Buckingham, Lord Cardmall, with others.

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome deere Cofin, my thoughts Soueraign
The wearie way hath made you Melancholly.

Prin. No Vnkle, but our crosses on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie.

I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.
Rich. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeers

Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,

Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart.

Those Vnkles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,

But look'd not on the poyson of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from such false Friends,

Prin. God keepe me from false Friends,
But they were none.

Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.
Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. Maior. God blesse your Grace, with health and
happie dayes.

Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
I

I thought my Mother, and my Brother *Torke*,
Would long ere this, haue met vs on the way.
Fie, what a Slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not
To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord *Hastings*.

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the sweating
Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother
come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I;
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother *Torke*,
Haue taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene, to send the Duke of *Yorke*
Vnto his Princely Brother presently?

If she denie, Lord *Hastings* goe with him,
And from her iealous Armes pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weake Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of *Yorke*,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

Buck. You are too fencelesse obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.

Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuary, in seizing him:

The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those, whose dealings haue deseru'd the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place:

This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deseru'd it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it.

Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there:

Ofte haue I heard of Sanctuary men,
But Sanctuary children, ne're till now.

Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me?

Hast. I goe, my Lord. Exit Cardinall and *Hastings*.

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie hast you may.
Say, Vnckle *Gloucester*, if our Brother come,

Where shall we sojourne, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think't best vnto your Royall selfe.
If I may counsaile you, some day or two

Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health, and recreation.

Prince. I doe not like the Tower, of any place:
Did *Iulius Caesar* build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding Ages haue re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it vpon record? or else reported
Successiue from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Vpon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not registred,
Me thinks the truth should liue from age to age,

As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe neuer liue long.

Prince. What say you, Vnckle?

Glo. I say, without Characters, Fame liues long.
Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That *Iulius Caesar* was a famous man,
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,

His Wit set downe, to make his Valour liue:
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,

For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life,
He tell you what, my Cousin *Buckingham*.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
He win our ancient Right in France againe,

Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.

Enter young *Torke*, *Hastings*, and Cardinall.

Buck. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of
Yorke.

Prince. *Richard* of *Yorke*, how fares our Noble Bro-
ther?

Torke. Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might haue kept that Title,

Which by his death hath lost much Maieftie.

Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of *Yorke*?

Torke. I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:

The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

Torke. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so.

Torke. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.

Glo. He may command me as my Soueraigne,
But you haue power in me, as in a Kinsman.

Torke. I pray you, Vnckle, giue me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A Begger, Brother?

Torke. Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue,
And being but a Toy, which is no griefe to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, He giue my Cousin.

Torke. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

Torke. O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'll say a Begger nay.

Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.

Torke. I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.

Glo. What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord?

Torke. I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you
call me.

Glo. How?

Torke. Little.

Prince. My Lord of *Yorke* will still be crosse in talke:
Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

Torke. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,

Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinks that you should beare me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons:
To mitigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you passe along?
My selfe, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Torke. What.

Torke. What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector will haue it so.

Torke. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you feare?

Torke. Marry, my Vnckle *Clarence* angry Ghost:
My Grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I feare no Vnckles dead.

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

Prince. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.

But come my Lord: and with a heauie heart,
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

A Seneet. Exeunt *Prince*, *Torke*, *Hastings*, and *Dorset*.

Manet *Richard*, *Buckingham*, and *Catesby*.

Buck. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating *Torke*
Was not incensed by his subtil Mother,

To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:

Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest: Come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art (sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart:

Thou know'st our reasons vrg'd vpon the way.
What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter,
To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our minde,
For the instailment of this Noble Duke
In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? Will
not hee?

Cates. Hee will doe all in all as *Hastings* doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this:
Goe gentle *Catesby*, and as it were farre off,
Sound thou Lord *Hastings*,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose,
And summon him to morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the Coronation.

If thou do'st finde him tractable to vs,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, ycie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke,

And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold diuided Councils,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employ'd.

Rich. Commend me to Lord *William*: tell him *Catesby*,
His ancient Knot of dangerous Aduerfaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes,
Giue Mistress *Shore* one gentle Kisse the more.

Buck. Good *Catesby*, goe effect this businesse soundly.

Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Rich. Shall we heare from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleepe?

Cates. You shall, my Lord.

Rich. At *Crosby* House, there shall you find vs both.

Exit *Catesby*.

Buck. Now, my Lord,
What shall wee doe, if wee perceiue
Lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our Complots?

Rich. Chop off his Head:

Something wee will determine:
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earldome of Hereford, and all the moueables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was possesst.

Buck. He claime that promise at your Graces hand.
Rich. And looke to haue it yeelded with all kindnesse.
Come, let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards
Wee may digest our complots in some forme.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of *Hastings*.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord.

Hast. Who knockes?

Mess. One from the Lord *Stanley*.

Hast. What is't a Clocke?

Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord *Hastings*.

Hast. Cannot my Lord *Stanley* sleepe these tedious
Nights?

Mess. So it appeares, by that I haue to say:

First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night

He dreamt, the Bore had ras'd off his Helme:

Besides, he sayes there are two Councils kept;

And that may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.

Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,

If you will presently take Horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the North,

To shun the danger that his Soule diuines.

Hast. Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,

Bid him not feare the seperated Council:

His Honor and my selfe are at the one,

And at the other, is my good friend *Catesby*;

Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs,

Whereof I shall not haue intelligence:

Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance.

And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's so simple,

To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet slumbers.

To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,

Were to incense the Bore to follow vs,

And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase.

Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where he shall see the Bore will vse vs kindly.

Mess. He goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit.

Enter *Catesby*.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.

Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*, you are early stirring:

What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?

Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:

And I beleue will neuer stand vpright,

Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.

Hast. How weare the Garland?

Doest thou meane the Crowne?

Cates. I, my good Lord.

Hast. He haue this Crown of mine cut fro' my shoulders,

Before he see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd:

But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?

Cates. I.

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this same very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they haue bene still my aduersaries:
But, that Ie giue my voice on Richards side,
To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.

Cates. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Masters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie.
Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*: and so 'twill doe
With some men else, that thinke themselves as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.

Hast. I know they doe, and I haue well deferu'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe so vnprovided?

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*:
You may iest on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these seuerall Counsels, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And neuer in my dayes, I doe protest,
Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now:
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Sta. The Lords at Pomfret, where they rode from London,
Were iocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-cast.
This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:

Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward.
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, haue with you:

Wot you what, my Lord,

To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded.

Sta. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then some that haue accus'd them, weare their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.

Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.

How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?

Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to aske.

Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,

Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:

Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the Queenes Allies.

But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)

This day those Enemies are put to death,

And I in better state then ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your Honors good content.

Hast. Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.

Thowes him his Purse.

Purs. I thanke your Honor.

Exit Pursuivant.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Ho-

nor.

Hast. I thanke thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Priest. Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Exit Priest.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?

Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,

Your Honor hath no shruiting worke in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talke of, came into my minde,

What, goe you toward the Tower?

Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:

I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.

Hast. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.

Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.

Come, will you goe?

Hast. Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying
the Nobles to death at Pomfret.*

Rivers. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Subject die,
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.

Grey. God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You liue, that shall cry woe for this heere-

after.

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out.

Rivers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!

Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:

Within the guiltie Clozure of thy Walls,

Richard the Second here was hackt to death:

And for more slander to thy dismall Seat,

Wee giue to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

Grey. Now Margarets Curse is false vpon our Heads,

When thee exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,

For standing by, when Richard stab'd her Sonne.

Rivers. Then curs'd thee Richard,

Then curs'd thee Buckingham,

Then curs'd thee Hastings. Oh remember God,

To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:

And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,

Be satisfi'd, deare God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, vniu'tly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the houre of death is expiate.

Rivers. Come Grey, come Vaughan, let vs here embrace,

Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.

Exit.

Scena

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely,
Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Lovell, with others,
at a Table.*

Hast. Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:

In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day?

Buck. Is all things ready for the Royall time?

Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To morrow then I iudge a happie day.

Buck. Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?

Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his

minde.

Buck. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,

He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,

Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:

Lord Hastings, you and he are neere in loue.

Hast. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:

But for his purpose in the Coronation,

I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuer'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,

And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,

Which I presume hee'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.

Rich. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow:

I haue bene long a sleeper: but I trust,

My abience doth neglect no great designe,

Which by my presence might haue bene concluded.

Buck. Had you not come vpon your Q my Lord,

William, Lord Hastings, had pronounc'd your part;

I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.

Rich. Then my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder,

His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne,

I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,

I doe beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you,

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our businesse,

And findes the testie Gentleman so hot,

That he will lose his Head, ere giue consent

His Masters Child, as worshipfully he treatmes it,

Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne.

Buck. Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.

Exit.

Darb. We haue not yet set downe this day of Triumph:

To morrow, in my iudgement, is too suddenn,

For I my selfe am not so well prouided,

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster?

I haue sent for these Strawberries,

His Grace looks chearfully & smoothe this morning,

There's some conceit or other likes him well,

When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.

I thinke there's neuer a man in Christendome

Can lesse hide his loue, or hate, then hee,

For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.

Darb. What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face,

By any liuelyhood he shew'd to day?

Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended:

For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deserue,

That doe conspire my death with diuellish Plots:

Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue preuail'd

Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.

Hast. The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord,

Makes me most forward, in this Princely preience,

To doome th' Offenders, whoe'er they be:

I say, my Lord, they haue deserued death.

Rich. Then be your eyes the witness of their euill.

Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme

Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp:

And this is Edwards Wife, that monstrous Witch,

Conforted with that Harlot, Strumpet Shore,

That by their Witchcraft thus haue marked me.

Hast. If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord,

Rich. If thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of lfs: thou art a Traytor,

Off with his Head; now by Saint Paul I sweare,

I will not dine, vntill I see the same.

Exit.

Lovell and Ratcliffe, looke that it be done:

The rest that loue me, rise, and follow me.

*Manet Lovell and Ratcliffe, with the
Lord Hastings.*

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,

For I, too fond, might haue prevented this:

Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowle our Helmes,

And I did scorne it, and disdain'd to flye:

Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horse did stumble,

And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower,

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.

O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:

I now repent I told the Pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine Enemies

To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I my selfe secure, in grace and fauour.

Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heauie Curse

Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched Head.

Ra. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:

Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

Hast. O momentarie grace of mortall men,

Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!

Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,

Liues like a drunken Sayler on a Mast,

Readie with every Nod to tumble downe,

Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootlesse to exclaime.

Hast. O bloody Richard, miserable England,

I propheticke the fearefull time to thee,

That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon.

Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exit.

Enter

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour,
marvellous ill-favoured.

Richard. Come Cousin,
Canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then againe begin, and stop againe,
As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deepe fuspition, gaffly Lookes
Are at my seruice, like enforced Smiles;
And both are readie in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagemes.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Rich. He is, and see he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.

Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.

Rich. Catesby, o're-looke the Walls.

Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we haue sent.

Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: Ratcliffe, and Louell.

Louell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,
The dangerous and vn suspected Hastings.

Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmlesse Creature,
That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Christian.
Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts.
So smooth he dawb'd his Vice with shew of Vertue,
That his apparant open Guilt omitted,
I meane, his Conuersation with Shores Wife,
He liu'd from all attainer of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the couertest sheltred Traytor
That euer liu'd.

Would you imagine, or almost belecue,
Wert not, that by great preservation
We liue to tell it, that the subuill Traytor
This day had plotted, in the Councell-House,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloster.

Maior. Had he done so?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the forme of Law,
Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the case,
The Peace of England, and our Persons safetie,
Enforc'd vs to this Execution.

Maior. Now faire befall you, he deseru'd his death,
And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,
To warne false Traytors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore:
Yet had we not determin'd he should dye,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the louing haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, haue prevented;
Because, my Lord, I would haue had you heard
The Traytor speake, and timorously confesse
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:

That you might well haue signify'd the same
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words shal serue,
As well as I had scene, and heard him speake:
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our ducious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this case.

Rich. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
T'auoid the Censures of the carping World.
Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you heare we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.

Exit Maior.

Rich. Goe after, after, Cousin Buckingham.
The Maior towards Guild-Hall hies him in all poste:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Inferre the Bastardie of Edwards Children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his House,
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed so,
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull Luxurie,
And beastiall appetite in change of Lust,
Which stretcht vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wiues,
Euen where his raging eye, or sauage heart,
Without controll, lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that insatiate Edward; Noble Torke,
My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Issue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere farre off,
Because, my Lord, you know my Mother liues.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my selfe: and so, my Lord, adue.

Rich. If you thriue wel, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied
With reuerend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops.

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affoord.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe Louell with all speed to Doctor Shaw,
Goe thou to Fryer Penker, bid them both
Meet me within this houre at Baynards Castle. Exit.
Now will I goe to take some priuie order,
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to giue order, that no manner person
Haue any time recourse vnto the Princes. Exit.

Enter a Scrimener.

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set Hand faigely is engros'd,
That it may be to day read o're in Paules.
And marke how well the sequell hangs together:
Eleuen houres I haue spent to write it ouer,
For yester-night by Catesby was it sent me;
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within these five houres Hastings liu'd,
Vntainted, vnexamind, free, at libertie.
Here's a good World the while.
Who is so grosse, that cannot see this palpable deuice? Yet

Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be scene in thought. Exit.

Enter Richard and Buckingham at seuerall Doores.

Rich. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, say not a word.

Rich. Toucht you the Bastardie of Edwards Children?

Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy,

And his Contract by Deputie in France,

Th'vnfatiue greedinesse of his desire,

And his enforcement of the Citie Wiues,

His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie,

As being got, your Father then in France,

And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.

Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,

Being the right Ideas of your Father,

Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde:

Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,

Your Discipline in Warre, Wisdome in Peace,

Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:

Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,

Vntoucht, or slightly handled in discourse.

And when my Oratorie drew toward end,

I bid them that did loue their Countries good,

Cry, God saue Richard, Englands Royall King.

Rich. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word,

But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,

Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:

Which when I saw, I reprehended them,

And ask'd the Maior, what meant this willfull silence?

His answer was, the people were not vsd

To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.

Then he was vrge'd to tell my Tale againe:

Thus sayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,

But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe.

When he had done, some followers of mine owne,

At lower end of the Hall, hurl'd vp their Caps,

And some tenne voyces cry'd, God saue King Richard:

And thus I tooke the vantage of those few.

Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,

This generall applause, and chearefull shew,

Argues your wisdom, and your loue to Richard:

And euen here brake off, and came away.

Rich. What tongue-lesse Blockes were they,

Would they not speake?

Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?

Buck. The Maior is here at hand: intend some feare,

Benot you spoke with, but by mightie suit:

And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,

And stand betwene two Church-men, good my Lord,

For on that ground Ile make a holy Descant:

And be not easily wonne to our requests,

Play the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it.

Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,

As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,

No doubt we bring it to a happie issue.

Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now Catesby, what sayes your Lord to my
request?

Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To visit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly suites would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy Exercise.

Buck. Returne, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen,
In deepe designs, in matter of great moment,
No lesse importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue some conference with his Grace.

Catesby. He signifie so much vnto him straight. Exit.

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward,
He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed,

But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping, to engrosse his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.

Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soueraigntie thereof.
But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it.

Maior. Marry God defend his Grace should say vs
nay.

Buck. I feare he will: here Catesby comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now Catesby, what sayes his Grace?

Catesby. He wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Heauen, we come to him in perfite loue,
And so once more returne, and tell his Grace. Exit.
When holy and deuout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, betwene two Bishops.

Maior. See where his Grace stands, twene two Clergie
men.

Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Lend fauourable eare to our requests,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Deuotion, and right Christian Zeale.

Rich. My Lord, there needes no such Apologie:
I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleasure?

Buck. Euen that (I hope) which pleaseth God aboute,
And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile.

Rich. I doe suspect I haue done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You haue, my Lord:
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.
Rich. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.
Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne
The Supreme Seate, the Throne Maiesticall,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall House,
To the corruption of a blemisht Stock;
Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepe thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,
His Royall Stock graft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulness, and deepe Obluion.
Which to recture, we heartily sollicite
Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge
And Kingly Government of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine;
But as successiue, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Emperie, your owne.
For this, comforted with the Citizens,
Your very Worshipfull and louing friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust Cause come I to moue your Grace.
Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
If not to answer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraignie,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithfull loue to me,
Then on the other side I check'd my friends.
Therefore to speake, and to auoid the first,
And then in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert
Vnumerable, shunnes your high request.
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,
As the ripe Reueneue, and due of Birth:
Yet so much is my poutertie of spirit,
So mightie, and so manie my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea;
Then in my Greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you, were there need:
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time,
Will well become the Seat of Maiestie,
And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,
But the respects thereof are nice, and triuall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that *Edward* is your Brothers Sonne,
So say we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife:

For first was he contract to Lady *Lucie*,
Your Mother liues a Witnesse to his Vow,
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, Sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poore Petitioner,
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beautie, waining, and distressed Widow,
Euen in the after-noon of her best dayes,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliue,
I giue a sparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:
If not to blesse vs and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie
From the corruption of abusing times,
Vnto a Lineall true deriued course.
Maioir. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.
Buck. Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.
Catesb. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suite.
Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?
I am vnfit for State, and Maiestie:
I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buck. If you refuse it, as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,
As well we know your tendernes of heart,
And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorse,
Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred,
And egally indeede to all Estates:
Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,
Your Brothers Sonne shall neuer reigne our King,
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the disgrace and downe-fall of your House:
And in this resolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*
Catesb. Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suite:
If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.
Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares,
Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule.
Enter Buckingham, and the rest.
Cousin of Buckingham, and sage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To beare her burthen, where I will or no,
I must haue patience to endure the Load:
But if black Seandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the sequell of your Imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staynes thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire of this.
Maioir. God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will
say it.
Rich. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buck. Then I salute you with this Royall Title,
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands worthe King.
All. Amen.
Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.
Rich. Euen when you please, for you will haue it so.
Buck. To

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most ioyfully we take our leaue.
Rich. Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe.
Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the
Duchesse of Yorke, and Marquesse Dorset.*

Duch. Yorke. Who meetes vs heere?
My Neece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my Life, thees wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God giue your Graces both, a happie
And a ioyfull time of day.
Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?
Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Qu. Kind Sister thanks, wee'll enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue,
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of *Yorke*?
Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them,
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
Qu. The King? who's that?
Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds betweene their loue, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?
Duch. Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see
them.
Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother:
Then bring me to their sights, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.
Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.
Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of *Yorke* as Mother,
And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes.
Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crown'd *Richards* Royall Queene.
Qu. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent heart may haue some scope to beat,
Orelse I swoone with this dead-killing newes.
Anne. Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes.
Dorset. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your
Grace?
Qu. O *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Seas,
And liue with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Goe hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Left thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stanley. Full of wise care, is this your counsaile, Madame:
Take all the swift aduantage of the howres:
You shall haue Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
Be not ra'ne tardie by vnwise delay.

Duch. Yorke. O ill disperfing Winde of Miserie,
O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,
Whose vnauoided Eye is murderous.

Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent,
Anne. And I with all vnwillingnesse will goe.
O would to God, that the inclusive Verge
Of Golden Mettall, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braines,
Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can say, God saue the Queene.
Qu. Goe, goe, poore soule, I ennie not thy glory,
To feed my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

Anne. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henries* Corse,
When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I say I look'd on *Richards* Face,
This was my Wish: Se thou (quoth I) accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death.
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,
Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Grossely grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curse,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:
For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enioy the golden deaw of sleepe,
But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwicke*,
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.
Anne. No more, then with my soule I mourne for
yours.

Dorset. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory.
Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leaue
of it.

Duch. Yorke. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my Graue, where peace and rest lye with mee.
Eightie odde yeeres of sorrow haue I scene,
And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,
Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: vse my Babies well;
So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Soueraigne.

Rich. Give me thy hand. Sound.

Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy assistance,
Is King Richard seated:

But shall we weare these Glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?

Buck. Still liue they, and for euer let them last.

Rich. Ah Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch,
To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:

Young Edward liues, thinke now what I would speake.

Buck. Say on my louing Lord.

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.

Rich. Ha? am I King? tis so: but Edward liues.

Buck. True, Noble Prince.

Rich. O bitter consequence!

That Edward still should liue true Noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plaine? I wish the Bastards dead,

And I would haue it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe.

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:

Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, deare Lord,

Before I positively speake in this:

I will resolve you herein presently. Exit Buck.

Catesby. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.

Rich. I will conuerse with Iron-witted Fooles,

And vnrespectiue Boyes: none are for me,

That looke into me with considerate eyes,

High-reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold

Will tempt vnto a close exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,

Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit:

Gold were as good as twentie Orators,

And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tyrrel.

Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,

Boy. Exit.

The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,

No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes.

Hath he so long held out with me, vntyr'd,

And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newes?

Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse Dorset

As I heare, is fled to Richmond,

In the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad,

That Anne my Wife is very grievous sicke,

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence Daughter:

The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.

Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, giue out,

That Anne, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.

About it, for it stands me much vpon

To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me.

I must be marryed to my Brothers Daughter,

Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:

Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,

Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in

So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,

Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Tyr. Iames Tyrrel, and your most obedient subiect.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you:

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies,

Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,

Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:

Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musique:

Hearke, come hither Tyrrel,

Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare, *Whisper.*

There is no more but so: say it is done,

And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. Exit.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde,

The late request that you did sound me in.

Rich. Well, let that rest: Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.

Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wiues Sonne: well, looke

vnto it.

Buck. My Lord, I claime the gift, my due by promise,

For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,

Th' Earledome of Hertford, and the mouables,

Which you haue promised I shall possesse.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if she conuey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust request?

Rich. I doe remember me, Henry the Sixt

Did prophesie, that Richmond should be King,

When Richmond was a little peeuius Boy.

A King perhaps.

Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my suit?

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. Exit.

Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe seruice

With such contempt? made I him King for this?

O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone

To Brecknock, while my fearefull Head is on. Exit.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,

The most arch deed of pittious massacre

That

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Heere in these Confinnes slyly haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction, am I witness to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragical.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes heere?

Enter Dutchesse and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes:

My vnblowd Flowres, new appearing sweets:

If yet your gentle soules flye in the Ayre,

And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,

Houer about me with your aery wings,

And heare your mothers Lamentation.

Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right

Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night.

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce,

That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,

Edward for Edward, payes a dying debt.

Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs,

And throw them in the intrailles of the Wolfe?

When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

Mar. When holy Harry dyed, and my sweet Sonne.

Dut. Dead life, blind sight, poore mortall liuing ghost,

Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graues due, by life viurpt,

Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes,

Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,

Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.

Qu. Ah that thou would'st assoone afford a Graue,

As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seate:

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere,

Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee?

Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,

Giue mine the benefit of signeurie,

And let my greeces frowne on the vpper hand

If sorrow can admit Society.

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:

I had a Husband, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou had'st an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou had'st a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Dut. I had a Richard too, and thou did'st kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou hop'st to kill him,

Mar. Thou had'st a Clarence too,

And Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept

A Hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death:

That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:

That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:

That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping soules:

That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,

Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues.

O vpriight, iust, and true-disposing God,

How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Prayes

Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body,

And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.

Dut. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes :
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thine.

Mar. Beare with me : I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*,

The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward* :

Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, because both they

Match not the high perfection of my losse.

Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stab'd my *Edward*,

And the beholders of this franticke play,

Th'adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,

Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graues.

Richard yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,

Onely refer'd their Factor, to buy soules,

And send them thither : But at hand, at hand

Insues his pittious and vnpietied end.

Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,

To haue him sodainly conuey'd from hence :

Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,

That I may liue and say, The Dogge is dead.

Qu. O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come,

That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse

That hottel'd Spider, that soule bunch-back'd Toad.

Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune :

I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,

The presentation of but what I was ;

The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant ;

One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below :

A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes ;

A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge

To be the ayme of euery dangerous Shot ;

A signe of Dignity, a Breach, a Bubble ;

A Queene in iest, onely to fill the Scene.

Where is thy Husband now ? Where be thy Brothers ?

Where be thy two Sonnes ? Wherein dost thou Ioy ?

Who sues, and kneeles, and sayes, God saue the Queene ?

Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee ?

Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee ?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.

For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow :

For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name :

For one being sued too, one that humbly sues :

For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care :

For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me :

For she being feared of all, now fearing one :

For she commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of Iustice whirl'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time,

Hauing no more but Thought of what thou wast.

To torture thee the more, being what thou art,

Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not

Vsurpe the iust proportion of my Sorrow ?

Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,

From which, euen heere I slip my wearied head,

And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee.

Farwell *Yorke*s wife, and Queene of sad mischance,

These English woes, shall make me smile in France.

Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curfes, stay a-while,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day :

Compare dead happinesse, with liuing woe :

Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,

And he that slew them fowler then he is :

Bet'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worse,

Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe,

And pierce like mine.

Dut. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Qu. Windy Atturines to their Clients Woes,

Ayery succeders of intestine ioyes,

Poore breathing Orators of miseries,

Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,

Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart.

Dut. If so then, be not Tongue-ty'd go with me,

And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother

My damnd Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd,

The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclames.

Enter King Richard, and his Traiue.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition ?

Dut. O she, that might haue intercepted thee

By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,

From all the slaughterers (Wretch) that thou hast done.

Qu. Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne

Where't should be branded, if that right were right ?

The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,

And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.

Tell me thou Villaine-slave, where are my Children ?

Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade,

Where is thy Brother *Clarence* ?

And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne ?

Qu. Where is the gentle *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray* ?

Dut. Where is kinde *Hastings* ?

Rich. A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes :

Let not the Heauens heare these Tell-tale women

Raile on the Lords Anointed. Strike I say.

Flourish.

Alarums.

Either be patient, and intreat me sayre,

Or with the clamorous report of Warre,

Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my Sonne ?

Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe.

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.

Rich. Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,

That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dut. O let me speake.

Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.

Dut. I will be milde, and gentle in my words.

Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in hast.

Dut. Art thou so hasty ? I haue staid for thee

(God knowes) in torment, and in agony.

Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you ?

Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,

Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.

A greuous burthen was thy Birth to me,

Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.

Thy School-daies frightfull, desprate, wilde, and furious,

Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous :

Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, slye, and bloody,

More milde, but yet more harmful ; Kinde in hatred :

What comfortable houre canst thou name,

That euer grac'd me with thy company ?

Rich. Faith none, but *Humphrey Honor*,

That call'd your Grace

To Breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so dilgracious in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.

Strike vp the Drumme.

Dut. I prythee heare me speake.

Rich.

Rich. You speake too bitterly.

Dut. Heare me a word :

For I shall neuer speake to thee againe.

Rich. So.

Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iust ordinance

Ere from this warré thou turne a Conqueror :

Or I with greefe and extreame Age shall perish,

And neuer more behold thy face againe.

Therefore take with thee my most greuous Curse,

Which in the day of Barrell tyre thee more

Then all the complet Armour that thou wear'st.

My Prayers on the aduersé party fight,

And there the little foules of *Edwards* Children,

Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,

And promise them Successe and Victory :

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end :

Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend.

Exit.

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse

Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

Rich. Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you.

Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the Royall Blood

For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)

They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes :

And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.

Rich. You haue a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,

Virtuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious ?

Qu. And must she dye for this ? O let her liue,

And Ile corrupt her Manners, Raine her Beauty,

Slander my Selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed :

Throw ouer her the vail of Infamy,

So she may liue vnscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.

Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princeesse.

Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.

Rich. Her life is safest onely in her byrth.

Qu. And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers.

Rich. Loe at their Birth, good faires were opposite.

Qu. No, to their liues, all friends were contrary.

Rich. All vnauoyded is the doome of Destiny.

Qu. True : when auoyded grace makes Destiny.

My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Rich. You speake as if that I had slaine my Cousins ?

Qu. Cousins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,

Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,

Whose hand soeuer lanch'd their tender hearts,

Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction.

No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.

But that still vs of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,

My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,

Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes :

And I in such a desprate Bay of death,

Like a poore Barke, of sailes and tackling rest,

Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome.

Rich. Madam, so thrine I in my enterprize

And dangerous successe of bloody warres,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.

Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,

To be discouered, that can do me good.

Rich. Th'aduancement of your children, gentle Lady

Qu. Vp to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.

Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,

The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrow with report of it :

Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,

Canst thou demise to any childe of mine.

Rich. Euen all I haue, I and my selfe and all,

Will I withall indow a childe of thine :

So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,

Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs,

Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.

Qu. Be breefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse

Last longer telling then thy kindnesse date.

Rich. Then know,

That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.

Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule.

Rich. What do you thinke ?

Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule

So from thy Soules loue didst thou loue her Brothers,

And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.

Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning :

I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,

And do intend to make her Queene of England.

Qu. Well then, who dost ymeane shall be her King.

Rich. Euen he that makes her Queene :

Who else should bee ?

Qu. What, thou ?

Rich. Euen so : How thinke you of it ?

Qu. How canst thou woo her ?

Rich. That I would learne of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me ?

Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers,

A paire of bleeding hearts : thereon ingraue

Edward and *Yorke*, then haply will she weepe :

Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*

Did to thy Father, steeped in Rutlands blood,

A hand-kercheefe, which say to her did dreynie

The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body,

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.

If this inducement moue her not to loue,

Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds :

Tell her, thou mad'st away her Vnckle *Clarence*,

Her Vnckle *Rivers*, I (and for her sake)

Mad'st quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way

To win your daughter.

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The losse you haue, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.
Dorset your Sonne, that with a fearfull soule
Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset*, Brother:
Again shall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,
Repayr'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we haue many goodly dayes to see:
The liquid drops of Teares that you haue shed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Aduantaging their Loue, with interest
Often-times double gaine of happinesse.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.
Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame
Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princeesse
With the sweet silent houres of Marriage ioyes:
And when this Arme of mine hath chastised
The petty Rebell, dall-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will reitain my Conquest wonne,
And she shall be sole Victoreesse, *Cæsars Cæsar*.
Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?
Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares?
Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.
Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.
Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.
Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.
Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene.
Qu. To waile the Title, as her Mother doth.
Rich. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.
Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?
Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?
Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.
Qu. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.
Rich. Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.
Qu. But she your Subiect, lothes such Soueraignty.
Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style.
Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.
Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues;
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.
Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurp.
Rich. I sweare.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;

Thy Crowne vsurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou would'st sweare to be beleu'd,
Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.
Rich. Then by my Selfe.
Qu. Thy Selfe, is selfe-misus'd.
Rich. Now by the World.
Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
Rich. My Fathers death.
Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd.
Rich. Why then, by Heauen.
Qu. Heavens wrong is most of all:
If thou didst feare to breake an Oath with him,
The vnity the King my husband made,
Thou hadst not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou hadst feard to breake an oath by him,
Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing here,
Which now two tender Bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes,
What canst thou sweare by now.
Rich. The time to come.
Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age:
The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misus'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repast.
Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent:
So thrice I in my dangerous Affayres
Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
Day yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.
Be opposite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,
Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautilous Princely daughter.
In her, consists my Happinesse, and thine:
Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee;
Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,
Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay:
It cannot be auoyded, but by this;
It will not be auoyded, but by this.
Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)
Be the Atturney of my loue to her:
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue bene;
Not my deserts, but what I will deferue:
Vrge the Necessity and state of times,
And be not peeuish found, in great Designes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?
Rich. I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.
Rich. I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. Yet thou didst kil my Children.
Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed
Selues of themselves, to your recomfure.
Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.
Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,
And you shall vnderstand from me her mind. *Exit Qu.*
Rich. Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell.
Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman. *How*

How now, what newes?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast
Rideth a puissant Naue: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beat them backe:
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.
Rich. Some light-foot friend post to y^e Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is hee?
Cat. Here, my good Lord.
Rich. *Catesby*, flye to the Duke.
Cat. I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haste.
Rich. *Catesby* come hither, poste to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine,
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?
Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliuer to him.
Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him leuie straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cat. I goe. *Exit.*
Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?
Rich. Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I
goe?
Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should poste before.
Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?

Stan. None, good my Liege, to please you with y^e hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'st thou runne so many miles about,
When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neereft way?
Once more, what newes?
Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas.
Rich. There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,
White-liu'd Runnagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.
Rich. Well, as you guesse.
Stan. Stirr'd vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.
Rich. Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vnsway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossess'd?
What Heire of *Torke* is there aliue, but wee?
And who is Englands King, but great *Torke*'s Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas?
Stan. Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.
Rich. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare.
Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.
Rich. Where is thy Power then, to bear him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?
Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the
North.
Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they should serue their Soueraigne in the West?

Stan. They haue not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
He muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please.
Rich. I, thou would'st be gone, to ioyne with *Richmond*:
But Ile not trust thee.

Stan. Most mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be false.
Rich. Goe then, and muster men: but leaue behind
Your Sonne *George Stanley*: looke your heart be firme,
Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile.

Stan. So deale with him, as I proue true to you.
Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Soueraigne, now in *Deuonshire*,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In Kent, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in Armes,
And every houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Armie of great *Buckingham*.
Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He striketh him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.

Mess. The newes I haue to tell your Maiestie,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himselfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.

Rich. I cry thee mercie:

There is my Purfe, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-aduised friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?

Mess. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir *Thomas Lonell*, and Lord *Marquesse Dorset*,
'Tis said, my Liege, in *Yorkshire* are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,
The Brittain Naue is dispers'd by Tempest.
Richmond in *Dorsetshire* sent out a Boat
Vnto the shore, to aske those on the Banks,
If they were his Assistants, yea, or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoys'd sayle, and made his course againe for Brittain.
Rich. March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with forraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the best newes: that the Earle of *Richmond*

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told.
Rich. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A Royall battell might be wonne and loft:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me. *Flourish. Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the sty of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold:
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, holds off my present ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth hir daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?
Chri. At Penbroke, or at Hertford West in Wales.
Der. What men of Name resort to him?
Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned Souldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Der. Well hie thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,
My Letter will resolute him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led
to Execution.*

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?
Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Gray & Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire Sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried
By vnder-hand corrupted foule iniustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction.
This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not?
Sher. It is.
Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodie doomsday
This is the day, which in King Edwards time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
Fasle to his Children, and his Wives Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wish't to fall
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this All-soules day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:
That high All-fer, which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest, what I begg'd in iest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.
Thus Margarets curse fallies heauy on my necke:
When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and
others, with drum and colours.*

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Friends
Beu's d vnderneath the yoke of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Haue we marche on without impediment;
And heere receiue we from our Father Stanley
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and vsurping Boare,
(That spoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like wash, & makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosomes: This foule Swine
Is now euen in the Centry of this Isle,
Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerefully on, courageous Friends,
To reape the Haruest of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody triall of sharpe Warre.
Oxf. Every mans Conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.
Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his deereft neede will flye from him.
Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and flies with Swallows wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolk, Ratcliffe,
and the Earle of Surrey.*

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bosworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes,
Rich. My Lord of Norfolkke.
Nor. Heere most gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolkke, we must haue knockes:
Ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both giue and take my louing Lord.
Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath defied the number of the Traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their vtmost power.
Rich. Why our Battalia rebbles that account:
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerser Faction want.
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buisie day. *Exeunt*

*Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Ox-
ford, and Dorset.*

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Giues token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall beare my Standard:
Giue me some Inke and Paper in my Tent:
Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaille,
Limit each Leader to his feuerall Charge,
And part in iust proportion our small Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William Brandon,
And your Sir Walter Herbert stay with me:
The Earle of Pembroke keeps his Regiment;
Good Captaine Blunt, beare my goodnight to him,
And by the second houre in the Mornings,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Vnlesse I haue mistane his Colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I haue not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least
South, from the mighty Power of the King.
Richm. If without perill it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speake with him
And giue him from me, this most needfull Note.
Blunt. Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it,
And so God giue you quiet rest to night.
Richm. Good night good Captaine Blunt:
Come Gentlemen,
Let vs consult vpon to morrowes Businesse;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.
They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolk, & Caterby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?
Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.
Nor. I will not sup to night,
Giue me some Inke and Paper:
What, is my Beauer casier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse.
Rich. Good Norfolkke, hie thee to thy charge,
Vie carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels,
Nor. I go my Lord.
Rich. Sit with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord. *Exit*
Rich. Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Send out a Pursuiuant at Armes
To Stanleys Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his Sonne George fall
Into the blinde Caue of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Giue me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
Look that my Staues be found, & not too heauy.
Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Saw'st the melancholly Lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe,
Much about Cockshut time, from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers.
King. So, I am satisfied: Giue me a Bowle of Wine,
I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit,

Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.
Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leauie me.
Ratcliffe. about the mid of night come to my Tent
And helpe to arme me. Leauie me I say. *Exit Ratclif.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy Person, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?
Der. I by Attourney, blesse thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The silent houres steale on,
And flakie darkenesse breakes within the East.
In breefe, for so the season bids vs be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortall staring Warre:
I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot,
With best aduantage will deceiue thee time,
And ayde thee in this doubtfull shooke of Armes.
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene, thy Brother, tender George
Be executed in his Fathers fight.
Farewell: the leysure, and the fearfull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet Discourse,
Which so long fundred Friends should dwell vpon:
God giue vs leysure for these rites of Loue.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.
Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
Ile striue with troubled noise, to take a Nap,
Left leaden slumber peize me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords, and Gentlemen.

Exeunt. Manet Richmond.

O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy broising Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heauy fall,
Th' vsurping Helms of our Aduersaries:
Make vs thy ministers of Chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory:
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still. *Sleeps.*

*Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to
Henry the sixth.*

Ch. to Ri. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
Thinke how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth
At Teukesbury: Dispaire therefore, and dye.
Ghost to Richm. Be chearefull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee.
Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixth.
Ghost. When I was mortall, my Anointed body
By thee was punched full of holes;
Thinke on the Tower, and me: Dispaire, and dye,
Harry the sixth, bids thee dispaire, and dye.
To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that prophesied thou should'st be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleepe: Lie, and flourish. *Enter*

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauy in thy soule to morrow.
I that was wash'd to death with Fullsome Wine:
Poore Clarence by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.

To *Richm.* Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heauy in thy soule to morrow,
Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret: dispaire, and dye.

Grey. Thinke vpon Grey, and let thy soule dispaire.

Vangb. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.

All to *Richm.* Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in Richards Bosome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Gho. Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.

Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.

Hast. to Rich. Quiet vntroubled soule,
Awake, awake:

Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dreame on thy Cousins

Smothered in the Tower:

Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.

Ghosts to Richm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Ghost to Rich. Richard, thy Wife,
That wretched Anne thy Wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fillst thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaille, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye:

Ghost to Richm. Thou quiet soule,
Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe:
Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Aduersaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost to Rich. The fitt was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The last was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaille thinke on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deedes and death,
Fainting dispaire; dispaire yeld thy breath.

Ghost to Richm. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

Richard starts out of his dreame.

Rich. Giue me another Horse, bind vp my Wounds:
Haue mercy Iesu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
The Lights burne blew! It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I.

Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reason: why?
Left I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe?
Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, haue done vnto my Selfe?

O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.
Foole, of thy Selfe speake well: Foole, do not flatter.

My Conscience hath a thousand feuerall Tongues,
And euery Tongue brings in a feuerall Tale,
And euery Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Periurie, in the high'st Degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dy'r'st degree,
All feuerall sinnes, all vs d in each degree,
Throng all to th' Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.

I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me;
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me.
Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Selfe,
Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.
Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliffe my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done salutation to the Morne,
Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour,

King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows.
King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night
Haue stroke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow Richmond.
'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the Ease-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

Exeunt Richard & Ratcliffe.

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting
in his Tent.

Richm. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard heere?

Lords. How haue you slept my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe,
And fairest boading Dreames,
That euer entred in a drowfie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their Soules, whose bodies Rich. murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:
I promise you my Heart is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the Morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.
His Oration to his Souldiers.
More then I haue said, louing Countrymen,
The leysure and Inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this,

God

God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,
(Richard except) those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him:
A base foule Stone, made precious by the soyle
Of Englands Chaire, where he is fallely set:
One that hath euer bene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
God will in iustice ward you as his Souldiers.
If you do sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine:
If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Far shall pay your paines the hyre.
If you do fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcme home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranfome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
But if I thrue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in Armes.
King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?
Rat. He said, and said, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there.

Give me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to shine: for by the Booke
He should haue brau'd the East an houre ago,
A blacke day will it be to somebody. Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be seene to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lowre vpon our Army.
I would these dewy teares were from the ground.
Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the selfe-same Heauen
That frownes on me, lookes sadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.
Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Souldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battell shal be ordred.
My Foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the mid'st;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we will flow

In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well-winged with our cheefest Horse:
This, and Saint George to boote.

What think'st thou Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne,
This found I on my Tent this Morning.

*Lockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*

King. A thing deuifed by the Enemy.

Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreames affright our soules:
For Conscience is a word that Cowards vse,
Deuis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too't pèll mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.

What shall I say more then I haue infer'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run-awayes,
A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants,
Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
To desperate Aduentures, and assur'd Destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:
You hauing Lands, and blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth leade them, but a pa'try Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost,
A Milke-sop, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold, as ouer shoes in Snow:

Let's whip these straglers o're the Seas againe,
Lash hence these ouer-weening Raggies of France,
These famish'd Beggars, weary of their liues,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines, whom our Fathers
Haue in their owne Land beaten, bob'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our Lands? lye with our Wiues?
Rauish our daughters?

Drum as farre off.
Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken stauces.

Enter a Messenger.
What sayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his sonne Georges head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:
After the battaille, let George Stanley dye.

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our Standards, set vpon our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons:
Vpon them, Victorie sits on our helpers.

Alarm, excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Rescue my Lord of Norfolk,
Rescue, Rescue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euery danger:
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarm.

Enter

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.
Cates. Withdraw my Lord, He helpe you to a Horse
Rich. Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,
 And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
 I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,
 Fine haue I slaine to day, in stead of him,
 A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne, with diuers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes
 Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
 The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond,
 Well hast thou acquit thee: Lo, heere
 these long vsurped Royalties,
 From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
 Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
 Weare it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.
 Buttell me, is yong *George Stanley* liuing?

Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,
 Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.

Richm. What men of name are slaine on either side?

FINIS.



Der. *John Duke of Norfolk*, *Walter Lord Ferris*,
Sir Robert Brokenbury, and *Sir William Brandon*.

Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Birth,
 Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,
 That in submission will returne to vs,
 And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
 We will vnite the White Rose, and the Red.
 Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction,
 That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity:
 What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
 England hath long beene mad, and scarr'd her selfe;
 The Brother blindly shed the Brothers blood;
 The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonne;
 The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;
 All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster,
 Diuided, in their dire Diuision.

O now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
 The true Succeeders of each Royall House,
 By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:
 And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)
 Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
 With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes.
 Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
 That would reduce these bloody dayes againe,
 And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;
 Let them not lue to taste this Lands increafe,
 That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace.
 Now Ciuill wounds are stopp'd, Peace liues agen;
 That she may long liue heere, God say, Amen. Exeunt

The Famous History of the Life of King HENRY the Eighth.

THE PROLOGUE.

*Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,
 That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of State and woe:
 Such Noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to flow
 We now present. Those that can Pity, heere
 May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
 The Subiect will deserue it. Such as gine
 Their Money out of hope they may beleene,
 May heere finde Truth too. Those that come to see
 Onely a show or two, and so a gree,
 The Play may passe: If they be still, and willing,
 He undertake may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short houres. Onely they
 That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
 A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
 In a long Motley Coate, garded with Tellow,*

*Will be decey'd. For gentle Hearers, know
 To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show
 As Foole, and Fight is, beside forsetting
 Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring
 To make that onely true, we now intend,
 Will leane vs neuer an vnderstanding Friend.
 Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowne
 The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,
 Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see
 The very Persons of our Noble Story,
 As they were Liuing: Thinke you see them Great,
 And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat
 Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see
 How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery:
 And if you can be merry then, He say,
 A Man may weepe vpon his Wedding day.*

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one doore. At the other,
 the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
 Aburghuenny.

Buckingham.

*Good morrow, and well met. How haue ye done
 Since last we saw in France?*

Nor. I thank your Grace:
 Healthfull, and euer since a fresh Admirer
 Of what I saw there.

Buck. An vntimely Ague
 Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
 Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men
 Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde,
 I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,
 Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
 In their Embrace, as they grew together,
 Which had they,
 What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd
 Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
 I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
 The view of earthly glory: Men might say
 Till this time Pompe was single, but now married
 To one about it selfe. Each following day
 Became the next dayes master, till the last
 Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
 All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
 Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
 Made Britaine, India: Euery man that stood,
 Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
 As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
 Not vs'd to toyle, did almost sweare to beare
 The Pride vpon them, that their very labour
 Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
 Was cry'd incompreable; and th'ensuing night
 Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
 Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst
 As presence did present them: Him in eye,
 Still him in praise, and being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner
 Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
 The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe

Beyond thoughts Compass, that former fabulous storie
Being now scene, possible enough, got credit
That *Bene* was beleu'd.

Buc. Oh you go farre.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In Honor, Honesty, the tract of eu'ry thing,
Would by a good Discourser loose some life,
Which Actions selfe, was tongue too.

Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you guesse:
One certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordred by the good Discretion
Of the right Reuerend Cardinal of Yorke.

Buc. The diuell speed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That such a Keech can with his very bulke
Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends:
For being not propt by Auncestry, whose grace
Chalkes Successors their way; nor call'd vpon
For high feats done to'th' Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Assistants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guift that heauen giues for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.

Abur. I cannot tell
What Heauen hath giuen him: let some Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,
Or ha's giuen all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himselfe.

Buc. Why the Diuell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him
(Without the priuity o'th' King) t'appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay vpon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Boord of Councill, out
Must fetch him in, he Papers.

Abur. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that haue
By this, so sickn'd their Estates, that neuer
They shall abound as formerly.

Buc. O many
Haue broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Iourney. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poore issue.

Nor. Greeuingly I thinke,
The Peace betwene the French and vs, not valewes
The Cost that did conclude it.

Buc. Euery man,
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was

A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke
Into a generall Prophecie; That this Tempest
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboarded
The sodaine breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeaux.

Abur. Is it therefore?
Th'Ambassador is silent?

Nor. Marry is't.

Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Buc. Why all this Businesse
Our Reuerend Cardinall carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the priuate difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduise you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honor, and plentifull safety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To consider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Reuengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and't may be laide
It reaches farre, and where'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosome vp my counsell,
You'l finde it wholesome. Lo, where comes that Rock
That I aduise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certain
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The
Cardinall in his passage, fixeth his eye on Buck-
ham, and Buckingham on him,
both full of disdain.*

Car. The Duke of Buckingham's Surueyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?

Secr. Heere so please you.

Car. Is he in person, ready?

Secr. I, please your Grace.

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham
Shall lessen this bigge looke.

Exeunt Cardinall, and his Train.

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Haue not the power to muzzle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggars booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.

Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely
Which your disease requires.

Buc. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye reuil'd
Me as his abiect object, at this instant
He bores me with some trick; He's gone to'th' King:
He follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choller question
What'tis you go about: to climbe steepe hilles
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot Horse, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can aduise me like you: Be to your selfe,
As you would to your Friend.

Buc. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This

This Ipswich fellowes insolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be aduise'd;

Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe your selfe. We may out-runne
By violent swiftnesse that which we run at;
And lose by ouer-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run ore,
In seeming to augment it, waits it: be aduise'd;
I say againe there is no English Soule
More stronger to direct you then your selfe;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,

I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by Intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as Founts in Iuly, when
Wee see each graine of grauell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not treasonous.

Buck. To'th' King Ile say't, & make my vouch as strong
As shore of Rocks: attend. This holy Foxe,
Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rau'nous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infesting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, suggests the King our Master
To this last costly Treaty: Th'enterview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse
Did breake it w'renching.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinall
The Articles o'th' Combination drew
As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,
As giue a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall
Has done this, and tis well: for worthy Wolsey
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,
(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie
To'th' old dam Treason) Charles the Emperour,
Vnder pretence to see the Queene his Aunt,
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation,
His feares were that the Interview betwixt
England and France, might through their amity
Breed him some preiudice; for from this League,
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Priuily
Deales with our Cardinall, and as I troa
Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made
And paid with gold: the Emperour thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the Kings course,
And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know
(As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall
Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,
And for his owne aduantage.

Nor. I am sorry

To heare this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, nor a fillable:

I doe pronounce him in that very shape

He shall appeare in proofe.

*Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and
two or three of the Guard.*

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.

Sergeant. Sir,

My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earle
Of Hereford, Stafford and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of High Treason, in the name
Of our most Sonaigine King.

Buck. Lo you my Lord,
The net has falne vpon me, I shall perishe
Vnder deuice, and practise:

Bran. I am sorry,
To see you tane from liberty, to looke on
The busines present. Tis his Highnes pleasure
You shall to th' Tower.

Buck. It will helpe me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit't part black. The will of Heau'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord *Aburgany*: Fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must beare you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Abur. As the Duke said,
The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Montacute*, and the Bodies
Of the Dukes Confessor, *John de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Pecke*, his Councillour.

Buck. So, so;

These are the limbs o'th' Plot: no more I hope.

Bra. A Monke o'th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. O *Michael Hopkins*?

Bra. He.

Buck. My Surueyor is false: The ore-great Cardinall
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spand already:
I am the shadow of poore Buckingham,
Whose Figure euen this instant Clowd puts on,
By Darkning my cleere Sunne, My Lords farewell. *Exe.*

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoul-
der, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lowell: the Cardinall
places himselfe vnder the Kings feete on
his right side.

King. My life it selfe, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i'th' leuell
Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and giue thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before vs
That Gentleman of Buckingham's, in person,
He heare him his confessions iustifie,
And point by point the Treasons of his Maister,
He shall againe relate.

*A noise within crying roome for the Queene, usher'd by the
Duke of Norfolk.* Enter the Queene, Norfolk and

Norfolk; she kneels. King riseth from his State,
takes her vp, kisses and placeth
her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit
Newer name to vs; you haue halfe our power:

The

The other moiety ere you aske is giuen,
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thanke your Maiefty
That you would loue your selfe, and in that loue
Not vnconsidered leaue your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the poynt
Of my Petition.

King. Lady mine proceed.

Queen. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition; That your Subiects
Are in great grievance: There haue bene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister (not
Whose Honor Heauen shield from soile; euen he escapes
Language vnmannerly; yea, such which breakes
The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares
In lowd Rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appeares,
It doth appeare; for, vpon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longing, haue put off
The Spinners, Carders, Fullers, Weauers, who
Vnsit for other life, compelled by hunger
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
Daring th'euill too th'eteeh, are all in vprore,
And danger serues among them.

King. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs,
Know you of this Taxation?

Card. Please you Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertaines to th' State; and front but in that File
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholsome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Soueraigne would haue note) they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th' load; They say
They are deuic'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still Exaction?
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,
Is this Exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am boldned
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subiects griefe
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The sixth part of his Substance, to be leuied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Liue where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a Slaue
To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse
Would giue it quicke consideration; for
There is no primer baseness.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Card. And for me,
I haue no further gone in this, then by
A single voice, and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the Iudges: If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue must goe through: we must not flint
Our necessary actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Censurers, which euer,
As rau'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,
By sicke Interpreters (once weakes ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cride vp
For our best Act: if we shall stand still,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take roote here, where we sit;
Or sit State-Statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from feare:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Haue you a President
Of this Commission? I beleue, not any.
We must not rend our Subiects from our Lawes,
And sicke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution; why we take
From euery Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th' Timber;
And though we leaue it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To euery County
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de
The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;
I put it to your care.

Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to euery Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greued Commons
Hardly conceiue of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Intercession, this Reuokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon aduise you
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secret.*

Enter Surueyor.
Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieues many:
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound; his trayning such,
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And neuer seeke for ayd out of himselfe: yet see,
When these so Noble benefits shall proue
Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt,
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly
Then euer they were faire. This man so compleat,
Who was enrold 'mongst wonders; and when we
Almost with rauish'd listning, could not finde
His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if besmeard in hell. Sit by Vs, you shall heare
(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited praictises, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Card.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you
Most like a carefull Subiect haue collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speake freely.

Sur. First, it was visuall with him; euery day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King
Should without issue dye; hee'l carry it so
To make the Scepter his. These very words
I haue heard him vtter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord Aburgany, to whom by oth he menac'd
Reuenge vpon the Cardinall.

Card. Please your Highnesse note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not frended by his wish to your High person;
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinall,
Deliver all with Charity.

King. Speake on;
How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
Vpon our faile; to this poynt hast thou heard him,
At any time speake ought?

Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vaine Prophecie of Nicholas Henton.

King. What was that Henton?
Sur. Sir, a Chastrenx Fryer,
His Confessor, who fed him euery minute
With words of Soueraynty.

King. How know'st thou this?
Sur. Not long before your Highnesse sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish
Saint Laurence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Journey. I replide,
Men feare the French would proue perfidious
To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould proue the verity of certaine words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, sayes he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre
To heare from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after vnder the Commissions Seale,
He solemnly had sworne, that what he spoke
My Chaplaine to no Creature liuing, but
To me, should vtter, with demure Confidence,
This pausingly ensu'd; neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strue
To the loue o'th' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall gouerne England.

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surueyor, and lost your Office
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your spleene a Noble person,
And spoyle your nobler Soule; I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on: Goe forward.

Sur. On my Soule, He speake but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Diuels illusions
The Monke might be deceiu'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminare on this so farre, vntill
It forg'd him some designe, which being beleeu'd
It was much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his last Sicknesse faild,
The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Louell's heads

Should haue gone off.

King. Ha? What, so rancke? Ah, ha,
There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?

Sur. I can my Liedge.

King. Proceed.

Sur. Being at Greenwich,
After your Highnesse had reprou'd the Duke
About Sir William Blumer.

King. I remember of such a time, being my sworn ser-
uant. The Duke retin'd him his. But on: what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had bene committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would haue plaid
The Part my Father meant to act vpon
Th' Vsurper Richard; who being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,
(As he made semblance of his duty) would
Haue put his knife into him.

King. A Gyant Traytor.

Card. Now Madam, may his Highnesse liue in freedome,
And this man out of Prison.

Queen. God mend all. *(say't?)*

King. Ther's something more would out of thee; what
Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife

He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor
Was, were he eull vs'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,

To sheath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,
Call him to present tryall: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of vs: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th' height. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is't possible the spels of France should iuggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

L. San. New customes,
Though they be neuer so ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be vmanly) yet are follow'd.

L. Ch. As farre as I see, all the good our English
Haue got by the late Voyage, is but meere
A fit or two o'th' face, (but they are shrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would sweare directly
Their very noses had been Councillours
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keepe State so.

L. San. They haue all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That neuer see 'em pace before, the Spauen
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.

L. Ch. Death my Lord,
Their clothes are after such a Pagan cut too't,
That sure th' haue worne out Cl' iftendome; how now?
What newes, Sir Thomas Louell?

Enter Sir Thomas Louell.

Louell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt vpon the Court Gate.

L. Cham.

L. Cham. What is't for?

Low. The reformation of our trauel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.

L. Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monseurs
To thinke an English Courtier may be wise,
And neuer see the *Lowrie*.

Low. They must either
(For so run the Conditions) leaue those remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abusing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wife dome, renouncing cleane
The faith they haue in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short blistred Breeches, and those types of Trauell;
And vnderstand againe like honest men,
Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it,
They may *Cum Præiugio*, wee away
The lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh'd at.

L. San. Tis time to giue 'em Physicke, their diseases
Are growne so carching.

L. Cham. What a losse our Ladies
Will haue of these trim vanities?

Lowell. I marry,
There will be woe indeed Lords, the flye whorsons
Haue got a speeding trick to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.

L. San. The Diuell fiddle 'em,
I am glad they are going,
For sure there's no conuerting of 'em: now
An honest Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine song,
And haue an hour of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Musicke too.

L. Cham. Well said Lord Sands,
Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?

L. San. No my Lord,
Nor shall not while I haue a stump.

L. Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Low. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordship is a guest too.

L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile assure you.

Low. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,
His dewes fall euery where.

L. Cham. No doubt hee's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that said other of him.

L. San. He may my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him;
Sparing would shew a worse sinne, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, should be most liberall,
They are set heere for examples.

L. Cham. True, they are so;
But few now giue so great ones:
My Barge stayes;
Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford
And saue me so much talking.

L. San. I am your Lordships. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Hoboyes. A small Table vnder a State for the Cardinall, a
longer Table for the Guests. Then Enter Anne Bullen,
and diuers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Guests
at one Doore; at another Doore enter
Sir Henry Guilford.

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladies,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes
In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her
One care abroad: hee would haue all as merry:
As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter *L. Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Lowell.*
O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.

Cham. You are young Sir Henry Guilford.
San. Sir Thomas Lowell, had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should finde a running Banket, ere they rested,
I thinke would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of faire ones.

Low. O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,
To one or two of these.

San. I would I were,
They should finde easie penance.

Low. Faith how easie?

San. As easie as a downe bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you sit; Sir Henry
Place you that side, Ile take the charge of this:
His Grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keepe 'em waking:
Pray sit betwene these Ladies.

San. By my faith,
And thanke your Lordship: by your leave sweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgiue me:
I had it from my Father.

An. Bul. Was he mad Sir?

San. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too;
But he would bite none, iust as I doe now,
He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said my Lord:
So now y'are fairely seated: Gentlemen,
The penance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies
Passe away frowning.

San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall Wolsey, and takes his State.
Card. Y'are wel come my faire Guests; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,
And to you all good health.

San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me haue such a Bowle may hold my thanks,
And saue me so much talking.

Card. My Lord Sands,

I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours:
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

San. The red wine first must rise
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall haue 'em,
Talk vs to silence.

An. B. You are a merry Gamster
My Lord Sands.

San. Yes, if I make my play:
Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:
For tis to such a thing.

An. B. You cannot shew me.

Drum and Trumpet, Chambers discharged.
San. I told your Grace, they would talke anon.

Card. What's that?

Cham. Looke out there, some of ye.

Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priuiledg'd.

Enter a Seruant.

Cham. How now, what is't?
Serv. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For so they seeme; th'haue left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From forraigne Princes.

Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, giue 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue
And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heauen of beauty
Shall shine at full vpon them. Some attend him.

All rise, and Tables remov'd.
You haue now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I shewre a welcome on yee: welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like
Shepheards, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They
passe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully sa-
lute him.

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praid
To tell your Grace: That hauing heard by fame
Of this so Noble and so faire assembly,
This night to meet heere they could doe no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)
But leaue their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct
Craue leaue to view these Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Reuels with 'em.

Card. Say, Lord Chamberlaine,
They haue done my poore house grace:
For which I pay 'em a thousand thanks,
And pray 'em take their pleasures;

Chose Ladies, King and An. Bullen.
King. The fairest hand I euer touch'd: O Beauty,
Till now I neuer knew thee.

Musicke, Dance.

Card. My Lord,
Cham. Your Grace,

Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my loue and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will my Lord.
Card. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confesse
There is indeed, which they would haue your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Card. Let me see then,
By all your good leaues Gentlemen; heere Ile make
My royall choyce.

King. Ye haue found him Cardinall,
You hold a faire Assembly; you doe well Lord:
You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,
I should iudge now vnappily.

Card. I am glad
Your Grace is growne so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlaine,
Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace,
Sir Thomas Bullens Daughter, the Viscount Rochford,
One of her Highnesse women.

King. By Heauen she is a dainty one, Sweet heart,
I were vnmanly to take you out,
And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round.

Card. Sir Thomas Lowell, is the Banket ready
I th' Priuy Chamber?

Low. Yes, my Lord.

Card. Your Grace
I feare, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I feare too much.

Card. There's fresher ayre my Lord,
In the next Chamber.

King. Lead in your Ladies eu'ry one: Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall: I haue halfe a dozen healths,
To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame
Who's best in fauour. Let the Musicke knock it.

Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at seuerall Doores.

1. Whether away so fast?
2. O, God saue ye:
Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1. Ile saue you
That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing backe the Prisoner.

2. Were you there?

1. Yes indeed was I.

2. Pray speake what ha's happen'd.

1. You may guesse quickly what.

2. Is he found guilty?

1. Yes truly is he.

And condemn'd vpon't.

2. I am sorry for't.

1. So are a number more.

2. But pray how past it?

1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alledged
Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.
The Kings Atturney on the contrary,
Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confessions

Of diners witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To him brought *viua voce* to his face;
At which appear'd against him, his Surueyor
Sir Gilbert Pecke his Chancellour, and John Cav,
Confessor to him, with that Diuell Monke,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. That was hee

That fed him with his Prophecies.

1. The same,

All these accus'd him strongly, which he faine
Would haue flung from him; but indeed he could not;
And so his Peeres vpon this euidence,
Haue found him guilty of high Treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.

2. After all this, how did he beare himselfe?

1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was fir'd
With such an Agony, he sweat extremly,
And something spoke in choller, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience.

2. I doe not thinke he feares death.

1. Sure he does not,
He neuer was so womanish, the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2. Certainly,

The Cardinall is the end of this.

1. Tis likely,

By all coniectures: First *Kildares* Attendure;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd
Earle *Shurray*, was sent thither, and in hast too,
Least he should helpe his Father.

2. That trick of State

Was a deepe enuious one,

1. At his returne,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted:
(And generally) who euer the King fauours,
The Cardinall instantly will finde imployment,
And farre enough from Court too.

2. All the Commons

Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience
With him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much
They loue and doate on: call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courtisie.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignement, Tiptanes before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Louell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,

And see the noble rain'd man you speake of.

2. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus farre haue come to pittie me;
Heare what I say, and then goe home and lose me.
I haue this day receiu'd a Traitors iudgement,
And by that name must dye; yet Heauen beare witnes,
And if I haue a Conscience, let it fincke me,
Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
Thas done vpon the premises, but Iustice:
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians;
(Be what they will) I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischiefs

Nor build their euils on the graues of great men;
For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King haue mercies
More then I dare make faults.
You few that lou'd me,
And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue
Is only bitter to him, only dying:

Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long diuorce of Steele falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heauen.
Lead on a Gods name,

Louell. I doe beseech your Grace, for charity
If euer any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Louell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberlesse offences
Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Enuy shall make my Graue.
Commend mee to his Grace:

And if he speake of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heauen: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he liue
Longer then I haue time to tell his yeares;
Euer belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodnesse and he, fill vp one Monument.

Lou. To th' water side I must conduct your Grace,
Then giue my Charge vp to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who vndertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suites
The Greatnesse of his Person.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone, my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*: now, poore *Edward Bohun*,
Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,
That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now scale it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groane forth.
My noble Father *Henry of Buckingham*,
Who first rais'd head against *Vsurping Richard*,
Flying for succour to his Seruant *Banister*,
Being distressed; was by that wretch betraid,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seauenth succeeding, truly pitying
My Fathers losse; like a most Royall Prince
Restor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy; at one stroke ha's taken
For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,
And must needs say a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father:
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both
Fell by our Seruants, by those Men we lou'd most:
A most vnnatural and faithlesse Seruice.
Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receiue as certaine:
Where you are libell of your loues and Counceils,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,

And giue your hearts to; when they once perceiue
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, neuer found againe
But where they meane to sinke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last houre
Of my long weary life is come vpon me:
Farewell; and when you would say something that is sad,
Speake how I fell.

I haue done; and God forgive me.

Exeunt Duke and Traine.

1. O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls
I feare, too many curses on their heads
That were the Authors.
2. If the Duke be guiltlesse,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can giue you inckling
Of an ensuing euill, if it fall,
Greater then this.

1. Good Angels keepe it from vs:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceale it.

1. Let me haue it:
I doe not talke much.
2. I am confident;
You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Betwene the King and *Katherine*?

1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumor; and alay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2. But that slander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Fresher then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or some about him neere, haue out of malice
To the good Queene, posselt him with a scruple
That will vndoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this busines.

1. Tis the Cardinall;
And meere to reuenge him on the Emperour,
For not bestowing on him at his asking,
The Archbishopricke of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2. I thinke
You haue hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That he should feele the smart of this: the Cardinall
Will haue his will, and she must fall.

1. Tis wofull.
Wee are too open here to argue this:
Let's thinke in priuate more. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

*My Lord, the Horses your Lordship sent for, with all the
care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd.
They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the
North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man
of my Lord Cardinalls by Commission, and maine power tooke
em from me, with this reason: his maister would bee seru'd be-*

*fore a Subiect, if not before the King, which stop'd our mouths
Sir.*

I feare he will indeede; well, let him haue them; hee
will haue all I thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Nor-
folke and Suffolke.

Nor. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suff. How is the King imployd?

Cham. I left him priuate,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife

Ha's crept too neere his Conscience.

Suff. No, his Conscience

Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.

Nor. Tis so;

This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blinde Priest, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God he doe,

Hee'l neuer know himselfe else.

Nor. How holily he workes in all his businesse,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Betwene vs & the Emperour (the Queens great Nephew)
He diues into the Kings Soule, and there leaues
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conscience,
Feares, and despaires, and all these for his Marriage.

And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a Diuorce, a losse of her
That like a Jewell, ha's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet neuer lost her lustre;

Other that loues him with that excellence,
That Angels loue good men with: Euen of her,
That when the greatest stroke of Fortune falls
Will blasse the King: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heauen keep me from such counsel: tis most true
These newes are euery where, euery tongue speaks 'em,
And euery true heart weepes for't. All that dare
Looke into these affaires, see this maine end,
The French Kings Sister. Heauen will one day open
The Kings eyes, that so long haue slept vpon
This bold bad man.

Suff. And free vs from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliuerance;
Or this imperious man will worke vs all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suff. For me, my Lords,

I loue him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:

As I am made without him, so I stand,

If the King please: his Curses and his blessings

Touch me alike: th'are breath I not beleeeve in.

I knew him, and I know him: so I leaue him

To him that made him proud; the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;

And with some other busines, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much vpon him:
My Lord, youle beare vs company?

Cham. Excuse me,

The King ha's sent me otherwise; Besides

You'l finde a most vnfit time to disturbe him:

Health to your Lordships.

Nor.

Norfolke. Thanks my good Lord Chamberlaine.
Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King draws the Curtaine
and sits reading pensively.

Suff. How sad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted.
Kin. Who's there? Ha?

Norff. Pray God he be not angry. (seclus)

Kin. Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your
Into my priuate Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?

Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is businesse of Estate; in which, we come
To know your Royall pleasure.

Kin. Ye are too bold:
Go too; Ile make ye know your times of businesse:
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission.
Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King; you'r welcome
Most learned Reverend Sir, into our Kingdome,
Vie vs, and it; My good Lord, haue great care,
I be not found a Talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot;
I would your Grace would giue vs but an howre
Of priuate conference.

Kin. We are busie; goe.

Norff. This Priest ha's no pride in him?

Suff. Not to speake of:

I would not be so sicke though for his place;

But this cannot continue.

Norff. If it doe, he venture one; haue at him.

Suff. I another.

Exit Norfolke and Suffolke.
Wol. Your Grace ha's giuen a President of wisdom
About all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome:
Who can be angry now? What Envy reach you?
The Spaniard tide by blood and fauour to her,
Must now confesse, if they haue any goodnesse,
The Tryall iust and Noble. All the Clerkes,
(I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
Haue their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Iudgement)
Inuited by your Noble selfe, hath sent
One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man,
This iust and learned Priest, Cardnall Campeius,
Whom once more, I present vnto your Highnesse.

Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thanke the holy Conclau for their loues,
They haue sent me such a Man, I would haue wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserue all strangers loues,
You are so Noble: To your Highnesse hand
I tender my Commission; by whose vertue,
The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord
Cardinall of Torke, are ioyn'd with me their Seruant,
In the vnpartiall iudging of this Businesse.

Kin. Two equall men: The Queene shall be acquaint-
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Maiesty, ha's alwayes lou'd her
So deare in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of lesse Place might aske by Law;
Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.

Kin. I, and the best she shall haue; and my fauour
To him that does best; God forbid els: Cardinall,
Prethee call Gardiner to me, my new Secretary.
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Giue me your hand: much ioy & fauour to you;
You are the Kings now.

Gard. But to be commanded

For euer by your Grace, whose hand ha's rais'd me.

Kin. Come hither Gardiner.

Walkes and whispers.

Cam. My Lord of Torke, was not one Doctor Pass
In this mans place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes surely.

Cam. Beleue me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
Euen of your selfe Lord Cardinall.

Wol. How? of me?

Cam. They will not sticke to say, you enuide him;
And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne man still, which so greued him,
That he ran mad, and dide.

Wol. Heau'ns peace be with him:

That's Christian care enough: for liuing Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him followes my appointment,
I will haue none so neere els. Learne this Brother,
We liue not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

Kin. Deliu'r this with modesty to th' Queene.

Exit Gardiner.

The most conuenient place, that I can thinke of
For such receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:
There ye shall meete about this weighty businesse.
My Wolsey, see it furnis'd, O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leaue
So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leaue her.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
His Highnesse, hauing liu'd so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could euer
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She neuer knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courtes of the Sun enthroned,
Still growing in a Maiesty and pompe, the which
To leaue, a thousand fold more bitter, then
'Tis sweet at first to acquire. After this Proceffe.

To giue her the auant, it is a pity
Would moue a Monster.

Old La. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

An. Oh Gods will, much better
She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do diuorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soule and bodies seuering.

Old La. Alas poore Lady,
Shee's a stranger now againe.

An. So much the more
Must pity drop vpon her; verily
I sweare, 'tis better to be lowly borne,

And

And range with humble liuers in Content,
Then to be perk'd vp in a glistering griefe,
And weare a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content

Is our best hauing.

Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
For all this spice of your Hipocrisie:

You that haue so faire parts of Woman on you,
Haue (too) a Woman's heart, which euer yet
Affected Eniuece, Wealth, Soueraignty;
Which, to say sooth, are Blessings; and which gifts
(Sauing your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft Chittrill Conscience, would receiue,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queene?

Anne. No, not for all the riches vnder Heauen.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a threepence bow'd would hire me
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
What thinke you of a Dutchesse? Haue you limbs
To beare that load of Title?

An. No in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then blushing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weake
Euer to get a Boy.

An. How you doe talke;
I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world:

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I my selfe
Would for Carnaruanshire, although there long'd
No more to th' Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine. (know)

L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to
The secret of your conference?

An. My good Lord,

Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Mistis Sorrowes we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle businesse, and becoming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.

An. Now I pray God, Amen.

Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heau'nly blessings
Follow such Creatures. That you may, faire Lady
Perceiue I speake sincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Maiesty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe's purpose honour to you no lesse flowing,
Then Marchionesse of Pembroke; to which Title,
A thousand pound a yeare, Annuall support,
Out of his Grace, he addes.

An. I doe not know

What kinde of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duly hallowed; nor my Wishes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speake my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady;

I shall not faile to approue the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I haue perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they haue caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a Lemme,
To lighten all this Ile. Ile to the King,
And say I spoke with you:

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

An. My honour'd Lord.

Old L. Why this it is: See, see,
I haue beene begging sixteene yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggely) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any suit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fish heere; sye, sye, sye vpon
'Tis compell'd fortune: haue your mouth fill'd vp,
Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me.

Old L. How taste it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would she not
For all the mud in Egypt; haue you heard it?

An. Come you are pleasant.

Old L. With your Theame, I could
O're-wound the Larke: The Marchionesse of Fembrooke
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promises mo thousands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Dutchesse. Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?

An. Good Lady,
Make your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leaue me out on't. Would I had no being
If this salute my blood a iot; it faints me
To thinke what followes.

The Queene is comfortlesse, and wee forgetfull
In our long absence: pray doe not deliuer,
What heere y' haue heard to her.

Old L. What doe you thinke me ——— Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them two
Scribes in the habite of Doctors; after them, the Bishop of
Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincolne, Ely,
Rochester, and S. Asaph: Next them, with some small
distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the
great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bea-
ring each a Silver Crosse: Then a Gentleman vnder bare-
headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a
Silver Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great
Silver Pillers: After them, side by side, the two Cardinals,
two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes
place vnder the Cloth of State. The two Cardinals sit
vnder him as Iudges. The Queene takes place some di-
stance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on
each side the Court in manner of a Conffitory: Below them
the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the
Attendants stand in conuenient order about the Stage.

Car. Whil'ft our Commiffion from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly bene read,
And on all fides th' Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.

Car. Bee't fo, proceed.

Seri. Say, Henry K. of England, come into the Court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Heere.

Scribe. Say, Katherine Queene of England,
Come into the Court.

Crier. Katherine Queene of England, &c.

*The Queene makes no answer, rizes out of her Chaire,
goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at
his Feete. Then fpeakes.*

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Iustice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: hauing heere
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir:
In what haue I offended you? What caule
Hath my behaviour giuen to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceede to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witnesse,
I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Euer in feare to kindle your Dislike,
Yea, subiect to your Countenance: Glad, or forry,
As I saw it inclin'd? When was the houre
I euer contradicted your Desire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Haue I not stroue to loue, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Likings? Nay, gaue notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I haue bene your Wife, in this Obedience,
Vpward of twenty yeares, and haue bene blest
With many Children by you. If in the course
And processe of this time, you can report,
And proue it too, against mine Honor, aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie
Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let the fowl'ft Contempt
Shut doore vpon me, and so giue me vp
To the sharpest kinde of Iustice. Please you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise Councell to them
Of euery Realme, that did debate this Businesse,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawfull. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whose Counsaile
I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

Vol. You haue here Lady,
(And of your choice) these Reuerend Fathers, men
Of singular Integrity, and Learning;
Yea, the elect o'th' Land, who are assembled
To pleade your Cause. It shall be therefore bootlesse,

That longer you desire the Court, as well
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
What is vnseel'd in the King.

Camp. His Grace

Hath spoken well, and iustly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royall Session do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I speake.

Vol. Your pleasure, Madam.

Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd so) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
Ile turne to sparkes of fire.

Vol. Be patient yet.

Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do beleue
(Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You shall not be my Iudge. For it is you
Haue blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I say againe,
I utterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refuse you for my Iudge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth.

Vol. I do professe

You speake not like your selfe: who euer yet
Haue flood to Charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdomes,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I haue no Spieene against you, nor iniustice
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,
Or how farre further (shall) is warranted
By a Commiffion from the Consistorie,
Yea, the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
The King is present: If it be knowne to him,
That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my Falsehood, yea, as much
As you haue done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remoue these Thoughts from you. The which before
His Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech
You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weake
To oppose your cunning. Yare meek, & humble-mouth'd
You signe your Place, and Calling, in full seeming,
With Meekenesse and Humilitie: but your Heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spieene, and Pride.
You haue by Fortune, and his Highnesse fauors,
Gone slightly o're lowe steppes, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your wrongs
(Domestickes to you) serue your will, as't please
Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
You tender more your persons Honor, then
Your high profession Spirituall. That agen
I do refuse you for my Iudge, and here
Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cause fore his Holinesse,
And to be iudg'd by him.

She Curtesies to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp.

Camp. The Queene is obstinate,
Stubborne to Iustice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainfull to be tri'd by't; tis not well.
Shee's going away.

Kim. Call her againe.

Crier. Katherine, Q. of England, come into the Court.

Gent. Vsb. Madam, you are call'd backe.

Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,

When you are call'd returne. Now the Lord helpe,

They vex me past my patience, pray you passe on;

I will not tarry: no, nor euer more.

Vpon this businesse my appearance make,

In any of their Courts.

Exit Queene, and her Attendants.

Kim. Goe thy wayes Kate,

That man i'th' world, who shall report he ha's

A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted,

For speaking false in that; thou art alone

(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse,

Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wile-like Government,

Obeying in commanding, and thy parts

Soueraigne and Pious els, could speake thee out)

The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;

And like her true Nobility, she ha's

Carried her selfe towards me.

Vol. Most gracious Sir,

In humblest manner I require your Highnes,

That it shall please you to declare in hearing

Of all these cares (for where I am rob'd and bound,

There must I be vnloos'd, although not there

At once, and fully satisfide) whether euer I

Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or

Laid any scruple in your way. whi. h might

Induce you to the question on't: or euer

Haue to you, but with thanks to God for such

A Royall Lady, spake one, the least word that might

Beto the preiudice of her present State,

Or touch of her good Person?

Kim. My Lord Cardinall,

I doe excuse you; yea, vpon mine Honour.

I free you from't: You are not to be taught

That you haue many enemies, that know not

Why they are so; but like to Village Cures,

Barke when their fellowes doe. By some of these

The Queene is put in anger; yare excus'd:

But will you be more iustifide? You euer

Haue wish'd the sleeping of this busines, neuer desir'd

It to be stir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft

The passages made toward it; on my Honour,

I speake my good Lord Cardinall, to this point;

And thus farre cleare him.

Now, what mou'd me too't,

I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't:

Then marke th' inducement. Thus it came; giue heede

My Conscience first receiu'd a tendernes,

Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtter'd

By th' Bishop of Bayon, then French Embassador,

Who had bene hither sent on the debating

And Marriage twixt the Duke of Orleans, and

Our Daughter Mary: Th' Progress of this busines,

Ere a determinate resolution, hee

(I meane the Bishop) did require a respite,

Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertise,

Whether our Daughter were legitimate,

Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager.

Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke

The bolome of my Conscience, enter'd me;
Yea, with a spitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my Breast, which fore'd such way,
That many maz'd considerations, did throng
And prest in with this Caution. First, me thought
I stood not in the smile of Heauen, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
If it conceiu'd a male-child by me, should
Do no more Offices of life too't; then
The Grave does to th' dead: For her Male Issue,
Or d'ide where they were made, or shortly after
This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the best Heyre o'th' World) should not
Be gladd in't by me. Then followes, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realme flood in
By this my Issues faile, and that gaue to me
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steere
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together: that's to say,
I meant to rectifie my Conscience, which
I then did feeble full sicke, and yet not well,
By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learn'd. First I began in priuate,
With you my Lord of *Lincolne*; you remember
How vnder my oppression I did reeke
When I first mou'd you.

B. Lin. Very well my Liedge.

Kim. I haue spoke long, be pleas'd your selfe to say

How farre you satisfide me.

Lin. So please your Highnes,

The question did at first so stagger me,

Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,

And consequence of dread, that I committed

The darings Counsaile which I had to doubt,

And did entreate your Highnes to this courle,

Which you are running heere.

Kim. I then mou'd you,

My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave

To make this present Summons vnolicited.

I left no Reuerend Person in this Court;

But by particular consent proceeded

Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,

For no dislike i'th' world against the person

Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points

Of my alleadged reasons, driues this forward:

Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life

And Kingly Dignity, we are contented

To weare our mortall State to come, with her,

(*Katherine our Queene*) before the primeft Creature

That's Parragon'd o'th' World

Camp. So please your Highnes,

The Queene being absent, 'tis a needfull fitnesse,

That we adiourne this Court till further day;

Meane while, must be an earnest motion

Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale

She intends vnto his Holinesse.

Kim. I may perceiue

These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre

This dilatory sloth, and trickes of Rome.

My learn'd and welbeloued Seruant *Crawmer*,

Prethee returne, with thy approach: I know,

My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;

I lay, set on.

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen and her Women as at worke.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench,
My Soule growes sad with troubles,
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leaue working:

SONG.

O Rphens with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers
Euer sprung; as Sunne and Showers,
There had made a lasting Spring.
Euer thing that heard him play,
Euen the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their heads, & then lay by.
In sweet Musicke is such Art,
Killing care, & griefe of heart,
Fall asleepe, or hearing dyes.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speake with me?

Gent. They will me say so Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come neere: what can be their busines
With me, a poore weake woman, false from fauour?
I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,
They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous:
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey & Campian.

Wol. Peace to your Highnesse.

Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houwife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, reuerent Lords?

Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your priuate Chamber; we shall giue you
The full cause of our comming.

Queen. Speake it heere.

There's nothing I haue done yet o' my Conscience
Deserues a Corner: would all other Women
Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe.

My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Abooue a number) if my actions

Were tri'd by eu'ry tongue, eu'ry eye saw 'em,
Enny and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life to euen. If your busines

Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loues open dealing.

Card. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina serenissima.*

Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin;

I am not such a Truant since my comming,
As not to know the Language I haue liu'd in:

A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspiti-
Pray speake in English; heere are some will thanke you,
if you speake truth, for their poore Mistis sake;

Beleeue me she ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing'st Sonne I euer yet committed,
May be absolud in English.

Card. Noble Lady,

I am sorry my integrity shoul breed,
(And seruice to his Maiesty and you)
So deepe suspicion, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accusation,
To taint that honour euery good Tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You haue too much good Lady: But to know
How you stand minded in the waighty difference
Betweene the King and you, and to deliuer
(Like free and honest men) our iust opinions,
And comforts to our cause.

Camp. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a signe of peace,
His Seruice, and his Counsell.

Queen. To betray me.

My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,
Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye proue so)
But how to make ye sodainly an Answer
In such a poynt of weight, so neere mine Honour,
(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit,
And to such men of grauity and learning;
In truth I know not. I was set at worke,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for such men, or such businesse;
For her sake that I haue beene, for I feele
The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces
Let me haue time and Counsell for my Cause:
Alas, I am a Woman frendlesse, hopelesse.

Wol. Madam,

You wrong the Kings loue with these feares,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,

But little for my profit can you thinke Lords,
That any English man dare giue me Counsell?
Or be a knowne friend 'gainst his Highnes pleasure,
(Though he be growne so desperate to be honest)
And liue a Subiect? Nay forsooth, my Friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, liue no heere,
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine owne Countrey Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace

Would leaue your greifes, and take my Counsell.

Queen. How Sir?

Camp. Put your maine cause into the Kings protection,
Hee's louing and most gracious. I will be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Cause:

For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tels you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine:
Is this your Christian Counsell? Out vpon ye.

Heauen is aboue all yet; there sits a Iudge,
That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage mistakes vs.

Queen. The more shame for yeholy men I thought ye,
Vpon my Soule two reuerend Cardinall Vertues:

But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?

The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh't at, scorn'd?

I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,
I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,

I haue more Charity. But say I warn'd ye:
Take heed, for heauens sake take heed, least at once
The burthen of my sorrowes, fall vpon ye.

Car. Madam, this is a meere distraction,
You turne the good we offer, into enny.

Queen. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,
And all such false Professors. Would you haue me

(If you haue any iustice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)

Put my sicke cause into his hands, that hates me?
Alas, ha's banish'd me his Bed already;

His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
And all the Fellowship I hold now with him

Is onely my Obedience. What can happen
To me, about this wretchednesse? All your Studies

Make me a Curfe, like this.

Camp. Your feares are worse.

Queen. Haue I liu'd thus long (let me speake my selfe,
Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife a true one?

A Woman (I dare say without vainglory)
Neuer yet branded with Suspicion?

Haue I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King? Lou'd him next Heau'n? Obey'd him?

Bin (out of fondnesse) superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my Prayres to content him?

And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords,
Bring me a constant woman to her Husband,

One that ne'e dream'd a Loy, beyond his pleasure;
And to that Woman (when she has done most)

Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience.

Car. Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at.

Queen. My Lord,

I dare not make my selfe so guiltie,
To giue vp willingly that Noble Title

Your Master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e're diuorce my Dignities.

Car. Pray heare me.

Queen. Would I had neuer trod this English Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow vpon it:

Ye haue Angels Faces; but Heauen knowes your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched Lady?

I am the most vnhappy Woman liuing.
Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?

Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?

Almost no Graue allow'd me? Like the Lilly
That once was Mistis of the Field, and flourish'd,

He hang my head, and perish.

Car. If your Grace

Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honest,
You'd feele more comfort. Why shold we (good Lady)

Vpon what cause wrong you? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profession is against it;

We are to Cure such sorrowes, not to sowe 'em.
For Goodnesse sake, consider what you do,

How you may hurt your selfe: I, vterly
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.

The hearts of Princes kisse Obedience,
So much they loue it. But to stubborn Spirits,

They swell and grow; as terrible as stormes.
I know you haue a Gentle, Noble temper,

A Soule as euen as a Calme; Pray thinke vs,
Those we professe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants.

Camp. Madam, you'll finde it so:
You wrong your Vertues

With these weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
As yours was, put into you, euer casts
Such doubts as false Coine from it. The King loues you,
Beware you loose it not: For vs (if you please
To trust vs in your businesse) we are ready
To vse our vtmost Studies, in your seruice.

Queen. Do what ye will, my Lords:

And pray forgive me;

If I haue vs'd my selfe vnmanerly,

You know I am a Woman, lacking wit

To make a seemely answer to such persons.

Pray do my seruice to his Maieesty,

He ha's my heart yet, and shall haue my Prayers

While I shall haue my life. Come reuerend Fathers,

Bestow your Counsels on me. She now begges

That little thought when she set footing heere,

She should haue bought her Dignities so deere. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolke, Lord Surrey,
and Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. If you will now write in your Complaints,
And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinall
Cannot stand vnder them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustaine moe new disgraces,
With these you beare already.

Suf. I am ioyfull

To meete the least occasion, that may giue me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,
To be reueng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peeres

Haue vncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stampe of Noblenesse in any person
Out of himselfe?

Cham. My Lords, you speake your pleasures:

What he deserues of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time

Giues way to vs) I much feare. If you cannot
Barre his access to'th King, neuer attempt

Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft
Ouer the King in's Tongue.

Nor. O feare him not,

His spell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter against him, that for euer marres
The Honoy of his Language. No, he's settled
(Not to come off) in his displeasure.

Suf. Sir,

I should be glad to beare such Newes as this
Once euery houre.

Nor. Beleeue it, this is true.

In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all vnfolded: wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine Enemy.

Suf. How came

His practises to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Suf. O how? how?

Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried,

And

And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holinesse
To stay the Iudgement o'th'Diuorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue
My King is tangled in affection, to

A Creature of the Queenes, Lady Anne Bullen,
Sur. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Beleue it.

Sur. Will this worke?

Cham. The King in this perceiues him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physicke
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.

Sur. Would he had.

Suf. May you be happy in your with my Lord,

For I professe you haue it.

Sur. Now all my ioy

Trace the Coniunction.

Suf. My Amen too't.

Nor. All mens.

Suf. There's order giuen for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To some cares vnreckoned. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinall?
The Lord forbid.

Nor. Marry Amen.

Suf. No, no:

There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall Campeius,
Is stolne away to Rome, hath tane no leaue,
Ha's left the cause o'th'King vnhanded, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.

Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry Ha, lowder.

Nor. But my Lord

When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Haue satisfied the King for his Diuorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleue)
His second Marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her Coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princesse Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings businesse.

Suf. He ha's, and we shall see him
For it an Arch-bishop.

Nor. So I heare.

Suf. This so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.

Nor. Obferue, obferue, hee's moody.

Car. The Packet Cromwell,

Gau't you the King?

Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.

Card. Look'd he o'th'inside of the Paper?

Crom. Presently

He did vnseale them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde: a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him heere this Morning.

Card. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I thinke by this he is.

Card. Leave me a while.

Exit Cromwell.

It shall be to the Dutches of Alanfon,
The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.

Anne Bullen? No: He no Anne Bullens for him,

There's more in't then faire Vilage. Bullen?

No, we'l no Bullens: Speedily I wish

To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbrooke?

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he heares the King

Does whet his Anger to him.

Sur. Sharpe enough,

Lord for thy Iustice.

Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?

A Knights Daughter

To be her Mistis? The Queenes, Queene?

This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it,

Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous

And well deseruing? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lye i'th'bosome of

Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung vp

An Heretique, an Arch-one; Cranmer, one

Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,

And is his Oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of a Soecule.

Sur. I would 'twere something y' would fret the string,
The Master-cord on's heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by th'houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th' name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?

Nor. My Lord, we haue
Stood heere obseruing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,
Stops on a sodaine, looks vpon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight
Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe,
Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts
His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures
We haue seene him set himselfe.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he sent me, to peruse
As I requir'd: and wor you what I found
There (on my Conscience put vnawittingly)
Forsooth an Inuentory, thus importing
The feuerall parcels of his Plate, his Treasure,
Rich Stufes and Ornaments of Household, which
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Possession of a Subiect.

Nor. It's Heauens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To blesse your eye withall.

King. If we did thinke

His

His Contemplation were about the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall obiect, he should still
Dwell in his Musings, but I am afraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His serious considering.

King takes his Seat, whispers Lowell, who goes
to the Cardinall.

Car. Heauen forgive me, but I should haue
Euer God blesse your Highnesse, should haue

King. Good my Lord,

You are full of Heauenly stufes, and beare the Inuentory

Of your best Graces in your minde; the which

You were now running o're: you haue scarce time

To steale from Spirituall leysure, a brieue span

To keepe your earthly Audit, sure in that

I deeme you an ill Husband, and am yeld

To haue you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir,

For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time

To thinke vpon the part of businesse, which

I beare i'th' State: and Nature does requite

Her times of preseruation, which perforce

I her fraile sonne, amongst my Brethren mortall,

Must giue my tendance to.

King. You haue said well.

Car. And euer may your Highnesse yoke together,

(As I will lend you cause) my doing well,

With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said agen,

And 'tis a kinde of good deede to say well,

And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,

He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne

His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,

I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone

Implay'd you where high Profits might come home,

But par'd my present Hauings, to bestow

My Bounties vpon you.

Car. What should this meane?

Sur. The Lord increase this businesse.

King. Haue I not made you

The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,

If what I now pronounce, you haue found true?

And if you may confesse it, say withall

If you are bound to vs, or no. What say you?

Car. My Soueraigne, I confesse your Royall graces

Show'd on me daily, haue bene more then could

My studied purposes requite, which went

Beyond all mans endeauours. My endeauours,

Haue euer come too short of my Desires,

Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends

Haue bene mine so, that euermore they pointed

To th'good of your most Sacred Person, and

The profit of the State. For your great Graces

Heap'd vpon me (poore Vnderferuer) I

Can nothing render but Allegiant thanks,

My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie

Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing,

Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairely answer'd:

A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is

Therein illustrated, the Honor of it

Does pay the Act of it, as i'th'contrary

The fowlenesse is the punishment. I presume,

That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,

My heart drop'd Love, my power rain'd Honor, more

On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,

Your Braine, and every Function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in Loues particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any.

Car. I do professe,

That for your Highnesse good, I euer labour'd
More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be
(Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and
Appare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wilde Riuer breake,
And stand vnshaken yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken:

Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall brest,

For you haue seene him open't. Read o're this,

And after this, and then to Breakfast with

What appetite you haue.

Exit King, frowning vpon the Cardinall, the Nobles
throng after him (smiling and whispering).

Car. What should this meane?

What sodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?

He parted frowning from me, as if Ruine

Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chafed Lyon

Vpon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him:

Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper:

I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:

This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis th'Accompt

Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together

For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,

And see my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!

Fit for a Foole to fall by: What croffe Diuell

Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet

I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?

No new deuice to beare this from his Braines?

I know 'twill stirre him strongly; yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of Fortune

Will bring me off againe. What's this? To th' Pope?

The Letter (as I liue) with all the Businesse

I writ too's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell:

I haue touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse,

And from that full Meridian of my Gloiy,

I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,

And no man see me more.

Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolke, the
Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinall,
Who commands you

To render vp the Great Seale presently

Into our hands, and to Confine your selfe

To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester,

Till you heare further from his Highnesse.

Car. Stay:

Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare crosse 'em,

Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressly?

Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,

(I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,

I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele

Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Enuy,

How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces

As

As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in euery thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your enuious courtes, men of Malice;
You haue Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You aske with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gaue me:
Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gaue it.

Car. It must be himselfe then.

Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.

Car. Proud Lord, thou lyest:

Within these fortie houres, Surrey durst better
Haue burnt that Tongue, then faide so.

Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlet sinne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,
You sent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his succour; from the King, from all
That might haue mercie on the fault, thou gau'st him:
Whil'st your great Goodnesse, out of holy pittie,
Absolu'd him with an Axe.

Vol. This, and all else

This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any priuate malice in his end,
His Noble Iurie, and foule Cause can witnesse,
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You haue as little Honesty, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,
Toward the King, my euer Roiall Master,
Dare mate a sounder man then Surrie can be,
And all that loue his follies.

Sur. By my Soule,
Your long Coat (Priest) protects you,
Thou should'st feele
My Sword i'th life blood of thee else. My Lords,
Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we liue thus tamely,
To be thus laded by a peece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,
And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes.

Card. All Goodnesse
Is poyson to thy Stomacke.

Sur. Yes, that goodnesse
Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets
You writ to'th Pope, against the King: your goodnesse
Since you prouoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly Noble,
As you respect the common good, the State
Of our despis'd Nobilitie, our Issues,
(Whom if he liue, will scarce be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand summe of his finnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. He startle you
Worse then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kissing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.

Car. How much me thinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in Charitie against it.

Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hands:
But thus much, they are foule ones.

Vol. So much fairer

And spotlesse, shall mine Innocence arise,
When the King knowes my Truth.

Sur. This cannot saue you:

I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember
Some of these Articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and crie guiltie Cardinall,
You'll shew a little Honesty.

Vol. Speake on Sir,

I dare your worst Objections: If I blush,
It is to see a Nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, then my head;
Haue at you.

First, that without the Kings assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You main'd the Iurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else
To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Seruant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.

Sur. Item, You sent a large Commission
To *Gregory de Cassado*, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highnesse, and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you haue caus'd
Your holy-Hat to be stamp't on the Kings Coine.

Sur. Then, That you haue sent innumerable substance,
(By what meanes got, I leaue to your owne conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You haue for Dignities, to the meere vndoing
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
Presse not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to see him
So little, of his great Selfe.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,
Because all those things you haue done of late
By your power Legatiue within this Kingdome,
Fall into'th compasse of a Premunire;
That therefore such a Writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Castles, and whatsoeuer, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.

Nor. And so wee'll leaue you to your Meditations
How to liue better. For your stubborne answer
About the giuing backe the Great Seale to vs,
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shal thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Vol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.
This is the fate of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leauers of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,
And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:
The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely

His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he falls as I do. I haue ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me
Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy
Of a rude streame, that must for euer hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauours?
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Neuer to hope againe.

Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why how now *Cromwell*?

Crom. I haue no power to speake Sir.

Car. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep
I am faile indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace.

Card. Why well:

Neuer so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*,
I know my selfe now, and I feele within me,
A peace about all earthly Dignities,
A still, and quiet Conscience. The King ha's cur'd me,
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders
These ruin'd Pillers, out of pittie, taken
A losse, would sinke a Navy, (too much Honor.)
O'tis a burden *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heauen.

Crom. I am glad your Grace,

Ha's made that right vse of it.

Card. I hope I haue:

I am able now (me thinks)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)
To endure more Miseries, and greater farre
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad?

Crom. The heauiest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Card. God blesse him,

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moore* is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.

Card. That's somewhat sodain.

But he's a Learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highnesse fauour, and do Iustice
For Truths-sake, and his Conscience; that his bones,
When he ha's run his course, and sleepes in Blessings,
May haue a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Inshall'd Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

Card. That's Newes indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in secrecie long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,
Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now
Onely about her Coronation.

Card. There was the waight that pull'd me downe.

O Cromwell,

The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I haue lost for euer.

No Sun, shall euer vsher forth mine Honors,
Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted
Vpon my smiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwell*,
I am a poore false man, vnworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King
(That Sun, I pray may neuer set) I haue told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will aduance thee:
Some little memory of me, will stirre him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull seruice perish too. Good *Cromwell*
Neglect him not; make vse now, and prouide
For thine owne future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,

Must I then leaue you? Must I needes forgo

So good, so Noble, and so true a Master?

Beare witnesse, all that haue not hearts of Iron,

With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaues his Lord.

The King shall haue my seruice; but my prayres

For euer, and for euer shall be yours.

Card. *Cromwell*, I did not thinke to shed a teare

In all my Miseries: But thou hast forc'd me

(Out of thy honest truch) to play the Woman.

Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me *Cromwell*,

And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention

Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee;

Say *Wolsey*, that once trod the wayes of Glory,

And founded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,

Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to rise in:

A sure, and safe one, though thy Master mist it.

Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:

Cromwell, I charge thee, Bing away Ambition,

By that sinne sell the Angels: how can man then

(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?

Loue thy selfe last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more then Honesty.

Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace

To silence enuious Tongues. Be iust, and feare not;

Let all the ends thou aynt at, be thy Countries,

Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'st (O *Cromwell*)

Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr.

Serue the King: And prythee leade me in:

There take an Inuentory of all I haue,

To the last peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,

And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,

I dare now call mine owne. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,

Had I but seru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale

I seru'd my King: he would not in mine Age

Haue left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, haue patience.

Card. So I haue. Farewell

The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Yare well met once againe.

2 So are you.

1 You come to take your stand heere, and behold
The Lady *Anne*, passe from her Coronation.

2 'Tis all my businesse. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.

1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This generall ioy.

2 'Tis well: The Citizens

I am sure haue shewne at full their Royall minds,
As let 'em haue their rights, they are euer forward

In Celebration of this day with Shewes,

Pageants, and Sights of Honor.

1 Neuer greater,

Nor Ile assure you better taken Sir.

2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,
That Paper in your hand.

1 Yes, 'tis the List

Of those that claime their Offices this day,

By custome of the Coronation.

The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes

To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke,

He to be Earle Marshall: you may reade the rest.

1 I thank you Sir: Had I not known those customs,

I should haue bene beholding to your Paper:

But I beseech you, what's become of Katherine

The Princesse Dowager? How goes her businesse?

1 That I can tell you too. The Archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other

Learaed, and Reuerend Fathers of his Order,

Held a late Court at Dunstable; fixe miles off

From Amptill, where the Princesse lay, to which

She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:

And to be short, for not Appearance, and

The Kings late Scruple, by the maine assent

Of all these Learned men, she was diuorc'd;

And the late Marriage made of none effect:

Since which, she was remou'd to Kymmaltou,

Where she remains now sicke.

2 Alas good Lady.

The Trumpets sound: Stand close,

The Queene is coming. *Ho-boys.*

The Order of the Coronation.

1 A lively Flourish of Trumpets.

2 Then, two Iudges.

3 Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.

4 Quiristers singing. Musicke.

5 Maior of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in
his Conte of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper
Crown.

6 Marquesse Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head,
a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of Surrey,
bearing the Rod of Silver with the Doue, Crowned with an
Earles Coronet. Collars of Esses.

7 Duke of Suffolke, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his
head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With
him, the Duke of Norfolke, with the Rod of Marshallship,
a Coronet on his head. Collars of Esses.

8 A Canopy, borne by foure of the Cinque-Ports, vnder it
the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with
Pearle, Crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London,
and Winchester.

9 The Olde Dutchesse of Norfolke, in a Coronall of Gold,
wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Traine.

10 Certaine Ladies or Countesses, with plaine Circlets of
Gold, without Flowers.

Exeunt, first passing ouer the Stage in Order and State, and
then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.

2 A Royall Trainee beleue me: These I know:
Who's that that beares the Scepter?

1 Marquesse Dorset,

And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.

2 A bold braue Gentleman. That should bee

The Duke of Suffolke.

1 'Tis the same: high Steward.

2 And that my Lord of Norfolke?

1 Yes.

2 Heauen bleesse thee,

Thou hast the sweetest face I euer look'd on.

Sir, as I haue a Soule, she is an Angell;

Our King has all the Indies in his Armes,

And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady,

I cannot blame his Conscience.

1 They that beare

The Cloath of Honour ouer her, are foure Barons

Of the Cinque Ports.

2 Those men are happy,

And so are all, are neere her.

I take it, she that carries vp the Trainee,

Is that old Noble Lady, Dutchesse of Norfolke.

1 It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed,

And sometimes falling ones.

2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1 God saue you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling?

2 Among the crow'd i'th' Abbey, where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled

With the meere ranknesse of their ioy.

2 You saw the Ceremony?

3 That I did.

1 How was it?

3 Well worth the seeing.

2 Good Sir, speake it to vs?

3 As well as I am able. The rich streame

Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene

To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off

A distance from her; while her Grace late downe

To rest a while, some halfe an houre, or so,

In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely

The Beauty of her Person to the People.

Beleue me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman

That euer lay by man: which when the people

Had the full view of, such a noyse arose,

As the throwdes make at Sea, in a stiffe Tempest,

As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,

(Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces

Bin loose, this day they had bene lost. Such ioy

I neuer saw before. Great belly'd women,

That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes

In the old time of Warre, would shake the preale

And make 'em reele before 'em. No man liuing

Could say this is my wife there, all were women

So strangely in one peece.

2 But what follow'd?

3 At length, her Grace rose, and with modest paces

Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like

Cast her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd devoutly.

Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people:

When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury,

She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;

As holy Oyle, Edward Confessors Crowne,

The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblemes

Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire

With

With all the choiest Musicke of the Kingdome,
Together sung Te Deum. So the parced,
And with the same full State pac'd backe againe
To Yorke-Place, where the Feast is held.

1 Sir,

You must no more call it Yorke-place, that's past:

For since the Cardinall fell, that Titles lost,

'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.

2 I know it:

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

2 What two Reuerend Byshops

Were those that went on each side of the Queene?

3 Stokely and Gardiner, the one of Winchester,

Newly prefer'd from the Kings Secretary:

The other London.

2 He of Winchester

Is held no great good louer of the Archbishops,

The vertuous Crammer.

3 All the Land knowes that:

How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes

Crammer will finde a Friend will not shrinke from him.

2 Who may that be, I pray you.

3 Thomas Crammer,

A man in much esteeme with th' King, and truly

A worthy Friend. The King has made him

Master o' th' Twelue House,

And one already of the Priuy Councell.

2 He will deserue more.

3 Yes without all doubt.

Come Gentlemen, ye shall go my way,

Which is to th' Court, and there ye shall be my Guests:

Something I can command. As I walke thither,

Ile tell ye more.

Both. You may command vs Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Katherine Dowager, sicke, lead betwene Griffith,
her Gentleman, and Patience
her Woman.*

Grif. How do's your Grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sicke to death:

My Legges like loaden Branches bow to th' Earth,

Willing to leaue their burthen: Reach a Chaire,

So now (me thinkes) I feele a litle ease.

Didst thou not tell me Griffith, as thou lead'st mee,

That the great Child of Honor, Cardinall Wolsey

Was dead?

Grif. Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace

Ours of the paine you suffer'd, gaue no care too't.

Kath. Pre'thee good Griffith, tell me how he dy'de.

If well, he slept before me happily

For my example.

Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam,

For after the stout Earle Northumberland

Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward

As a man sorely tainted, to his Answer,

He fell sicke suddenly, and grew so ill

He could not sit his Mule.

Kath. Alas poore man.

Grif. At last, with easie Rodes, he came to Leicester,

Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reuerend Abbot

With all his Couent, honourably receiu'd him;

To whom he gaue these words. O Father Abbot,

An old man, broken with the stormes of State,

Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:

Giue him a litle earth for Charity.

So went to bed; where eagerly his sicknesse

Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,

About the houre of eight, which he himselfe

Foretold should be his last, full of Repentance,

Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,

He gaue his Honors to the world agen,

His blessed part to Heauen, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest,

His Faults lye gently on him:

Yet thus farre Griffith, giue me leaue to speake him,

And yet with Charity. He was a man

Of an vnbounded stomacke, euer ranking

Himselfe with Princes. One that by suggestion

Ty'd all the Kingdome. Symonie, was faire play,

His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th' presence

He would say vntruths, and be euer double

Both in his words, and meaning. He was neuer

(But where he meant to Ruine) pitifull.

His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty:

But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:

Of his owne body he was ill, and gaue

The Clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam:

Mens euill manners, liue in Brasse, their Vertues

We write in Water. May it please your Highnesse

To heare me speake his good now?

Kath. Yes good Griffith,

I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinall,

Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly

Was fashion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle

He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:

Exceeding wise, faire spoken, and perswading:

Lofly, and sower to them that lou'd him not:

But, to those men that sought him, sweeter as Summer:

And though he were vnassisted in getting,

(Which was a sinne) yet in bestowing, Madam,

He was most Princely: Euer witness for him

Those twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,

Ipswich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,

Vnwillling to out-lie the good that did it.

The other (though vnfort'd) yet so Famous,

So excellent in Art, and Rill so rising,

That Christendome shall euer speake his Vertue.

His Ouerthrow, heap'd Happinesse vpon him:

For then, and not till then, he felt himselfe,

And found the Blessednesse of being little.

And to adde greater Honors to his Age

Then man could giue him; he dy'de, fearing God.

Kath. After my death, I wish no other Herald,

No other speaker of my liuing Actions,

To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,

But such an honest Chronicler as Griffith.

Whom I most hated Liuing, thou hast made mee

With thy Religious Truth, and Modestie,

(Now in his Ashes) Honor: Peace be with him.

Patience, be neere me still, and set me lower,

I haue not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,

Cause the Musicians play me that sad note

I nam'd my Knell; whilst I sit meditating

On

On that Cœlestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solemn Musicke.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The Vision.

Enter solemnly tripping one after another, sixe Personages,
clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of
Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes
or Palme in their hands. They first Conge unto her, then
Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a spare
Garland over her Head, at which the other foure make re-
uerend Curties. Then the two that held the Garland deli-
uer the same to the other next two, who observe the same or-
der in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her
head. Which done, they deliuer the same Garland to the
last two: who likewise observe the same Order. At which
(as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signes of
reioycing, and holdeth up her hands to heauen. And so, in
their Dancing vanishe, carrying the Garland with them.
The Musicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are heere.

Kath. It is not you I call for,

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None Madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not euen now a blessed Troope

Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces

Cast thousand beames vpon me, like the Sun?

They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,

And brought me Garlands (*Grifith*) which I feele

I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most ioyfull Madam, such good dreames

Possesse your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Musicke leaue,

They are harsh and heauy to me.

Musicke ceases.

Pati. Do you nore

How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?

How long her face is drawne? How pale she looks,

And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pati. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace

Kath. You are a sawcy Fellow,

Deferue we no more Reuerence?

Grif. You are too blame,

Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatnesse

To vse so rude behaviour. Go too, kneele.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,

My haile made me vnmanerly. There is staying

A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance *Grifith*. But this Fellow

Let me nere see againe.

Exit Messeng.

Enter Lord Capuchins.

If my sight faile not,

You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,

My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchins*.

Cap. Madam the same. Your Seruant.

Kath. O my Lord,

The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely

With me, since first you knew me.

But I pray you,

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,

First mine owne seruice to your Grace, the next

The Kings request, that I would visit you,

Who grieues much for your weaknesse, and by me

Sends you his Princely Commendations,

And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,

'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;

That gentle Physicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:

But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.

How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flourish,

When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name

Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter

I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pati. No Madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliuer

This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing Madam.

Kath. In which I haue commended to his goodnesse

The Modell of our chaste loues: his yong daughter,

The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,

Befeeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.

She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,

I hope she will deferue well; and a little

To loue her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him,

Heauen knowes how deere.

My next poore Petition,

Is, that his Noble Grace would haue some pittie

Vpon my wretched women, that so long

Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,

Of which there is not one, I dare auow

(And now I should not lye) but will deferue

For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,

For honestie, and decent Carriage

A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)

And sure those men are happy that shall haue 'em.

The last is for my men, they are the poorest,

(But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me)

That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,

And something ouer to remember me by.

If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life

And able meanes, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord;

By that you loue the deere in this world,

As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,

Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vige the King

To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heauen I will,

Or let me loose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me

In all humilitie vnto his Highnesse:

Say his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him

(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell

My Lord. *Grifith* farewell. Nay *Patience*,

You must not leaue me yet. I must to bed,

Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,

Let me be vs'd with Honor; strew me ouer

With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know

I was a chaste Wife, to my Graue: Embalme me,

Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like

A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.

I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Scene

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch
before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not? a torch before
me. It hath strooke.

Gard. These should be hoares for needier times, to haue
With comforting repose, and not for vs. Good night
To waite these times. Good house of night Sir Thomas?

Lon. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolke.

Lon. I must to him to bed. He take my leaue
Before he go to bed. He take my leaue

Gard. Not yet Sir Thomas Lovell: what's the matter?

It seemes you are in haste, and if there be
No great offence belongs too't, giue your Friend

Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that walke
(As they say Spirites do) at midnight, haue

In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse: as it is
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lon. My Lord, I loue you;
And durst commend a secret to your eare

Much waighier then this worke. The Queene in Labor
They say in great Extremity, and fear'd

Shee'l with the Labour, end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde

Good time, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir Thomas,
I wish grubb'd vp now.

Lon. Me thinkes I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes

Shee's a good Creature, and sweete-Ladie do's
Deferue our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir Thomas, y'are a Gentleman

Of mine owne way. I know you Wise, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,

'Twill not Sir Thomas Lovell, take of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwel, her two hands, and shee

Sleepe in their Graues.

Lonell. Now Sir, you speake of two
The most remark'd in the Kingdome: as for Cromwel,

Beside that of the Iewell-House, is made Master
Of the Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,

Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,
With which the Lime will loade him. Th' Archbyshop

Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that Dare, and I my selfe haue ventur'd

To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue

Incent the Lords of the Councell, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)

A most Arch-Hereticke, a Pestilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moued

Haue broken with the King, who hath so farre
Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,

And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefes,

Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord

He be conuented. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your Affaires

I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir Thomas.
Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lon. Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your seruant,
Enter King and Suffolke.

King. Charles, I will play no more to night,
My miades not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suff. Sir, I did neuer win of you before.

King. But little Charles,
Nor shall not when my Fancies on my play.

Lon. Now, from the Queene what is the Newes?

Lon. I could not personally deliuer to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,

I sent your Message, who return'd her thanks
In the great humblenesse, and desir'd your Highnesse

Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou? Ha?

Lon. So said her woman, and that her suffrance made
Almost each pang, a death.

King. Alas good Lady,

Suff. God safely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Trauaile, to the gladding of

Your Highnesse with an Heire.

King. 'Tis midnight Charles,
Praythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember

The state of my poore Queene. Leau me alone,
For I must thinke of that, which company

Would not be friendly too.

Suff. I wish your Highnesse
A quiet night, and my good Mistis will

Remember in my Prayers.

King. Charles good night.

Lon. Well Sir, what followes?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-bishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha? Canterbury?

Den. I my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he Denny?

Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Bring him to Vs.

Lon. This is about that, which the Bishop spake,
I am happily come hither.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Auoyd the Gallery.

Lonell seems to stay.

Lon. Ha? I haue said, Be gone.

What?

Exeunt Lonell and Denny.

Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?

Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.

King. How now my Lord?

You do desire to know wherefore

I sent for you.

Cran. It is my dutie

T'attend your Highnesse pleasure.

King. Pray you arise

My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie:

Come, you and I must walke a turne together:

I haue Newes to tell you.

Come, come, giue me your hand.

Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I speake,

And am right sorrie to repeat what followes.

I haue, and most vnwillingly of late

x 2

Heard

Heard many greuous. I do say my Lord
Greuous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Haue mou'd Vs, and our Councell, that you shall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe,
But that till further Triall, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thanke your Highnesse,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne shall flye asunder. For I know
There's none stands vnder more calumnious tongues,
Then I my selfe, poore man.

King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In vs thy Friend. Giue me thy hand, stand vp,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would haue giuen me your Petition, that
I should haue tane some paines, to bring together
Your selfe, and your Accusers, and to haue heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honesty:
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my person, which I waigh not,
Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must beare the same proportion, and not euer
The Iustice and the Truth o'th' question carries
The dew o'th' Verdict with it; at what case
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaues as corrupt
To sweare against you: Such things haue bene done,
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in periu'd Witnesse, then your Master,
Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liu'd
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precept for no leape of danger,
And woe your owne destruction.

Cran. God, and your Maiesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere,
They shall no more periaile, then we giue way too:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see
You do appeare before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The best persuasions to the contrary
Faile not to vse, and with what vehemencie
Th'occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your Appeale to vs
There make before them. Look, the goodman weeps:
He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,
I sweare he is true-hearted, and a soule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I haue bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
He ha's strangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?
Lady. He not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy person
Vnder their blessed wings.

King. Now by thy lookes
I gesse thy Message. Is the Queene deliuer'd?
Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I, I my Liege,
And of a lovely Boy: the God of heauen
Both now, and euer bleste her: 'Tis a Gyle
Promises Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry is to Cherry.

King. Louell,
Low. Sir.

King. Giue her an hundred Markes.

He to the Queene. *Exit King.*
Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, He ha more.
An ordinary Groome is for such payment,
I will haue more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyle was like to him? He
Haue more, or else vsfay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
He put it to the issue. *Exit Lady.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great hast. All fast? What meane this? Ho?
Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.
Cran. Why?
Keep. Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall vnderstand it presently. *Exit Butts.*
Cran. 'Tis Butts.
The Kings Physitian, as he past along
How earnestly he cast his eyes vpon me:
Pray heauen he found not my disgrace: for certaine
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God tune their hearts, I neuer sought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait else at doore: a fellow Councellor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and Butts, at a Windowe
Above.

Butts. He shew your Grace the strangest sight.
King. What's that Butts?

Butts. I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day.

King. Body a me: where is it?

Butts. There my Lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his State at doore 'mongst Pursuants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.

King. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.

Is this the Honour they doe one another?

'Tis well there's one about'em yet; I had thought

They had parted, so much honesty among'em,

At least good manners; as not thus to suffer

A man of his Place, and to neere our fauour

To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures.

And at the doore too, like a Post with Packets:

By holy Mary (Butts) there's knaury;

Let'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close:

We shall heare more anon.

A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooler, and

placed vnder the State. Enter Lord Chancelour, places

himselfe at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand: A

Seate being left void aboue him, as for Canterburies Seate.

Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Cham-

berlaine, Gardiner, seat themselves in Order on each side.

Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speake to the businesse, M, Secretary;

Why are we met in Councell?

Crom. Please your Honours,

The chiefe cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without my Noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Archbishop:

And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

Cranmer approaches the Councell Table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry

To sit heere at this present, and behold

That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men

In our owne natures fraile, and capable

Of our flesh, few are Angels; out of which frailty

And want of wisdom, you that best should teach vs,

Haue misdeem'd your selfe, and not a little:

Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling

The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines

(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,

Diuers and dangerous; which are Heresies;

And not reform'd, may proue pernicious.

Gard. Which Reformation must be sodaine too

My Noble Lords; for those that tame wild Horses,

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;

But stop their mouthes with stubborn Bits & spurre 'em,

Till they obey the mannaige. If we suffer

Our of our easinesse and childish pittie

To one mans Honour, this contagious sicknesse;

Farewell all Physicke: and what followes then?

Commotions, vprores, with a generall Taint

Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,

The vpper Germany can deere witness:

Yet freshly pittied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progresse

Both of my Life and Office, I haue labour'd,

And with no little study, that my teaching

And the strong course of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and safely; and the end
Was euer to doe well: nor is there liuing,
(I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)
A man that more detests, more stirres against,
Both in his priuate Conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publike peace then I doe:
Pray Heauen the King may neuer find a heart
With lesse Allegiance in it. Men that make
Enuy, and crooked malice, nourishment;
Dare bite the best. I doe beseech your Lordships,
That in this case of Iustice, my Accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely vrge against me.

Staff. Nay, my Lord,

That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,

And by that vertue no man dare accuse you. *(ment,*

Gard. My Lord, because we haue busines of more mo-

We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highnesse pleasure

And our consent, for better wyall of you,

From hence you be committed to the Tower,

Where being but a priuate man againe,

You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,

More then (I feare) you are provided for.

Cran. Ah my good Lord of Winchester: I thanke you,

You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will passe,

I shall both finde your Lordship, Iudge and Juror,

You are so mercifull. I see your end,

'Tis my vndoing. Loue and meekenesse, Lord

Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:

Win straying Soules with modesty againe,

Cast none away: That I shall cleere my selfe,

Lay all the weight ye can vpon my patience,

I make as little doubt as you doe conscience,

In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,

But reuerence to your calling, makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,

That's the plaine truth; your painted glosse discouers

To men that vnderstand you, words and weaknesse.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, y'are a little,

By your good fauour, too sharpe; Men so Noble,

How euer faultly, yet should finde respect

For what they haue beene: 'tis a cruelty,

To load a falling man.

Gard. Good M. Secretary,

I cry your Honour mercie; you may work

Of all this Table say so.

Crom. Why my Lord?

Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer

Of this new Sect? ye are not found,

Crom. Not found?

Gard. Not found I say.

Crom. Would you were halfe so honest:

Mens prayers then would seeke you, not their feares.

Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.

Crom. Doe.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;

Forbeare for thame my Lords.

Gard. I haue done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed

I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,

You be conuaid to th' Tower a Prisoner;

There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure

Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower my Lords?

Gard. What other,
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o'th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a Traytor thither?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i'th' Tower.

Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say. Looke there, my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruell men, and give it
To a most Noble Iudge, the King my Maister.

Cham. This is the Kings Ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Swif. 'Tis the right Ring, by Heav'n: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling,
'T would fall vpon our selues.

Nor. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certaine;
How much more is his Life in value with him?

Wor. Would I were fairely out o'n't.

Crom. My mind gaue me,

In seeking tales and Informations

Against this man, whose honesty the Diuell

And his Disciples onely enuy at,

Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now haue at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard. Dread Soueraigne,

How much are we bound to Heauen,

In dayly thanks; that gaue vs such a Prince;

Not onely good and wise, but most religious:

One that in all obedience, makes the Church

The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to strengthen

That holy duty out of deare respect,

His Royall selfe in Iudgement comes to heare

The cause betwixt her, and this great offender.

Kim. You were euer good at sodaine Commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know I come not

To heare such flattery now, and in my presence

They are too thin, and base to hide offences,

To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,

And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:

But whatsoere thou tak'st me for; I'm sure

Thou hast a cruell Nature and a bloody.

Good man sit downe: Now let me see the proudest

Hee, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.

By all thar's holy, he had better starue,

Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Grace;

Kim. No Sir, it doe's not please me,

I had thought, I had had men of some vnderstanding,

And wisdom of my Councell; but I finde none:

Was it discretion Lords, to let this man,

This gray man (few of you deferue that Title)

This honest man, wait like a lowly Foot-boy

At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?

Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission

Bid ye so faire forget your selues? I gaue ye

Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,

Not as a Groom: There's some of ye, I see,
More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would trye him to the vtmost, had ye meane,
Which ye shall neuer haue while I liue.

Cham. Thus farre

My most dread Soueraigne, may 't like your Grace,
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
And faire purgation to the world then malice,
I'm sure in me.

Kim. Well, well my Lords respect him,
Take him, and vse him well; hee's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subiect: I
Am for his loue and seruice, so to him.

Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of Canterbury
I haue a Suite which you must not deny mee.
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,
You must be Godfather, and answere for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now aliue may glory
In such an honour: how may I deferue it,
That am a poore and humble Subiect to you?

Kim. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoones:
You shall haue two noble Partners with you: the old
Duchesse of Norfolk, and Lady Marquesse Dorset: will
these please you?

Once more my Lord of Winchester, I charge you
Embrace, and loue this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And Brother; loue I doe it.

Cran. And let Heauen
Witnesse how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts)

Kim. Good Man, those ioyfull teares shew thy true

The common voyce I see is verified

Of thee, which sayes thus: Doe my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turne, and hee's your friend for euer:

Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To haue this young one made a Christian.

As I haue made ye one Lords, one remaine:
So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Noyse and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leaue your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe
you take the Courts for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaues,
leaue your gaping:

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.

Port. Belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogues:
Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree
staues, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em:
He scratch your heads; you must be seeing Christenings?
Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude
Rascalls?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible,
Vnlesse wee sweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe.

On May-day Morning, which will neuer be:

We may as well push against Powles as stirre 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd? *Man.*

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one found Cudgell of foure foote,
(You see the poore remainder) could distribute.
I made no spare Sir.

Port. You did nothing Sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colebrand,
To mow 'em downe before me: but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or shee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:
Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God saue her.

Within. Do you heare M. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good M. Puppy,

keepe the dore close Sirha.

Man. What would you haue me doe?

Port. What should you doe,

But knock 'em downe by th' dozens? Is this Morefields
to murther in? Or haue wee some strange Indian with the
great Toole, come to Court, the women so besiege vs?

Blesse me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my
Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a
thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all to-
gether.

Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir: There is
a fellow somewhat neere the dore, he should be a Brasier
by his face, for o'thy conscience twenty of the Dog-
dayes now reigne in's Nose; all that stand about him are
vnder the Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-
Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times
was his Nose discharged against mee; hee stands there
like a Morter-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberda-
shers Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd vpon me,

till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling
such a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once,

and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I
might see from farre, some forty Truncheoners draw to
her succour, which were the hope o'th' Strond where she
was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at
length they came to th' broome staffe to me, I decide 'em
still, when sodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loose shot,
deliuer'd such a showre of Pibbles, that I was faine to
draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the
Diuell was amongst 'em I thinke surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse,
and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the
tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse,
their deare Brothers are able to endure. I haue some of
'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance
these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two
Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o' me: what a Multitude are heere?
They grow still too; from all Parts they are coming,
As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are these Porters?
These lazy knaues? Y'haue made a fine hand fellowes?
Theres a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithfull friends o'th' Suburbs? We shall haue
Great store of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they passe backe from the Christening?

Port. And't please your Honour,

We are but men; and what so many may doe,
Not being torne a peeces, we haue done:

An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I liue,
If the King blame me for't; He lay ye all

By th' heeles, and sodainly: and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaues,
And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye should doe Seruice. Harke the Trumpets found,
Th'are come already from the Christening,
Go breake among the preasse, and finde away out
To let the Troope passe fairely; or He finde
A Marshallley, shall hold ye play these two Monthes.

Port. Make way there, for the Princeesse.

Man. You great fellow,

Stand close vp, or He make your head ake.

Port. You i'th' Chamblet, get vp o'th' raile,

He pecke you o're the pales else. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Maior,
Garter, Crammer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshals
Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, beauiug great
standing Bowles for the Christening Gasts: Then foure
Noblemen beauiug a Canopy, vnder which the Dutchesse of
Norfolke, Godmother, beauiug the Childe richly habited in
a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then folloves
the Marchionesse Dorset, the other Godmother, and La-
dies. The Troope passe once about the Stage, and Gar-
ter speaks.*

Gart. Heauen

From thy endlesse goodnesse, send prosperous life,
Long, and euer happie, to the high and Mighty
Princeesse of England Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my selfe thus pray
All comfort, ioy in this most gracious Lady,
Heauen euer laud vp to make Parents happy,
May hourly fall vpon ye.

Kim. Thanke you good Lord Archbishop:
What is her Name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

Kim. Stand vp Lord,

With this Kisse, take my Blessing. God protect thee,
Into whose hand, I giue thy Life.

Cran. Amen.

Kim. My Noble Gossips, y'haue beene too Prodigall;
I thanke ye heartily: So shall this Lady,
When she ha's so much English.

Cran. Let me speake Sir,

For Heauen now bids me, and the words I ytter,

Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth,

This Royall Infant, Heauen still moue about her;

Though in her Cradle; yet now promises

Vpon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,

Which Time shall bring to ripenesse: She shall be,

(But few now liuing can behold that goodnesse)

A Patterne to all Princes liuing with her,

And all that shall succeed: *Saba* was neuer

More courteous of Wisedome, and faire Vertue

Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces

That mould vp such a mighty Piece as this is,

With all the Vertues that attend the good,

Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,

Holy

Holy and Heauenly thoughts still Counsell her:
 She shall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne shall blesse her;
 Her Foës shake like a Field of bearen Corne,
 And hang their heads with sorrow:
 Good growes with her.
 In her dayes, Euery Man shall eate in safety,
 Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and sing
 The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
 God shall be truly knowne, and those about her,
 From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
 And by those claime their greatnesse; not by Blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when
 The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
 Her Ashes new create another Heyre,
 As great in admiration as her selfe.
 So shall she leaue her Blessednesse to One,
 (When Heauen shall call her from this cloud of darknes)
 Who, from the sacred Ashes of her Honour
 Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror,
 That were the Seruants to this chosen Infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
 Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen shall shine,
 His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name,
 Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,

And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
 To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
 Shall see this, and blesse Heauen.
Kim. Thou speakest wonders.
Cran. She shall be to the happinesse of England,
 An aged Princess; many dayes shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
 Would I had knowne no more: But she must dye,
 She must, the Saints must haue her; yet a Virgin,
 A most vnspotted Lilly shall she passe
 To th' ground, and all the World shall mourne her.
Kim. O Lord Archbishop
 Thou hast made me now a man, neuer before
 This happy Child, did I get any thing.
 This Oracle of comfort, ha's so pleas'd me,
 That when I am in Heauen, I shall desire
 To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
 I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
 And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
 I haue receiv'd much Honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
 Ye must all see the Queene, and she must thanke ye.
 She will be sicke els. This day, no man thinke
 'Has businesse at his house; for all shall stay:
 This Little-One shall make it Holy-day. *Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGVE.

TIs ten to one, this Play can neuer please
 All that are heere: Some come to take their ease,
 And sleepe an Act or two; but those we feare
 W^h have frighted with our Tumpets: so 'tis cleare,
 They say is naught. Others to heare the City
 Abuse'd extreemly, and to cry that's witty,
 Which wee haue not done neither; that I feare

All the expected good w^e are like to heare.
 For this Play at this time, is onely in
 The mercifull construction of good women,
 For such a one we shew'd 'em: If they smile,
 And say will doe; I know within a while,
 All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

FINIS.



The Prologue.

IN Troy there lyes the Scene: From Iles of Greece
 The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd
 Haue to the Port of Athens sent their shippes
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
 Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
 To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures
 The raniſh'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
 With wanton Paris sleepes, and that's the Quarrell.
 To Tenedos they come,
 And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge
 Their warlike frantage: now on Dardan Plaines
 The fresh and yet vnbruised Greekes do pitch
 Their braue Pauillions. Priams six-gated City,
 Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
 And Antenonidus with massie Staples
 And correspondiue and fulfilling Bolts
 Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.
 Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greeke,
 Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
 A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
 Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but suited
 In like conditions, as our Argument;
 To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
 Leapes ore the waunt and firstlings of those broyles,
 Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,
 To what may be digested in a Play:
 Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.

THE TRAGEDIE OF Troilus and Cressida.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troilus. All here my Varlet, Ile vname againe.
Why should I warre without the wals of Troy
That finde such cruell battell here within?
Each Troian that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troilus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?
Troy. The Grecks are strong, & skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant:

But I am weak: r then a womans teare;
Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skillesse as vnpractis'd Infancie.

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my
part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will
haue a Cake out of the Wheate, must needs tarry the
grinding.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the bolting; but you must tarry the leau'ing.

Troy. Still haue I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leauening: but heeres yet in the word
hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the
heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you must stay
the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her selfe, what Goddesse ere she be,
Doth lesse blench at sufferance, then I doe:

At Priams Royall Table doe I sit;

And when faire *Cressida* comes into my thoughts,

So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.

Pan. Well:

She look'd yesternight fairer, then euer I saw her looke,
Or any woman else.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rine in twaine,
Least *Hector*, or my Father should perceiue me:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a-scorne)
Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladnesse,
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to fudden sadnesse.

Pan. And her haire were not somewhat darker then
Helen, well go too, there were no more comparifon be-
tweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswo-
man, I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I would

some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will
not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit, but

Troy. Oh *Pandarus*! I tell thee *Pandarus*;

When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:

Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe

They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad

In *Cressida* loue. Thou answer'st she is faire,

Pow'r ft in the open Vicer of my heart,

Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,

Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand

(In whose comparifon, all whites are Inke)

Writing their owne reproach; to whose soft seizure,

The Cignets Downe is harsh, and spirit of Sense

Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tell'st me;

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I loue her:

But saying this, instead of Oyle and Balme,

Thou tal'st my every gash that loue hath giuen me,

The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou do'st not speake so much.

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her beas shee is,

if she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, the

hath the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*: How now *Pandarus*?

Pan. I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought

on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone betwene and

betwene, but small thanks for my Labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan. Because she's Kinsme to me, therefore shee's not

so faire as *Helen*; and she were not kin to me, she would

be as faire on Friday, as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what

care I? I care not and she were a Black-a-Moore, 'tis all

one to me.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

Troy. I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a

Foole to stay behinde her Father: Let her to the Grecks,

and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile

meddle nor make no more i'th matter.

Troy. *Pandarus*? **Pan.** Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you speake no more to me, I will leaue all

as I found it, and there an end. Exit *Pan.*

Sound Alarm.

Tro. Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude sounds,

Fooles on both sides, *Helen* must needs be faire,

When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

The Tragedie of Troilus and Cressida.

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It is too staru'd a subiect for my Sword,
But *Pandarus*: O Gods! How do you plague me?

I cannot come to *Cressida* but by *Pandarus*,

And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,

As she is stubborne, chafte, against all suite.

Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Loue

What *Cressida* is, what *Pandarus*, and what we:

Herbed is *India*, there she lies, a Pearle,

Between our *Ilum*, and where shee resides

Let it be cald the wild and wandering flood;

Our selfe the Merchant, and this sayling *Pandarus*,

Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.

Alarum. Enter *Aeneas*.

Aeneas. How now Prince *Troilus*?

Wherefore not a field?

Troy. Because not there; this womans answer sorts.

For womanish it is to be from thence:

What newes *Aeneas* from the field to day?

Aeneas. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troy. By whom *Aeneas*?

Aeneas. *Troilus* by *Meneclaus*.

Troy. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorne.

Paris is got a with *Meneclaus* horne. Alarum.

Aeneas. Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:

But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither?

Aeneas. In all swift hast.

Troy. Come goe wee then together. Exit.

Enter *Cressida* and her man.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

Cre. And whether go they?

Man. Vp to the Easterne Tower,

Whose height commands as subiect all the vaile,

To see the battell: *Hector* whose patience,

Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:

Hecubides *Andromache* and strooke his Armorer, &

And like as there were husbandry in Warre

Before the Sunne rose, hee was harness't lyte,

And to the field goe's he; where euer flower

Did as a Prophet weepe what it forlaw,

In *Hectors* wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Man. The noise goe's this;

There is among the Greeces,

A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to *Hector*,

They call him *Alex*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They say he is a very man per se and stands alone.

Cre. So do all men, vnlesse they are drunke, sicke, or

haue no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their

particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish

as the Beare, slow as the Elephant: a man into whom

nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crust'd

into folly; his folly sauced with discretion: there is no

man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a

man an attaine, but he carries some staine of it. He is

melancholy without cause, and merry against the haire,

hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so

out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands

and no vse; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man that makes me smile,

make *Hector* angry?

Man. They say he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the bat-

tell and stroke him downe, the disdain'd & shame where-

of, hath euer since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

Enter *Pandarus*.

Cre. Who comes here?

Man. Madam your Vncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hectors* a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.

Pan. What's that what's that?

Cre. Good morrow Vncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow Cozen *Cressida*: what do you talke

of? good morrow *Alexander*: how do you Cozen? when

were you at *Ilum*?

Cre. This morning Vncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was

Hector arm'd and gon ere yea came to *Ilum*? *Hellen* was

not vp? was she?

Cre. *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?

Pan. Eene so; *Hector* was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he saies here.

Pan. True he was so; I know the cause too, heele lay

about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troilus*

will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of

Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who *Troilus*?

Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Jupiter*; there's no comparifon.

Pan. What not betwene *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you

know a man if you see him?

Cre. I, if I euer saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I say *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you say as I say,

For I am sure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No not *Hector* is not *Troilus* in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis iust, to each of them he is himselfe.

Pan. Himselfe? alas poore *Troilus* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foote to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were

himselfe: well, the Gods are aboue, time must friend or

end: well *Troilus* well, I would my heart were in her bo-

dy; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th'others not come too'r, you shall tell me ano-

ther tale when th'others come too'r: *Hector* shall not

haue his will this yeare.

Cre. He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beautie.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You haue no iudgement Neece; *Hellen* her selfe

swore th'other day that *Troilus* for a browne fauour (for

so 'tis I must confesse) not browne neither.

Cre. No, but browne.

Pan. Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion aboue *Paris*.

Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour inough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* should haue too much, if the prais'd

him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he hauing

colour

colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Hellens* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I sweare to you,
I thinke *Hellen* loues him better then *Paris*.

Cre. Then thee's a merry Greeke indeed.
Jan. Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th'other day into the compast window, and you know he has not past three or foure haire on his chinne.

Cre. Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

Pan. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound list as much as his brother *Hektor*.

Cre. Is he is so young a man, and so old a lister?
Pan. But to proue to you that *Hellen* loues him, she came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.

Cre. Iuno haue mercy, how came it clouen?
Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,
I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

Cre. Oh he smiles valiantly.
Pan. Dooes hee not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne*.
Pan. Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen* loues *Troilus*.

Cre. *Troilus* will stand to thee
Prooue, if youle proue it so.

Pan. *Troilus*? why he esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egge.

Cre. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled his chin, indeed thee has a maruel's white hand I must needs confesse.

Cre. Without the racke.
Pan. And thee takes vpon her to spie a white haire on his chinne.

Cre. Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.
Pan. But there was such laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laugh that her eyes ran ore.

Cre. With Millstones.
Pan. And *Cassandra* laugh.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hektor* laugh.
Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* spied on *Troilus* chin.

Cre. And 't had beene a greene haire, I should haue laugh too.

Pan. They laugh not so much at the haire, as at his pretty answere.

Cre. What was his answere?

Pan. Quoth shee, heere's but two and fifty haire on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.
Pan. That's true, make no question of that, two and fiftie haire quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. *Inpiter* quoth she, which of these haire is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and *Hellen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chafte, and all the rest so laugh, that it past.

Cre. So let it now,
For is has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,

I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. He be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill.

Cre. And Ile spring vp in his teares, an'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Hark they are coming from the field, shal we stand vp here and see them, as they passe toward Illium, good Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida*.

Cre. At your pleasure.
Pan. Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we may see most brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke *Troilus* above the rest.

Enter Eneas.
Cre. Speake not so low'd.

Pan. That's *Eneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but marke *Troilus*, you shal see anon.

Cre. Who's that?
Enter Antenor.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th' soundest iudgement in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man of person: when comes *Troilus*? Ile shew you *Troilus* anon, if hee see me, you shal see him him nod at me.

Cre. Will he giue you the nod?
Pan. You shal see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shal haue, more.
Enter Hektor.

Pan. That's *Hektor*, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Go thy way *Hektor*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hektor*! Looke how hee looks? there's a countenance; is not a braue man?

Cre. O braue man!
Pan. Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Hel'met, looke you yonder, do you see? Looke you there? There's no ieffing, laying on, tak' off, who ill as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with Swords?
Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him; it's all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: looke yee yonder Neece, is not a gallant man to, is not? Why this is braue now: who said he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellen*'s heart good now, ha? Would I could see *Troilus* now, you shal *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Whose that?
Enter Hellenus.

Pan. That's *Hellenus*, I maruell where *Troilus* is, that's *Hellenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hellenus*.

Cre. Can *Hellenus* fight Vnkle?

Pan. *Hellenus* no: yee heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troilus* is; hark, do you not haere the people crie *Troilus*? *Hellenus* is a Priest.

Cre. What ineking fellow comes yonder?
Enter Troilus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Diophobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! Ther's a man Neece, hem; Braue *Troilus*, the Prince of Chualrie.

Cre. Peace, for shame peace.

Pan. Marke him, not him: O braue *Troilus*: looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is blow'd, and his Helme more hacks then *Hektors*, and how hee looks,

lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're saw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troilus*, go thy way, had I a sister were a *Grace*, or a daughter a *Goddesse*, hee should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would giue money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.
Cre. Heere come more.

Pan. Alas, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; portedge after meat. I could lue and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be such a man as *Troilus*, then *Agamemnon*, and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better man then *Troilus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why haue you any discretion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discouise, manhood, learning, gentleness, vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spice, and salt that seasons a man?

Cre. I a mine'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles; vpon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these; and at all these wardes I lye at, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I rook the blow, vlesse it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Enter Boy.
Pan. You are such another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your owne house.

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt hee bee hurt. Fareye well good Neece.

Cre. Adieu Vnkle.

Pan. He be with you Neece by and by.

Cre. To bring Vnkle.

Pan. I, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the same token, you are a Bawd. Exit *Pan*.

Words, vov'es, gifts, teares, & loues full sacrifice, He offers in anothers enterprife:

But more in *Troilus* thousand fold I see,
Then in the glasse of *Pandars* praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, loyes soule lyes in the dooing:

That she belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;
Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is.

That she was neuer yet, that euer knew
Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach;
"Atchieuement, is command; vngain'd, beseech."

That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare,
Nothing of that shal from mine eyes appeare. Exit.

Senec. Enter *Agamemmon*, *Nestor*, *Vlysses*, *Dionides*, *Aeneas*, with others.

Agam. Princes:
What greefe hath set the Iaundies on your cheekes?

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs, begun on earth below,
Fayles in the promist largenesse: cheekes and disaisters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound Pine, and diuers his Graine
Tortue and erant from his course of growth,
Not Princes, is it matter new to vs,
That we come short of our suppose so farre,
That after seuen yeares siege, yet Troy walles stand,
Sith euery action that hath gone before,
Whereof we haue Record, Trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme:
And that vn bodied figure of the thought
That gaue't surmised shape. Why then (you Princes)
Do you with cheekes abash'd, behold our workes,
And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) noought else
But the protractiue trials of great Loue,
To finde perfitiue constancie in men?
The finenesse of which Metall is not found
In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wise and Foole, the Artift and vn-read,
The hard and soft, seeme all affi'd, and kin.
But in the Winde and Tempest of her frowne,
Distinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,
Puffing at all, winnowes the light away:
And what hath masse, or matter by it selfe,
Lies rich in Vertue, and vamingled.

Nestor. With due Obseruance of thy godly seat,
Great *Agamemmon*, *Nestor* shall apply
Thy latest words.
In the reproofe of Chance,
Lies the true prooue of men: The Sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble Boates dare faile
Vpon her patient brest, making their way
With those of Nobler bulke?
But let the Russian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,
Bounding betweene the two moy's Elements
Like *Perseus* Horse. Where's then the sawcy Boate,
Whose weake vntimber'd sides but euen now
Co-riual'd Greatnesse? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Toste for Neptune. Euen so,
Doth valours shew, and valours worth diuide
In stormes of Fortune.
For, in her ray and brightnesse,
The Heard hath more annoyance by the Breeze
Then by the Tyger: But, when the splitting winde
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,
And Flies fled vnder shade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As row'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in selfe-same key,
Retires to chiding Fortune.

Vlyss. *Agamemmon*:
Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,
Heart of our Numbers, soule, and onely spirit,
In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all
Should be shut vp: Heare what *Vlysses* speakes,
Besides the applause and approbation
The which most mighty for thy place and sway,

And

Troilus and Cressida.

And thou most reuerend for thy stretch-out life,
I giue to both your speeches: which were such,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece
Should hold vp high in Brasse: and such againe
As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree
In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both
(Thou Great, and Wise) to heare *Vlysses* speake.

Aga. Speake Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of lesse expect:
That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen
Divide thy lips; then we are confident
When ranke *Thersites* opes his Masticke iawes,
We shall heare Musicke, Wit, and Oracle.

Vlyss. Troy yet vpon his basis had bene downe,
And the great *Hectors* sword had lack'd a Master
But for these instances.

The specialty of Rule hath bene neglected;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand
Hollow vpon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Hue,
To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'vworthiest shewes as fauely in the Maske.

The Heauens themselues, the Planets, and this Center,
Obserue degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, forme,
Office, and custome, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enclon'd and sphear'd
Amid't the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill,

And postes like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In euill mixture to disorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? shaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,
Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
The vnity, and married calme of States
Quite from their fixtue? O, when Degree is shak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high designs)

The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,
The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,
Prerogatiue of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, vn-tune that string,
And hearke what Discord followes: each thing meetes
In meere oppugnantie. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores,
And make a soppe of all this solid Globe:

Strength should be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betweene whose endlessse iarre, Justice recides)
Should loose her names, and so should Iustice too.
Then euery thing includes it selfe in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an vniuersall Wolfe,
So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)
Must make perforce an vniuersall prey,
And last, eate vp himselfe.

Great *Agamemnon*:
This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,

Followes the choaking:

And this neglect of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: so euery step
Exampeld by the first pace that is sicke
Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer
Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.

And 'tis this Feauer that keepses Troy on foote,
Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse liues, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath *Vlysses* heere discover'd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is sicke.

Aga. The Nature of the sicknesse found (*Vlysses*)
What is the remedie?

Vlyss. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,
The finew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,
Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes'mocking our designs. With him, *Patroclus*,
Vpon a lazie Bed, the liue-long day
Breakes scurrill leets,

And with ridiculous and awkward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleesse deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Ham-string, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the wooden Dialogue and sound
Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Staffolage,
Such to be pittied, and ore-rested seeming
He acts thy Greatnesse in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would seemes Hyperboles. At this fustie stuffe,
The large *Achilles* (on his prest-bed lolling)
From his deepe Chest, laughs out a lowd applause,
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* iust.

Now play me *Nestor*; hum, and stroke thy Beard
As he, being drest to some Oration:
That's done, as nere as the extreamest ends
Of parallels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,
Yet god *Achilles* still cries excellent.
'Tis *Nestor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to answer in a night-Alarme,
And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age
Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit,
And with a palsee fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Riuet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I shall split all
In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Seuerals and generals of grace exact,
Atchieuements, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serues
As stuffe for these two, to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twaine,
Who (as *Vlysses* sayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:
Aiax is growne selfe-will'd, and beares his head
In such a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*, and keepses his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feasts, railes on our state of Warre

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe *Aeneas*?
Aene. I Greeke, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affayre I pray you?
Aene. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnon*'s eares.
Aga. He heares nought priuarily
That comes from Troy.

Aene. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To set his fence on the attentue bent,
And then to speake.

Aga. Speake frankly as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnon* sleeping honre;
That thou shalt know Trojan he is awake,

Troilus and Cressida.

He tels thee so himselfe.

Aene. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Brasse voyce through all these lazie Tents,
And euery Greeke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairely, shall be spoke aloud.

The Trumpets sound.

We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy,
A Prince call'd *Hector*, *Priam* is his Father:
Who in this dull and long-continew'd Truce
Is rusty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among't the fayr't of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his ease,
That seeks his praise, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loues his Mistis more then in confession,
(With truant voves to her owne lips be loues)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans, and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Then euer Greeke did compass in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walls of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in loue, but to
If any come, *Hector* shall honour him:
If none, hee'l say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian Dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a Lance: Euen so much as
Aga. This shall be told our Louers Lord *Aeneas*,
If none of them haue soule in such a kinde,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meere recreant proue,
That means not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*: if none else, Ile be he.

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man
When *Hectors* Grandfire suckt: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his Loue; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Silver beard in a Gold Beauer,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne,
And meeting him, wit tell him, that my Lady
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.

Aene. Now heauens forbid such feartie of youth.
Vlyss. Amen.
Aga. Faire Lord *Aeneas*,
Let me touch your hand:
To our Pavillion shall I leade you first:
Achilles shall haue word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:
Your selfe shall Feast with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe.

Exeunt.

Alone Vlysses and Nestor.
Vlyss. *Nestor*.
Nest. What sayes *Vlysses*?
Vlyss. I haue a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is't?
Vlysses. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges riuie hard knots: the seeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne vp

Troilus and Cressida.

In ranke *Achilles*, must or now be crompt,
Or shedding breed a Nursery of like euil
To ouer-bulke vs all.

Nest. Wel, and how?

Ulys. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
How euer it is spred in general name,
Relates in purpose onely to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous euen as substance,
Whose gressenesse little characters summe vp,
And in the publication make no straine,
But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren
As banks of *Lybia*, though (*Apollo* knowes)
'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of iudgement,
I, with celerity, finde *Hectors* purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulys. And wake him to the answer, thinke you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you else oppose
That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,
If not *Achilles*; though 't be a sportfull Combate,
Yet in this triall, much opinion dwells.
For heere the *Troyans* taste our deer't repute
With their fin't Pallate: and trust to me *Ulysses*,
Our imputation shall be oddly poiz'd
In this wilde action. For the successe
(Although particular) shall giue a scantling
Of good or bad, vnto the General:
And in such Indexes, although small prickes
To their subsequent Volumes, there is scene
The baby figure of the Gyant-masse
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets *Hector*, issues from our choise;
And choise being mutuall acte of all our ioules,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle
As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man distill'd
Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receyues the conqu'ring part
To Steele a strong opinion to themselves,
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,
In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directiue by the Limbes.

Ulys. Giue pardon to my speech:
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:
Let vs (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,
And thinke perchance they'll sell: If not,
The luster of the better yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not consent,
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meete:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulys. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
(Were he not proud) we all should weare with him:
But he already is too insolent,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes
Should he scape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lottry,
And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
The sort to fight with *Hector*: Among our selues,
Giue him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall
His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brainlesse *Ajax* come safe off,
Wee'll dresse him vp in voyces if he faile,

Yet go we vnder our opinion still,
That we haue better men. But hit or misse,
Our proiects life this shape of sence assumes,
Ajax imploy'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes.
Nest. Now *Ulysses*, I begin to relish thy aduice,
And I wil giue a taste of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight:
Two Curses shal tame each other, Pride alone
Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt*
Enter Ajax, and Therites.

Aia. Therites?

Ther. *Agamemnon*, how if he had Biles (ful) all ouer
generally.

Aia. Therites?

Ther. And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the
General run, were not that a botchy core?

Aia. Dogge.

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him:
I see none now.

Aia. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canst thou heare?
Feele then.

Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel
beefe-witted Lord.

Aia. Speake then you whinid't leauen speake, I will
beate thee into handsonnesse.

Ther. I shal sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse:
but I thinke thy Horse wil sooner con an Oration, then
learn a prayer without booke: Thou canst strike, canst
thou? A red Murren o'th thy lades trickes.

Aia. Teads stoole, learne me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doeft thou thinke I haue no sence thou strikest?

Aia. The Proclamation.

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.

Aia. Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and
I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-

son't scab in Greece.

Aia. I say the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumblest & railest euery houre on *Achilles*,
and thou art as full of enuy at his greatnes, as *Cerberus*
is at *Proserpina's* beauty. I, that thou barkst at him.

Aia. Mistresse Therites.

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Aia. Cobloze.

Ther. He would pun thee into shiuers with his fist, as
a Sailor breakes a bisket.

Aia. You horson Curre.

Ther. Do, do.

Aia. Thou stoole for a Witch.

Ther. I, do, do, thou sodden-witted Lord: thou hast
no more braine then I haue in mine elbows: An *Afinico*
may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant Assle, thou art heere
but to thresh *Troyans*, and thou art bought and sold a-
mong those of any wit, like a Barbarian slaue. If thou vse
to beate me, I wil begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art
by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.

Aia. You dogge.

Ther. You scurvy Lord.

Aia. You Curre.

Ther. Mars his Ideot: do rudenes, do Camell, do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Ajax*? wherefore do you this?

How now Therites? what's the matter man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. I, what's the matter.

Ther. Nay looke vpon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther.

Troilus and Cressida.

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who
some euer you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.

Aia. Therefore I beate thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he vtters: his
cassions haue eares thus long. I haue bob'd his Braine
more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Spar-

rowes for a peny, and his *Piamater* is not worth the ninth
part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax* who wears
his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you
what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say this *Ajax* —

Achil. Nay good *Aia*.

Ther. Has not so much wit.

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helen's* Needle, for whom
he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace foole.

Ther. I would haue peace and quietnes, but the foole
will not: he there, that he, looke you there.

Aia. O thou damn'd Curre, I shal —

Achil. Will you set your wit to a Fooles.

Ther. No I warrant you for a fooles will shame it.

Pat. Good words Therites.

Achil. What's the quarrell?

Aia. I had thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure
of the Proclamation, and he rayles vpon me.

Ther. I serue thee not.

Aia. Well, go too, go too.

Ther. I serue heere voluntary.

Achil. Your last seruice was sufferance, 'twas not vo-

luntary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Aia* was heere the
voluntary, and you as vnder an Impresse.

Ther. E'neio, a great deale of your wit too lies in your
finewes, or else there be Liars. *Hector* shall haue a great
catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as
good cracke a fustie nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to Therites?

Ther. There's *Ulysses*, and old *Nestor*, whose Wit was
mouldy ere their Grandfires had nails on their toes, yoke
you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the waire.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Aia*, to —

Aia. I shal cut out your tongues.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shal speake as much as thou
afterwards.

Pat. No more words Therites.

Ther. I will hold my peate when *Achilles* Brooch bids
me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.

Ther. I wil see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come
any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit
stirring, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our host,
That *Hector* by the fist houre of the Sunne,

Will with a Trumpet, twixt our Tents and *Troy*
To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes,

That hath a stomacke, and such a one that dare
Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Aia. Farewell: who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwise

Heknew his man.

Aia. O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it. *Exit.*

Enter Priams, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. After so many houres, liues, speeches spent,

Thus once againe sayes *Nestor* from the Greekes,

Deliuier *Helen*, and all damage else

(As honour, losse of time, trauaile, expence,

Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this comorant Warre)

Shall be stroke off. *Hector*, what say you too'ta

Hect. Though no man lesser feares the Greeks then I,

As farre as touches my particular: yet dread *Priams*,

There is no Lady of more softer bowels,

More spungie, to lucke in the sence of feare, than *Helen*:

More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes

Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure: but modest Doubt is call'd

The Beacon of the wife: the tent that searches

To'th bottome of the worst. Let *Helen* go,

Since the first sword was drawne about this question,

Euery tythe soule 'mongst many thousand diuines,

Hath bin as deere as *Helen*: I meane of ours:

If we haue lost so many tenths of ours

To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs

(Had it our name) the valew of one ten

What merit's in that reason which denies

The yeelding of her vp.

Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother;

Weigh you the worth and honour of a King

(So great as our dread Father) in a Scale

Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters summe

The past proportion of his infinite,

And buckle in a waste most fathomlesse,

With spannes and inches so diminutiue,

As feares and reasons? Fie for godly shame?

Hect. No marvel though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them, should not our Father

Beare the great sway of his affayres with reasons,

Because your speech hath none that tels him so.

Troy. You are for dreames & slumbers brother Priest

You turre your gloues with reason: here are your reasons

You know an enemy intends you harme,

You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous,

And reason flies the obiet of all harme.

Who marvels then when *Helenus* beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

The very wings of reason to his heeles:

Or like a Starre disorb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reason,

And flye like chidden *Mercurie* from *Ioue*,

Let's shut our gates and sleepe: Manhood and Honor

Should haue hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoughts

With this cram'd reason: reason and respect,

Makes Liuers pale, and lustyhood delect.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth

What she doth cost the holding.

Troy. What's saught, but as 'tis valew'd?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will,

It holds his estimate and dignitie

As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe,

As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatric,

To make the seruice greater then the God,

And the will dotes that is inclineable

To whar infection it selfe affects,

Without some image of th'affected merit.

Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election

Is led on in the conduct of my Will;

Troilus and Cressida.

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde
(Although my will distaste what it elected)
The Wife I chose, there can be no euasion
To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant
When we haue spoyle'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in vnrespective fame,
Because we now are full. It was thought meete
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breath of full consent bellied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,
And did him seruike; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freshnesse
Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes stale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt:
Is she worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'l auouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
(As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go!)
If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And cride inestimable; why do you now
The issue of your proper Wisedomes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?
Begger the estimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base!
That we haue stolne what we do feare to keepe.
But Theeues vnworthy of a thing so stolne,
That in their Country did them that disgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Native place.

Enter Cassandra with her haire about her eares.

Cas. Cry *Troyans*, cry.
Priam. What noyle? what shreeke is this?
Troy. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voyce.
Cas. Cry *Troyans*.
Hell. It is *Cassandra*.
Cas. Cry *Troyans* cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.
Hell. Peace sister, peace.
Cas. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,
Adde to my clamour: let vs pay betimes
A moiety of that masse of moane to come.
Cry *Troyans* cry, practise your eyes with teares,
Troy must not be, nor goodly Illion stand,
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes vs all.
Cry *Troyans* cry, a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burnes, or else let *Helen* goe. *Exit.*

Hell. Now youthfull *Troilus*, do not these hie strains
Of diuination in our Sister, worke
Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the same?

Troy. Why Brother *Hektor*,
We may not thinke the iustnesse of each acte
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once detect the courage of our mindes;
Because *Cassandra's* mad, her brainesicke raptures
Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,

Which hath our seuerall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* sonnes,
And loue forbid there should be done among't vs
Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.

Par. Else might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gaue wings to my propension, and cut off
All feares attending on so dire a proiect.
For what (alas) can these my single armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To stand the push and enmy of those
This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to passe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,
Paris should ne'r retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the persuiue.

Pri. *Paris*, you speake
Like one be-fotted on your sweet delights;
You haue the Hony still, but these the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not meere to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the soyle of other faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treason were it to the ransack'd Queene,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliuer her possession vp
On termes of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a straine as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?
There's not the meanest spirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none so Noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vnus'd,
Where *Helen* is the subiect. Then (I say)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot parcell.

Hell. *Paris* and *Troilus*, you haue both said well:
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Haue glaz'd, but superficially; nor much
Vnlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
Vnfit to heare Morall Philosophie.
The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemp'rd blood,
Then to make vp a free determination.

'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their Owners: now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benumbed wills resist the same,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refracturie.

If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, speake aloud
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hektors* opinion

Is

Troilus and Cressida.

Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,
My spritley brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keepe *Heleu* still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities.

Tro. Why? there you toucht the life of our designe:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,
I would not wish a drop of *Troian* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hektor*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs.
For I presume braue *Hektor* would not loose
So rich aduantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles vpon the forehead of this action,
For the wide worlds reueneu.

Hell. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*,
I haue a roisting challenge sent among't
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will strike amazement to their drowfie spirits:
I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall slept,
Whil'st emulation in the armie crept:
This I presume will wake him.

Exeunt.

Enter Therites solus.

How now *Therites*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy
furie? shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beates
me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it
were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil'st he rail'd
at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raise Diuels, but
Ile see some issue of my spirefull execrations. Then ther's
Achilles, arare Engineer. If *Troy* be not taken till these two
vndermine it, the wals will stand till they fall of them-
selues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget
that thou art Ioue the King of gods: and *Mercury*, loose
all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not
that little little lesse then little wit from them that they
haue, which short-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so
abundant scarce, it will not in circumuentio deliuer a
Flye from a Spider, without drawing the masse Irons and
cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole
Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the
curse dependant on those that warre for a placket. I haue
said my prayers and diuell, enuie, say Amen: What ho?
my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therites*. Good *Therites* come
in and raile.

Ther. If I could haue remembred a guilt counterfeit,
thou would'st not haue slipt out of my contemplation,
but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common
curse of mankind, follie and ignorance be thine in great
reueneu; heauen blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline
come not neere thee. Let thy blood be thy direction till
thy death, then if she that laies thee out sayes thou art a
faire coarfe, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't the neuer
shrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

Patr. What art thou deuout? wast thou in a prayer?
Ther. I, the heauens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Therites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheefe,
my digestion, why hast thou not seru'd thy selfe into my
Table, so many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patro-
clus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord *Therites*: then tell me I pray thee,
what's thy selfe?

Ther. Thy knower *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*,
what art thou?

Patr. Thou maist tell that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile decline the whole question: *Agamemnon* com-
mands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* know-
er, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Patr. You rascall.

Ther. Peace foole, I haue not done.

Achil. He is a priuileg'd man, proceede *Therites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Ther-
sites* is a foole, and as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *A-
chilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded of *Agamemnon*,
Therites is a foole to serue such a foole: and *Patroclus* is a
foole positiuie.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

*Enter Agamemnon, Vlisses, Nestor, Diomedes,
Ajax, and Chalcas.*

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it suffises me
thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, Ile speake with no body: come in
with me *Therites*. *Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patcherie, such iugling, and such
knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a
good quarrel to draw emulations, factions, and bleede to
death vpon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subiect, and
Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:

He sent our Messengers, and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told of, so perchance he thinke

We dare not moue the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Pat. I shall so say to him.

Ulis. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,

He is not sicke.

Aia. Yes, Lyon sicke, sicke of proud heart; you may
call it Melancholly if will fauour the man, but by my
head, this pride; but why, why, let him show vs the cause?
A word my Lord.

Nes. What moues *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulis. *Achilles* hath inueigled his Foole from him.

Nes. Who, *Therites*?

Ulis. He.

Nes. Then will *Ajax* lacke matter, if he haue lost his
Argument.

Ulis. No, you see he is his argument that has his argu-
ment *Achilles*.

Nes. All the better, their fraction is more our wish
then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a
Foole could disunite.

Ulis. The amitie that wisdome knits, not folly may
easily vntie. *Enter Patroclus.*

Here

Troilus and Cressida.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nes. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulf. The Elephant hath toynts, but none for curtesie:

His legges are legs for necessitie, not for flight.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry:

If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,

Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble State,

To call vpon him: he hopes it is no other,

But for your health, and your digestion sake;

An after Dinners breath.

Ag. Heare you *Patroclus*:

We are too well acquainted with these answers:

But his enation winged thus swift with scorne,

Cannot outflye our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,

Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,

Not vertuously of his owne part beheld,

Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their glossie;

Yea, and like faue Fruit in an vnholdsome dish,

Are like to rot vntrasted: goe and tell him,

We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,

If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud,

And vnder honesty in selfe-assumption greater

Then in the note of iudgement: & worthier then himselfe

Here tends the sauage strangenesse he puts on,

Disguise the holy strength of their command:

And vnder write in an obseruing kinde

His humorous predominance, yea watch

His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if

The passage and whole carriage of this action

Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,

That if he ouerhold his price so much,

Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin

Not portable, lye vnder this report.

Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:

A stirring Dwarfie, we doe allowance giue,

Before a sleeping Gyaunt: tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Ag. In second voyce weele not be satisfied,

We come to speake with him, *Ulfisses* enter you.

Exit Ulfisses.

Aiax. What is he more then another?

Ag. No more then what he thinke he is.

Aia. Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinke

himselfe a better man then I am?

Ag. No question.

Aiax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Ag. No, Noble *Aiax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as

wite, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether

more tractable.

Aiax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride

grow? I know not what it is.

Ag. Your minde is the clearer *Aiax*, and your vertues

the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himselfe; Pride is his

owne Glesse, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and

what euer praises it selfe but in the deede, deuoures the

deede in the praise.

Enter Ulfisses.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring

of Toades.

Nes. Yet he loues himselfe: is't not strange?

Ulf. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What's his excuse?

Ulf. He doth relye on none,

But carries on the streame of his dispose,

Without obseruance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

Ag. Why, will he not vpon our faire request,

Vntent his person, and share the ayre with vs?

Ulf. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely

He makes important; posselt he is with greatnesse,

And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride

That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth

Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse,

That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,

Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,

And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say?

He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,

Cry no recovery.

Ag. Let *Aiax* goe to him.

Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;

Tis said he holds you well, and will be led

At your request a little from himselfe.

Ulf. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.

Weele consecrate the steps that *Aiax* makes,

When they goe from *Achilles*; shall the proud Lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his owne leame,

And neuer suffers matter of the world,

Enter his thoughts: faue such as doe reuolue

And ruminare himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,

Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,

Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquit'd,

Nor by my will asfubingate his merit,

As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*,

That were to enlard his fat already, pride,

And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes

With entertaining great *Hiperion*.

This L. goe to him? *Iupiter* forbid,

And say in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.

Nes. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

Ulf. And how his silence drinks vp this applause.

Aia. If I goe to him, with my armed fist, he path him

ore the face.

Ag. O no, you shall not goe.

Aia. And a be proud with me, ile phese his pride: let

me goe to him.

Ulf. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Aia. A pauntry insolent fellow.

Nes. How he describes himselfe.

Aia. Can he not be sociable?

Ulf. The Rauen chides blacknesse.

Aia. Ile let his humours bloud.

Ag. He will be the Physician that should be the pa-

tient.

Aia. And all men were a my minde,

Ulf. Wit would be out of fashion.

Aia. A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords

first: shall pride carry it?

Nes. And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.

Ulf. A would haue ten shares.

Aia. I will kneede him, Ile make him supple, hee's not

yet through warme.

Nes. Force him with praises, poure in, poure in: his am-

bition is dry.

Ulf. My L. you feede too much on this dislike.

Nes. Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

Ulf. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Ulf. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme.

Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,

I will be silent.

Nes. Wherefore should you so?

Ulf. He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulf. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aia. A horson dog, that shal palter thus with vs, would

he were a Trojan.

Nes. What a vice were it in *Aiax* now —

Ulf. If he were proud.

Ulf. Or couetous of praise.

Ulf. I, or surley borne.

Ulf. Or strange, or selfe affected.

Ulf. Thank the heavens L. thou art off sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gau thee sucke:

Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,

Let *Mars* deuide Eternity in twaine,

And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour,

Ball-bearing *Milo*: his addition yeelede

To sinnowie *Aiax*: I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's *Nesfor*

Instructed by the Antiquary times:

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

But pardon Father *Nesfor*, were your dayes

As Greene as *Aiax*, and your braine so temper'd,

You should not haue the eminence of him,

But be as *Aiax*.

Aia. Shall I call you Father?

Ulf. I my good Sonne.

Ulf. Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax*.

Ulf. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*

Keopes thicker: please it our Generall,

To call together all his state of warre,

Fresh Kings are come to Troy; to morrow

We must with all our maine of power stand fast:

And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,

And cull their flowre, *Aiax* shall cope the best.

Ag. Goe we to Counsaile, let *Achilles* sleepe;

Light Botes may faile swift, though greater bulkes draw

deepe. *Exit.* Musicke sounds within.

Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you fol-

low the yong Lord *Pan*?

Ser. I sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend vpon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

Pan. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I must

needes praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith sir, superficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my

title: What Musique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Musicians.

Ser. Wholly sir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers sir.

Pa. At whose pleasur friend?

Ser. At mine sir, and theirs that loue Musicke.

Pa. Command, I meane friend.

Ser. Who shall I command sir?

Pa. Friend, we vnderstand not one another: I am too

courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe

these men play?

Ser. That's too't indeede sir: marry sir, at the request

of *Paris* my L. who's there in person; with him the mor-

tall *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuisible

soule.

Pa. Who? my Cousin *Cressida*.

Ser. No sir, *Helen*, could you not finde out that by

her attributes?

Pa. It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the

Lady *Cressida*. I come to speake with *Paris* from the

Prince *Troilus*: I will make a complementall assault vpon

him, for my businesse feedes.

Ser. Sudden businesse, there's a stewed phrase indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire com-

pany: faire desires in all faire measure fairely guide them,

especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your

faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words.

Pan. You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene:

faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke.

Pa. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you

shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a

peece of your performance. *Nes*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly Lady no.

Hel. O sir.

Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Paris. Well said my Lord: well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I haue businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my

Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this shall not hedge vs out, weele heare you

sing certainly.

Pan. Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me,

but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most este-

med friend your brother *Troilus*.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony sweete Lord.

Pan. Go too sweete Queene, gae to.

Commends himselfe most affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody:

If you doe, our melancholly vpon your head.

Pan. Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete

Queene I faith —

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sower offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serue your turne, that shall it

not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no.

And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him

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Troilus and Cressida.

Pan. You spie, what doe you spie: come, giue me an Instrument now sweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindly done?

Pan. My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you haue sweete Queene.

Hel. She shall haue it my Lord; if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. Hee? no, theee none of him; they two are twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, he heare no more of this, he sing you a song now.

Hel. I, I, prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy song be loue: this loue will yndoe vs al. Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.

Pan. Loue? I that it shall yfaith.

Par. I good now loue, loue, no thing but loue.

Pan. In good troth it begins so.

*Loue loue, nothing but loue, still more:
For O loues Bow,
Shootes Backe and Doe:
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore:
These Louers cry, oh ho they dye;
Till that which seemes the wound to kille,
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he:
So dying loue lues still,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha,
O ho grows out for ha ha ha---hey ho.*

Hel. In loue yfaith to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eates nothing but doutes loue, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

Pan. Is this the generation of loue? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?

Hel. Sweete Lord whose asfield to day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallyntie of Troy. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my Nell would not haue it so.

Hel. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Par. He hangs the lippe at something; you know all Lord Pandarus?

Pan. Not I hony sweete Queene: I long to hear how they sped to day.

Hel. Youle remember your brothers excuse?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell sweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

Pan. I will sweete Queene.

Par. They're come from fildes: let vs to Priams Hall

To greete the Warriors. Sweet Helen, I must wooe you, To helpe vnto our Hector: his stubborne Buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers toucht, Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele, Or force of Greekish finewes: you shall doe more Then all the Hand Kings, disarm great Hector.

Hel. 'Twill make vs proud to be his seruant Paris:

Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duetie,

Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue:

Yea ouer shines our selfe.

Sweete about thought I loue thee.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen Cressida?

Man. No sir, he staves for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pan. Haue you seene my Cousin?

Troy. No Pandarus: I shalke about her doore

Like a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes

Staying for wastage. O be thou my Charon,

And giue me swift transporance to those fildes,

Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds

Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle Pandarus,

From Cupids shoulder plucke his painted wings,

And flye with me to Cressida.

Pan. Walke here in Orchard, he bring her straight.

Exit Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy: expectation whirles me round,

Th'imaginary relish is so sweete,

That it inchanis my sence: what will it be

When that the watty pallats taste indeede

Loues thrice repured Nectar? Death I feare me

Sounding distrustion, or some ioy too fine,

Too subtle, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse,

For the capacite of my ruder powers;

I feare it much, and I doe feare besides,

That I shall loose distinction in my loyes,

As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes

The enemy flying.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Shee's making her ready, sheele come straight; you must be witty now, she does to blush, & fetches her winde so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: he fetch her; it is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a new tane Sparrow

Exit Pandarus.

Troy. Euen such a passion doth embrace my bosome:

My heart beates thicker then a fearous pulse,

And all my powers doe their bestowing loose,

Like vassalage at vnawares encounting

The eye of Maiestie.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what neede you blush?

Shames a babie; here she is now, sweate the oastes now to her, that you haue fborne to me. What are you gone a-gaine, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you i'th his: why doe you not speak to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture.

Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day light, and 'twere darke you'd close sooner: So, so, rub on, and kisse the mistresse; how now, a kisse in fee-farme? build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks in the Riuer: go too, go too.

Troy. You haue bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but sheele beaue you 'oth' deedes too, if shee call your actiuitie in question: what billing againe? here's in witness where-of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, he go get a fire?

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O Cressida, how often haue I wisht me thus?

Cres. Wisht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

Troy. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg espies my sweete Lady in the fountaine of our loue?

Cres. More

Troilus and Cressida.

Cres. More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.

Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see truly.

Cres. Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safe footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare: to feare the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare, In all Cupids Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Not nothing monstrous neither?

Troy. Nothing but our vnder takings, when we vowe to weepe seas, lue in fire, eate rocks, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Mistresse to deuise imposition

enough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie imposed. This is the monstrousitie in loue Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say all Louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet reserue an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are they not Monsters?

Troy. Are there such? such are not we: Praise vs as we are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuerfion shall haue a praise in present: wee will not name desert before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few words to faire faith. Troilus shall be such to Cressida, as what enuie can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can speake truest, not truer then Troilus.

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What blushing still? haue you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troy. You know now your hostages: your Vnckles word and my firme faith.

Pan. Nay, he giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they le stick where they are throwne.

Cres. Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince Troilus, I haue lou'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.

Troy. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seeme won: but I was won my Lord With the first glance; that euer pardon me,

If I confesse much you will play the tyrant: I loue you now, but not till now so much

But I might maister it; in faith I lye: My thoughts were like vnbridled children grow

Too head-strong for their mother: see we fooles, Why haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs

When we are so vnsecret to our selues? But though I lou'd you well, I woo'd you not,

And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man; Or that we women had mens priuiledge

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue, For in this rapture I shall surely speake

The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence Comming in dumbnesse, from my weakenesse draws

My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.

Troy. And shall, albeit sweete Musicke issues thence.

Pan. Pretty yfaith.

Cres. My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me,

'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kisse:

I am asham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done!

For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

Troy. Your leaue sweete Cressid?

Pan. Leauie: and you take leaue till to morrow morning.

Cres. Pray you content you.

Troy. What offends you Lady?

Cres. Sir, mine owne company.

Troy. You cannot thin your selfe.

Cres. Let me goe and try:

I haue a kinde of selfe recides with you:

But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,

To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?

I would be gone: I speake I know not what.

Troy. Well know they what they speake, that speakes so wisely.

Cres. Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then loue,

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,

Or else you loue not: for to be wife and loue,

Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboute.

Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman:

As if it can, I will presume in you,

To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.

To keepe her constancie in plight and youth,

Out-living beauries outward, with a minde

That doth renew swifter then blood decays:

Or that perfwasion could but thus conuince me,

That my integritie and truth to you,

Might be affronted with the match and waight

Of such a winnowed puritie in loue:

How were I then vp-listed! but alas,

I am as true, as truths simplicitie,

And simpler then the infancie of truth.

Cres. In that I le warre with you.

Troy. O vertuous fight,

When right with right wars who shall be most right:

True swaines in loue, shall in the world to come

Approoue their truths by Troilus; when their times,

Full of protest, of oath and big compare;

Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration,

As true as Steele, as plantage to the Moone:

As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:

As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th'Center:

Yet after all comparisons of truth,

(As truths authenticke author to be cited)

As true as Troilus, shall crowne vp the Verse,

And sanctifie the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be:

If I be false, or swerue a haire from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot it selfe:

When water drops haue worne the Stones of Troy;

And blinde obliuion swallow'd Cities vp;

And mightie States characterlesse are grated

To dustie nothing; yet let memory,

From false to false, among false Maids in loue,

Vpbraid my falsehood, when they'are said as false,

As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as sandie earth;

As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;

Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;

Yea, let them say, to sticke the heart of falsehood,

Troilus and Cressida.

As false as *Cressid*.

Pand. Go too, a bargain made; seale it, seale it. He be the witness here I hold your hand; here my Cousins, if euer you proue false one to another, since I haue taken such paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all constant men be *Troylusses*, all false women *Cressids*, and all brokers betweene, Panders: say, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, presse it to death: away.
And *Cupid* grant all long-tide Maidens heere, Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prouide this geere. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Ulysses*, *Diomedes*, *Nestor*, *Agamemnon*, *Menelaus* and *Chalcas*. *Flourish.*

Cal. Now Princes for the seruice I haue done you, Th'advantage of the time prompts me aloud, To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde, That through the fight I beare in things to loue, I haue abandon'd Troy, let my possession, Incut'd a Traitors name, expos'd my selfe, From certaine and possitt conueniences, To doubtfull fortunes, sequestering from me all That time, acquaintance, custome and condition, Made tame, and most familiar to my nature: And here to doe you seruice am become, As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted, I doe beseech you, as in way of taste, To giue me now a little benefit: Out of those many registred in promise, Which you say, liue to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would'st thou of vs Trojan? make demand?

Cal. You haue a Trojan prisoner, cal'd *Antenor*, Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere. Oft haue you (often haue you, thanks therefore) Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great exchange. Whom Troy hath still deni'd: but this *Antenor*, I know is such a yrest in their affaires, That their negotiations all must slacke, Wanting his mannage: and they will almost, Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of *Priam*, In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes, And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence, Shall quite strike off all seruice I haue done, In most accepted paine.

Agam. Let *Diomedes* beare him, And bring vs *Cressid* hither: *Calcas* shall haue What he requests of vs: good *Diomed*, Furnish you fairly for this interchange; Withall bring word, if *Hektor* will to morrow Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen Which I am proud to beare. *Exit.*

Enter *Achilles* and *Patroclus* in their Tent.

Ulyss. *Achilles* stands in th' entrance of his Tent; Please fit our Generall to passe strangely by him, As if he were forgot: and Princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him; I will come last, 'tis like heele question me,

Why such vnplausiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him? If so, I haue derision medicinable,

To vse betweene your strangenesse and his pride; Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke; It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse To show it selfe, but pride: for supple knees, Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Agam. Weele execute your purpose, and put on A forme of strangenesse as we passe along, So doe each Lord, and either greete him not, Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more, Then if not look on: I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the Generall to speake with me? You know my minde, He fight no more gainst Troy.

Agam. What saies *Achilles*, would he ought with vs?

Nes. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

Achil. No.

Nes. Nothing my Lord.

Agam. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How doe you? how doe you?

Achil. What, do's the Cuckold scorne me?

Ajax. How now *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow *Ajax*?

Ajax. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. I, and good next day too. *Exeunt.*

Achil. What meane these fellows? know they not *Achilles*?

Patr. They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to bend To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*:

To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Altars.

Achil. What am I poore of late?

'Tis certaine, greatnesse once false out with fortune,

Must fall out with mentoo: what the declin'd is,

He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others,

As feeble in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,

Shew not their meale wings, but to the Summer;

And not a man for being simply man,

Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, and fauour,

Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers;

The loue that leand on them as slippery too,

Doth one plucke downe another, and together

Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me;

Fortune and I are friends, I doe enjoy

At ample point, all that I did possesse,

Saue these mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding,

As they haue often giuen. Here is *Ulysses*,

He interrupt his reading: how now *Ulysses*?

Ulyss. Now great *Thetis* Soane.

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted,

How much in hauing, or without, or in,

Cannot make boast to haue that which he hath;

Nor fees not what he owes, but by reflection:

As when his vertues shining vpon others,

Heate them, and they retort that heate againe

To the first giuer.

Achil. This is not strange *Ulysses*:

The beautie that is borne here in the face,

The bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe,

Nor going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd

Salutes

Troilus and Cressida.

Salutes each other with each others forme; For speculation turnes not to it selfe,

Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there

Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I doe not straine it at the position,

It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,

Who in his circumstance, expressly proues

That no may is the Lord of any thing.

(Though in and of him there is much confisting.)

Till he communicate his parts to others:

Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,

Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate

The voyce againe; or like a gate of Steele,

Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe

His figure, and his heere. I was much rapt in this,

And apprehended here immediately:

The vnknowne *Ajax*;

Heauen what a man is there? a very Horse,

That has he knows not what Nature, what things there

Most abiect in regard, and deare in vse.

What things againe most deere in the esteeme,

And poore in worth: now shall we see to morrow,

An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?

Ajax renown'd? O heauen, what some men doe,

While some men leaue to doe!

How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall,

While others play the Ideots in her eyes:

How one man eates into another's pride,

While pride is feasting in his wantonnesse

To see these Grecian Lords; why, euen already,

They clasp the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,

As if his foote were on braue *Hektor*'s brest,

And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. I doe beleue it.

For they pass by me, as my fers doe by beggars,

Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke:

What are my deedes forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,

Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:

A great siz'd monster of ingratiuitudes:

Those scraps are good deedes past,

Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made,

Forgot as soone as done: perseuerance, deere my Lord,

Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male,

In monumental mockrie: take the instant way,

For honour travels in a straight so narrow,

Where one but goes a breast, keepe then the path:

For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,

That one by one pursue; if you giue way,

Or hedge aside from the direct forth right;

Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,

And leaue you hindmost:

Or like a gallant Horse false in first ranke,

Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere

Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in present,

Though lesse then yours in past, must ore-top yours:

Fortune is like a fashionable Hoste,

That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th' hand;

And with his armes out-stretcht, as he would flye,

Grapes in the commer: the welcome euer smiles,

And farewells goes out sighing: O let not vertue seeke

Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,

High birth, vigor of bone, desert in seruice,

Love, friendship, charity, are subiects all

To enuious and calumniating times.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:

That all with one consent praise new borne gaudes,

Though they are made and moulded of things past,

And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,

More laud then guilt ore dusted.

The present eye praises the presnt object:

Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,

That all the Greekes begin to worship *Ajax*;

Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,

Then what not flins: the cry went out on thee,

And still it might, and yet it may againe,

If thou would'st not entombe thy selfe aliue,

And case thy reputation in thy Tent;

Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late,

Made emulous millions 'mongst the gods themselves,

And draue great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of this my primacie,

I haue strong reasons.

Ulyss. But gainst your primacie

The reasons are more potent and heroycall:

'Tis knowne *Achilles*, that you are in loue

With one of *Priam*'s daughters.

Achil. Ha? knowne?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,

Knowes almost euery graine of *Plutoes* gold;

Findes bottome in th' vncomprehensue deepes;

Keepes place with thought; and almost like the gods,

Doeth thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles:

There is a mysterie (with whom relation

Durst neuer meddle) in the soule of State;

Which hath an operation more diuine,

Then breath or pen can giue expresseure to:

All the commerle that you haue had with Troy,

As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.

And better would it hit *Achilles* much,

To throw downe *Hektor* then *Polixena*.

But it must grieue yong *Pirrus* now at home,

When fame shall in her land found her trumpe;

And all the Greekish Girdles shall tripping sing,

Great *Hektor*'s sister did *Achilles* winne;

But our great *Ajax* brauely beate downe him.

Farewell my Lord: I as your louer speake;

The foole slides ore the Ice that you should breake.

Patr. To this effect *Achilles* haue I mou'd you:

A woman impudent and mannish growne,

Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,

In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this;

They thinke my little stomacke to the warre,

And your great loue to me, restraines you thus:

Sweete, rouse your selfe; and the weake wanton *Cupid*

Shall from your necke vnloose his amorous fould,

And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,

Be shooke to ayrie ayre.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hektor*?

Patr. I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake,

My fame is shrowdly gored.

Patr. O then beware:

Those wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themselves;

Omission to doe what is necessary;

Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,

And danger like an ague subtly taints

Euen then when we sit idly in the sunne.

Achil. Goe call *Thetis* hither sweet *Patroclus*,

He

Troilus and Cressida.

He send the foole to *Ajax*, and desire him
T'invite the Trojan Lords after the Combat
To see vs here vnarm'd: I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am sicke withall,
To see great *Hector* in his weedes of peace; *Enter Ther.*
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes vp and downe the field, asking for himselfe.

Achil. How so?

Ther. Hee must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*,
and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling,
that he raues in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he stalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a
stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostesse, that hath no
Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckon-
ing: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should
say, there were wit in his head and two'd out; and so
there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,
which will not shew without knocking. The mans vn-
done for euer; for if *Hector* breake not his necke i'th' com-
bat, heele break't himselfe in vaine-glory. He knowes
not mee: I said, good morrow *Ajax*; And he replies,
thanks *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man,
that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very
land-fish, languagelesse, a monster: a plague of op-
inion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather
Jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador to him *Thersites*.

Ther. Who, I: why, heele answer no body: he pro-
fesses not answering; speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: I will put on his presence; let *Pa-
troclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Page-
ant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*; tell him, I humbly desire the
valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector*, to come
vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his
person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, fixe or
seauen times honour'd Capitaine, Generall of the Grecian
Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.

Patr. Ioue blese great *Ajax*.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector*
to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What say you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke
it will goe one way or other; howsoeuer, he shall pay for
me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Ther. Fare you well withall my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what musicke will
be in him when *Hector* has knockt out his braines; I know
not: but I am sure none, vnlesse the Fidler *Apollo* get his

finewes to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him
straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the
more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine flud,
And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere
againe, that I might water an Ass at it: I had rather bea
Ticke in a Sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

*Enter at one doore Aeneas with a Torch, at another
Paris, Diophobus, Antenor, Diomed the
Grecian, with Torches.*

Par. See how, who is that there?

Dioph. It is the Lord *Aeneas*.

Aene. Is the Prince there in person?

*Had I so good occasion to lye long
As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heavenly businesse,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.*

Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord
Aeneas.

Par. A valiant Greeke *Aeneas*, take his hand,
Witness the proesse of your speech within;
You told how *Diomed*, in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.

Aene. Health to you valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,
As hea't can thinke, or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme; and so long health:
But when contention, and occasion meetes,
By Ioue, Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuite and pollicy.

Aene. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humane gentleness:
Welcome to Troy; now by *Anchises* life,
Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I sweare,
No man aliue can loue in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We sympathize. Ioue let *Aeneas* liue
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:

With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Aene. We know each other well.

Diom. We doe, and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most, despitifull'st gentle greeting;
The noblest hatefull Ioue, that ere I heard of.

What businesse Lord so early?

Aene. I was sent for to the Kings; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; it was to bring this Greeke
To *Calchas*'s house; and there to render him,

For the enfrued *Antenor*, the faire *Cressid*:

Lers haue your company; or if you please,

Haste there before vs. I constantly doe thinke

(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)

My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night.

Rouse him, and giue him note of our approach,

With the whole quality whereof, I feare

We shall be much vnwelcome.

Aene. That I assure you;

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,

Then *Cressid* borne from Troy.

Par. There

Troilus and Cressida.

Par. There is no helpe:
The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so.
On Lord, weeke follow you.

Aene. Good morrow all. *Exit Aeneas*

Par. And tell me noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,

Euen in the soule of sound good fellow ship,

Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* most?

My selfe, or *Meneclaus*?

Diom. Both alike.

He merits well to haue her, that doth seeke her,

Not making any scruple of her soylure,

With such a hell of pame, and world of charge.

And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,

Not palliating the taste of her dishonour.

With such a costly losse of wealth and friends:

He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp

The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:

You like a latcher, out of whorish loynes,

Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:

Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,

But he as he, which heauier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Diom. Shee's bitter to her country: heare me *Paris*,

For euery false drop in her bawdy veines,

A Grecians life hath sunke: for euery scruple

Of her contaminated carrion weight,

A Trojan hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,

She hath not giuen so many good words breath,

As for her, Greekes and Troians suffred death.

Par. Faire *Diomed*, you doe as chapmen doe,

Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:

But we in silence hold this vertue well;

Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.

Here lyes our way.

Exeunt.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. Deere trouble not your selfe: the morne is cold.

Cres. Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle downe;
He shall vnbolt the Gates.

Tro. Trouble him not:

To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,

And giue as soft attachment to thy senses,

As Infants empty of all thought.

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. I prithee now to bed.

Cres. Are you a weary of me?

Tro. O *Cressida*! but that the busie day

Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,

And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:

I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath beene too briefe. *(Stayes,*

Tro. Besheew the witch! with venomous wights she

As hidiously as hell; but flies the graspes of Ioue,

With wings more momentary, swift then thought:

You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry;

O foolish *Cressid*, I might haue still held off,

And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp

Pand. within. What's all the doores open here?

Tro. It is your Vnckle. *Enter Pandarus.*

Cres. A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking:

I shall haue such a life.

Pand. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?

Heare you Maide: wher's my coz in *Cressid*?

Cres. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Vnckle:

You bring me to doo---and then you floute me too.

Pand. To do what? to do what? let her say what:

What haue I brought you to doe?

Cres. Come, come, besheew your heart: youle nere be

good, nor suffer others.

Pand. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chippoclis*, ha!

not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it

sleepe: a bug-beare take him. *One knocks.*

Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt i'th'

head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and see.

My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:

You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha.

Cres. Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no such thing.

How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in. *Knocks.*

I would not for halfe Troy haue you seene here. *Exeunt.*

Pand. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate

downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

Aene. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Pand. Who's there my Lord *Aeneas*? by my troth I

knew you not: what newes with you so early?

Aene. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pand. Here? what should he doe here?

Aene. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:

It doth import him much to speake with me.

Pand. Is he here say you? tis more then I know, Ile be

sworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should

he doe here?

Aene. Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him

wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be so true to him, to be

false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch

him hither, goe.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. How now, what's the matter?

Aene. My Lord, I scarce haue leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: there is at hand,

Paris your brother, and *Diophobus*,

The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Antenor*:

Deliu'd to vs, and for him forth-with,

Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,

We must giue vp to *Diomed*'s hand

The Lady *Cressida*.

Tro. Is it concluded so?

Aene. By *Priamus*, and the generall state of Troy,

They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my attichuements mocke me;

I will goe meete them: and my Lord *Aeneas*,

We met by chance; you did not finde me here.

Aene. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature

Haue not more gift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pand. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuell

take *Antenor*; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague

vpon *Antenor*; I would they had brok's necke.

Cres. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pand. Ah, ha!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord?

gone? tell me sweet Vnckle, what's the matter?

Pand. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am

aboue.

Cres. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pand. Prythee get thee in: would thou had'st nere been

borne; I knew thou would'st be his death. O poore Gen-

tleman: a plague vpon *Antenor*.

¶ *g* 2

Cres. Good

Troilus and Cressida.

Cres. Good Vnckle I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for *Antenor*: thou must to thy Father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it.

Cres. O you immortall gods! I will not goe.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father: I know no touch of conlanguinitie:

No kin, no loue, no bloud, no soule, so neere me, As the sweet *Troilus*: O you gods diuine! Make *Cressida* name the very crowne of falsehood! If euer she leaue *Troilus*: time, orce and death, Do to this body what extremitie you can; But the strong base and building of my loue, Is as the very Center of the earth, Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

Pan. Doe, doe.

Cres. Teare my bright heire, and scratch my praised cheekes,

Cracke my cleere voyce with sobs, and breake my heart With foudning *Troilus*. I will not goe from *Troy*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Deiphobus, Antenor and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt Other deliuerie to this valiant Greeke Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troilus*, Tell you the Lady what she is to doe, And haſt her to the purpose.

Troy. Walke into her house: Ile bring her to the Grecian presently; And to his hand, when I deliuer her, Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troilus* A Priest, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to loue, And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe. Please you walke in, my Lords. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? The griefe is true, full perfect that I taste, And no lesse in a sence as strong As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it? If I could temporise with my affection, Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat, The like alaiment could I giue my griefe: My loue admits no qualifying crosse; *Enter Troilus.* No more my griefe, in such a precious losse.

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducke.

Cres. O *Troilus*, *Troilus*!

Pan. What a paire of spectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh harr, as the goodly saying is; O heart, heauie heart, why lightest thou without breaking? where he answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendship, nor by speaking: there was neuer a truer rime; let vs cast away nothing, for we may liue to haue neede of such a Verse: we see it, we see it: how now Lambs?

Troy. Dye I a villaine then: That the blest gods, as angry with my fancie, More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

Cres. Haue the gods enuie?

Pan. I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must goe from *Troy*? *Troy.* A hatefull truth.

Cres. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troy. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

Cres. Is possible?

Troy. And sodainely, where iniurie of chance Puts backe leaue-taking, iustles roughly by All time of pause; rudely beguiles our lips Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deare vowes, Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath. We two, that with so many thousand sighes Did buy each other, must poorly sell our selues, With the rude breuitie and discharge of our Inuiurious time; now with a robbers haste Crams his rich theuerie vp, he knowes not how. As many farwells as be stars in heauen, With distinct breath, and confignd kisses to them, He fumbles vp into a loofe adieu; And scants vs with a single famisht kisse, Distasting with the salt of broken teares. *Enter Aeneas.*

Aeneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troy. Harke, you are call'd: some say the genius so Cries, come to him that instantly must dye. Bid them haue patience: she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde, or my heart will be blowne vp by the roote.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Troy. No remedy.

Cres. A wofull *Cressida* 'mong't the merry Greekes.

Troy. When shall we see againe?

Troy. Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?

Troy. Nay, we must vse expostulation kindly, For it is parting from vs:

I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:

For I will throw my Gloue to death himselfe,

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But be thou true, say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation: be thou true,

And I will see thee. *Exeunt.*

Cres. O you shall be expos'd, my Lord to dangers As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger;

Weare this sleeue.

Cres. And you this Gloue.

When shall I see you?

Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,

To giue thee nightly visitation.

But yet be true.

Cres. O heauens: be true againe?

Troy. Heare why I speake it; Loue:

The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,

Their louing well compos'd, with guift of nature,

Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise:

How nouelties may moue, and parts with persen.

Alas, a kinde of godly ieaousie;

Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne:

Makes me affraid.

Cres. O heauens, you loue me not!

Troy. Dye I a villaine then:

In this I doe not call your faith in question

So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heele the high Laolt; nor sweeten talke;

Nor play at subtil games; faire vertues all;

Troilus and Cressida.

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant: But I can tell that in each grace of these,

There lurkes a still and dumb-discoursive diuell,

That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Doe you thinke I will?

Troy. No, but something may be done that we will not:

And sometimes we are diuels to our selues,

When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,

Presuming on their changefull potencie.

Aeneas within. Nay, good my Lord?

Troy. Come kisse, and let vs part.

Paris within. Brother *Troilus*?

Troy. Good brother come you hither,

And bring *Aeneas* and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My Lord, will you be true?

Troy. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:

Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,

I, with great truth, catch meere simplicitie;

Whil'ft some with cunning guild their copper crownes,

With truth and plainnesse I doe weare mine bare:

Enter the Greekes.

Fear not my truth; the morrall of my wit

Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.

Welcome fir *Diomed*, here is the Lady

Which for *Antenor*, we deliuer you.

At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,

And by the way possesse thee what she is.

Entreate her faire; and by my soule, faire Greeke,

I ere thou stand at mercy of my Sword,

Name *Cressida*, and thy life shall be as safe

As *Priamus* is in Illion?

Diomed. Faire Lady *Cressida*,

So please you saue the thanks this Prince expects:

The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheek,

Pleades your faire visage, and to *Diomed*

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troy. Grecian, thou do'st not vse me courteously,

To shame the scale of my petition towards,

I praising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:

Shee is as faire high soaring o're thy prailes,

As thou vnworthy to be call'd her seruant:

I charge thee vse her well, euen for my charge:

For by the dreadfull *Pinto*, if thou do'st not,

(Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)

Ile cut t h. throat.

Diomed. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troilus*;

Let me be priuilegd' by my place and message,

To be a speaker free? when I am hence,

Ile answer to my lust: and know my Lord;

Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth

She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so;

Ile speake it in my spirit and honor, no.

Troy. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed*,

This braue, shall oft make thee to hide thy head:

Lady, giue me your hand, and as we walke,

To our owne selues bend we our needefull talke.

Sound Trumpet.

Par. Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.

Aeneas. How haue we spent this morning

The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse,

That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus* fault: come, come, to field with him.

Exeunt.

Dio. Let vs make ready straight.

Aeneas. Yea, with a Bridegroomes fresh alacritie

Let vs addresse to tend on *Hectors* heeles: The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye On his faire worth, and single Chualrie.

Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, Calcas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire, Anticipating time. With starting courage, Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy* Thou dreadfull *Ajax*, that the appauled aire May pierce the head of the great Combatant, And hale him hither.

Aia. Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purse; Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe: Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheekes Out-swell the collicke of pufft *Aquilon*: Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud: Thou blowest for *Hector*.

Ulyss. No Trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early dayes.

Aga. Is not yong *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,

Heriles on the toe: that spirit of his

In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Aga. Is this the Lady *Cressida*?

Dio. Euen she.

Aga. Most deere welcome to the Greekes, sweete

Lady.

Nest. Our Generall doth salute you with a kisse.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindenesse but particular, 'twere better the were kist in generall.

Nest. And very courtly counsell: Ile begin. So much

for *Nestor*.

Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady

Achilles bids you welcome.

Mene. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patro. But that's no argument for kissing now;

For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.

Ulyss. Oh deadly gall, and theme of all our scornes,

For which we loose our heads, to gild his hornes.

Patro. The first was *Menelaus* kisse, this mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

Mene. Oh this is trim.

Patro. *Paris* and I kisse euermore for him.

Mene. Ile haue my kisse fir: Lady by your leaue.

Cres. In kissing doe you render, or receiue.

Patro. Both take and giue.

Cres. Ile make my match to liue,

The kisse you take is better then you giue: therefore no

kisse.

Mene. Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.

Cres. You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.

Mene. An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.

Cres. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,

That you are odde, and he is euen with you.

Mene. You fillip me a'th head.

Cres. No, Ile be sworne.

Ulyss. It were no match, your naile against his horne:

May I sweete Lady beg a kisse of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I doe desire it.

Cres. Why begge then?

Ulyss. Why then for *Venus* sake, giue me a kisse:

When *Hellen* is a maide againe, and his

Cres. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

Troilus and Cressida.

Ulf. Neuer's my day, and then a kisse of you.
Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.
Nest. A woman of quicke sence.
Vlf. Fic, sic, vpon her:
 Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;
 Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spirites looke out
 At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:
 Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue,
 That giue a coasting welcome etc it comes;
 And wide vnclasp the tables of their thoughts,
 To euery tickling reader: set them downe,
 For fluttish spoyle of opportunitie;
 And daughters of the game. *Exeunt.*
Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Aeneas, Helenus
and Attendants. Floriss.
All. The Troians Trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the troope.
Aene. Haile all you state of Greece: what shalbe done
 To him that victory commands? or doe you purpose,
 A victor shall be knowne: will you the Knights
 Shall to the edge of all extremitie
 Pursue each other; or shall be diuided
 By any voyce, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* haue it?
Aene. He cares not, heele obey conditions.
Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
 A little proudly, and great deale disprising
 The Knight oppos'd.
Aene. If not *Achilles* sir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Aene. Therefore *Achilles*; but what ere, know this,
 In the extremity of great and little:
 Valour and pride excell themselves in *Hector*;
 The one almost as infinite as all;
 The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well;
 And that which looks like pride, is curtesie:
 This *Ajax* is halfe made of *Hector's* blood;
 In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* staies at home:
 Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to seeke
 This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.
Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.
Aga. Here is sir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,
 Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and Lord *Aeneas*
 Consent vpon the order of their fight,
 So be it: either to the vttermost,
 Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,
 Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.
Vlf. They are oppos'd already.
Aga. What Troian is that same that looks so heauy?
Vlf. The yonger Sonne of *Priam*;
 A true Knight; they call him *Troilus*;
 Not yet mature, yet matchlesse, firme of word,
 Speaking in deedes, and deedelesse in his tongue;
 Not soone prouok't, nor being prouok't, soone calm'd;
 His heart and hand both open, and both free:
 For what he has, he giues; what thinks, he shewes;
 Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,
 Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:
 Mainly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
 For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
 To tender obiects; but he, in heate of action,
 Is more vindicative then ialous loue.
 They call him *Troilus*; and on him erect,
 A second hope, as fairely built as *Hector*.
 Thus saies *Aeneas*, one that knowes the youth,
 Euen to his inches: and with priuate soule,

Did in great Illion thus translate him to me.
Aga. They are in action. *Alarm.*
Nest. Now *Ajax* hold thine owne.
Troy. *Hector*, thou sleepest, awake thee.
Aga. His blowes are wel dispos'd there *Ajax*. *trumpets*
Diom. You must no more. *cease.*
Aene. Princes enough, so please you.
Aia. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.
Diom. As *Hector* pleases.
Hect. Why then will I no more:
 Thou art great Lord, my Father's sisters Sonne;
 A couen german to great *Priam's* feede:
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:
 Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian so,
 That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,
 And this is Troian: the finewes of this Legge,
 All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers blood
 Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister
 Bounds in my fathers: by *Ioue* multipotent,
 Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekeish member
 Wherein my sword had not impresse made
 Of our ranke feud: but the iust gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred Aunt, should by my mortall sword
 Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Ajax*:
 By him that thunders, thou hast lustie Armes;
Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus,
 Cozen, all honor to thee.
Aia. I thanke thee *Hector*:
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
 I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence
 A great addition, earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolymus* so mirable,
 On whose bright crest, fame with her lowd fl (O yes)
 Cries, This is he; could'st promise to himselfe,
 A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.
Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides,
 What further you will doe?
Hect. Weele answer it:
 The issue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewell.
Aia. If I might in entreaties finde successe,
 Asfeld I haue the chance; I would desire
 My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnon's* wish, and great *Achilles*
 Dorth long to see vnarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
 And signifie this louing enterview
 To the expecters of our Troian part:
 Desire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Cousin:
 I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.
Enter Agamemnon and the rest.
Aia. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs here.
Hect. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:
 But for *Achilles*, mine owne serching eyes
 Shall finde him by his large and portly size.
Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one:
 That would be rid of such an enemy.
 But that's no welcome: vnderstand more cleere
 What's past, and what's to come, is strewd with huskes,
 And formelesse ruine of obliuion:
 But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
 Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:
 Bids thee with most diuine integritie,
 From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.
Hect. I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon*. *Aga.* My

Troilus and Cressida.

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.
Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,
 You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Who must we answer?
Aene. The Noble *Menelaus*.
Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
 Mockenot, that I affect th'vntraded Oath,
 Your *quandam* wife I weares still by *Venus* Gloue
 Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now sir, she's a deadly Theame.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Nest. I haue (thou gallant Troian) scene thee oft
 Labouring for destiny, make cruell way
 Through ranks of Greekeish youth: and I haue seen thee
 As hot as *Perseus*, spurre thy Phrygian Steed,
 And scene thee scorning forfeits and subduments,
 When thou hast hung thy aduanced sword i'th'ayre,
 Not letting it decline, on the declined:
 That I haue said vnto my standers by,
 Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.
 And I haue scene thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling. This haue I scene,
 But this thy countenance (still lockt in Steele)
 I neuer saw till now. I knew thy Grandfire,
 And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
 But by great *Mars*, the Capitaine of vs all,
 Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,
 And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.
Aene. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
 Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe thee.
Nest. I would my armes could match thee in contention
 As they contend with thee in courtesie.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha? by this white beard I'd fight with thee to
 morrow. Well, welcome, welcome: I haue seen the time.
Vlf. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
 When we haue heere her Base and pillar by vs.
Hect. I know your fauour Lord *Vlyses* well.
 Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troian dead,
 Since first I saw your selfe, and *Diomed*
 In Illion, on your Greekeish Embassie.
Vlf. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,
 My prophesie is but halfe his journey yet;
 For yonder wals that perty front your Towne,
 Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,
 Must kisse their owne feet.
Hect. I must not beleue you:
 There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,
 The fall of euery Phrygian stone will cost
 A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
 And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
 Will one day end it.
Vlf. So to him we leaue it.
 Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;
 After the Generall, I beseech you next
 To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.
Achil. I shall foretell thee Lord *Vlyses*, thou:
 Now *Hector* I haue sed mine eyes on thee,
 I haue with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
 And quoted ioynt by ioynt.
Hect. Is this *Achilles*?
Achil. I am *Achilles*.
Hect. Stand saie I prythee, let me looke on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I haue done already:
Achil. Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,
 As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.
Hect. O like a Booke of sport thou'lt reade me ore:
 But there's more in me then thou vnderstand'st.
 Why dost thou so oppresse me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body
 Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
 That I may giue the locall wound a name,
 And make distinct the very breach, where our
Hectors great spirit sh'w. Answer me heauens.
Hect. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
 To answer such a question: Stand againe;
 Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
 As to prenominate in nice coniecture
 Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
 I'd not beleue thee: henceforth guard thee well,
 For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
 But by the forge that stythied *Mars* his helme,
 Ile kill thee euery where, yea, ore and ore.
 You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
 His insolence drawes folly from my lips,
 But Ile endeavour deeds to match these words;
 Or may I neuer—
Ajax. Do not chafe thee *Colin*:
 And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone
 Till accident, or purpose bring you too't,
 You may euery day enough of *Hector*
 If you haue stomacke. The generall state I feare,
 Can scarce intreat you to be odde with him.
Hect. I pray you let vs see you in the field,
 We haue had pelting Warres since you refus'd
 The Grecians cause.
Achil. Dost thou intreat me *Hector*?
 To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
 To night, all Friends.
Hect. Thy hand vpon that match.
Aga. First, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
 There in the full conuiue you: Afterwards,
 As *Hectors* leysure, and your bounties shall
 Concurte together, feuerally intreat him,
 Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
 That this great Souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt.*
Troy. My Lord *Vlyses*, tell me I beseech you,
 In what place of the field dorth *Calchas* keepe?
Vlf. At *Menelaus* Tent, most Princely *Troilus*,
 There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,
 Who neither looks on heauen, nor on earth,
 But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view
 On the faire *Cressid*.
Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,
 After we part from *Agamemnon's* Tent,
 To bring me thither?
Vlf. You shall command me sir:
 As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
 This *Cressida* in Troy, had she no Louer there
 That wailes her absence?
Troy. O sir, to such as boasting shew their scarres,
 A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
 She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and dooth;
 But still sweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt.*
Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.
Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekeish wine to night,
 Which

Troilus and Cressida.

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:

Patroclus, let vs Feast him to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes *Thersites*. *Enter Thersites.*

Achil. How now, thou core of Envy?

Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & I doll of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment?

Ther. Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.

Pat. Who keeps the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

Pat. Well said aduersity, and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke,

thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.

Patro. Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?

Ther. Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten diseases of the South, gins-gripping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a grauell i'th' backe, Lethargies, cold Palfies, and the like, take and take againe, such preposterous discoueries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Pat. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indistinguishable Curte.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immateriall skiene of Sleyd filke; thou Greene Sarcenet flap for a fore eye, thou tassell of a Prodigals purse thou: Ah how the poore world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Pat. Our gall.

Ther. Finch Egge.

Ach. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:

Heere is a Letter from Queene *Hecuba*,

A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe

An Oath that I haue sworne. I will not breake it,

Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,

My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obey:

Come, come *Thersites*, helpe to trim my Tent,

This night in banquetting must all be spent.

Away *Patroclus*. *Exit.*

Ther. With too much bloud, and too little Brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's

Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loues Quailles, but he has not so much Braine as eare-wax; and

the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of

Cuckolds, a thrifty shoeing-horne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, (shold wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne

him too: to an Ass were nothing; hee is both Ass and Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Ass:

to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe,

I would not care: but to be *Menelam*, I would conspire against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*: for I care not to bee the lowfe of a Lazar,

so I were not *Menelam*. Hoy-day, spirits and fires. *Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Vlisses, Nestor, Diomed, with Lights.*

Ag. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

Hell. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Vliss. Heere comes himselfe to guide you?

Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hell. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greekes general.

Men. Goodnight my Lord.

Hell. Goodnight sweet Lord *Menelam*.

Ther. Sweet draught: sweet quoth-a? sweet sinke,

sweet sure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those

that go, or tarry.

Ag. Goodnight.

Achil. Old *Nestor* carries, and you too *Diomed*,

keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse,

The tide whereof is now, goodnight great *Hector*.

Hell. Giue me your hand.

Vliss. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent,

Ile keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hell. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent, *Exit.*

Ther. That same *Diomed*'s a false-hearted Rogue, a

most vniust Knaue; I will no more trust him when hee

leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend

his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when

he performs, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigi-

ous, there will come some change: the Sunne borrowes

of the Moone when *Diomed* keeps his word. I will ra-

ther leaue to see *Hector*, then not to dogge him: they say,

he keepe a Trojan Drab, and vses the Traitor *Chalcas*

his Tent. Ile after— Nothing but Lecherie? All

incontinent Varlets. *Exit.*

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you vp here ho? speake?

Chal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomed*, *Chalcas* (I thinke) wher's you Daughter?

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Vlisses.

Vliss. Stand where the Torch may not discouer vs.

Enter Cressid.

Troy. *Cressid* comes forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge?

Cress. Now my sweet gardian: harken a word with you.

Troy. Yea, so familiar?

Vliss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her

life: she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be cou-

pled with your words.

Troy. What should she remember?

Vliss. List?

Cress. Sweete hony Greeke, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Cress. Ile tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne.

Cress. In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do?

Ther. A iugling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you sweare you would bestow on me?

Cress. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,

Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke.

Dio. Good

Troilus and Cressida.

Dio. Good night.

Troy. Hold, patience.

Vliss. How now Trojan?

Cress. *Diomed*.

Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.

Troy. Thy better must.

Cress. Harken one word in your eare.

Troy. O plague and madnesse!

Vliss. You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,

Let your displeasure should enlarge it selfe

To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly: I beseech you goe.

Troy. Behold, I pray you.

Vliss. Nay, good my Lord goe off:

You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?

Troy. I pray thee stay?

Vliss. You haue not patience, come.

Troy. I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments,

I will not speake a word.

Dio. And so good night.

Cress. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troy. Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!

Vliss. Why, how now Lord?

Troy. By Ioue I will be patient.

Cress. Gardian? why Greeke?

Dio. Fo, fo, adew, you palter.

Cress. In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.

Vliss. You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?

you will breake out.

Troy. She strokes his cheek.

Vliss. Come, come.

Troy. Nay stay, by Ioue I will not speake a word.

There is betwene my will, and all offences,

A guard of patience; stay a little while.

Ther. How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and

potato finger, tickles these together: frye lechery, frye.

Dio. But will you then?

Cress. In faith I will lo; neuer trust me else.

Dio. Giue me some token for the surety of it.

Cress. Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*

Vliss. You haue sworne patience.

Troy. Feare me not sweete Lord.

I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition

Of what I feele: I am all patience. *Enter Cressid.*

Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.

Cress. Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleeue.

Troy. O beautie! where is thy Faith?

Vliss. My Lord.

Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cress. You looke vpon that Sleeue? behold it well:

Helou'd me: O false wench: giue't me againe.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cress. It is no matter now I haue't againe.

I will not meete with you to morrow night:

I prythee *Diomed* visite me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpenes: well said Whetstone.

Dio. I shall haue it.

Cress. What, this?

Dio. I that.

Cress. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;

Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Gloue,

And giues memoriall daintie kisses to it;

As I kisse thee.

Dio. Nay, doe not snatch it from me.

Cress. He that takes that, rakes my heart withall.

Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.

Troy. I did sweare patience.

Cress. You shall not haue it *Diomed*; faith you shall not:

Ile giue you something else.

Dio. I will haue this: whose was it?

Cress. It is no matter.

Dio. Come tell me whose it was?

Cress. 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.

But now you haue it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cress. By all *Dianas* waiting women yond:

And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,

And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troy. Wert thou the diuell, and wor'st it on thy horne,

It should be challeng'd.

Cress. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not:

I will not keepe my word.

Dio. Why then farewell,

Thou neuer shalt mocke *Diomed* againe.

Cress. You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,

But it strait starts you.

Dio. I doe not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I by *Pluto*; but that that likes not me, please

me best.

Dio. What shall I come? the haure.

Cress. I, come: O Ioue! doe, come: I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then. *Exit.*

Cress. Good night: I prythee come:

Troilus farewell; one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart, the other eye, doth see.

Ah poore our sexe; this fault in vs I finde:

The errour of our eye, directs our minde.

What errour leads, must erre: O then conclude,

Mindes swai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. *Exit.*

Ther. A prooue of strength she could not publish more;

Vnlesse she say, my minde is now turn'd whore.

Vliss. Al's done my Lord.

Troy. It is.

Vliss. Why stay we then?

Troy. To make a recordation to my soule

Of euery syllable that here was spoke;

But if I tell how these two did coact;

Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth inuert that test of eyes and eares;

As if those organs had deceptiue functions,

Created onely to caluminate.

Was *Cressid* here?

Vliss. I cannot coniure Trojan.

Troy. She was not sure.

Vliss. Most sure she was.

Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse?

Vliss. Nor mine my Lord: *Cressid* was here but now.

Troy. Let it not be beleen'd for womanhood:

Thinke we had mothers; doe not giue aduantage

To stubborn Criticks, apt without a theame

For depuration, to square the generall sex

Troilus and Cressida.

If soules guide vowes; if vowes are sanctimonie;
If sanctimonie be the gods delight:
If there be rule in virtue it selfe;
This is not true: O madnesse of discourse!
That cause lets vp, with, and against thy selfe:
By foule authoritie: where reason can reuolt
Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,
Without reuolt. This is; and is not *Cressida*:
Within my soule, there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseperate,
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:
And yet the spacious breadth of this diuision,
Admits no Orifex for a point as subtle,
As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter:
Instance, O instance! strong as *Plutoes* gates:
Cressida is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;
Instance, O instance, strong as heauen it selfe:
The bonds of heauen are slipt, dissolud, and loos'd,
And with another knot fine finger tied,
The factions of her faith, ors of her loue:
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,
Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*:
Ulis. May worthy *Troilus* be halfe attached
With that which here his passion doth expresse?
Troy. I Greeke: and that shall be divulged well
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did yong man fancy
With so eternall, and so fixt a soule.
Harke Greek: as much I doe *Cressida* loue;
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*.
That Slegue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:
Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout,
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,
Constring'd in masse by the almighty Penne,
Shall dizzle with more clamour *Neptunes* care
In his discent; then shall my prompted sword,
Falling on *Diomed*.
Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupie.
Troy. O *Cressida*! O false *Cressida*! false, false:
Let all vntruths stand by thy stained name,
And theyle seeme glorious.
Ulis. O containe your selfe:
Your passion drawes eares hither.
Enter Aeneas.
Aeneas. I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:
Heitor by this is arming him in Troy.
Aiax your Guard, staies to conduct you home.
Troy. Haue with you Prince: my courteous Lord adew:
Farewell reuolted faire: and *Diomed*,
Stand fast and weare a Caske on thy head.
Uli. He bring you to the Gates.
Troy. Accept distracted thanks.
Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas, and Uli.
Ther. Would I could meete that rogue *Diomed*, I
would eroke like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode:
Patroclus will giue me any thing for the intelligence of
his whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond,
then he for a commodities drab: Lechery, lechery, still
warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion, A burning
diuell take them.
Enter Heitor and Andromache.
And. When was my Lord so much vngently temper'd,
To stop his eares against admonishment?
Vname, *vname*, and doe not fight to day.
Heit. You traite me to offend you: get you gone.

By the euerslasing gods, Ile goe.
And. My dreames will sure prone ominous to the day.
Heit. No more I say.
Enter Cassandra.
Cassa. Where is my brother *Heitor*?
And. Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and deere petition:
pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreamt
Of bloody turbulence: and this whole night
Hath nothing bene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.
Cass. O, 'tis true.
Heit. Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.
Cass. No notes of fallie, for the heauens, sweet brother.
Heit. Begon I say: the gods haue heard me sweare.
Cass. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuish vowes:
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
Then spotted Liuers in the sacrifice.
And. O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being iust; it is as lawfull:
For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalfe of charitie.
Cass. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe:
But vowes to every purpose must not hold:
Vname sweete *Heitor*.
Heit. Hold you still I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.
Enter Troilus.
How now yong man? mean'st thou to fight to day?
And. *Cassandra*, call my father to perswade.
Enter Cassandra.
Heit. No faith yong *Troilus*; doste thy harness youth
I am to day with vaine of Chivalrie:
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre.
Vname thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,
Ile stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Troy. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.
Heit. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide me for it.
Troy. When many times the captiue Grecian falls,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword:
You bid them rise, and liue.
Heit. O 'tis faire play.
Troy. Fooles play, by heauen *Heitor*.
Heit. How now? how now?
Troy. For th'loue of all the gods
Let's leaue the Hermit Pity with our Mothers;
And when we haue our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our Swords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.
Heit. Fie sauage, fie.
Troy. *Heitor*, then 'tis warres.
Heit. *Troilus*, I would not haue you fight to day.
Troy. Who should with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with ferie truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees;
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares;
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way:
But by my ruine.
Enter Priam and Cassandra.
Cass. Lay hold vpon him *Priam*, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Troilus and Cressida.

Fall all together.
Priam. Come *Heitor*, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreamt: thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I my selfe,
Am like a Prophet suddenly entrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.
Heit. *Aeneas* is a field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,
Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.
Priam. I, but thou shalt not goe.
Heit. I must not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir,
Let me not shame respect; but giue me leaue
To take that course by your content and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam*.
Cass. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.
And. Doe not deere father.
Heit. *Andromache* I am offended with you:
Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.
Exit Andromache.
Troy. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,
Makes all these bodements.
Cass. O farewell, deere *Heitor*:
Looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleed at many vents:
Harke how Troy roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* shrits her dolour forth;
Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witlesse Antickes one another meete,
And all cry *Heitor*, *Heitors* dead: O *Heitor*!
Troy. Away, away.
Cass. Farewell: yes, soft: *Heitor* I take my leaue;
Thou dost thy selfe, and all our Troy deceiue.
Exit.
Heit. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weeke forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.
Priam. Farewell: the gods with safetie stand about
thee.
Alarum.
Troy. They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed*, belecue
I come to loose my arme, or winne my Slegue.
Enter Pandarus.
Pand. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?
Troy. What now?
Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.
Troy. Let me reade.
Pand. A whorson tickle, a whorson rascally tickle,
so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and
what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one
o'th' dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and
such an ache in my bones; that vnlesse a man were curt,
I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes shee
there?
Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from
the heart;
Th' effect doth operate another way.
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors still she feedes;
But edifies another with her deedes.
Pand. Why, but heare you?
Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame
Pursue thy life, and lue aye with thy name.
Alarum. *Exeunt*.

Enter Therites in excursion.
Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile
goe looke on: that dissembling abhominable varlet *Diomed*,
has got that same scurvie, doting, foolish yong
knaues Slegue of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine
see them meet; that, that same yong Troian asse, that loues
the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-mai-
sterly villaine, with the Slegue, backe to the dissembling
luxurious drabbe, of a sleguelesse errant. O'th' other side,
the pollicie of thole craftie swearing rascals; that stole
old Moulse, eaten dry cheese, *Nestor*: and that same dog-
foxe *Ulis*: is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They set
me vp in pollicy, that mungrell curie *Aiax*, against that
dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*. And now is the curie
Aiax prouder then the curie *Achilles*, and will not arme
to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime
barbarisme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.
Enter Diomed and Troilus.
Soft, here comes Slegue, and th' other.
Troy. Flye not: for should'st thou take the Riuer Stix,
I would swim after.
Diom. Thou dost miscall retire:
I doe not flye; but aduantageous care
Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:
Haue at thee?
Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore
Troian: Now the Slegue, now the Slegue.
Enter Heitor.
Heit. What art thou Greek? art thou for *Heitors* match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?
Ther. No, no: I am a rascall: a scurvie railing knaue:
a very filthy rogue.
Heit. I doe beleue thee, liue.
Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me; but a
plague breake thy necke---for frightening me: what's be-
come of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue
swallowed one another. I would laugh at that mira-
cle---yet in a sort, lecherie eates it selfe: He seeke them.
Exit.
Enter Diomed and Seruants.
Diom. Goe, goe, my seruant, take thou *Troilus* *Morfeys*:
Present the faire Steede to my Lady *Cressida*:
Fellow, commend my seruice to her beauty;
Tell her, I haue chastis'd the amorous Troian.
And am her Knight by prooffe.
Ser. I goe my Lord. *Enter Agamemnon*.
Agam. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*:
Hath beate downe *Menon*: battard *Margarelon*:
Hath *Doreus* prisoner.
And stands Calostus-wife wauing his beame,
Vpon the pasted courfes of the Kings:
Epistropus and *Cedus*, *Polixenes* is slaine;
Amphimachus, and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus cane or slaine, and *Palamedes*:
Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadfull Sagittary
Appalls our numbers, haste we *Diomed*:
To re-enforcement, or we perish all.
Enter Nestor.
Nest. Goe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the fraile-pac'd *Aiax* arme for shame:
There is a thousand *Heitors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathea* his Horse,
And there lacks worke: ano' he's there a foote,
And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculs,
Before

Troilus and Cressida.

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the straying Greekes, ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers swath;
Here, there, and euery where, he leaues and takes;
Dexteritie so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does so much,
That prooffe is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulysses. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzie bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noselesse, handlesse, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for *Troilus*; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantastike execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe,
With such a carelessse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that luck in very spight of cunning, had him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Aia. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*. *Exit.*

Dio. I, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face:
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry.

Hector, where's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*

Enter Ajax.

Aia. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, shew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. *Troilus*, I say, where's *Troilus*?

Aia. What would'st thou?

Diom. I would correct him.

Aia. Were I the Generall,

Thou should'st haue my office,

Ere that correction: *Troilus* I say, what *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Oh traitour *Diomed*!

Turne thy false face thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Aia. He fight with him alone, stand *Diomed*.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

Troy. Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you

Exit Troilus.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea *Troilus*? O well fought my yongest Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I see thee; haue at thee *Hector*.

Hect. Pause if thou wilt.

Achil. I doe disdaine thy curtesie, proud *Troian*;

Be happy that my armes are out of vse;

My rest and negligence befriends thee now;

But thou anon shalt heare of me againe:

Till when, goe seeke thy fortune.

Exit.

Hect. Fare thee well in yowre wayes.

I would haue bene much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troy. *Ajax* hath rane *Aeneas*; shall he be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen;

He shall not carie him: He be rane too;

Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;

I wreake not, though thou end my life to day.

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greeke,

Thou art a goodly marke:

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,

He frust it, and vnlocke the rivets all,

But he be maister of it: wilt thou not beate abide?

Why then flye on, he hunt thee for thy hide.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*:

Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele:

Strike not a stroke, but keepe your selues in breath;

And when I haue the bloody *Hector* found,

Empale him with your weapons round about:

In fellest maner execute your arme.

Follow me first, and my proceedings eye;

It is decreed, *Hector* the great must dye.

Enter Therites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it:

now bull, now dogge, lows; *Paris* lows; now my dou-

ble hen'd sparrow; lows *Paris*, lows; the bull has the

game: ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turne slaue and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A Bastard Sonne of *Priams*.

Ther. I am a Bastard too, I loue Bastards, I am a Ba-

stard begor, Bastard instructed, Bastard in minde, Bastard

in valour, in euery thing illegitimate: one Beare will not

bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard? take

heede, the quartel's most ominous vs: if the Sonne of a

whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement: farewell

Bastard.

Bast. The diuell take thee coward. *Exit.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core so faire without;

Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

Now is my daies worke done; He take good breath:

Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look *Hector* how the Sunne begins to set;

How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,

Even with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.

To close the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.

Hect. I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.

Achil. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seeke.

So I'll fall thou: now *Troy* sinke downe;

Here lyes thy heart, thy sinewes, and thy bone.

On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a maine;

Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slaine. *Retreat.*

Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.

Gree. The *Troian* Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night ore-spreads the eard;

And stickler-like the Armies seperates.

My halfe supt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,

Pleas'd with this dainy bed; thus goes to bed.

Come, tye his body to my horses tayle;

Along the field, I will the *Troian* traile. *Exit.*

Sound Retreat.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor,

Diomed, and the rest marching.

Ag. Harke harke, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achil.

Troilus and Cressida.

Sol. *Achilles*, *Achilles*, *Hector*'s slaine, *Achilles*.

Dio. The bruite is, *Hector*'s slaine, and by *Achilles*.

Aia. If it be so, yet braglesse let it be:

Great *Hector* was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent

To pray *Achilles* see vs at our Tent.

If in his death the gods haue vs befrended,

Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended. *Exit.*

Enter Eneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.

Ene. Stand hoe, yet are we maisters of the field,

Neuer goe home; here stand we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troy. *Hector* is slaine.

Aia. *Hector*? the gods forbid.

Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murderers Horses taile,

In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field;

Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speede:

Sit gods vpon your thrones, and smile at *Troy*.

I lay at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on.

Ene. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.

Troy. You vnderstand me not, that tell me so:

I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death,

But dare all imminence that gods and men,

Adresse their dangers in. *Hector* is gone:

Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba*?

Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd,

Goe in to *Troy*, and say there, *Hector*'s dead:

There is a word will *Priam* turne to stone;

Make wels, and *Niobes* of the maides and wiues;

Coolle statues of the youth: and in a word,

Scare *Troy* out of it selfe. But march away,

Hector is dead: there is no more to say.

Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight vpon our Phrygian plaines:
Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,
He through, and through you; & thou great siz'd coward:
No space of Earth shall funder our two hates,
He haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenies thoughts.
Strike a free march to *Troy*, with comfort goe:
Hope of reuenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?

Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame

Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name. *Exit.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aking bones: oh world,

world, world! thus is the poore agent dispisde: Oh trai-

tors and bawdes; how earnestly are you set aworke, and

how ill requited? why should our indeuour be so desir'd,

and the performance so loath'd? What Verse for it? what

instance for it? let me see.

Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,

Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting.

And being once subdu'd in armed taile,

Sweete hony, and sweete notes together faile.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cleathes;

As many as be here of *Panders* hall,

Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at *Pandarus*'s fall:

Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue some grones;

Though not for me, yet for your aking bones:

Brethren and sisters of the hold-dore trade,

Some two months hence, my will shall here be made:

It should be now, but that my feare is this:

Some galled Goose of *Winchester* would hissle;

Till then, He sweate, and seeke about for eases;

And at that time bequeath you my diseases. *Exit.*

¶ ¶ ¶

FINIS.





The Tragedy of Coriolanus:

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves,
Clubs, and other weapons.

1. Citizen.

Before we proceed any further, heare me speake.

All. Speake, speake.

1. Cit. You are all resolu'd rather to dy then
to famish?

All. Resolu'd, resolu'd.

1. Cit. First you know, *Caius Martius* is chiefe enemy
to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1. Cit. Let vs kill him, and wee'l haue Corne at our own
price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away

2. Cit. One word, good Citizens.

1. Cit. We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patri-
cians good: what Authority surfs one, would relieue
vs. If they would yeelde vs but the superfluitie while it
were wholsome, wee might guesse they relieued vs hu-
manely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leanesse
that afflicts vs, the object of our misery, is as an inuentory
to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a
gaine to them. Let vs reuenge this with our Pikes, ere
we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in
hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Reuenge.

2. Cit. Would you proceede especially against *Caius*
Martius.

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Com-
monalty.

2. Cit. Consider you what Seruices he ha's done for his
Country?

1. Cit. Very well, and could bee content to giue him
good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with bee-
ing proud.

All. Nay, but speake not maliciously.

1. Cit. I say vnto you, what he hath done *Famoullie*,
he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be
content to say it was for his Countrey, he did it to please
his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to
the altitude of his vertue.

2. Cit. What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you ac-
count a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is co-
uetous.

1. Cit. If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accu-
sations he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition.

What shewts are these? The other side a'th City is risen:
why stay we prating heere? To th' Capitol.

All. Come, come.

1. Cit. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter *Menenius Agrippa*.

2. Cit. Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath al-
wayes lou'd the people.

1. Cit. He's one honest enough, wold al the rest wer so.

Men. What work's my Countymen in hand?

Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter
Speake I pray you.

2. Cit. Our busines is not vnknowne to th' Senat, they
haue had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, v
now wee'l shew em in deeds: they say poore Suters haue
strong breaths, they shal know we haue strong arms too.

Men. Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest
Neighbours, will you vndo your selues?

2. Cit. We cannot Sir, we are vndone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, most charitable care

Haue the Patricians of you for your wants.

Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

Strike at the Heauen with your stauces, as list them

Against the Roman State, whose courfe will on

The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbes

Of more strong linke asunder, then can euery

Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth,

The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and

Your knees to them (not armes) must helpe. Alacke,

You are transported by Calamity

Thether, where more attends you, and you slander

The Helmes o' th State; who care for you like Fathers,

When you curse them, as Enemies.

2. Cit. Care for vs? True indeed, they nere car'd for vs

yet. Suffer vs to famish, and their Store-houses cram'd

with Graine: Make Edicts for Vsurie, to support Vsu-

urers; repeale daily any wholsome Act established against

the rich, and prouide more piercing Statutes daily, to

chaine vp and restraine the poore. If the Warres eate vs

not vppe, they will; and there's all the loue they beare

vs.

Men. Either you must

Confesse your selues wondrous Malicious,

Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you

A pretty Tale, it may be you haue heard it,

But since it serues my purpose, I will venture

To scale't a little more.

2. Citizen. Well,

He heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke

To fobbe off our disgrace with a tale:

But and't please you deliuer.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members

Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it:

That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine

a a

Tth

Th' midd'lt a th' body, idle and vnactive,
Still cubbordering the Viand, neuer bearing
Like labour with the rest, where th' other Instruments
Did see, and heare, deuise, instruct, walke, feele,
And mutually participate, did minister
Vnto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly answer'd.

2. *Cit.* Well sir, what answer made the Belly,

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but euen thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as speake, it taintingly replied
To th' discontented Members, the mutinous parts
That enuied his receite: euen so most fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2. *Cit.* Your Bellies answer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counsaillor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and petty helpes
In this our Fabrick, if that they

Men. What then? For me, this Fellow speakes,
What then? What then?

2. *Cit.* Should by the Cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sinke a th' body.

Men. Well, what then?

2. *Cit.* The former Agents, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'll bestow a small (of what you haue little)
Patience awhile; you'll heare the Bellies answer.

2. *Cit.* Y' are long about it.

Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your most graue Belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his Accusers, and thus answered.
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receiue the generall Food at first
Which you do liue vpon: and fit it is,
Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
If end through the Riuer of your blood
Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th' seate o' th' Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The strongest Nerues, and small inferiour Veines
From me receiue that naturall competencie
Whereby they liue. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this sayes the Belly) marke me.

2. *Cit.* I sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliuer out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all
From me do backe receiue the Flowre of all,
And leaue me but the Bran. What say you too't?

2. *Cit.* It was an answer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counsailes, and their Cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the Weale a' th' Common, you shall finde
No publique benefit which you receiue
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your selues. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Assembly?

2. *Cit.* I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o' th' lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest formeost:

Thou Rascall, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiffe bats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,
The one side must haue baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble Martius.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you dissentious rogues
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your selues Scabs.

2. *Cit.* We haue euer your good word.

Mar. He that will giue good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curses,
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geese you are: No furer, no,
Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice,
Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that Iustice did it. Who deserues Greatnes,
Deserues your Hate: and your Affections are
A sickmans Appetite; who desires most that
Which would encrease his euill. He that depends
Vpon your fauours, swimmes with finnes of Leade,
And hewes downe Oakes, with rushes. Hang yet trusty?
With euery Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Himilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in these feuerall places of the Citie,
You cry against the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which else
Would feede on one another? What's their seeking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, whereof they say
The Citie is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They say?
They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
What's done i' th' Capitoll: Who's like to rise,
Who thriues, & who declines: Side factions, & giue out
Coniecturall Marriages, making parties strong,
And feeling such as fit and not in their liking,
Below their cobbled Shooes. They say ther's grain enough:
Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me vse my Sword, I'd make a Quarrie
With thousands of these quarter'd slaues, as high
As I could picke my Lance.

Men. Nay these are almost thoroughly perswaded:
For though abundantly they lacke discretion
Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beseech you,
What sayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are dissol'd: Hang 'em;
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Prouerbes
That Hunger-broke stone wals: that dogges must eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods sent not
Corne for the Richmen onely: With these threats
They vented their Complainings, which being answer'd
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
To breake the heart of generosity,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the hornes a' th' Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.

Men. What is graunted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wilddoms
Of their owne choice. One's Iunius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

The rabble should haue first varoo't the City
Ere so preuayl'd with me; it will in time
Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Theames
For Insurrections arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.

Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Martius?

Mar. Heere: what's the matter?

Mess. The newes is sir, the Volcies are in Armes.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall haue means to vent
Our mustie superfluity. See our best Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annulus Brutus Cominius, Titus
Lartius, with other Senators.

1. *Sen.* Martius 'tis true, that you haue lately told vs,
The Volces are in Armes.

Mar. They haue a Leader,

Tullius Aufidius that will put you too't:

I gine in enuying his Nobility:

And were I any thing but what I am,

I would wish me onely he.

Com. You haue fought together?

Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th' eares, & he

vpon my partie, I'd resolue to make

Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion

That I am proud to hunt.

1. *Sen.* Then worthy Martius,

Attend vpon Cominius to these Warres.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir it is,

And I am constant: Titus Lucius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullius face.

What art thou stiffe? Stand't out?

Tit. No Caius Martius,

I leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother,

Ere stay behinde this Businesse.

Men. Oh true-bred.

Sen. Your Company to th' Capitoll, where I know

Our greatest Friends attend vs.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow Cominius, we must followe

you, right worthy you Priority.

Com. Noble Martius,

Hence to your homes, be gone.

Mar. Nay let them follow,

The Volces haue much Corne: take these Rats thither,

To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners,

Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. *Exeunt.*

Citizens steale away. *Manet Sicin. & Brutus.*

Sicin. Was euer man so proud as is this Martius?

Brut. He has no equall.

Sicin. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people,

Brut. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Sicin. Nay, but his taunts.

Brut. Being mou'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

Sicin. Bemocke the modest Moone.

Brut. The present Warres deuoure him, he is growne

Too proud to be so valiant.

Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, dis-

daines the shadow which he treads on at noone, but I do

wonder, his insolence can brooke to be commanded vn-

der Cominius?

Brut. Fame, at the which he aymes,

In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot

Better be held, nor more attain'd then by

A place below the first: for what milcarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th' utmost of a man, and giddy centure
Will then cry out of Martius: Oh, if he
Had borne the businesse.

Sicin. Besides, if things go well,

Opinion that so stickes on Martius, shall

Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Brut. Come: halfe all Cominius Honors are to Martius

Though Martius earn'd them not: and all his faults

To Martius shall be Honors, though indeed

In ought he merit not.

Sicin. Let's hence, and heare

How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion

More then his singularity, he goes

Vpon this present Action.

Brut. Let's along. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tullius Aufidius with Senators of Coriols.

1. *Sen.* So, your opinion is Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailes,
And know how we proceede,

Auf. Is it not yours?

What euer haue bin thought one in this State

That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome

Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone

Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke

I haue the Letter heere: yes, heere it is;

They haue prest a Power, but it is not knowne

Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great,

The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,

Cominius, Martius, your old Enemy

(Who is of Rome worse hated then of you)

And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,

These threes leade on this Preparation

Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:

Consider of it.

1. *Sen.* Our Armes in the Field:

We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready

To answer vs.

Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,

To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when

They needs must shew themselves, which in the hatching

It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discouery,

We shalbe shortned in our ayme, which was

To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome

Should know we were a-foot.

2. *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,

Take your Commission, hie you to your Bands,

Let vs alone to guard Coriols

If they set downe before's: for the remote

Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'll finde

Th' haue not prepar'd for vs.

Auf. O doubt not that,

I speake from Certainties. Nay more,

Some parcels of their Power are forth already;

And onely hitherward. I leaue your Honors.

If we, and Caius Martius chance to meete,

'Tis sworne betweene vs, we shall euer strike

Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you.

Auf. And keepe your Honors safe.

1. *Sen.* Farewell.

2. *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Volunna and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius:
They set them downe on two lowe stools and sowe.

Volun. I pray you daughter sing, or expresse your selfe in a more comfortable sort: If my Sonne were my Husband, I should freelier reioyce in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most loue. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when youth with comelinesse pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sel him an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renowne made it not stirre, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I sent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in ioy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had procured himselfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Businesse Madame, how then?

Volun. Then his good report should haue bene my Sonne, I therein would haue found issue. Heare me profess sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my loue alike, and none lesse deere then thine, and my good Martius, I had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuously surfeit out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Virg. Beseech you giue me leaue to retire my selfe.

Volun. Indeed you shall not:
Me thinks, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme:
See him plucke Aufidius downe by th' haire:
(As children from a Beare) the Volces shunning him:
Me thinks I see him stampe thus, and call thus,
Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare
Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Haruest man, that task'd to mowe
Or all, or loose his hyre.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood.
Volun. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man
Then gilt his Trophe. The breits of Hecuba
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not louelier
Then Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword. Contemning, tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome.

Exit Gent.

Vir. Heauens bleste my Lord from sell Aufidius.
Vol. Hee'l beat Aufidius head below his knee,
And treade vpon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Vsher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam,
Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.
Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing heere? A fine sport in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir. I thanke your Ladyship: Well good Madam.
Vol. He had rather see the swords, and heare a Drum,
then looke vpon his Schoolmaster.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: He sweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wen-day halfe an houre together: ha's such a confirm'd coun-

tenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterflie, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and ouer and ouer he comes, and vp againe: catcht it againe: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did so set his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammoockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.
Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your fitchery, I must haue you play the idle Huswife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madam)

I will not out of doores.

Val. Not out of doores?

Volun. She shall the shall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; I'll not ouer the

threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your selfe most vreasonably:

Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her

with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volun. Why I pray you.

Virg. 'Tis not to saue labour, nor that I want loue.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet they say, all

the yeanes she spun in Vlisses absence, did but fill Aithia

full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sen-

sible as your finger, that you might leaue pricking it for

pitie. Come you shall go with vs.

Vir. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not

forth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and I'll tell you excellent

newes of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not test with you: there came newes

from him last night.

Vir. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it.

Thus it is: the Volces haue an Army forth, against who

Cominius the Generall is gone, with one part of our Ro-

mane power. Your Lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down

before their Citie Corioli, they nothing doubt preui-

ling, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine

Honor, and so I pray go with vs.

Virg. Giue me excuse good Madame, I will obey you

in euery thing heereafter.

Vol. Let her alone Ladie, as she is now:

She will but diseafe our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I thinke she would:

Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie.

Prythee Virgilia turne thy tolemnesse out a doore,

And go along with vs.

Virgill. No

At a word Madam; Indeed I must not,

I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

Exeunt Ladies

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Co-
lours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as
before the Citie Coriolanus: to them
a Messenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes:

A Wager they haue met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lar. Agreed.

Mr.

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?

Mess. They lye in view, but haue not spoke as yet.

Lar. So, the good Horse is mine.

Mar. Ile buy him of you.

Lar. No, Ile nor sel, nor giue him: Lend you him I will

For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.

Mar. How farre off lie these Armies?

Mess. Within this mile and halfe.

Mar. Then shall we heare their Lacum, & they Ours.

Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,

That we with smoaking swords may march from hence

To helpe our fielded Friends: Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley: Enter two Senatours with others on

the Walles of Coriolanus.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Walles?

1. Senat. No, nor a man that feares you lesse then he,

That's lesse then a little. Drum a farre off.

Heareke, our Drummes

Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles

Rather then they shall pound vs vp our Gates,

Which yet seeme shut, we haue but pin'd with Rushes,

They le open of themselves. Harke you, farre off

Alarme farre off.

There is Aufidius. List what worke he makes

Amongst your clouen Army.

Mart. Oh they are at it.

Lar. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders ho.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They feare vs not, but issue forth their Citie.

Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more prooffe then Shields.

Aduaunce braue Titus,

They do disdain vs much beyond our Thoughts,

which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows

He that retires, Ile take him for a Volce,

And he shall feele mine edge.

Alarme, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches

Enter Martius cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,

You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues

Plaster you o're, that you may be abhor'd

Farther then seene, and one infect another

Against the Winde a mile: you soules of Geese,

That beare the shapes of men, how haue you run

From Slaues, that Apes would beate; Pluto and Hell,

All hurt behinde, backs red, and faces pale

With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,

Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leaue the Foe,

And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,

If you'll stand fast, wee'l beate them to their Wiues,

As they vs to our Trenches followes.

Another Alarme, and Martius follows them to

gates, and is shut in.

So, now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds,

'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,

Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.

Enter the Gati.

1. Sol. Foole-hardinesse, not I.

2. Sol. Nor I.

1. Sol. See they haue shut him in. Alarme continues

All. To th' pot I warrant him. Enter Titus Lartius

Tit. What is become of Martius?

Al. Slaue (Sir) doubtlesse.

2. Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heeles,

With them he enters: who vpon the sodaine

Clapt to their Gates, he is himselfe alone,

To answer all the City.

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!

Who sensibly out-dares his sencelesse Sword,

And when it bowes, stand'st vp: Thou art left Martius,

A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art

Weare not so rich a Iewell. Thou wast a Souldier

Euen to Calues wish, not fierce and terrible

Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes, and

The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds

Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the World

Were feauerous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1. Sol. Looke Sir.

Lar. O 'tis Martius.

Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Enter certaine Romanes with spoiles.

1. Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2. Rom. And I this.

3. Rom. A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Siluer. exeunt.

Alarme continues still a farre off.

Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.

Mar. See heere these mouers, that do prize their hours

At a crack'd Drachme: Cushions, Leaden Spooones,

Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would

Bury with those that wore them. These base slaues,

Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them.

And harke, what noyse the Generall makes: To him

There is the man of my soules hate, Aufidius,

Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant Titus take

Conuenient Numbers to make good the City,

Whil'st I with those that haue the spirit, will haste

To helpe Cominius.

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,

Thy exercise hath bin too violent,

For a second course of Fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:

My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:

The blood I drop, is rather Physicall

Then dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus, I will appear

Lar. Now the faire Goddess Fortune, (and fight.

Fall deepe in loue with thee, and her great charmes

Misguide thy Opposers swords, Bold Gentleman:

Prosperity be thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friend no lesse,

Then those she placeth highest: So farewell.

Lar. Thou worthiest Martius,

Go found thy Trumpet in the Market place;

Call thither all the Officers a'th Towne,

Where they shall know our minde. Away. Exeunt

Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, (off,

Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleue me Sirs,

We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue strooke

By Interims and conueying gifts, we haue heard

The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,

Leade their successes, as we wish our owne,

That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountring,

May giue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Cittizens of Corioli haue yssued,

And giuen to Lartius and to Martius Battaile:

I say.

aa 3

I saw our party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speakest truth,
Me thinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mef. About an houre, my Lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drummes.

How could'st thou in a mile confound an houre,

And bring thy Newes so late?

Mef. Spies of the Volces

Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele

Three or foure miles about, else had I fir

Halfe an houre since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whose yonder,
That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,

He has the stampe of *Martius*, and I haue

Before time seene him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder frō a Taber,

More then I know the sound of *Martius* Tongue

From eury meaner man.

Martius. Come I too late?

Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,

But mantled in your owne.

Mart. Oh! let me clip ye

In Armes as sound, as when I woo'd in heart;

As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,

And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius*?

Mar. As with a man busied about Decrees:

Condemning some to death, and some to exile,

Ranforming him, or pitying, threatning th' other;

Holding *Corioles* in the name of Rome,

Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,

To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that Slaue

Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?

Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,

He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,

The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them)

The Mouse ne're thunn'd the Cat, as they did budge

From Rascals worse then they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serue to tell, I do not thinke:

Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a th Field?

If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. *Martius*, we haue at disadvantage fought,

And did retyre to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on w side

They haue plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guesse *Martius*,

Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients

Of their best trust: O're them *Aufidius*,

Their very heart of Hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,

By all the Battailles wherein we haue fought,

By th' Blood we haue shed together,

By th' Vowes we haue made

To endure Friends, that you directly set me

Against *Aufidius*, and his Antients,

And that you not delay the present (but

Filling the aire with Swords aduanc'd) and Darts,

We proue this very houre.

Com. Though I could wish,

You were conducted to a gentle Bath,

And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I neuer

Deny your asking, take your choice of those

That best can ayde your action.

Mar. Those are they

That most are willing; if any such be heere,

(As it were sinne to doubt) that loue this painting

Wherein you see me smear'd, if any feare

Lessen his person, then an ill report:

If any thinke, braue death out-weighes bad life,

And that his Countries deerer then himselfe,

Let him alone: Or so many so minded,

Waue thus to expresse his disposition,

And follow *Martius*.

They all shout and waue their swords, take him up in their

Armes, and cast up their Caps.

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:

If these shewes be not outward, which of you

But is foure Volces? None of you, but is

Able to beare against the great *Aufidius*

A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number

(Though thanks to all) must I select from all:

The rest shall beare the businesse in some other fight

(As cause will be obey'd:) please you to March,

And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,

Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on my Fellowes:

Make good this ostentation, and you shall

Diuide in all, with vs.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard vpon Corioles, going with

Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Mar-

tius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a

Scout.

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties

As I haue set them downe. If I do send, dispatch

Those Centuries to our ayd, the rest will serue

For a short holding, if we loose the Field,

We cannot keepe the Towne.

Lien. Feare not our care Sir.

Lar. Hence; and shut your gates vpon's:

Our Guider come, to th' Roman Campe conduct vs, Exit

Alarm, as in Battail.

Enter Martius and Aufidius at several doores.

Mar. He fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee

Worse then a Promise-breaker.

Aufid. We hate alike:

Not Affricke owne a Serpent I abhorre

More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first Budger dye the others Slaue,

And the Gods doome him after.

Auf. If I flye *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.

Mar. Within these three houres *Tullius*

Alone I fought in your *Corioles* wallies,

And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,

Wherein thou seest me maskt, for thy Reuenge

Wrench vp thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wert thou the *Hector*,

That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,

Thou should'st not scape me heere.

Here they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde

of Aufid. *Martius* fights til they be driven in breathles.

Officious and not valiant, you haue sham'd me

In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish.

Flourish. *Alarm.* A Retreat is sounded. Enter at
one Doore *Cominius*, with the Romanes: At
another Doore *Martius*, with his
Armes in a Scarfe.

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,
Thou' not beleue thy deeds: but Ile report it,
Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles,
Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug,
Till end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fustie Plebeians, hate thine Honors,
Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods
Our Rome hath such a Souldier,
Yet can't thou to a Morfell of this Feast,
Hauing fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall:
Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison:
Hast thou beheld—

Martius. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,
When she do's prayse me, grieues me:
I haue done as you haue done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you haue beene, that's for my Countrey:
He that ha's but effected his good will,
Hath ouerta'ne mine Act.

Com. You shall not be the Graue of your deseruing,
Rome must know the value of her owne:
'Twere a Concealement worse then a Theft,
No lesse then a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which to the spire, and top of prayles vouch'd,
Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you,
In signe of what you are, not to reward
What you haue done, before our Armie heare me.

Martius. I haue some Wounds vpon me, and they smart
To heare themselves remembred.
Com. Should they not:
Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death: of all the Horses,
Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good store of all,
The Treasure in this field atchieued, and Citie,
Werender you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your onely choyle.

Martius. I thanke you Generall:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it,
And stand vpon my common part with those,
That haue beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry, *Martius, Martius,*
cast up their Caps and Launces: *Cominius*
and *Lartius* stand bare.

Mar. May these same Instruments, which you prophane,
Neuer sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall
I'th field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing:
When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke,
Let him be made an Ouerture for th' Warres:
No more I say, for that I haue not wash'd

My Nose that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch,
Which without note, here's many else haue done,
You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,
As if I lou'd my little should be dieted
In prayles, sawe'st with Lyes.

Com. Too modest are you:
More cruell to your good report, then gratefull
To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst your selfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,
Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to vs, to all the World, That *Caius Martius*
Wearies this Warres Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him,
With all his trim belonging: and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioles*, call him,
With all th' applause and Clamor of the Host,
Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th' addition Nobly euer?

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

Omnes. *Marcus Caius Coriolanus.*

Martius. I will goe wash:
And when my Face is faire, you shall perceiue
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thanke you,
I meane to stride your Steed, and at all times
To vnder-creft your good Addition,
To th' faireness of my power.

Com. So, to our Tent:
Where ere we doe repose vs, we will write
To Rome of our successe: you *Titus Lartius*
Must to *Corioles* backe, fend vs to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their owne good, and ours.

Lartius. I shall, my Lord.
Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd most Princely gifts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.

Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?
Martius. I sometime lay here in *Corioles*,
At a poore mans house: he vs'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I request you
To giue my poore Host freedome.

Com. Oh well begg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should
Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, *Titus*.

Lartius. *Martius*, his Name.
Martius. By *Iupiter* forgot:
I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:
Haue we no Wine here?

Com. Goe we to our Tent:
The blood vpon your Visage dryes, 'tis time
It should be lookt too: come.

Exit.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter *Tullius Aufidius*
blondie, with two or three Souldiours.

Aufid. The Towne is ta'ne.
Sould. 'Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition.
Aufid. Condition?
I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treatie finde
I'th part that is at mercy? five times, *Martius*,
I haue fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me:
And would'st doe so, I thinke, should we encounter

As

As often as we eate, By th'Elements,
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: He potche at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the diuell.

Ans. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valors poison'd,
With onely suffring staine by him: for him
Shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift vp
Their rotten Priuiledge, and Custome gainst
My hate to *Martius*. Where I finde him, were it
At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, euen there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' Citie,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome.

Soul. Will not you go?

Ans. I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you
(Tis South the City Mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spurre on my iourney.

Soul. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter *Menenius* with the two Tribunes of the
people, *Sicinius* & *Brutus*.

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee shall haue Newes to
night.

Brut. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for
they loue not *Martius*.

Sicinius. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?

Sicinius. The Lambe.

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would
the Noble *Martius*.

Brut. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe.
You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske
you.

Both. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you
two haue not in abundance?

Brut. He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withall.

Sicinius. Especially in Pride.

Brut. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how
you are censured here in the City? I mean of vs a'th'right
hand File, do you?

Both. Why? how ware we censur'd?

Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not
be angry?

Both. Well, well sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe
of Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience:

Giue your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your
pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in
being so: you blame *Martius* for being proud,

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your
helpes are many, or else your actions would growe won-
drous single: your abilities are to Infant-like, for doing
much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn
your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make
could.

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of vn-
meriting, proud, violent, testie Magistrates (alias Fooles)
as any in Rome.

Sicinius. *Menenius*, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Patrician*, and
one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alay-
ing Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in fauour-
ing the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like vpon, to
triuall motion: One, that conuerfes more with the But-
tocke of the night, then with the forehead of the morning.
What I think, I vtter, and spend my malice in my breath.
Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call
you *Licurgusses*), if the drinke you giue me, touch my Pa-
lat aduersly, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your
Worshippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde
the Affe in compound, with the Maior part of your syllab-
les. And though I must be content to beare with those,
that say you are reuerend graue men, yet they lye deadly,
that tell you haue good faces, if you see this in the Map
of my Microcosme, followes it that I am knowne well en-
ough too? What harme can your beesome Conspicui-
ties gleane out of this Character, if I be knowne wel-
lough too.

Brut. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither mee, your felues, nor any
thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and
legges: you ware out a good wholesome Forenoone, in
hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forster-
seller, and then reiourne the Controuersie of three-pence
to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a
matter betweene party and party, if you chauce to be
pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mum-
mers, set vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and
in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismissthe Controuersie
bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the
peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties
Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones.

Brut. Come, come, you are well vnderstood to be a
perfecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Bencher in
the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they
shall encounter such ridiculous Subiects as you are, when
you speake best vnto the purpose. It is not woorth the
wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserue not so
honourable a graue, as to stiffe a Butchers Cushion, or to
be intomb'd in an Asses Packe-saddle; yet you must bee
saying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is
worth all your predecessors, since *Dencalion*, though per-
aduenture some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hang-
men. Godden to your Worshippes, more of your conser-
uation would infect my Braine, being the Heardsmen of
the Beafly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of
you.

Brut. And Scio.

Aside.

Enter

Enter *Volumnia*, *Virgilia*, and *Valeria*.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone
were thee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow
your Eyes so fast?

Volum. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* appro-
ches: for the loue of *Iuno* let's goe.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* coming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous
approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee:
hoo, *Martius* coming home?

2 Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath
another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at
home for you.

Menen. I will make my very house reele to night:

A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it giues me an Estate of se-
uen yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at
the Physician: The most soueraigne Prescription in *Galen*,
is but Emperick quicke; and to this Preferuatiue, of no
better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded?
he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a
Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browes: *Menenius*, hee comes the third
time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

Volum. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but
Aufidius got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, He warrant him
that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not haue been so
fiddious'd, for all the Chests in *Carioles*, and the Gold
that's in them. Is the Senate posselt of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The
Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee giues
my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this
action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.
Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not with-
out his true purchasing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Menen. True? He be sworne they are true: where is
hee wounded, God saue your good Worshippes? *Martius*
is coming home: hee ha's more cause to be proud:
where is he wounded?

Volum. It's Shoulder, and it's left Arme: there will be
large Cicatrices to shew the People, when hee shall stand
for his place: he receiued in the repulse of *Tarquin* seuen
hurts it's Body.

Menen. One it's Neck, and two it's Thigh, there's nine
that I know.

Volum. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie
fine Wounds vpon him.

Menen. Now it's twentie seuen; euery gash was an
Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpers.

A shout, and flourish.

Volum. These are the Vshers of *Martius*:

Before him, hee carryes Noyse;

And behinde him, hee leaues Teares:

Death, that darke Spirit, in's neruie Arme doth lye,
Which being aduanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Shout. Trumpets sound.

Enter *Cominius* the Generall, and *Titus Lartius*: be-
twene them *Coriolanus*, crown'd with an Oaken
Garland, with Captaines and Soul-
diers, and a Herald.

Herald. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within *Corioles* Gates: where he hath wonne,
With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius*:
These in honor followes *Martius Caius Coriolanus*.
Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray
now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you haue, I know, petition'd all the Gods
for my prosperitie.

Kneeles.

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, vp:

My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
And by deed-achieuing Honor newly nam'd,
What is it (*Coriolanus*) must I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious silence, haile:
Would'st thou haue laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep't to see me triumph? Ah my deare,
Such eyes the Widowes in *Carioles* were,
And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Menen. Now the Gods Crowne thee.

Com. And liue you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to turne.

Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall,

And y're welcome all.

Menen. A hundred thousand Welcomes:

I could weepe, and I could laugh,

I am light, and heauie; welcome:

A Curse begin at very root on's heart,

That is not glad to see thee.

You are three, that Rome should dote on:

Yet by the faith of men, we haue

Some old Crab-trees here at home,

That will not be grafted to your Rallists.

Yet welcome Warriors:

Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;

And the faults of fooles, but folly.

Com. Euer right.

Cor. *Menenius*, euer, euer.

Herald. Giue way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?

Ere in our owne house I doe shade my Head,

The good *Patricians* must be visited,

From whom I haue receiue'd not onely greetings,

But with them, change of Honors.

Volum. I haue liued,

To see inherited my very Wisshes,

And the Buildings of my Fancie:

Onely there's one thing wanting,

Which (I doubt not) but our Rome

Will cast vpon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,

I had rather be their seruant in my way,

Then sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitall. Flourish. Cornets.

Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter

Enter Brutus and Scioinus.

Brut. All tongues speake of him, and the bleared fights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling Nurse
Into a rapture lets her Baby crie,
While she chats him: the Kitchen *Malkin* pinnes
Her richest Lockram 'bout her reechie necke,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are smother'd vp,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earnestnesse to see him: feld-showne Flamins
Doe presse among the popular Throngs, and puffe
To winne a vulgar station: our weyl'd Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton spoyle
Of *Phobus* burning Kisses: such a poother,
As if that whatfoeuer God, who leades him,
Were slyly crept into his humane powers,
And gaue him gracefull posture.

Scioin. On the suddaine, I warrant him Confull.

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe
leepe.

Scioin. He cannot temp'rately transport his Honors,
From where he should begin, and end, but will
Lose those he hath wonne.

Brutus. In that there's comfort.

Scioin. Doubt not,

The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget
With the least cause, these his new Honors,
Which that he will giue them, make I as little question,
As he is proud to doo't.

Brutus. I heard him sweare,
Were he to stand for Confull, neuer would he
Appeare i'th' Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Vesture of Hamilitie,
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
Toth' People, begge their stinking Breaths.

Scioin. 'Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it,
But by the suite of the Gentry to him,
And the desire of the Nobles.

Scioin. I wish no better, then haue him hold that pur-
pose, and to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis most like he will.

Scioin. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a
sure destruction.

Brutus. So it must fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We must suggest the People, in what harred
He still hath held them: that to's power he would
Haue made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleaders,
And dispropertied their Freedomes; holding them,
In humane Action, and Capacitie,
Of no more Soule, nor fittest for the World,
Then Cammels in their Warre, who haue their Prouand
Onely for bearing Burthens, and sore blowes
For sinking vnder them.

Scioin. This (as you say) suggested,
At some time, when his soaring Insolence
Shall teach the People, which time shall not want,
If he be put vpon't, and that's as easie,
As to set Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire

To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for euer.

Enter a Messenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitoll:
'Tis thought, that *Martius* shall be Confull:
I haue seene the dumbe men throng to see him,
And the blind to heare him speak: Matrons fling Gloues,
Ladies and Maids their Scarffes, and Handkerchers,
Vpon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Ioues* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showes:
I neuer saw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th' time,
But Hearts for the euent.

Scioin. Haue with you.

Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as it were,
in the Capitoll.

1. Off. Come, come, they are almost here: how many
stand for Consulships?

2. Off. Thrice, they say: but 'tis thought of euery one,
Coriolanus will carry it.

1. Off. That's a brave fellow: but hee's vengeance
prowd, and loues not the common people.

2. Off. Faith, there hath bene many great men that
haue flatter'd the people, who ne're loued them; and there
be many that they haue loued, they know not wherefore:
so that if they loue they know not why, they hate vpon
no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neyther to
care whether they loue, or hate him, manifests the true
knowledge he has in their disposition, and out of his No-
ble carelesnesse lets them plainly see't.

1. Off. If he did not care whether he had their loue, or
no, hee waued indifferently, twixt doing them neyther
good, nor harme: but hee seekes their hate with greater
devotion, then they can render it him; and leaues nothing
vndone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now
to seeme to affect the mallice and displeasure of the Peo-
ple, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for
their loue.

2. Off. Hee hath deserued worthily of his Countrey,
and his assent is not by such easie degrees as those, who
haue bene supple and courteous to the People, Bon-
netted, without any further deed, to haue them at all into
their estimation, and report: but hee hath so planted his
Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that
for their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much,
were a kinde of ingratefull Iniurie: to report otherwise,
were a Mallice, that giuing it selfe the Lye, would plucke
reprooffe and rebuke from euery Eare that heard it.

1. Off. No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make
way, they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of
the People, Lictors before them: *Coriolanus*, *Mene-
nius*, *Cominius* the Consul: *Scioinus* and *Brutus*
take their places by themselves: *Corio-
lanus* stands.

Meneus. Hauing determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for *Titus Lartius*: it remains,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,

To

To gratifie his Noble seruice, that hath
Thus stood for his Countrey. Therefore please you,
Most reuerend and graue Elders, to desire
The present Confull, and last Generall,
In our well-found Successes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus*: whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himselfe.

1. Sen. Speake, good *Cominius*:
Leaue nothing out for length, and make vs thinke
Rather our states defectiue for requittall,
Then we to stretch it out. Masters a'th' People,
We doe request your kindest eares: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what passes here.

Scioin. We are conuented vpon a pleasing Treatie, and
haue hearts inclinable to honor and aduance the Theame
of our Assembly.

Brutus. Which the rather wee shall be blest to doe, if
he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath
hereto priz'd them at.

Meneus. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had
been silent: Please you to heare *Cominius* speake?

Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was
more pertinent then the rebuke you giue it.

Meneus. He loues your People, but tye him not to be
their Bed-fellow: Worthie *Cominius* speake.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe away.
Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sit *Coriolanus*: neuer shame to heare
What you haue Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honors pardon:

I had rather haue my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare say how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet oft,
When blowes haue made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I loue them as they weigh--

Meneus. Pray now sit downe.
Corio. I had rather haue one scratch my Head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarm were strucke, then idly sit
To heare my Nothings monster'd. Exit *Coriolanus*

Meneus. Masters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?

That's thousand to one good one, when you now see
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed *Cominius*.

Com. I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be vtter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefeft Vertue,

And most dignifies the haue: if it be,
The man I speake of, cannot in the World
Be singly counter-poys'd. At sixteene yeeres,
When *Tarquinius* made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all prayse I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shinne he droue
The brizled Lippes before him: he bestrid
An o're-prest Roman, and i'th' Confull view
Slew three Opposers: *Tarquinius* selfe he met,
And struke him on his Knees: in that dayes festes,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd best man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age

Man-entred thus, he wak'd like a Sea,
And in the brunt of seuteene Battails since,
He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this last,
Before, and in *Corioles*, let me say
I cannot speake him home: he stop't the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before
A Vessell vnder sayle, so men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths stampe,
Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whose euery motion
Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred
The mortall Gate of th' Citie, which he painted
With shunlesse destinie: aydelesse came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement stricke
Carioles like a Planer: now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His readie sence: then straight his doubled spirit
Requickned what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the Battaille came he, where he did
Runne reeking o're the liues of men, as if 'twere
A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd
Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer stood
To ease his Breth with panting.

Meneus. Worthy man.

Senat. He cannot but with measure fit the Honors
which we deuise him.

Com. Our spoyles he kickt at,
And look'd vpon things precious, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he couets lesse
Then Miserie it selfe would giue, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Meneus. Hee's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Senat. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appeare.

Enter *Coriolanus*.

Meneus. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make
thee Confull.

Corio. I doe owe them still my Life, and Services.

Meneus. It then remaines, that you doe speake to the
People.

Corio. I doe beseech you,
Let me o're-leape that custome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, stand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds sake, to giue their sufferage:

Please you that I may passe this doing.

Scioin. Sir, the People must haue their Voyces;
Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie.

Meneus. Put them not too't:
Pray you goe fit you to the Custome,
And take to you, as your Predecessors haue,
Your Honor with your forme.

Corio. It is a part that I shall blush in acting;
And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Marke you that.

Corio. To brag vnto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th'vnaking Skarres, which I should hide,
As if I had recei'd them for the hyre
Of their breath onely.

Meneus. Doe not stand vpon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Confull
Wish we all Ioy, and Honor.

Senat. To

Senat. To Coriolanus come all ioy and Honor.
Flourish Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Menet. Sicinius and Brutus.

Brut. You see how he intends to vse the people.

Sicini. May they perceiue's intent: he will require them
As if he did contemne what he requested,
Should be in them to giue.

Brut. Come, wee'l informe them
Of our proceedings heere on th' Market place,
I know they do attend vs.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1. Cit. Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought
not to deny him.

2. Cit. We may Sir if we will.

3. Cit. We haue power in our selues to do it, but it is
a power that we haue no power to do: For, if hee shew vs
his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our ton-
gues into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he tel
vs his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble ac-
ceptance of them: Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the
multitude to be ingratefull, were to make a Monster of
the multitude; of the which, we being members, should
bring our selues to be monstrous members.

1. Cit. And to make vs no better thought of a little
helpe will serue: for once we stood vp about the Corne,
he himselve stucke not to call vs the many-headed Multi-
tude.

3. Cit. We haue beene call'd so of many, not that our
heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some
bald; but that our wits are so diuersly Coulord; and true-
ly I thinke, if all our wittes were to issue out of one Scull,
they would flye East, West, North, South, and their con-
tent of one direct way, should be at once to all the points
a'th Compasse.

2. Cit. Thinke you so? Which way do you iudge, my
wit would flye.

3. Cit. Nay your wit will not so soone out as another
mans will, 'tis strongly wadg'd vp in a blocke-head: but
if it were at liberty, 'twould sure Southward.

2. Cit. Why that way?

3. Cit. To loose it selfe in a Fogge, where being three
parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would
returne for Conscience sake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2. Cit. You are neuer without your trickes, you may,
you may.

3. Cit. Are you all resolu'd to giue your voyces? But
that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If hee
would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier
man.

*Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with
Menenius.*

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke
his behaviour: we are not to stay altogether, but to come
by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, & by threes.
He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein euery
one of vs ha's a single Honor, in giuing him our own voy-
ces with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and Ile
direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content; content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right: haue you not knowne
The worthiest men haue done't?

Corio. What must I say, I pray Sir?

Plague vpon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Service, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roard, and ranne

From th' noise of our owne Drummes.

Menet. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that.
You must desire them to thinke vpon you.

Coriol. Thinke vpon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Diuines lose by em.

Men. You'l marre all,
Ile leave you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you
In wholsome manner.

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them wash their Faces,
And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace,
You know the cause (Sir) of my standing heere.

3. Cit. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.

Corio. Mine owne desert.

2. Cit. Your owne desert.

Corio. I, but mine owne desire.

3. Cit. How not your owne desire?

Corio. No Sir, 'twas neuer my desire yet to trouble the

poore with begging.

3. Cit. You must thinke if we giue you any thing, we
hope to gaine by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th' Consulship.

1. Cit. The price is, to aske it kindly.

Corio. Kindly sir, I pray let me ha't: I haue wounds to
shew you, which shall bee yours in priuate: your good
voice Sir, what say you?

2. Cit. You shall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces
begg'd: I haue your Almcs, Adieu.

3. Cit. But this is something odde.

2. Cit. And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may stand with the time
of your voyces, that I may bee Consul, I haue heere the
Customarie Gowne.

1. Cit. You haue deseru'd Nobly of your Country, and
you haue not deseru'd Nobly.

Coriol. Your Anigma.

1. Cit. You haue bin a scourge to her enemies, you haue
bin a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indecd loued the
Common people.

Coriol. You should account mee the more Vertuous,
that I haue not bin common in my Loue, I will fir flatter
my sworne Brother the people to earne a deerer estima-
tion of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: & since
the wisdome of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat,
then my Heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be
off to them most counterfety, that is sir, I will counter-
fer the bewitchment of some popular man, and giue it
bountifull to the desirers: Therefore beseech you, I may
be Consul.

2. Cit. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore
giue you our voyces heartily.

1. Cit. You haue receyued many wounds for your Coun-
treys.

Coriol. I wil not Seale your knowledge with shewing
them. I will make much of your voyces, and so trouble
you no farther.

Both. The Gods giue you ioy Sir heartily.

Coriol. Most sweet Voyces:

Better it is to dye, better to sterue,
Then craue the higher, which first we do deserue.
Why in this Wooluish tongue should I stand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeare

Their

Their needlesse Vouches: Custome calls me too't.
What Custome wills in all things, should we doo't?

The Dust on antique Time would lye vnswep't,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,

For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it so,
Let the high Office and the Honor go

To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
The one part suffer'd, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe Voyces.

Your Voyces? for your Voyces I haue fought,
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare

Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailies thrice six
I haue seene, and heard of: for your Voyces,

Haue done many things, some lesse, some more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Consul.

1. Cit. Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without
any honest mans Voyce.

2. Cit. Therefore let him be Consul: the Gods giue
him ioy, and make him good friend to the People.

All. Amen, Amen. God saue thee, Noble Consul.

Corio. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Menet. You haue stood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,

Remaines, that in th' Officiall Markes inuested,
You anon doe meet the Senate.

Corio. Is this done?

Sicini. The Custome of Request you haue discharg'd:
The People doe admit you, and are summon'd

To meet anon, vpon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-houle?

Sicini. There, Coriolanus.

Corio. May I change these Garments?

Sicini. You may, Sir.

Corio. That Ile straight do: and knowing my selfe again,
Repayre toth' Senate-houle.

Menet. Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

Brut. We stay here for the People.

Sicini. Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol. and Menet.*
He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinks,

'Tis warme at's heart.

Brut. With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you dismisle the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Sicini. How now, my Masters, haue you chose this man?

1. Cit. He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deserue your loues.

2. Cit. Amen, Sir: to my poore unworthy notice,
He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voyces.

3. Cit. Certainly, he flowred vs downe-right.

1. Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock vs.

2. Cit. Not one amongst vs, saue your selfe, but sayes

He vs'd vs scornfully: he should haue shew'd vs

His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Country.

Sicini. Why so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no: no man saw 'em.

3. Cit. Hee said hee had Wounds,

Which he could shew in priuate:

And with his Hat, thus wauing it in scorn,

I would be Consul, sayes he: aged Custome,

But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.

Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,

Here was, I thank you for your Voyces, thanke you

Your most sweet Voyces: now you haue left your Voyces,
I haue no further with you. Was not this mockerie?

Sicini. Why eyther were you ignorant to see't?
Or seeing it, of such Childish friendlinesse,

To yeeld your Voyces?

Brut. Could you not haue told him,
As you were lesion'd: When he had no Power,

But was a pettie seruant to the State,

He was your Enemy, euer spake against

Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare

I'th' Body of the Weale: and now arriuing

A place of Potencie, and sway o'th' State,

If he should still malignantly remaine

Fast Foe toth' Plebey, your Voyces might

Be Curses to your selues. You should haue said,

That as his worthy deeds did clayme no lesse

Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature

Would thinke vpon you, for your Voyces,

And translate his Mallice towards you, into Loue,

Standing your friendly Lord.

Sicini. Thus to haue said,

As you were fore-aduis'd, had toucht his Spirit,

And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt

Eyther his gracious Promise, which you might

As cause had call'd you vp, haue held him to:

Or else it would haue gall'd his surly nature,

Which easily endures not Article,

Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage,

You should haue ta'ne th' aduantage of his Choller,

And pail'd him vnected.

Brut. Did you perceiue,

He did sollicite you in free Contempt,

When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,

That his Contempt shall not be brushing to you,

When he hath power to crush? Why, had your Bodies

No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry

Against the Rectorship of Iudgement?

Sicini. Haue you, ere now, deny'd the asker:

And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,

Bestow your sw'd-for Tongues?

3. Cit. Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. Cit. And will deny him:

Ile haue five hundred Voyces of that sound.

1. Cit. I twice five hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em.

Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,

They haue chose a Consul, that will from them take

Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce

Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,

As therefore kept to doe so.

Sicini. Let them assemblie: and on a safer Iudgement,

All reuoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,

And his old Hate vnto you: besides, forget not

With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,

How in his Suit he scorn'd you: but your Loues,

Thinking vpon his Seruices, tooke from you

Th' apprehension of his present portance,

Which most gibingly, vngraciously, he did fashion

After the inueterate Hate he beares you.

Brut. Lay a fault on vs, your Tribunes,

That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)

But that you must cast your Election on him.

Sicini. Say you chose him, more after our commandment,

Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that

Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,

Then what you should, made you against the graine

To Voyce him Consul. Lay the fault on vs.

b b

Brut. I.

Brut. I spare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serue his Countrey,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The Noble House o'th' *Martians*: from whence came
That *Ancus Martins*, *Numas* Daughters Sonne:
Who after great *Hofilius* here was King,
Of the same House *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor.

Scicini. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you haue found,
Skaling his present bearing with his past,
That hee's your fixed enemy: and reuoke
Your suddaine approbation.

Brut. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that still) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you haue drawne your number,
Repaire toth' Capitoll.

All. We will so: almost all repent in their election.
Exeunt Plebeians.

Brut. Let them goe on:
This Mutinie were better put in hazard,
Then stay past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both obserue and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Scicini. Toth' Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the streame o'th' People:
And this shall seeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we haue goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter *Coriolanus*, *Menenius*, all the Centry,

Cominius, *Tullus* *Latius*, and other Senators.

Corio. *Tullus Aufidius* then had made new head.
Latius. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter Composition.

Corio. So then the Volces stand but as at first,
Readie when time shall prompt them, to make roade
Vpon's againe.

Com. They are worne (Lord Confull) so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their Banners waue againe.

Corio. Saw you *Aufidius*?

Latius. On safegard he came to me, and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so wildly
Yielded the Towne: he is rettyred to Antium.

Corio. Spoke he of me?

Latius. He did, my Lord.

Corio. How? what?

Latius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated
Your person most: That he would pawne his fortunes
To hopelesse restitution, so he might
Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Corio. At Antium liues he?

Latius. At Antium.

Corio. I wish I had a cause to seeke him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Scicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do despise them:

For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Against all Noble sufferance.

Scicini. Passe no further.

Cor. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on-- No further.
Corio. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?
Brut. *Cominius*, no.

Corio. Haue I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat. Tribunes giue way, he shall toth' Market place,
Brut. The People are incens'd against him.

Scicini. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corio. Are these your Heard?

Must these haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
Haue you not set them on?

Men. Be calme, be calme.

Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curb the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer it, and liue with such as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.

Brut. Call't not a Plot:

The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Come was giuen them gratis, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblesse.

Corio. Why this was knowne before.

Brut. Not to them all.

Corio. Haue you inform'd them thence?

Brut. How? I informe them?

Com. You are like to doe such businesse.

Brut. Not vnlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then should I be Confull? by yond Clouds
Let me deferue so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Scicini. You shew too much of that,
For which the People stirre: if you will passe
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or neuer be so Noble as a Confull,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Men. Let's be calme.

Com. The People are abus'd: set on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's *Coriolanus*
Deferu'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely
I'th' plaine Way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,
And I will speak't againe.

Men. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I liue, I will.

My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-sent Meynie,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: I say againe,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Sedition,
Which we our selues haue plow'd for, sow'd & scatter'd,
By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but chafe
Which they haue giuen to Beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beseech you.

Corio. How? no more?

As for my Countrey, I haue shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs
Coine words till their decay, against those Meazels
Which we disdain should Tetter vs, yet fought
The very way to catch them.

Brut. You speake a'th' people, as if you were a God,
To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmitie.

Scicini. 'Twere well we let the people know't.

Men. What, what? His Choller?

Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Ioue, 'twould be my minde.

Scicini. It is a minde that shall remain a poison
Where it is: not poyson any further.

Corio. Shall remaine?

Heere you this Triton of the *Minionnes*? Marke you
His absolute Shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.

Cor. Shall? O God! but most vnwise Patricians: why
You graue, but wreaklesse Senators, haue you thus
Giuen Hydra heere to choofe an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horne, and noise o'th' Monsters, wants not spirit
To say, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? If he haue power,
Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous Lenty: If you are Learn'd,
Benot as common Fooles; if you are not,
Let them haue Cushions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no lesse,
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most pallates theirs. They choofe their Magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a grauer Bench
Then euer frown'd in Greece. By Ioue himselfe,
It makes the Confulls base; and my Soule akes
To know, when two Authorities are vp,
Neither Supream; How soone Confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th' other.

Com. Well, on to'th' Market place.

Corio. Who euer gaue that Counsell, to giue forth
The Corne a'th' Store-houfe gratis, as 'twas vs'd
Sometime in Greece.

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute powre
I say they norish disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.

Brut. Why shall the people giue

One that speaks thus, their voyce?

Corio. Ile giue my Reasons,

More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd
They ne're did seruire for't; being prest to'th' Warre,
Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Service
Did not deferue Corne gratis. Being i'th' Warre,
There Mutinies and Revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most Valour, spoke not for them. Th' Accusation
Which they haue often made against the Senate,
All cause vnborne, could neuer be the Native
Of our so franke Donation. Well, what then?
How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest
The Senates Courtisie? Let deeds expresse
What's like to be their words, We did request it,
We are the greater pole, and in true feare
They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debafe
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble

Call our Cares, Fears; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a'th' Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.

Men. Come enough.

Brut. Enough, with ouer measure.

Corio. No, take more.

What may be sworne by, both Diuine and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worship,
Whereon part do's disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason: where Centry, Title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall Ignorance, it must omit
Reall Necessities, and giue way the while
To vnstable Slightnesse. Purpose to barr'd, it followes,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
You that will be lesse fearefull, then discrete,
That loue the fundamentall part of State
More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre
A Noble life, before a Long, and With,
To iumpe a Body with a dangerous Physicke,
That's sure of death without it: at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not tickle
The sweet which is their poyson. Your dishonor
Mangles true iudgement, and bereaues the State
Of that integrity which should becom't:
Not hauing the power to do the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul't.

Brut. Has said enough.

Scicini. He's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer
As Traitors do.

Corio. Thou wretch, despight ore-whelme thee:
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
To'th' greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,
Then were they chosen: in a better houre,
Let what is meet, be saide it must be meet,
And throw their power i'th' dust.

Brut. Manifest Treson.

Scicini. This a Confull? No.

Enter an Edile.

Brut. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended:
Scicini. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe
Attach thee as a Traitorous Innouator:

A Foe to'th' publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Corio. Hence old Goat.

All. Wee'l Surety him.

Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.

Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.

Scicini. Helpe ye Citizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ediles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Scicini. Heere's hee, that would take from you all your
power.

Brut. Seize him *Ediles*!

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:

They all bustle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:

Scicini, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.

Men. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes
To'th' people: *Coriolanus*, patience: Speak good *Scicini*.

Sicili. Heare me, People peace.
All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, speake, speake,
 speake.
Sicili. You are at point to lose your Liberties:
Martius would haue all from you; *Martius*,
 Whom late you haue nam'd for Confull.
Mene. Fic, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to
 quench.
Sena. To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.
Sicili. What is the Citie, but the People?
All. True, the People are the Citie.
Brut. By the consent of all, we were establish'd the
 Peoples Magistrates.
All. You so remaine.
Mene. And so are like to doe.
Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat,
 To bring the Roofe to the Foundation,
 And burie all, which yet distinctly raunges
 In heapes, and piles of Ruine.
Sicili. This deserues Death.
Brut. Or let vs stand to our Authoritie,
 Or let vs lose it: we doe here pronounce,
 Vpon the part o'th' People, in whose power
 We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
 Of present Death.
Sicili. Therefore lay hold of him:
 Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
 Into destruction cast him.
Brut. Ediles seize him.
All Ple. Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.
Mene. Heare me one word, 'beseech you Tribunes,
 heare me but a word.
Ediles. Peace, peace.
Mene. Be that you seeme, truly your Countries friend,
 And temporarily proceed to what you would
 Thus violently redresse.
Brut. Sir, those cold wayes,
 That seeme like prudent-helpe, are very poysonous,
 Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands vpon him,
 And beare him to the Rock. *Corio. drawes his Sword.*
Corio. No, Ile die here:
 There's some among you haue beheld me fighting,
 Come trie vpon your selues, what you haue scene me.
Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw
 a while.
Brut. Lay hands vpon him.
Mene. Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe
 him young and old.
All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt.*
*In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the Ediles, and the
 People are beat in.*
Mene. Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away,
 All will be naught else.
2. Sena. Get you gone.
Com. Stand fast, we haue as many friends as enemies.
Mene. Shall it be put to that?
Sena. The Gods forbid:
 I prythee noble friend, home to thy House,
 Leane vs to cure this Cause.
Mene. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs,
 You cannot Tent your selfe: be gone, 'beseech you.
Corio. Come Sir, along with vs.
Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
 Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
 Though call'd i'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll:
 Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,

One time will owe another.
Corio. On faire ground, I could beat sortie of them.
Mene. I could my selfe take vp a Brace o'th' best of
 them, yea, the two Tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick,
 And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands
 Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
 Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend
 Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare
 What they are vs'd to beare.
Mene. Pray you be gone:
 Ile trie whether my old Wit be in request
 With those that haue but little: this must be patcht
 With Cloth of any Colour.
Com. Nay, come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and
 Cominius.*
Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.
Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:
 He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
 Or *Ioue*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth:
 What his Brest forges, that his Tongue must vent,
 And being angry, does forget that euer
 He heard the Name of Death. *A Noise within.*
 Here's goodly worke.
Patri. I would they were a bed.
Mene. I would they were in Tyber.
 What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?
Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.
Sicini. Where is this Viper,
 That would depopulate the city, & be eueri man himselfe
 Mene. You worthy Tribunes.
Sicini. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock
 With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law,
 And therefore Law shall scorne him further Triall
 Then the severity of the publike Power,
 Which he so sets at naught.
1. Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are
 The peoples mouths, and we their hands.
All. He shall sure ont.
Mene. Sir, sir. *Sicini.* Peace.
Me. Do not cry hauocke, where you shold but hunt
 With modest warrant.
Sicini. Sir, how com'st that you haue holpe
 To make this rescue?
Mene. Heere me speake? As I do know
 The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.
Sicini. Consull? what Consull?
Mene. The Consull *Coriolanus*.
Brut. He Consull.
All. No, no, no, no, no.
Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue,
 And yours good people,
 I may be heard, I would craue a word or two,
 The which shall turne you to no further harme,
 Then so much losse of time.
Sic. Speake briefly then,
 For we are peremptory to dispatch
 This Viperous Traitor: to elect him hence
 Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere
 Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,
 He dyes to night.
Mene. Now the good Gods forbid,
 That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
 Towards her deserued Children, is enroll'd
 In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnnatural Dam
 Should now eate vp her owne.

Sicini. He's a Disease that must be cut away.
Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease
 Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.
 What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
 Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost
 (Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
 By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
 And what is left, to loose it by his Countrey,
 Were to vs all that doo't, and suffer it
 A brand to th'end a'th' World.
Sicini. This is cleane kamme.
Brut. Meerely awry:
 When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.
Mene. The seruice of the foote
 Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
 For what before it was.
Brut. Wee'l heare no more:
 Pursue him to his house, and plucke him thence,
 Least his infection being of catching nature,
 Spred further.
Mene. One word more, one word:
 This Tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
 The harme of vnsken'd swiftnesse, will (too late)
 Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Proceffe,
 Least parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,
 And sacke great Rome with Romanes.
Brut. If it were so?
Sicini. What do ye talke?
 Haue we not had a taste of his Obedience?
 Our Ediles smot: our selues resisted: come.
Mene. Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th' Warres
 Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd
 In boulded Language: Meale and Bran together
 He throwes without distinction. Giue me leaue,
 Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace,
 Where he shall answer by a lawfull Foraine
 (In peace) to his vtmost perill.
1. Sen. Noble Tribunes,
 It is the humane way: the other course
 Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,
 Vnknowne to the Beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:
 Masters, lay downe your Weapons.
Brut. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:
 Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'l proceede
 In our first way.
Mene. Ile bring him to you.
 Let me desire your company: he must come,
 Or what is worst will follow.
Sena. Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt Omnes.*
Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.
Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, present me
 Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horses heeles,
 Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke,
 That the precipitation might downe stretch
 Below the beame of sight; yet will I still
 Be thus to them.
Enter Volunius.
Noble. You do the Nobler.
Corio. I must obey my Mother
 Do's not approue me further, who was wont
 To call them Wollen Vassalles, things created
 To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads
 In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder,
 When one but of my ordinance stood vp

To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,
 Why did you wish me milder? Would you haue me
 False to my Nature? Rather say, I play
 The man I am.

Volun. Oh sir, sir, sir,
 I would haue had you put your power well on
 Before you had worne it out.

Corio. Let go.
Vol. You might haue beene enough the man you are,
 With striuing lesse to be so: Lesser had bin
 The things of your dispositions, if
 You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd
 Ere they lack'd power to crosse you.
Corio. Let them hang.
Volun. I, and burne too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Mene. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, something
 too rough: you must returne, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
 Vnlesse by not so doing, our good Citie
 Cleaue in the midd'lt, and perish.

Volun. Pray be counsaill'd;
 I haue a heart as little apt as yours,
 But yet a braine, that leades my vie of Anger,
 To better vantage.

Mene. Well said, Noble woman:
 Before he should thus stoop to th' heart, but that
 The violent fit a'th' time craues it as Phyficke
 For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
 Which I can scarcely beare.

Corio. What must I do?
Mene. Returne to th' Tribunes.

Corio. Well, what then? what then?
Mene. Repent, what you haue spoke.

Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
 Must I then doo't to them?

Volun. You are too absolute,
 Though therein you can neuer be too Noble,
 But when extremities speake. I haue heard you say,
 Honor and Policy, like vnfeuer'd Friends,
 I'th' Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
 In Peace, what each of them by th' other loose,
 That they combine not there?

Corio. Fust, fust.

Mene. A good demand.

Volun. If it be Honor in your Warres, to seeme
 The same you are not, which for your best ends
 You adopt your policy: How is it lesse or worse
 That it shall hold Companionship in Peace
 With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both
 It stands in like request.

Corio. Why force you this?

Volun. Because, that

Now it lyes you on to speake to th' people:
 Not by your owne instruction, nor by th' matter
 Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
 That are but roared in your Tongue;
 Though but Bastards, and Syllables
 Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth.
 Now, this no more dishonors you at all,
 Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
 Which else would put you to your fortune, and
 The hazard of much blood.
 I would dissemble with my Nature, where
 My Fortunes and my Friends are stake, requir'd
 I should do so in Honor. I am in this

Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our generall Lowes,
How you can frowne, then spend a fawne vpon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loues, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruine.

Mene. Noble Lady,
Come goe with vs, speake faire: you may saue so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the losse
Of what is past.

Volum. I pry thee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre hauing stretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such businesse
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned then the eares, waiting thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,
Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confesse
Were fit for thee to vse, as they to clayme,
In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame
Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre,
As thou hast power and person.

Mene. This but done,
Euen as she speaks, why their hearts were yours:
For they haue Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.

Volum. Prythee now,
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine Enemy in a fierie Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower. *Enter Cominius.*
Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I haue bene i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
You make strong partie, or defend your selfe
By calmenesse, or by abience: all's in anger.

Mene. Onely faire speech.
Com. I thinke 'twill serue, if he can thereto frame his
spirit.

Volum. He must, and will:
Prythee now say you will, and goe about it.
Corio. Must I goe shew them my vnbarb'd Sconce?
Must I with my base Tongue giue to my Noble Heart
A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo't:
Yet were there but this single Plot, to loose
This Mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grinde it,
And throw't against the Winde. Toth' Market place:
You haue put me now to such a part, which neuer
I shall discharge toth' Life.

Com. Come, come, wee'le prompt you.
Volum. I prythee now sweet Son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a Souldier; so
To haue my praise for this, performe a part
Thou hast not done before.

Corio. Well, I must doo't:
Away my disposition, and possesse me
Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-sleepe: The smiles of Knaues
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp
The Glasses of my sight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiu'd an Almes. I will not doo't,
Least I surcease to honor mine owne truth.

And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A most inherent Basenesse.

Volum. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more dishonor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou suck'st it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy selfe.

Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. He Mountebanke their Loues,
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home beloud
Of all the Trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, He returne Confull,
Or neuer trust to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.

Volum. Do your will. *Exit Volum.*
Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your selfe
To answer mildly: for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I heare more strong
Then are vpon you yet.

Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuse me by inuention: I
Will answer in mine Honor.

Mene. I, but mildly.
Corio. Well mildly be it then, Mildely. *Exit.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.
Br. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: if he euade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the *Antians*
Was ne're distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.
Edile. Hee's coming.
Br. How accompanied?
Edile. With old *Meneuius*, and those Senators
That alwayes fauour'd him.
Sic. Haue you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, serdowne by'th
Edile. I haue: 'tis ready. *(Pole?)*
Sic. Haue you collected them by Tribes?
Edile. I haue.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they heare me say, it shall be so,
I'th'right and strength a'th' Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the olde prerogatiue
And power i'th' Truth a'th' Cause.

Edile. I shall informe them.
Br. And when such time they haue begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.

Edi. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this time
When we shall hap to giue'them.

Br. Go about it.
Put him to Choller strait, he hath bene vs'd
Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaf't, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speaks

What's

What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With vs to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Meneuius, and Cominius, with others.

Sic. Well, heere he comes.
Mene. Calmely, I do beseech you.
Corio. I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest peece
Will beare the Knaue by'th Volume:
Th'honor'd Goddess
Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Iustice
Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongs
Through our large Temples with y' shewes of peace
And not our Streets with Warre.

I Sen. Amen, Amen.
Mene. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw neere ye people.

Edile. Lift to your Tribunes. Audience:

Peace I say.

Corio. First heere me speake.

Both Tri. Well, say: Peace hee.

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?
Must all determine heere?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the peoples voices,

Allow their Officers, and are content

To suffer lawfull Censure for such fautes

As shall be prou'd vpon you.

Corio. I am Content.

Mene. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.

The warlike Seruice he ha's done, consider: Thinke

Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew

Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to moue

Laughter onely.

Mene. Consider further:

That when he speaks not like a Citizen,

You finde him like a Soldier: do not take

His rougher Actions for malicious sounds:

But as I say, such as become a Soldier,

Rather then enuy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Corio. What is the matter,

That being past for Consull with full voyce:

I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre

You take it off againe.

Sic. Answer to vs.

Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so

Sic. We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take

From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde

Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,

For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio. How? Traitor?

Mene. Nay temperately: your promise.

Corio. The fires i'th' lowest hell. Fould in the people:

Call me their Traitor, thou iniurious Tribune.

Within thine eyes fate twenty thousand deaths

In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in

Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say

Thou lyest vnto thee, with a voyce as free,

As I do pray the Gods.

Sic. Marke you this people?

Al. To'th Rocke, to'th Rocke with him.

Sic. Peace:

We neede not put new matter to his charge:

What you haue seene him do, and heard him speake:

Beating your Officers, cursing your selues,
Opposing Lawes with stroakes, and heere defying
Those whose great power must try him.
Euen this so criminal, and in such capitall kinde
Deserues th'extremest death.

Br. But since he hath seru'd well for Rome,

Corio. What do you prate of Seruice.

Br. I talke of that, that know it.

Corio. You?

Mene. Is this the promise that you made your mother.

Com. Know, I pray you.

Corio. He know no further:

Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,

Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger

But with a graine a day, I would not buy

Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,

Nor checke my Courage for what they can giue,

To haue't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he ha's

(As much as in him lies) from time to time

Enui'd against the people; seeking meanes

To plucke away their power: as now at last,

Giuen Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence

Of dreaded Iustice, but on the Ministers

That doth distribute it. In the name a'th' people,

And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee

(Euen from this instant) banish him our Citie

In perill of precipitation

From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more

To enter our Rome gates. I'th' Peoples name,

I say it shall bee so.

Al. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:

Hee's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.

Sic. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.

Com. Let me speake:

I haue bene Consull, and can shew from Rome

Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue

My Countries good, with a respect more tender,

More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,

My deere Wives estimate, her wombes encrease,

And treasure of my Loynes: then if I would

Speake that.

Sic. We know your drift. Speake what?

Br. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd

As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.

It shall bee so.

Al. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,

As reeke a'th' rotten Femmes: whose Loues I prize,

As the dead Carcasses of vnburied men,

That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,

And heere remaine with your vncertainty.

Let euery feeble Rumor shake your hearts:

Your Enemies with nodding of their Plumes

Fan you into dispaire: Haue the power still

To banish your Defenders, till at length

Your ignorance (which findes not till it feelles,

Making but reseruatiue of your selues,

Still your owne Foes) deliuer you

As most abated Captiues, to some Nation

That wonne you without blowes, despising

For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;

There is a world elsewhere.

Exit Coriolanus, Cominius, with C.

They all shout, and throw up their Caps.

What's

Edile

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.
All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.
Sicin. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him
 As he hath follow'd you, with all despite
 Give him deferu'd vexation. Let a guard
 Attend vs through the City.
All. Come, come, let's see him out at gates, come:
 The Gods preferre our Noble Tribunes, come. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumentia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius,
 with the young Nobility of Rome.*

Corio. Come leaue your teares: a brief farwel: the beaft
 With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
 Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
 To say, Extremities was the trier of spirits,
 That common chanches. Common men could beare,
 That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike
 Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes,
 When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craues
 A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me
 With Precepts that would make inuincible
 The heart that connd them.

Virg. Oh heauens! O heauens!
Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.
Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike al Trades in Rome,
 And Occupations perish.

Corio. What, what, what:
 I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
 Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
 If you had beene the Wife of Hercules,
 Six of his Labours you'd haue done, and sau'd
 Your Husband so much sweeter. *Cominius,*
 Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
 Thy teares are falter then a yonger mans,
 And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) General,
 I haue seene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond to waile inuincible strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
 My hazards still haue beene your solace, and
 Beleeu'd not lightly, though I go alone
 Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then seene: your Sonne
 Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
 With cautelous baits and practice.

Volum. My first sonne,
 Whether will thou go? Take good *Cominius*
 With thee awhile: Determine on some course
 More then a wilde exposture, to each chance
 That start's i'th way before thee.

Corio. O the Gods!

Com. He follow thee a Moneth, deuise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of vs,
 And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not fend
 O're the vast world, to seeke a single man,
 To loose aduantage, which doth euer coole
 And loose the need.

Corio. Fare ye well:
 Thou hast yes, yes vpon thee, and thou art too full

Of the warres sursets, to go roue with one
 That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
 Come my sweet wife, my dearest Mother, and
 My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:
 While I remaine about the ground, you shall
 Heare from me still, and neuer of me ought
 But what is like me formerly.

Menen. That's worthily
 As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,
 If I could shake off but one seuen yeeres
 From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods
 I'd with thee, euery foot.

Corio. Give me thy hand, come.
*Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus,
 with the Edile.* *Exeunt.*

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: & we'll no further
 The Nobility are vexed, whom we see haue sided
 In his behalfe.

Brut. Now we haue shewne our power,
 Let vs seee humbler after it is done,
 Then when it was a dooing.

Sicin. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,
 And they, stand in their ancient strength.

Brut. Dismiss them home. Here comes his Mother.
Enter Volumentia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.
Brut. Why?

Sicin. They say she's mad.
Brut. They haue rane note of vs: keepe on your way.

Volum. Oh y'are well met:
 Th'hoorded plague a'th' Gods requit your loue.

Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud.
Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should heare,
 Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shall stay too: I would I had the power
 To say so to my Husband.

Sicin. Are you mankinde?
Volum. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,
 Was not a man my Father? Had't thou Foxship
 To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome
 Then thou hast spoken words.

Sicin. Oh blessed Heauens!
Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then euer y' wise words.
 And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
 Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne
 Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
 His good Sword in his hand.

Sicin. What then?
Virg. What then? Hee'd make an end of thy posterity

Volum. Bastards, and all.
 Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!

Menen. Come, come, peace.
Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
 As he began, and not vnknit himselfe

The Noble knot he made.
Brut. I would he had.

Volum. I would he had? 'Twas you incast the rable.
 Cats, that can iudge as fiely of his worth,
 As I can of those Mysteries which heauen
 Will not haue earth to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.
Volum. Now pray sir get you gone.
 You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this:
 As farre as doth the Capitoll excede
 The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne

This

This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see)
 Whom you haue banish'd, does exceed you all.

Brut. Well, well, we'll leaue you.
Sicin. Why stay we to be baited
 With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes.*

Volum. Take my Prayers with you.
 I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
 But to confirme my Curses. Could I meete 'em
 But once a day, it would vnclodge my heart
 Of what lyes heauy too't.

Menen. You haue told them home,
 And by my troth you haue cause: you'l Sup with me.
Volum. Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon my selfe,
 And so shall sterue with Feeding: Come, let's go,
 Leauing this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
 In Anger, like a Come, come, come. *Exeunt.*

Menen. Eie, fie, fie. *Exit.*

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know mee: your
 name I thinke is *Adrian.*

Volce. It is so sic, truly I haue forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are,
 against 'em. Know you me yet.

Volce. *Nicanor*: no.
Rom. The same sir.

Volce. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but
 your Favour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's
 the Newes in Rome: I haue a Note from the Volcean
 State to finde you out there. You haue well sau'd mee a
 dayes journey.

Rom. There hath beene in Rome straunge Insurrections:
 The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and
 Nobles.

Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not
 so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com
 vpon them, in the heate of their diuision

Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing
 would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue so
 to heart, the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that
 they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the peo
 ple, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer.
 This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for
 the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* Banish'd?
Rom. Banish'd sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Ni
 canor.*

Rom. The day serues well for them now. I haue heard
 it saide, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when
 shee's faling out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus*
Aufidius well appeare well in these Warres, his great
 Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his coun
 trey.

Volce. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus
 accidentally to encounter you. You haue ended my Bu
 sinesse, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall betwene this and Supper, tell you most
 strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of
 their Adversaries. Haue you an Army ready say you?

Vol. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their
 charges distinctly billeted already in th'entertainment,
 and to be on foot at an houres warning.

Rom. I am ioyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am
 the man I thinke, that shall set them in present Action. So
 fir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.

Volce. You take my part from me sir, I haue the most

cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let vs go together. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, Dis
 guis'd, and muffled.*

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium*. City,

'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre
 Of these faire Edifices fore my Warres
 Haue I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not,
 Least that thy Wiues with Spits, and Boyes with Stones
 In puny Battell slay me. Saue you fir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufi
 dius* lies: Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his
 house this night.

Corio. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This heere before you.

Corio. Thank you sir, farewell. *Exit Citizen*

Oh World, thy slippery turnes! Friends now fast sworn,
 Whose double bosomes seemes to weare one heart,
 Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise
 Are still together: who T'win (as 'twere) in Loue,
 Vnseparable, shall within this houre,
 On a dissention of a Doit, breake out
 To bitterest Enmity: So tellst Foes,
 Whose Passions, and whose Plots haue broke their sleep
 To take the one the other, by some chance,
 Some trick not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends
 And inter-ioyne their yslues. So with me,
 My Birth-place haue I, and my loues vpon
 This Enemie Towne: Ile enter, if he slay me
 He does faire Iustice: if he giue me way,
 Ile do his Country Seruice. *Exit.*

Musicke plays. Enter a Seruingman.

1 Ser. Wine, Wine, Wine: What seruice is heere? I
 thinke our Fellowes are asleepe.

Enter another Seruingman.

2 Ser. Where's *Cotus*? my M. calls for him: *Cotus*. *Exit*
Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly House:
 The Feast smells well: but I appeare not like a Guest.

Enter the first Seruingman.

1 Ser. What would you haue Friend? whence are you?
 Here's no place for you: Pray go to the doore? *Exit*

Corio. I haue deferu'd no better entertainment, in be
 ing *Coriolanus*. *Enter second Seruant.*

2 Ser. Whence are you sir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in
 his head, that he giues entrance to such Companions?
 Pray get you out.

Corio. Away.

2 Ser. Away? Get you away.
Corio. Now th'art troublesome.

2 Ser. Are you so braue: Ile haue you talkt with anon
Enter 3 Seruingman, the 1 meets him.

3 What Fellowes this?

1 A strange one as euer I look'd on: I cannot get him
 out o'th' house: Prythee call my Master to him.

2 What haue you to do here fellow? Pray you auoid
 the house.

Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth:

3 What are you?

Corio. A Gentleman.

3 A marvellous poore one.

Corio. True, so I am.

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other sta
 tion.

tion: Heere's no place for you, pray you avoid: Come.
Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde bits.

3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maister, what a strange Guest he ha's heere.

2 And I shall.

3 Where dwel'st thou?

Corio. Under the Canopy.

3 Under the Canopy?

Corio. I.

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crows.

3 I'th City of Kites and Crows? What an Ass it is, then thou dwel'st with Dawes too?

Corio. No, I serue not thy Master.

3 How fir? Do you meddle with my Master?

Corio. It is an honest seruice, then to meddle with thy Mistis: Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serue with thy trencher: Hence.

Enter Aufidius with the Seruingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Here fir, I'de haue beaten him like a dogge, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What wold'st? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speake man: What's thy name?

Corio. If Tullus not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie commands me name my selfe.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name vnusual to the Volcians eares, And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a Grim apparance, and thy Face Beares a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne, Thou shew'st a Noble Vessell: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: know'st y me yet?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio. My name is Caius Martius, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volces Great hurt and Mischiefe: thereto witness may My Surname Coriolanus. The painfull Seruice, The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood Shed for my thanklesse Country, are requited: But with that Surname, a good memorie And witness of the Malice and Displeasure Which thou should'st beare me, only that name remains.

The Cruelty and Enuy of the people, Permitted by our daftard Nobles, who Haue all forsooke me, hath deuour'd the rest: And suffer'd me by th' voyce of Slaues to be Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity, Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope (Mistake me not) to saue my life: for if I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th World I would haue voided thee. But in meere spight To be full quit of those my Banishers,

Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou hast A heart of wraeke in thee, that wilt reuenge

Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes Of shame seene through thy Country, speed thee straight And make my misery serue thy turne: So vse it,

That my reuengefull Seruices may proue As Benefits to thee. For I will fight Against my Cankred Country, with the Splice Of all the vnder Fiends. But if so be,

Thou dar'st not this, and that to proue more Fortunes

Th' art ty'd, then in a word, I also am Longer to liue most wearie: and present My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:

Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole, Since I haue euer followed thee with hate, Drawne Tunnies of Blood out of thy Countries breast, And cannot liue but to thy shame, vnlesse It be to do thee seruice.

Auf. Oh Martius, Martius; Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart A roote of Ancient Enuy. If Iupiter Should from yond clowd speake diuine things, And say 'tis true; I'de not beleuee them more Then thee all-Noble Martius. Let me twine Mine armes about that body, where against My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke, And scarr'd the Moore with splinters: heere I cleep The Anvile of my Sword, and do contest As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue, As euer in Ambitious strength, I did Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first, I lou'd the Maid I married: neuer man Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee heere Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart, Then when I first my wedded Mistis law Beside my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee, We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpose Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne, Or loose mine Arme for't: Thou hast beate mee out Twelue seuerall times, and I haue nightly since Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me: We haue beene downe together in my sleepe, Vnbuckling Helmes, sitting each others Throat, And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy Martius, Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all From twelue, to seuentie: and powring Warre Into the bowels of vngatefull Rome, Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in, And take our Friendly Senators by'th hands Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee, Who am prepar'd against your Territories, Though not for Rome it selfe.

Corio. You blasse me Gods, Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt haue The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take Th' one halfe of my Commission, and set downe As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own waies Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome, Orrudely visit them in parts remote, To fright them, ere destroy. But come in, Let me commend thee first, to those that shall Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes, And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie, Yet Martius that was much. Your hand; most welcome.

Enter two of the Seruingmen.

1 Heere's a strange alteration?

2 By my hand, I had thought to haue stroken him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gaue me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would set vp a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had fir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot tell

cell how to tearme it.

1 He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.

2 So did I, he be sworne: He is simply the rarest man i'th world.

1 I thinke he is: but a greater soldier then he, You wot one.

2 Who my Master?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth six on him.

1 Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1 I, and for an assault too.

Enter the third Seruingman.

3 Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes, News you Rascals

Barb. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as

lie be a condemn'd man.

Barb. Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, Caius Martius.

1 Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him.

2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was euer too hard for him, I haue heard him say so himselfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth

gou't before Coriolanus, he scotch'd him, and notch'd him like a Carbinado.

2 And hee had bin Cannibally giuen, hee might haue boyld and eaten him too.

1 But more of thy Newes.

3 Why he is so made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars, set at vpper end o'th Table: No question askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mistis of him, Sanctifies himselfe with's hand, and turnes vp the white o'th eye to his Discourse. But the bottom of the Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th middle, & but one halfe of what he was yesterday. For the other: ha's halfe, by the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table, Hee'l go he sayes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th' eares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leaue his passage pould.

2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you fir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends fir as it were, durst not (looke you fir) shew themselves (as we terme it) his Friends, whilst he's in Directitude.

1 Directitude? What's that?

3 But when they shall see his Crest vp againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and reuell all with him.

1 But when goes this forwards?

3 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall haue the Drum strooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then wee shall haue a stirring World againe: This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, increase Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 Let me haue Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's sprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deafe, sleepe, insensible, a getter of more bastard Chil-

dren, then warres a destroyer of men.

2 'Tis so, and as warres in some sort may be saide to be a Rauisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 I, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reason, because they then lesse neede one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sic. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the present peace,

And quietnesse of the people, which before Were in wilde hurly. Heere do we make his Friends

Blush, that the world goes well: who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold

Diffentious numbers peking streets, then see Our Trademen singing in their shops, and going

About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Br. We stood too't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late: Haile Sir.

Men. Haile to you both.

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much mist, but with his Friends: the Common wealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might haue bene much better, if he could haue temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, heere you?

Men. Nay I heare nothing:

His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both.

Sic. Gooden our Neighbours.

Br. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

1 Our selues, our wiues, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thriue.

Br. Farewell kinde Neighbours:

We wish Coriolanus had lou'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,

Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets, Crying Confusion.

Br. Caius Martius was

A worthy Officer i'th Warre, but Insolent, O'come with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking Selfe-louing;

Sic. And affecting one sole Throne, without assistance

Men. I thinke not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our Lamention, If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Br. The Gods haue well presented it, and Rome Sits safe and still, without him.

Enter an Edile.

Edile. Worthy Tribunes,

There is a Slaue whom we haue put in prison, Reports the Volces with two seuerall Powers

Are curre in the Roman Territories, And with the deepest malice of the Warre, Destroy, what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,

Who hearing of our Martius Banishment, Thrusts forth his hornes againe into the world Which were In-shell'd, when Martius stood for Rome,

And

And durst not once peepe out.

Sicin. Come, what take you of *Martius*?

Brut. Go see this Rumor whipt, it cannot be,
The Volces dare breake with vs.

Mene. Cannot be?

We haue Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Least you shall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

Brut. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Nobles in great earnestnesse are going
All to the Senate-house: some newes is coming
That turnes their Countenances.

Sicin. 'Tis this Slaue:

Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raising,
Nothing but his report.

Mes. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaues report is seconded, and more
More fearfull is deliuer'd.

Sicin. What more fearefull?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Ioyn'd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vowes Reuenge as spacious, as betweene
The yong'ft and oldest thing.

Sicin. This is most likely.

Brut. Rais'd onely, that the weaker sort may wish
Good *Martius* home againe.

Sicin. The very trickie on't.

Mene. This is unlikely,
He, and *Aufidius* can no more attone
Then violent ft Contrariety.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearefull Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Associated with *Aufidius*, Rages
Vpon our Territories, and haue already
O're-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you haue made good worke.

Mene. What newes? What newes?

Com. You haue holp to rauish your owne daughters, &
To melt the City Leades vpon your pates,

To see your Wiues dishonour'd to your Noses.

Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?

Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an Augors boare.

Mene. Pray now, your Newes:

You haue made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If *Martius* should be ioyn'd with Volceans.

Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity then Nature,
That shapes man Better: and they follow him
Against vs Brats, with no lesse Confidence,
Then Boyes pursuing Summer Butter-Bies,
Or Butchers killing Flies.

Mene. You haue made good worke,
You and your Apron men: you, that stood so much
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and

The breath of Garlicke-eaters.

Com. Hee'l shake your Rome about your eares.

Mene. As *Hercules* did shake downe Mellow Fruite:
You haue made faire worke.

Brut. But is this true sir?

Com. I, and you'l looke pale

Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do smilingly Reuolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And perish constant Fooles: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.

Mene. We are all vndone, vnlesse

The Noble man haue mercy.

Com. Who shall aske it?

The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame: the people
Deferre such pity of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his best Friends, if they
Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, euen
As those should do that had deseru'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like Enemies.

Mes. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand
That should consume it, I haue not the face
To say, befeech you cease. You haue made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire.

Com. You haue brought

A Trembling vpon Rome, such as was neuer
S'incapable of helpe.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Mene. How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gaue way vnto your Clusters, who did hooe
Him out o'th' City.

Com. But I feare

They'l roare him in againe. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The second name of men, obeyes his points
As if he were his Officer: Desperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene. Heere come the Clusters.

And is *Aufidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayre vnwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head
Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne vs all into one coale,
We haue deseru'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we heare fearefull Newes.

1 Cit. For mine owne part,

When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.

2 And so did I.

*3 And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very ma-
ny of vs, that we did we did for the best, and though wee
willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against
our will.*

Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.

Mene. You haue made good worke

You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

Com. Oh I, what else?

Sicin. Go Masters get you home, be not dismayd,

These are a Side, that would be glad to haue

This true, which they so feeme to feare. Go home,

And shew no signe of Feare.

1. Cit.

1 Cit. The Gods bee good to vs: Come Masters let's
home, I euer said we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd
him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home. *Exit Cit.*

Brut. I do not like this Newes.

Sicin. Nor I.

Brut. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth

Would buy this for a lye.

Sicin. Pray let's go.

Exeunt Tribunes.

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Ans. Do they still flye to'th Roman?

Lien. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but

Your Soldiers vse him as the Grace fore meate,

Their talke at Table, and their Thanks at end,

And you are darked in this action Sir,

Euen by your owne.

Ans. I cannot helpe it now,

Vnlesse by v'fing meanes I lame the foote

Of our designe. He beares himselfe more prouder,

Euen to my person, then I thought he would

When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature

In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse

What cannot be amended.

Lien. Yet I wish Sir,

(I meane for your particular) you had not

Ioyn'd in Commission with him: but either haue borne

The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it soly.

Ans. I vnderstand thee well, and be thou sure

When he shall come to his account, he knowes not

What I can vrge against him, although it seemes

And so he thinks, and is no lesse apparant

To th' vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely:

And shewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State,

Fights Dragon-like, and does archeue as soone

As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vndone

That which shall breake his necke, or hazard mine,

When ere we come to our account.

Lien. Sir, I befeech you, think you he'l carry Rome?

Ans. All places yeelds to him ere he sits downe,

And the Nobility of Rome are his:

The Senators and Patricians loue him too:

The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people

Will be as rash in the repeale, as hasty

To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome

As is the Alpray to the Fish, who takes it

By Souerainty of Nature. First, he was

A Noble seruant to them, but he could not

Carry his Honors euen: whether 'twas Pride

Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints

The happy man; whether defect of iudgement,

To faile in the disposing of those chances

Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature,

Not to be other then one thing, nor mouing now hither

From th' Caske to th' Cussion: but commanding peace

Euen with the same austerity and garb,

As he controll'd the warre. But one of these

(As he hath spices of them all) not all,

For I dare so farre free him, made him fear'd, was

So hated, and so banish'd: but hee'l haue a Merit

To choake it in the v'france: So our Vertue,

Lie in th' interpretation of the time, and voyce of

Hath not a Tombe so euident as a Chaire.

Textoll what it hath done.

One fire driues out one fire; one Naile, one Naile;

Rights by rights soulder, strengths by strengths do faile.

Come let's away: when *Caius* Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'ft of all; then shortly art thou mine. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus,
the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, Ile not go: you heare what he hath said
Which was sometime his Generall: who loued him
In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father:
But what o'that? Go you that banish'd him
A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To heare *Cominius* speake, Ile keepe at home.

Com. He would not seeme to know me.

Menen. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:

I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops

That we haue bled together. *Coriolanus*

He would not answer too: Forbad all Names,

He was a kinde of Nothing, Titlelesse,

Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'th' fire

Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why so: you haue made good worke:

A paire of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome,

To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon

When it was lesse expected. He replied

It was a bare petition of a State

To one whom they had punish'd.

Menen. Very well, could he say lesse.

Com. I offered to awaken his regard

For's priuate Friends. His answer to me was

He could not stay to picke them, in a pile

Of noysome musky Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly

For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt

And still to note th' offence.

Menen. For one poore graine or two?

I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe,

And this brave Fellow too: we are the Graines,

You are the musky Chaffe, and you are smelt

Above the Moone. We must be burnt for you.

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde

In this so neuer-needed helpe, yet do not

Vpbraid's with our distresse. But sure if you

Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue

More then the instant Armie we can make

Might stop our Countryman.

Menen. No: Ile not meddle.

Sicin. Pray you go to him.

Mene. What should I do?

Brut. Onely make triall what your Loue can do,

For Rome, towards *Martius*.

Mene. Well, and say that *Martius* returne mee,

As *Cominius* is return'd, vnheard: what then?

But as a discontented Friend, greefe-shot

With his vnkindnesse. Say't be so?

Sicin. Yet your good will

Must haue that thanks from Rome, after the measure

As you intended well.

Menen. Ile vnderstand't:

I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip,

And humme at good *Cominius*, much vnhearts mee.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt vpon the Morning, are vnapt
To giue or to forgiue; but when we haue flufft
These Pipes, and these Conueyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue suppler Seules
Then in our Priest-like Fast: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then Ile set vpon him.

Brn. You know the very rode into his kindnesse,
And cannot lose your way.

Mene. Good faith Ile proue him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long haue knowledge
Of my successe.

Com. Hee'l neuer heare him.

Sicin. Nor.

Com. I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Iniury
The Gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismiss me
Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:

So that all hope is vaine, vlesse his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to sollicite him
For mercy to his Countrey: therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intreaties haue them on.

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 Wat. Stay: whence are you.

2 Wat. Stand, and go backe.

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leaue,
I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with *Coriolanus*

1 From whence? *Mene.* From Rome.

1 You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall
will no more heare from thence.

2 You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speake with *Coriolanus*.

Mene. Good my Friends,
If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your eares: it is *Menenius*.

1 Be it so, go back: the vertue of your name,
Is not heere passable.

Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Louer: I haue bene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read
His Fame vnparalell'd, happily amplified:
For I haue euer verified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Bowle vpon a subtle ground
I haue tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
Haue (almost) stamp't the Leasing. Therefore Fellow,
I must haue leaue to passe.

1 Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe,
as you haue vttered words in your owne, you should not
passe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to
liue chaffly. Therefore go backe.

Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*,
always factionary on the party of your Generall.

2 Howsoeuer you haue bin his Lier, as you say you
haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, must say you
cannot passe. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Ha's he din'd can't thou tell? For I would not
speake with him, till after dinner.

1 You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is.

1 Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you,
when you haue pusht out your gates, the very Defender
of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, giuen your
enemy your shield, thinke to front his reuenges with the
easie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your
daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a de-
cay'd Dotant as you seeme to be? Can you thinke to blow
out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with
such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therefore
backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are
condemn'd, our Generall has sworne you out of repreece
and pardon.

Mene. Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere,
He would vse me with estimation.

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mene. I meane thy Generall.

1 My Generall cares not for you. Back I say, go: leaue
I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the ver-
most of your hauing, backe.

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Mene. Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you:
you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall
perceiue, that a Iacke gardant cannot office me from my
Son *Coriolanus*, guesse but my entertainment with him: if
thou stand'st not 'till state of hanging, or of some death
more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, be-
hold now presently, and swoond for what's to come vpon
thee. The glorious Gods sit in houely Synod about thy
particular prosperity, and loue thee no worse then thy old
Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art pre-
paring fire for vs: looke thee, heere's water to quench it.
I was hardly moued to come to thee: but being assured
none but my selfe could moue thee, I haue bene blowne
out of your Gates with sighes: and coniuere thee to pa-
don Rome, and thy petitionary Countymen. The good
Gods asswage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon
this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denyed
my access to thee.

Corio. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires
Are seruanted to others: Though I owe
My Reuenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcan brefts. That we haue bene familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulnesse shall poison rather
Then pity: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine eares against your suites, are stronger then
Your gates against my force. Yet for I loued thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,
And would haue sent it. Another word *Menenius*,
I will not heare thee speake. This man *Aufidius*
Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Aufid. You keepe a constant temper.

Mene. The Guard and *Menenius*.

1 Now Sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 'Tis a spell you see of much power:

You know the way home againe.

1 Do you heare how wee are shent for keeping your
greatnesse backe?

2 What cause do you thinke I haue to swoond?

Mene. I neither care for th'world, nor your Generall:
for such things as you, I can scarce thinke ther's any, yet
so slight. He that hath a will to die by himselfe, leaues it
not

not from another: Let your Generall do his worst. For
you, bee that you are, long; and your misery encrease
with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away. *Exit*

1 A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2 The worthy Fellow is our Generall. He's the Rock,
The Oake not to be winde-shaken. *Exit Watch.*

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.
Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow
Set downe our Hoast. My partner in this Action,
You must report to th'Volcan Lords, how plainly
I haue borne this Businesse.

Auf. Onely their ends you haue respected,
Stopt your eares against the generall suite of Rome:
Neuer admitted a priuat whisper, no not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Corio. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I haue sent to Rome,
Loud me, about the measure of a Father,
Nay godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old Loue I haue
(Though I shew'd fowely to him) once more offer'd
The first Conditions which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,
That thought he could do more: A very little
I haue yeelded too. Fresh Embassies, and Suites,
Nor from the State, nor priuate friends heereafter
Will I lend eare to. Ha? what shout is this? *Shout within*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Volumentia, Valeria, young Martius,
with Attendants.

My wife comes for most, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand
The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection,
All bond and priuiledge of Nature breake;
Let be Vertuous to be Obstinate.
What is that Curt'sie worth? Or those Doves eyes,
Which can make Gods forsworne? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes,
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should
In supplication Nod: and my yong Boy
Hath an Aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile neuer
Be such a Gosling to obey instinct: but stand
As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin

Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

Corio. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow that deliueys vs thus chang'd,

Makes you thinke so.

Corio. Like a dull A&or now, I haue forgot my part,
And I am out, euen to a full Disgrace. Best of my Flesh,
Forgiue my Tyranny: but do not say,
For that forgiue our Romanes. O a kisse
Long as my Exile, sweet as my Reuenge!
Now by the ielous Queene of Heauen, that kisse
I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe
Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I pray,
And the most noble Mother of the world
Leaue vnhalated: Sink my knee i'th earth,
Of thy deepe duty, more impression shew
Then that of common Sonnes.

Volunt. Oh stand vp blest!
Whil't with no softer Cushion then the Flint
I kneele before thee, and vnproperly
Shew duty as mistaken, all this while,

Betweene the Childe, and Parent.

Corio. What's this? your knees to me?

To your Corrupted Sonne?

Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous windes
Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun:
Murdring Impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight worke.

Volunt. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee
Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Sister of *Publicola*;
The Moone of Rome: Chaste as the I'sicle
That's curdied by the Frost, from purest Snow,
And hangs on *Dians* Temple: Deere *Valeria*.

Volunt. This is a poore Epirome of yours,
Which by th'interpretation of full time,
May shew like all your selfe.

Corio. The God of Souldiers:
With the consent of supream Ioue, informe
Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou may'st proue
To shame vnvulnerable, and sticke i'th Warres
Like a great Sea-marke standing euer flaw,
And sauing those that eye thee.

Volunt. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my braue Boy.

Volunt. Euen he, your wife, this Ladie, and my selfe,
Are Sutors to you.

Corio. I beseech you peace:

Or if you'd aske, remember this before;
The thing I haue forsworne to graunt, may neuer
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my Souldiers, or capitulate
Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not
Wherein I seeme vnaturall: Desire not't'allay
My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reasons.

Volunt. Oh no more, no more:

You haue said you will not grant vs any thing:

For we haue nothing else to aske, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will aske,
That if you faile in our request, the blame
May hang vpon your hardnesse, therefore heare vs.

Corio. *Aufidius*, and you Volces marke, for wee'l
Heare nought from Rome in priuate. Your request?

Volunt. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment
And state of Bodies would bewray what life
We haue led since thy Exile. Thinke with thy selfe,
How more vnfortunate then all liuing women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
Make our eies flow with ioy, harts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weepe, and shake with feare & sorrow,

Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to see,
The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father rearing
His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we
Thine enmities most capitall: Thou barr'st vs
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enioy. For how can we?

Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?

Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory:

Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we must loose

The Countrey our deere Nurse, or else thy person

Our comfort in the Countrey. We must finde

An euidet Calamity, though we had

Our wish, which side should win. For either thou

Must as a Forraine Recreant be led

With Manacles through our streets, or else

Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,

And beare the Palme, for hauing brauely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warres determine: If I cannot perswade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then seeke the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy Country, then to treade
(Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name living to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me: He run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tendernes to be,
Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to see:
I haue fate too long.

Volumn. Nay, go not from vs thus:
If it were so, that our request did tend
To saue the Romanes, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serue, you might condemne vs
As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May say, this mercy we haue shew'd: the Romanes,
This we receiv'd, and each in either side
Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest
For making vp this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonne)
The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefite
Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:
Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Destroy'd his Country, and his name remains
To th'insuing Age, abhor'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou hast affected the fine straines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th' Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boule
That should but riuie an Oake. Why do'st not speake?
Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childhnesse will moue him more
Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou hast neuer in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,
When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vniust,
And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
Down Ladies: let vs shame him with him without knees
To his sur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Then pittie to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,
Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let vs go:
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet giue vs our dispatch:

I am hush't vntill our City be afire, & then Ile speak a little
Holds her by the hand, silent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleue it: Oh beleue it,
Most dangerously you haue with him prevail'd,
If not most mortall to him. But let it come:
Aufidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my stead, would you haue heard
A Mother lesse? or granted lesse *Aufidius*?
Auf. I was mou'd withall.

Corio. I dare be sworne you were:
And sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good sir)
What peace you'l make, aduise me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. Oh Mother! Wife!
Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My selfe a former Fortune.

Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you shall beare
A better witness backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will haue Counter-seal'd,
Come enter with vs: Ladies you denie
To haue a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes.

Corio. Could not haue made this peace. *Exeunt.*
Enter Menenius and Sicinius. (stone?)
Men. See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon's corner
Sicin. Why what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, especially
his Mother, may preuaile with him. But I say, there
is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and stay vpon
execution.

Sicin. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the
condition of a man.

Men. There is differency between a Grub & a Butterfly,
yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this *Martius*, is
growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more
then a creeping thing.

Sicin. Helou'd his Mother deere.

Men. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his
Mother now, then an eight yeare old horse. The tartnesse
of his face, sowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moues
like an Engine, and the ground shrinks before his Treading.
He is able to pierce a Corieler with his eye: Talks
like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He sits in his State,
as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids bee done, is
finisht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but
Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy
his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more
mercy in him, then there is milke in a male Tyger, that
shall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good vnto vs.

Men. No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good
vnto vs. When we banish'd him, we respect'd not them:
and he returning to breake our necks, they respect not vs.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess.

Mess. Sir, if you'd saue your life, flye to your House,
The Plebeians haue got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him vp and downe; all swearing, if
The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home.
They'l giue him death by Inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sicin. What's the Newes? (preuayl'd,
Mess. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies haue
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome,
No, not th'expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true?
Is't most certaine.

Mess. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
Ne're through an Arch so hurried the blowne Tide,
As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you:

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-butts, Psalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the shewing Romans,
Make the Sunne dance. Hearken you. *About within*

Men. This is good Newes:
I will go meete the Ladies. This *Volumnia*,
Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes such as you,
A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thousand of your throates,
I'de not haue giuen a doit. Harke, how they ioy.

Sound still with the Shouts.

Sicin. First, the Gods blesse you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we haue all great cause to giue great thanks.

Sicin. They are neere the City.

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sicin. Wee'l meet them, and helpe the ioy. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over
the Stage, with other Lords.*

Sena. Behold our Patronnesse, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, strew Flowers before them:
Vnshoot the noise that Banish'd *Martius*:
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Oy welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flourish with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th City, I am heere:
Deliver them this Paper: hauing read it,
Bid them repaire to th' Market place, where I
Euen in theirs, and in the Commons eares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse:
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appeare before the People, hoping
To purge himselfe with words. Dispatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Aufidius Faction.
Most Welcome.

1. Con. How is it with our General?

Auf. Euen so, as with a man by his owne Almes im-
poyson'd, and with his Charity flaine.

2. Con. Most Noble Sir, if you do hold the same intent
Wherein you wisht vs parties: Wee'l deliuer you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,

We must proceed as we do finde the People.

3. Con. The People will remaine vncertaine, whil'st
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Suruiuor heyre of all.

Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to strike at him, admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery,
Seducing so my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, neuer knowne before,
But to be rough, vnswayable, and free.

3. Consp. Sir, his stoutnesse
When he did stand for Confull, which he lost
By lacke of stooping.

Auf. That I would haue spoket of:
Being banish'd for't, he came vnto my Harth,
Presented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,
Made him ioynt-servant with me: Gaue him way
In all his owne desires: Nay, let him choose
Out of my Files, his proiects, to accomplish
My best and freshest men, seru'd his designements
In mine owne person: holpe to reape the Fame
Which he did end all his; and tooke some pride
To do my selfe this wrong: Till at the last
I seem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had bin Mercenary.

1. Con. So he did my Lord:
The Army marueyl'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no lesse Spoile, then Glory.

Auf. There was it:
For which my sinewes shall be stretcht vpon him,
At a few drops of Womens rehwme, which are
As cheape as Lies; he sold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye,
And Ile renew me in his fall. But hearke.

*Drummes and Trumpets sounds, with great
shouts of the people.*

1. Con. Your Native Towne you enter'd like a Poste,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns
Splitting the Ayre with noyse.

2. Con. And patient Fooles,
Whose children he hath slaine, their base throats teare
With giuing him glory.

3. Con. Therefore at your vantage, I
Ere he expresse himselfe, or moue the people
With what he would say, let him feelee your Sword:
Which we will second, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His Reasons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords,
Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I haue not deseru'd it.
But worthy Lords, haue you with heede perused
What I haue written to you?

All. We haue.

1. Lord. And greete to heare't:
What faults he made before the last, I thinke
Might haue found easie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and giue away
The benefite of our Leuities, answering vs
With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuse.

cc3

Auf.

Ans. He approaches, you shall heare him.
Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:
No more infected with my Countries loue
Then when I parted hence: but still subsisting
Vnder your great Command. You are to know,
That prosperously I haue attempted, and
With bloody passage led your Warres, euen to
The gates of Rome: Our spoiles we haue brought home
Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
The charges of the Action. We haue made peace
With no lesse Honor to the *Antiates*
Then shame to th' *Romaines*. And we heere deliuer
Subscrib'd by th' *Consuls*, and *Patricians*,
Together with the *Scale* a th' *Senat*, what
We haue compounded on.

Ans. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Ans. I Traitor, *Martius*.

Corio. *Martius*?

Ans. I *Martius*, *Cainus Martius*: Do'st thou thinke
He grace thee with that Robbery, thy *Rolne* name
Coriolanus in *Corioles*?

You Lords and Heads a th' State, perfidiously
He ha's betray'd your businesse, and given vp
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I say your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like
A twist of rotten Silke, neuer admitting
Counsaile a th' warre: But at his Nurfes teares
He whin'd and roard away your Victory,
That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio. Hear'st thou Mars?

Ans. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio. Ha?

Ans. No more.

Corio. Measurelesse Lye, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? Oh Slaue,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that euer
I was forc'd to scould. Your iudgments my graue Lords
Must giue this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion,
Who weares my stripes imprest vpon him, that
Must beare my beating to his Graue, shall ioine
To thrust the Lye vnto him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and heare me speake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound:
If you haue writ your *Annales* true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I

Flatter'd your Volcians in *Corioles*.

Alone I did it, Boy.

Ans. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your shame, by this vnholly Braggart?
Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Cons. Let him dye for't.

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it presently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cousine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 Lord. Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:

The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o th' earth: His last offences to vs
Shall haue Iudicious hearing: Stand *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with six *Aufidiuses*, or more:
His Tribe, to vse my lawfull Sword,

Ans. Insolent Villaine.

All Cons. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

*Draw both the Conspirators, and kill Martius, who
falls, Aufidius stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Ans. My Noble Masters, heare me speake.

1 Lord. O Tullus.

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat

Valour will weepe.

3 Lord. Tread not vpon him Masters, all be quiet,
Put vp your Swords.

Ans. My Lords,

When you shall know (as in this Rage
Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'll reioyce
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer
My selfe your loyall Seruant, or endure
Your heauiest Censure.

1 Lord. Beare from hence his body,
And moune you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most Noble Coarse, that euer Herald
Did follow to his Vrne.

2 Lord. His owne impatience,
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Best of it.

Ans. My Rage is gone,
And I am stricke with sorrow. Take him vp:
Helpe three a th' cheefest Souldiers, Ile be one.
Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully:
Traile your Steele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and vnchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury,
Yet he shall haue a Noble Memory. *Assist.*

*Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March
Sounded.*

FINIS.



The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft And then
enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore,
and Bassianus and his Followers at the
other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus.

Oble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the iustice of my Cause with Armes.
And Countrey-men, my louing Followers,
Pleade my Successiue Title with your Swords.

I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours liue in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Bassianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,
Fauourers of my Right:

If euer *Bassianus*, *Casars* Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll:
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th' Imperiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate
To Iustice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Defect in pure Election shine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that strue by Factions, and by Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Party, haue by Common voyce
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pious*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a braver Warriour,
Lives not this day within the City Wallles.
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Warres against the barbarous *Gothes*,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yok'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes.
Ten yeares are spent, since first he undertooke
This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Fieue times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.

And now at last, laden with Honours Spoiles,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Armes.

Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would haue now succede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismiss your Followers, and as Suters should,
Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humbleness.

Saturnine. How sayre the Tribune speakes,
To calme my thoughts.

Bassia. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affie
In thy vprightnesse and Integrity:
And so I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lavinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismiss my louing Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

Exit Souldiers.

Saturnine. Friends, that haue beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thanke you all, and heere Dismiss you all,
And to the Loue and Fauour of my Countrey,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause:
Rome, be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flourish. They go vp into the Senat house.

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,
Successfull in the Battailles that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of *Titus*
Sonnes: After them, two men bearing a Coffin covered
with blacke, then two other *Sonnes*. After them, *Titus*
Andronicus, and then *Tamora* the *Queene* of *Gothes*, &
her two *Sonnes* *Chiron* and *Demetrius*, with *Aaron* the
Moore, and others, as many as can bee: They set downe the
Coffin, and *Titus* speakes.

Andronicus. Haile Rome:
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Loc.

Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first she wegh'd her Anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of five and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Halfe of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaine aliue and dead!
These that Suruiue, let Rome reward with Loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their Auncestors.
Heere *Gothes* haue giuen me leaue to sheath my Sword:
Titus vnkinde, and carelesse of thine owne,
Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?

Luc. Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the *Gothes*,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Admanus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappes'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I giue him you, the Noblest that Suruiues,
The eldest Son of this distressed Queene.

Luc. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoke,
But must my Sonnes be slaughtered in the streetes,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?

O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in these:

Andronicus, staine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?

Draw neere them then in being mercifull,
Sweet mercy is Nobilitie's true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first borne sonne.

Tit. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethren, whom you *Gothes* beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:

To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
T'appease their groaning shadowes that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety.

Chi. Was euer Scythia halfe so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome,

Alarbus goes to rest, and we suruiue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatening lookes,
Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tytant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of *Gothes*,
(When *Gothes* were *Gothes*, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd
Our Romaine rites, *Alarbus* limbes are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie,
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewell to their soules,

Flourish.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Heere lurks no Treason, heere no enuie swels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no storages,
No noyle, but silence and Eternall sleepe,
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,

Enter Lavinia.

Lavi. In peace and Honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome,
That hast thus lovingly refer'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia liue, out-liue thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.

Marc. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome,
Tit. Thanks Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother *Marcus*.

Marc. And welcome! Nephews from successfull wars,
You that suruiue and you that sleepe in Fame:
Faile Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries seruice drew your Swords.

But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath aspir'd to *Solons* Happines,
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:
Be Candidatus then, and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that shakes for age and feeblenesse:

What

What should I do on this Robe and trouble you,
Be ehosen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new businesse for you all.

Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries strength successfull,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
In right and Seruice of their Noble Countrie:
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.

Marc. *Titus*, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.
Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune canst thou tell?

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*,
Sat. Romaines do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou wert shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Luc. Proud *Saturninus*, interrupter of the good
That Noble minded *Titus* means to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselves.

Bass. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?
I will most thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribune heere,
Aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits:

Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this sure I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturninus*, whose Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
And ripen Iustice in this Common-weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crown him, and say: Long liue our Emperour.

Marc. An. With Voyces and applause of euery sort,
Patricians and Plebeians we Create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour:
And say, Long liue our Emperour *Saturninus*.

A long Flourish till they come downe.
Satu. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy Favours done,
To vs in our Election this day,
I giue thee thanks in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an Onset *Titus* to aduance
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,
Lavinia will I make my Empresse,
Romes Royall Mistis, Mistis of my hart
And in the Sacred *Pathan* her espouse:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And heere in sight of Rome, to *Saturninus*,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete.

Satu. Thanks Noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these vnspokeable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.

Tit. Now Madam are your prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for you Honour and your State,
Will vie you Nobly and your followers.

Satu. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorne in Rome:
Princely shall be thy visage euery way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make your Greater then the Queene of *Gothes*?
Lavinia you are not displeas'd with this?

Lavi. Not I my Lord, fith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in Princely curtesie.

Sat. Thanks sweete *Lavinia*, Romans let vs goe:
Ransomelesse heere we set our Prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.

Bass. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this Maid is mine.
Tit. How fir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bass. I Noble *Titus*, and resolu'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason, and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuiquam*, is our Romaine Iustice,
This Prince in Iustice ceazeth but his owne.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.

Tit. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours Garde?
Treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?

Bass. By him that iustly may
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.

Muri. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe.

Muri. My Lord you passe not heere.

Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'st me my way in Rome?

Muri. Helpe *Lucius* helpe.

Luc. My Lord you are vnjust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell, you haue slaine your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.
Traytor restore *Lavinia* to the Emperour.

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist Loue.

*Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two
sonnes, and Aaron the Moore.*

Empe. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee neuer: nor thy Trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But *Saturninus*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands?

Tit. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?

Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flourish for her with his Sword:
A Valliant sonne-in-law thou shalt enioy:
One, fith to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,

To

To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately *Troies* mong'rt her Nymphs
Dost ouer-shine the Gallant'rt Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyse,
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will Create thee Emperesse of Rome.
Speake Queene of Gothes dost thou applau'd my choyse?
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and Holy-water are so neere,
And Tapers burne so bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand,

I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade espous'd my Bride along with me.

Tamo. And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queene of Gothes,
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Satur. Ascend Faire Queene,
Pantheon Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites,

Exeunt omnes.

Tit. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar. O *Titus* see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonne.

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.

Luci. But let vs giue him buriall as he comes:
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our Bretheren.

Tit. Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe:
This Monument fye hundred yeares hath stood,
Which I haue Sumptuously re-edified:
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Seruitors,
Repose in Fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.

Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus two Sonnes speakes.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes.

He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.

Tit. What would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. *Marcus*, Euen thou hast stroke vpon my Crest,
And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1. Sonne. He is not himselfe, let vs withdraw.

2. Sonne. Not I tell *Mutius* bones be buried.

The Brother and the sonnes kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.

2. Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.

Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.

Luc. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre

His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,

That died in Honour and *Lavinia's* cause.

Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:

The Greekes vpon aduise did bury *Aias*

That slew himselfe: And *Laertes* sonne,

Did graciously plead for his Funerals:

Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,

Be bar'd his entrance heere.

Tit. Rise *Marcus*, rise,

The dismall'rt day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome:

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe.

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet *Mutius* with thy

Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe: *(friends)*

They all kneele and say.

No man shed teares for Noble *Mutius*,

He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause.

Mar. My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,

How comes it that the subtle Queene of Gothes,

Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,

(Whether by deuise or no) the heauens can tell,

Is the not then beholding to the man,

That brought her for this high good turne so farte?

Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flourish.

Enter the Emperour, Tamora, and her two sons, with the Moore

at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and

Lavinia with others.

Sat. So *Bassianus*, you haue plaid your prize,

God giue you ioy fir of your Gallant Bride.

Bass. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,

Nor with no lesse, and so I take my leaue.

Sat. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,

Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape.

Bass. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,

My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife?

But let the lawes of Rome determine all,

Meane while I am posselt of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good fir: you are very short with vs,

But if we liue, wee be as sharpe with you.

Bass. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,

Answer I must, and shall do with my life,

Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,

Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,

That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,

With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,

In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.

To be controul'd in that he frankly gaue:

Receiue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,

That hath expre't himselfe in all his deeds,

A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus* leaue to plead my Deeds,

'Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,

Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,

How I haue lou'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,

Were

Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,

Then heare me speake indifferently for all:

And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past.

Satur. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,

And basely put it vp without reuenge?

Tam. Not so my Lord,

The Gods of Rome for-fend,

I should be Authour to dishonour you.

But on mine honour dare, I vndertake

For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:

Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:

Then at my sute looke graciously on him,

Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,

Nor with fowre looks afflict his gentle heart.

My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,

Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,

You are but newly plant'd in your Throne,

Least then the people, and Particians too,

Vpon a iust suruey take *Titus* part,

And so supplant vs for ingratitude,

Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.

Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:

Ile finde a day to asflacre them all,

And race their faction, and their familie,

The cruell Father, and his tray'torous sonnes,

To whom I fued for my deare sonnes life.

And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene,

Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.

Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)

Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,

That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

King. Rise *Titus*, rise,

My Emperesse hath preuail'd.

Titus. I thanke your Maiestie,

And her my Lord.

These words, these lookes,

Infuse new life in me.

Tamo. *Titus*, I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily.

And must aduise the Emperour for his good,

This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.

And let it be mine honour good my Lord,

That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.

For you Prince *Bassianus*, I haue past

My word and promise to the Emperour,

That you will be more milde and tractable.

And feare not Lords:

And you *Lavinia*,

By my aduise all humbled on your knees,

You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.

Son. We doe,

And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,

That what we did, was mildly, as we might,

Tending our sisters honour and our owne.

Mar. That on mine honour heere I do protest.

King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay,

Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,

The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,

I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

King. *Marcus*,

For thy take and thy brothers heere,

And at my louely *Tamora's* intreats,

I doe remit these young mens haynous faults,

Stand vp: *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churle,

I found a friend, and sure as death I sware,

I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.

Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,

You are my guest *Lavinia*, and your friends:

This day shall be a Loue-day *Tamora*.

Tit. To morrow and it please your Maiestie,

To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,

With horne and Hound,

Weele giue your Grace *Bon iour*.

Satur. Be it so *Titus*, and Gramercy to. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secunda.

Flourish. *Enter Aaron alone.*

Aron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,

Safe out of Fortunes thor, and sits aloft,

Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,

Aduanc'd about pale enuies threatening reach:

As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,

And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,

Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,

And ouer-lookes the highest piercing hills:

So *Tamora*:

Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,

And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.

Then *Aaron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,

To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistis,

And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long

Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chaines,

And faster bound to *Aarons* charming eyes,

Then is *Prometheus* ti'de to *Caucasus*.

Away with flauish weedes, and idle thoughts,

I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,

To waite vpon this new made Emperesse.

To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,

This Goddesse, this *Semerimis*, this Queene,

This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,

And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.

Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

Dem. *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge

And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,

And may for ought thou know't affected be.

Chi. *Demetrius*, thou doo'st ouer-weene in all;

And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,

'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two

Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:

I am as able, and as fit, as thou;

To serue, and to deserue my Mistis grace,

And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,

And plead my passions for *Lavinia's* loue.

Aron. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduised)

Gaue you a daunting Rapier by your side,

Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?

Goe too: haue your Lath glued within your sheath,

Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meane while fir, with the little skill I haue,

Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.

Deme. I Boy, grow ye so braue? *They drawe.*

Aron. Why how now Lords?

So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,

And

And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For shame put vp.

Deme. Not I, till I haue sheath'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,
Foule spoken Coward,
That thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.

Aron. A way I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will vndo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set vpon a Princes right?
What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, Iustice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.

Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lavinia* more then all the world.

Deme. Youngling,

Learn thou to make some meaner choise,
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.

Chi. *Aron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To archieue her whom I do loue.

Aron. To archieue her, how?

Deme. Why, mak'st thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woune,
Shee is *Lavinia* therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loose to steale a shiue we know:

Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne *Pulcians* badge.

Aron. T, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Deme. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to
With words, faire looks, and liberality: (court it
What hast not thou full often stricke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes.

Chi. I so the turne were serued.

Deme. *Aron* thou hast hit it.

Aron. Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:

Why harke yee, harke yee; and are you such fooles,
To square for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me.

Deme. Not me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, & ioyne for that you iur:
Tis pollicie, and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolute,

That what you cannot as you would atcheiue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Then this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus* loue,
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walks are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
To villanie and vengeance confederate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes height aduance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your turnes.
There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lavinia's* Treasure.

Chi. Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise.

Deme. *Syllas* and *nefas*, till I finde the streames,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Siga per manes Vebor.

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noise
with hounds and hornes, and Marcus.*

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are Greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his lovely Bride,
And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may echo with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Winds Hornes.

*Heere a cry of houndes, and winds hornes in a peale, then
Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, De-
metrius, and their Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.

Satur. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.

Bass. *Lavinia*, how say you?

Lavi. I say no:

I haue bene awake two houres and more.

Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall yee see,
Our Romaine hunting.

Marc. I haue dogges my Lord,
Will rouse the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest Pomonary top.

Tit. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes like Swallowes ore the plaine

Deme. *Chiron*

Deme. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with Horse nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt*
Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much Gold vnder a Tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this Gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And so repose sweet Gold for their vnrest,
That haue their Almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamora. My lovely *Aaron*,
Wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a Glee-full boast?
The Birds chaunt melody on every bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,
The Greene leaues quier with the cooling winde,
And make a cheker'd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aaron* let vs sit,
And whilst the babling Echo mock's the Hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd Hornes,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe, and make their yelping noyse:
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd,
The wandering Prince and *Dido* once enioy'd,
When with a happy storme they were surpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counsaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber,
Whilst Hounds and Hornes, and sweet Melodious Birds
Be vnto vs, as is a Nurses Song
Of Lullaby, to bring her Babe asleepe.

Aron. Madame,
Though *Venus* gouerne your desires,
Saturnus is Dominator ouer mine:
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholies,
My fleece of Woolly haire, that now vnrestles,
Euen as an Adder when the doth vnrowle
To do some fatal execution?
No Madam, these are no Venereal signs,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.
Hark *Tamora*, the Empresse of my Soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen, then rests in thee,
This is the day of Doome for *Bassianus*;
His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,
And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.
Seest thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatal plotted Scrowle,
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Tamora. Ah my Sweet *Moore*:
Sweeter to me then life.

Aron. No more great Empresse, *Bassianus* comes,
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes

To backe thy quarrell what ere they be.

Bass. Whom haue we heere?

Romes Royall Empresse,

Vnfurnisht of our well befeeming troope?

Or is it *Dian* habited like her,

Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,

To see the generall Hunting in this Forrest?

Tamora. Saweie controuler of our priuate steps:

Had I the power, that some say *Dian* had,

Thy Temples should be planted presently.

With Hornes, as was *Atreus*, and the Hounds

Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,

Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art.

Lavi. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,

'Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in Horning,

And to be doubted, that your *Moore* and you

Are singled forth to try experiments:

Ioue shield your husband from his Hounds to day,

Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag.

Bass. Belceue me *Queen*, your swarth *Cymeron*,

Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,

Spotted, detested, and abhominable.

Why are you sequestred from all your traine?

Discounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,

And wandred hither to an obscure plot,

Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,

If foule desire had not conuinc'd you?

Lavi. And being intercepted in your sport,

Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated

For Saucinesse, I pray you let vs hence,

And let her ioy her Raven coloured loue,

This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bass. The King my Brother shall haue notice of this.

Lavi. I, for these slips haue made him noted long,

Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tamora. Why I haue patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Deme. How now deere Soueraigne

And our gracious Mother,

Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?

Tamora. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale?

These two haue tie'd me hither to this place,

A barren, detested vale you see it is.

The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,

Ore-come with Moss, and balefull Mistleto.

Heere neuer shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,

Vnlesse the nightly Owle, or fallall Raven:

And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me heere at dead time of the night,

A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes,

Ten thousand swelling Toades, as many Vrchins,

Would make such fearefull and confused cries,

As any mortall body hearing it,

Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But strait they told me they would binde me heere,

Vnto the body of a dismall yew,

And leaue me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me foule a adulteresse,

Lasciuious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes

That euer eare did heare to such effect.

And had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my Children.

Deme. This is a witnesse that I am thy Sonne, *stab him.*

Chi. And this for me,

Strook home to shew my strength.

Lavi. I come *Semeus* may Barbarous *Tamora*.

d d

For

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tam. Give me thy poynard, you that know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:

This Minion stood vpon her chastity,
Vpon her Nuptiall yow, her loyaltie:
And with that painted hope, braues your Mightinesse,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue?

Chi. And if she doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunke Pillow to our lust.

Tamo. But when ye haue the hony we desire,
Let not this Waspe out-lie vs both to sting.

Chir. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Mistris, now perforce we will enjoy,

That nice-preserved honesty of yours:
Lau. Oh *Tamora*, thou bearest a woman face.

Tamo. I will not heare her speake, away with her.
Lau. Sweet Lords, intreat her heere me but a word:

Deme. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her reares, but be your hart to them,

As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine,
Lau. When did the Tigris young-ones reach the dam?

O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suckt from her did turne to Marble,

Even at thy Teat thou hadst thy Tyranny,
Yet euer Mother breeds not Sonnes alike.

Do thou intreat her shew a woman pittie:
Chiro. What?

Wouldst thou haue me proue my selfe a bastard?
Lau. 'Tis true,

The Rauens doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,

The Lion mou'd with pittie, did indure
To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away.

Some say, that Rauens foster forlorne children,
The whilst their owne birds famish in their neests:

Oh be to me though thy hart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pittifull.

Tamo. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Lau. Oh let me reach thee for my Fathers sake,

That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.

Tamo. Hadst thou in person nere offended me,
Euen for his sake am I pittifull:

Remember Boyes, I pow'd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,

But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vfe her as you will,

The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.
Lau. Oh *Tamora*,

Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,

For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd so long,
Poore I was slaine, when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tamo. What begst thou then? fond woman let me go?
Lau. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,

Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,

No let them satiffie their lust on thee.

Deme. Away,

For thou hast staid vs heere too long.

Lavinia. No Garace,

No womaphood? Ah beastly creature,

The blot and enemy to our generall name,

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth

Bring thou her husband, I will not loose him

This is the Hole where *Andronicus* hid him

Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure,

Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,

Till all the *Andronicus* be made away:

Now will I hence to seeke my lonely Moore,

And let my spleenfull Sonnes this Trull deflower. *Exit.*

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,

Straight will I bring you to the clothe home pit,

Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe,

Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it be,

Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,

Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while,

Quin. What art thou fallen?

What subtle Hole is this,

Whose mouth is covered with Rude growing Briars,

Vpon whose leaues are drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as mornings dew distill'd on flowers,

A very fatal place it seemes to me:

Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Marti. Oh Brother,

With the dismall object

That euer eye with sight made heart lament,

Aron. Now will I fetch the King to shide them heere,

That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,

How these were they that made away his Brother. *Exit Aron.*

Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,

From this vnhallo'd and blood-stained Hole?

Quintus. I am surpris'd with an vncooth feare,

A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling ioynts,

My heart suspects more then mine eie can see,

Marti. To proue thou hast a true diuining heart,

Aron and thou looke downe into this den,

And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

Quintus. *Aron* is gone,

And my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold

The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:

Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now

Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

Marti. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,

All on a heape like to the slaughterd Lambe,

In this detest'd, darke, blood-drinking pit

Quin. If it be darke, how doost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare

A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:

Which like a Taper in some Monument,

Dorsh shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,

And shewes the ragged intrailles of the pit:

So pale did shine the Moone on *Piramus*,

When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:

O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.

If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,

Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,

As hateful as *Orcus* murther mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out.

Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,

I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,

Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:

I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinke.

Marti. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,

Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. *Both fall in.*

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,

And what he is that now is leapt into it.

Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,

Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Marti. The vnhappy sonne of old *Andronicus*,

Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,

To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Satur. My brother dead? I know thou dost but iest,

He and his Lady both are at the Lodge;

Vpon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,

'Tis not an houre since I left him there.

Marti. We know not where you left him all aliue,

But our alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamo. Where is my Lord the King?

King. Heere *Tamora*, though grieu'd with killing griefe.

Tam. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

King. Now to the bottome dost thou searce my wound,

Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

The complor of this timelesse Tragedie,

And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,

In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Satur. *Andronicus* reads the Letter.

And if we misse to mee him handsomely,

Sweet *Andronicus*, *Bassianus* 'tis we meane,

Do thou so much as dig the graue for him,

Thou know'st our meaning looke for thy reward

Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:

Which neuer shades the mouth of that same pit,

Where we decreed to bury *Bassianus*

Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora*, was euer heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,

Looke sirs, if you can finde the huntsman out,

That should haue murdered *Bassianus* heere.

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind

Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:

Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,

There let them bide vntill we haue deu'd

Some neuer heard-of torturing paine for them.

Tamo. What are they in this pit,

Oh wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,

I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,

Accursed, if the fault be proud in them,

King. If it be proud? you see it is apparant,

Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you?

Tamora. *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp.

Tit. I did my Lord,

Yet let me be their baile.

For by my Fathers reuerent Tombe I vow

They shall be ready at your Highnes will,

To answere their suspition with their liues.

King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me:

Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers,

Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,

For by my soule, were there worse end then death,

That end vpon them should be executed.

Tamo. *Andronicus* I will entreat the King,

Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come *Lucius* come,

Stay not to talke with them. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Emperesse Sonnes with Lavinia, her hands cut off and

her tongue cut out, and drawne out.

Deme. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,

Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.

Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,

And if thy stumps will let thee play the Scribe.

Deme. See how with signes and tokens she can scowle.

Chi. Goe home,

Call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Deme. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.

And so let's leaue her to her silent walkes.

Chi. And 'twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.

Deme. If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Exeunt.

Winde Hornes.

Enter Marcus from hunting to Lavinia.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast?

Cosen a word, where is your husband?

If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;

If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,

That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.

Speake gentle Neece, what steine vn gentle hands

Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments

Whose circkling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleep in

And might not gaine so great a happines

As halfe thy Loue: Why doost not speake to me?

Alas, a Crimson riuier of warme blood,

Like to a bubling fountaine stir'd with winde,

Doth rise and fall betwene thy Rosed lips,

Comming and going with thy hony breath.

But sure some *Tereus* hath deflowerd thee,

And least thou shouldst detect them, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame:

And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,

As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts,

Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Tians* face;

Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud,

Shall I speake for thee? Shall I say 'tis so?

Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast

That I might raile at him to ease my mind.

Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stoppt,

Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.

Faire *Philomela* she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious Sampler sowed her minde.

But lovely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,

A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met, withall

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That

That could haue better sowed then *Philomel*.
Oh had the monster scene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Whic h that sweet tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Iudges and Senators with Titus two sonnes bound,
passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going
before pleading.

Ti. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed.

Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.
For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my loules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite.
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blusht:
O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine. *Exeunt*
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
In summers drought: He drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares He melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Enter *Lucius*, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbide my sonnes, reuerie the doome of death,
And let me say (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preualing Oratours.

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

Ti. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.
Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
They would not pittie me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.

Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft waxe,
Tribunes more hard then stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.

Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc't
My euerslasting doome of banishment.

Ti. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiue
That Rome is but a wilderness of Tigers?
Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter *Marcus* and *Lavinia*.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:

I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Ti. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter.

Ti. Why *Marcus* to she is.
Luc. Ayme this object kills me.

Ti. Faint-hearted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lavinia*, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers fight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineeth bounds:
Giue me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
And they haue nur't this woe,

In feeding life:
In bootlesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vfe.

Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
'Tis well *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.

Luci. Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty honyew cage,
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting euery eare.

Luci. Oh say thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?

Mar. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receiue some vnrecuring wound.

Ti. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a Rocke,
Inuiron'd with a wilderness of Sea,
Who markes the waxing tide,
Grow waue by waue,

Expecting

Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone:
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lavinia*, deerer then my soule.

Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue maddened me. What shall I doe?

Now I behold thy liuely body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,

Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death

Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead thy this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her:

When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,

Vpon a gathered Lillie almost withered.
Mar. Perchance she weepes because they kild her

husband,
Perchance because she knowes him innocent.

Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.

No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle *Lavinia* let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:

Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,

Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry

With miery slime left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,

Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?

Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes

Pass the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues

Plot some deuise of further miseries
To make vs wondred at in time to come.

Lu. Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine
eyes.

Ti. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,

For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne.
Lu. Ah my *Lavinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.

Ti. Marke *Marcus* marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee:
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,

Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a simpathy of woe is this!

As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse,
Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,

Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,

And send it to the King: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,

And that shall be the ranfome for their fault.

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*.
Did euer Rauen sing so like a Lark,

That giues sweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my heart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,

Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,

Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,

And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.
Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?

Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it serue

To ranfome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along
For feare they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall goe.
Lu. By heauen it shall not goe.

Ti. Sirs striue no more, such withered hearbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brothers loue to thee.

Ti. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.
Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.

Mar. But I will vse the Axe. *Exeunt*
Ti. Come hither *Aron*, Ile dectiue them both,

Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine,
Moore. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,

And neuer whilst I liue deceiue men so:
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that you'll say ere halfe an houre passe.

He cuts off *Titus* hand.

Enter *Lucius* and *Marcus* sagaine.

Ti. Now stay you strife, what shall be, is dispatch:
Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie me hand,

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:

More hath it merited: That let it haue.
As for my sonnes, say I account of them,

As iewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee:

Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.

Let foolles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his soule blacke like his face. *Exit.*

Ti. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,

If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?

Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs weeke breath the welkin dimme,

And staine the Sun with fogge as sometime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes.

Mar. Oh brother speake with possibilities,
And do not breake into these deepe extreames.

Ti. Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?
d d 3 Then

Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.

Mar. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I binde my woes:

When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?

If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,

Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face?

And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?

I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:

Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my Sea be moued with her sighes,

Then must my earth with her continuall teares,

Become a deluge: ouerflow'd and drown'd:

For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them;

Then giue me leaue, for loofers will haue leaue,

To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,

For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:

Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.

And heeres thy hand in scorn to thee sent backe:

Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,

That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,

More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot *Aena* coole in *Cicilie*,

And be my heart an euer-burning hell:

These miseries are more then may be borne.

To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,

But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luci. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,

And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:

That euer death should let life beare his name,

Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Mar. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,

As frozen water to a starved snake.

Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?

Mar. Now farwell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,

Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,

Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:

Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere sight

Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,

Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.

Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,

Rent off thy fluer haire, thy other hand

Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight

The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:

Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha,

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.

Ti. Why I haue not another teare to shed:

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,

And make them blinde with tributarie teares,

Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Cause?

For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,

And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,

Till all these mischiefes be returned againe,

Euen in their throats that haue committed them.

Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,

You heauie people, circle me about,

That I may turne me to each one of you,

And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs.

The vow is made, come Brother take a head,

And in this hand the other will I beare.

And *Lavinia* thou shalt be employd in these things:

Beare thou my hand sweet wench betwene thy teeth:

As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,

Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,

Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an army there,

And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,

Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe. *Exit.*

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:

The wofullst man that euer liu'd in Rome:

Farewell proud Rome, till *Lucius* come againe,

Heloues his pledges dearer then his life:

Farewell *Lavinia* my noble sister,

O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,

But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* liues

But in obliuion and hateful griefes:

If *Lucius* liue, he will requit your wrongs,

And make proud *Saturnine* and his Emperesse

Beg at the gates likes *Tarquin* and his Queene.

Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power,

To bereueng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. *Exit Lucius.*

A Bnaker.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy.

An. So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more

Then will preferre iust so much strength in vs

As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus vnknit that sorrow-wreath knot:

Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands

And cannot passionate our tenfold griefe,

With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine,

Is left to tirranize vpon my breast,

Who when my hart all mad with misery,

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,

Then thus I chumpe it downe.

Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes,

When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still?

Wound it with sighing girle, kill it with grones:

Or get some little knife betwene thy teeth,

And iust against thy hart make thou a hole,

That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall

May run into that sinke, and soaking in,

Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.

Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay

Such violent hands vpon her tender life.

An. How now! Has sorrow made thee doate already?

Why *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I:

What violent hands can she lay on her life:

Ah, wherefore dost thou vrge the name of hands,

To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice ore

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?

O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,

Least we remember still that we haue none,

Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke

As if we should forget we had no hands:

If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.

Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,

Heere is no drinke? Harke *Marcus* what she saies,

I can interpret all her martir'd signes,

She saies, she drinks no other drinke but teares

Breu'd with her sorrow: mesh'd vpon her cheekes,

Speech.

Speechlesse complaynet, I will learne thy thought:

In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect

As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.

Thou shalt not sighe nor hold thy stumps to heauen,

Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe,

But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet,

And by still practice, learne to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire leaue these bitter deepe laments,

Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mou'd,

Doth weepe to see his grandfires heauinesse.

An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,

And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.

What dost thou strike at *Marcus* with knife?

Mar. At that that I haue kill'd my Lord, a Flys

An. Out on the murderour: thou kill'st my hart,

Mine eyes cloid with view of Tirranie:

A deed of death done on the Innocent

Becoms not *Titus* brother: get thee gone,

I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I haue but kild a flie.

An. But? How: if that flie had a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings

And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,

Poore harmelesse Fly,

That with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came heere to make vs merry,

And thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me fir,

It was a blacke illfaur'd Fly,

Like to the Emperesse Moore, therefore I kild him.

An. O, o, o,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a Charitable deed:

Giue me thy knife, I will insult on him,

Flattering my selfe, as if it were the Moore,

Come hither purposely to poyson me.

There's for thy selfe, and thats for *Tamira*: Ah sira,

Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,

But that betwene vs, we can kill a Fly,

That comes in likeness of a Cole-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poore man, griefe ha's so wrought on him,

He takes false shadowes, for true substances.

An. Come, take away: *Lavinia*, goe with me,

Ile to thy closet, and goe read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.

Come boy, and goe with me, thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and

the Boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme.

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandfire helpe, my Aunt *Lavinia*,

Followes me euery where I know not why.

Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,

Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.

Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thy Aunt.

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme.

Boy. I when my father was in Rome she did.

Mar. What meanes my Neece *Lavinia* by these signes?

Ti. Feare not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane:

See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:

Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.

Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care

Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee,

Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:

Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not, I nor can I gesse,

Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:

For I haue heard my Grandfire say full oft,

Extremite of griefes would make men mad.

And I haue read that *Hechuba* of Troy,

Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,

Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,

And would not but in fury fright my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie

Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,

And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius* I will.

Ti. How now *Lavinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?

Some booke there is that she desires to see,

Which is it girle of these? Open them boy,

But thou art deeper read and better skild,

Come and take choyse of all my Library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens

Reueale the damnd contriuer of this deed.

What booke?

Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?

Mar. I thinke she meanes that ther was more then one

Confederate in the fact, I more there was:

Or else to heauen she heaues them to reuenge.

Ti. *Lucius* what booke is that she toseth so?

Boy. Grandfire 'tis Ouids *Metamorphosis*,

My mother gaue it me.

Mar. For loue of her that's gone,

Perhaps the culd it from among the rest.

Ti. Soft, so busily she turnes the leaues,

Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lavinia* shall I read?

This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*?

And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,

And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues

Ti. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,

Rauisht and wrong'd as *Philomela* was?

Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,

(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)

Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes,

By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,

Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?

Ti. Giue signes sweet girle, for heere are none but friends

What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?

Or slunke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,

That left the

This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forc't vs to that shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

*She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
fingertips and writes.*

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?

Ti. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam leuius audis scelera, tam lentus vides?

Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclames.
My Lord kneele downe with me: *Lavinia* kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine *Helior* hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull *Feere*
And father of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucreece* rape,
That we will prosecute (by good aduise)
Mortall reuenge vpon these traytorious Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Ti. Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deeply still in league.
And lulls him whilst she palyeth on her backe,
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a lease of brasse,
And with a Gad of Steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you?

Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.

Boy. And Vncle so will I, and if I liue.
Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandfire:
Ti. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lavinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,
I marry will we sit, and wee be waited on.

Mar. O heauens! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more fears of sorrow in his heart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his batter'd shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*.

*Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one doore; and at another
doore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of
weapons, and verses writ vpon them.*

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Chi. *Demetrius* heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather,
Boy. My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,
I greete your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandfire well aduise'd hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say.

And so I doo and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit*
Deme. What's heere? a scrole, & written round about?
Let's see.

Integer vita scelerisque purus, non eget maury iaculis nec ar-
cus.

Chi. O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore. I iust, a verse in *Horace*: right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Affe?
Heer's no found left, the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick;
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her rest, in her vnrest a while.

And now young Lords, wa's not a happy starre
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so;
Captiues, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Barely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

Moore. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?

Deme. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of loue.
Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for to say, Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.
Deme. Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.

Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer,
Flourish.

Deme. Why do the Emperours trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike for ioy the Emper our hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere?
Enter Nurse with a blacke & a Moore child.

Nur. Good morrow Lords:
O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moore?

Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,
Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nurse. Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.

Aron. Why, what a catterwallowing dost thou keepe?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and faterly Romes disgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

Aron. To whom?
Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed?

Aron. Wel God giue her good rest,

Aron. Wel God giue her good rest,

What hath he sent her?

Nurse. A deuill.
Aron. Why then she is the Deuils Dam: a ioyfull issue.

Nurse. A ioylesse, dismall, blacke & sorrowfull issue,
Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,

Among't the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

Aron. Out you whore, is blacke so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauious blossome sure:

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?
Aron. That which thou wilt not vndoe.

Chi. Thou hast vndone our mother.
Deme. And therein helldish dog, thou hast vndone,
Woe to her chance, and damnd her loathed choyce,

Accur't the off-spring of so foule a fiend,
Chi. It shall not liue.

Chi. It shall not die.
Nurse. *Aaron* it must, the mother wils it so.

Aron. What, must it *Nurse*? Then let no man but I
Doe execution on my flesh and blood.

Deme. Ile broache the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it.

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels vp.
Stay murderous villaines, will you kill your brother?

Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,

That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.
I tell you young-lings, not *Encladus*
With all his threathing band of *Typhons* broode,

Nor great *Alerdes* nor the God of warre,
Shall cease this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted Boyes,

Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:

For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although she laue them hourly in the flood:

Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can.

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?
Aron. My mistris is my mistris: this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world do I preferre,
This mauer all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smooke for it in Rome.

Deme. By this our mother is for euer sham'd.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.

Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chi. I blush to thinke vpon this ignominie.

Aron. Why ther's the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the hart:

Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,
Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father;
As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne,

He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
And from that wombe where you imprisoned were

He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the furer side,
Although my seale be stamped in his face.

Nurse. *Aaron* what shall I say vnto the Empresse?
Deme. Aduise thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,

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Deme. Aduise thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:
Saue thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all consult.
My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:

Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.
Deme. How many women saw this childe of his?

Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe: but if you braue the Moore,
The chased Bore, the mountaine Lyoness,

The Ocean swells not so at *Aaron* stormes:
But say againe, how many saw the childe?
Nurse. *Cornelia*, the midwife, and my selfe,

And none else but the deliuered Empresse.
Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell, when the the third's away:

Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said,
Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to th' spit.
Deme. What mean'st thou *Aaron*?

Wherefore did'st thou this?
Aron. O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of pollicie:

Shall she liue to betray this guilt of our's?
A long tongu'd babbling Gossip? No Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.

Not farre, one *Mulitum* my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:

Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their Childe shall be aduanc'd,

And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,

And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her physicke,
And you must needs bestow her funerall.

The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer daies
But send the Midwife presently to me.

The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.
Chi. *Aaron* I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with se

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*, *(crets,*
Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*

Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greete the Empresse friends:

Come on you thick-lipt-flaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,

And feed on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbins in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and command a Campe. *Exit*

*Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen
with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with
letters on the end of them.*

Ti. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way.
Sir Boy let me see your Archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:

Terras Astreareliquit be you remembred *Marcus*.
She's gone, she's fled, first take you to your tooles,
You Cosens shall goe found the Ocean:

And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet ther's as little iustice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,

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Ti. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way.
Sir Boy let me see your Archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:

Is you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
And pierce the inmost Center of the earth:
Then when you come to *Platoes* Region,
I pray you deliver him this petition,
Tell him it is for iustice, and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrowes in vngatefull Rome,
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leave you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue shipht her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice.

Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie case
To see thy Noble Vnckle thus distract?

Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night attend him carefull:
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius* how now? how now my Maisters?
What haue you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,
Marrie for iustice he is so imploy'd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else:
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
He diue into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Aeareon* by the heeles:
Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But mettall *Marcus*, Steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:
And fith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heauen, and moue the Gods:
To send downe iustice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this gear, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He giues them the Arrows.
Ad Iouem, that's for you: here *ad Appollonem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my selfe.

Heere Boy to *Pallas*, heere to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shoote against the winde.
Too it Boy, *Marcus* loofe when I bid:
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
Ther's not a God left vnsoolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflicke the Emperour in his pride.

Tit. Now Maisters draw, Oh well said *Lucius*:
Good Boy in *Vergoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marc. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gal'd, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Emperesse villaine:
She laugh't, and told the Moore he should not choofe
But giue them to his Maister for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes, God giue your Lordship ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.
Titus. Newes, newes, from heauen,
Marcus the poast is come.

Sirrah, what tydings? haue you any letters?
Shall I haue iustice, what sayes *Iupiter*?
Clowne. Ho the libbetmaker, he sayes that he hath ta-
ken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd
till the next weeke.

Tit. But what sayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?
Clowne. Alas sir I know not *Iupiter*:
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?
Clowne. I of my Pigeons sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heauen?
Clowne. From heauen? Alas sir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I should be so bold, to presse to heauen in my
young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the
Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt
my Vnckle, and one of the Emperials men.

Marc. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serue for your
Oration, and let him deliuer the Pigeons to the Emperour
from you.

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Em-
perour with a Grace?

Clowne. Nay truly sir, I could neuer say grace in all
my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,
But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou shalt haue iustice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges,
Giue me pen and inke.

Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliuer a Supplication?
Clowne. If sir

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when
you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele,
then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and
then looke for your reward. He be at hand sir, see you do
it brauely.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.
Tit. Sirrah hast thou a knife? Come let me see it,
Heere *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant:
And when thou hast giuen it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will. *Exit.*
Tit. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Emperour and Emperesse, and her two sonnes, the
Emperour brings the Arrows in his hand
that Titus shot at him.*

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are these? was euer scene
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iustice, v'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath past,
But euen with law against the willfull Sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternesse?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse.
See, heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,
This

This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning out Iniustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no iustice were.
But if I liue, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that iustice liues:
In *Saturninus* health; whom if he sleepe,
Hee'l so awake, as he in fury shall pursue:
Cut off the proud Conspirator that liues.

Tam. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturninus*,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whose losse hath pierc'd him deepe, and scard his heart:
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contemptes. Why thus it shall become
High witted *Tamora* to glose with all:
But *Titus*, I haue touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life blood out: If *Aaron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter Clowne.
How now good fellow, wouldst thou speake with vs?

Clow. Yea forsooth, and your Misterhip be Emperiall.
Tam. Emperesse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.

Clow. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den,
I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigeons heere.

He reads the Letter.
Satur. Goe take him away, and hang him presently.

Clowne. How much money must I haue?
Tam. Come sirrah you must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd? ber Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck
to a faire end. *Exit.*

Satur. Despightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this fame deuise proceedes:
May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murder of our Brother,
Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priuiledge:
For this proud mocke, he be thy slaughter man:
Sly franticke wretch, that holp't to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emillius.
Satur. What newes with thee *Emillius*?

Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power
Of high resolu'd men, bent to the spoyle:
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus*:
Who threats in course of this reuenge to do
As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.

King. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the Gothes?
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes:
I now begins our sorrowes to approach,
'Tis the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
(When I haue walked like a priuate man)
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue wish't that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tam. Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?

King. I, but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do sit in it?
The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
Euen so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous:
Then baits to fish, or hony stalkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baire,
The other rotted with delicious foode.

King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.
Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will.

For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old eares deafe,
Yet should both eare and heart obey my tongue.

Goe thou before to our Embassadour,
Say, that the Emperour requests a parly
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting:
King. *Emillius* do this message Honourably.

And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.

Emil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. *Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,

To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes,
And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises.

Satur. Then goe successefully and plead for him. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Flourish. Enter *Lucius* with an Army of Gothes,
with Drums and Souldiers.

Luci. Approu'd warriors, and my faithfull Friends,
I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our fight they are.

Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Braue slip, sprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:

Behold in vs, wee follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,

And be aueng'd on curst *Tamora*:
And as he faith, so say we all with him.

Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all,
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child
in his armes.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troups I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,

And

And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the wasted building, suddainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyse, when soone I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
Peace Tawny, haue halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou might'st haue bene an Emperour,
But where the Bull and Cow are both milke-white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke-Calf:
Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Emperesse babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy Mothers sake.
With this my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him,
Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither
To vse, as you thinke needefull of the man.
Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuil,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Emperesse eye,
And heere's the Bafe Fruit of his burning lust.
Say wall-ey'd slave, whether would'st thou conuayle
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost thou speake? what deafe? Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his side his Fruite of Bastardie.
Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.
Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good.
First hang the Child that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vex the Fathers soule withall.
Aron. Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, saue the Childe,
And beare it from me to the Emperesse:
If thou do this, he shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
He speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.
Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall liue, and I will see it nourish.
Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
I will vex thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds,
Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously preform'd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall liue.
Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I say thy Childe shall liue.
Aron. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luci. Who should I sweare by,
Thou beleeuest no God;
That graunted, how can'st thou beleeue an oath?
Aron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience,
With twenty Popish trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee careful to obserue:
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath which by that God he swears,
To that he vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
To saue my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Or else I will discouer nought to thee.

Luci. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.
Aron. First know thou, I be got him on the Emperesse.
Luci. Oh most Insatiate luxurious woman!
Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charities,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon.
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Bassianus*,
They cut thy Sisters tongue, and rauisht her,
And cut her hands off, and crim'd her as thou saw'st.
Lucius. Oh detestable villaine!
Call'st thou that Trimming?
Aron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd,
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villaine like thy selfe!
Aron. Indeede, I was their Tutor to instruct them,
That Coddling Spirit had they from their Mother,
As sure a Card as euer wonne the Set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as euer fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be witness of my worth:
I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of *Bassianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd,
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of Mischiefe in it.
I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreame laughter.
I pri'd me through the Crevice of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Emperesse of this sport,
She founde almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tydings, gaue me twenty kisses.
Goth. What canst thou say all this, and neuer blush?
Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is.
Luci. Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes?
Aron. I, that I had not done a thousand more:
Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within few compasse of my curse,
Wherein I did not some Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else deuise his death,
Rauish a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some Innocent, and foriweare my selfe,
Set deadly Enmity betwene two Friends,
Make poore mens Cartell breake their neckes,
Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night,
And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:
Oft haue I dig'd vp dead men from their graues,
And set them vp right at their deere Friends doore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnies, as on the Barke of Trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull things
As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing grieues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.
Luci. Bring downe the diuell, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.
Aron. If there be diuels, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euermlasting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Luci. Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.
Enter Emilius.
Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Luci. Let him come neere.
Emi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
Welcome *Emilius*, what the newes from Rome?
Emi. The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
He craues a parly at your Fathers house
Willing you to demand your Hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliuered.
Goth. What saies our General?
Luci. *Emilius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcius*,
And we will come: march away.

Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes disguised.
Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habilliment,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminate strange plots of dire Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his study doore.
Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the doore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect?
You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe:
And what is written shall be executed.
Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee,
Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue it action,
Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.
Tam. If thou did'st know me,
Thou would'st talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witness this wretched stump,
Witness these crimson lines,
Witness these Trenches made by griefe and care,
Witness the tyring day, and heauie night,
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Emperesse, Mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?
Tam. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy Enemy, and I thy Friend,
I am Reuenge sent from this infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
By working weakfull vengeance on my Foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
Ther's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No Vast obscurity, or Misty vale,
Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,
Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?
Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tit. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee:
Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes,
Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And finde out Murder in their guilty cares,
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Eptons* rising in the East,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile do this heauy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.
Tit. Are them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?
Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
Tit. Good Lord how like the Emperesse Sonns they are,
And you the Emperesse: But we worldly men,
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:
Oh sweet Reuenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one armes embracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.
Tam. This clofing with him, fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Do you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he fitly takes me for Reuenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
He make him send for *Lucius* his Sonne,
And whil'st I at a Banquet hold him sure,
He find some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his Enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must play my theame.
Tit. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
How like the Emperesse and her Sonnes you are.
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you such a deuill?
For well I wote the Emperesse neuer wags;
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright
It were conuenient you had such a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?
Tam. What would'st thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?
Dem. Snew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.
Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
And I am sent to be reueng'd on him.
Tam. Shew me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,
And Ile be reuenged on them all.
Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe,
Good Murder stab him, hee's a Murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a Rauisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee,
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou leſſon'd vs, this ſhall we do.
But would it pleaſe thee good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy houſe.
When he is heere, euen at thy Solemne Feaſt,
I will bring in the Empreſſe and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himſelfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop, and kneele,
And on them ſhalt thou caſe, thy angry heart:
What ſaies *Andronicus* to this deuile?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis ſad *Titus* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empreſſe too,
Feaſts at my houſe, and he ſhall Feaſt with them,
This do thou for my loue, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Mar. This will I do, and ſoone returne againe.
Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſſe,
And take my Miniſters along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me,
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What ſay you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouern'd our determined iſt?
Yeeld to his Humour, ſmooth and ſpeake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Tit. I know them all, though they ſuppoſe me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuices,
A payre of curſed hell-hounds, and their Dam.

Dem. Madam depart at pleaſure, leaue vs heere.

Tam. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.

Tit. I know thou doo'ſt, and ſweet reuenge farewell.

Chi. Tell vs old man, how ſhall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe,

Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you theſe two?

Pub. The Empreſſe Sonnes

I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Titus. Pie *Publius*, ſie, thou art too much deceau'd,

The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,

And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,

Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,

Oft haue you heard me wiſh for ſuch an houre,

And now I find it, therefore binde them ſure,

Chi. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empreſſe Sonnes.

Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.

Stop cloſe their mouthes, let them not ſpeake a word,

Is he ſure bound, looke that you binde them faſt. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia
with a Baſon.*

Tit. Come, come *Lavinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs ſtop their mouthes, let them not ſpeake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.

Oh Villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you haue ſtain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kil'd her husband, and for that ſil'd fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry iſt,
Both her ſweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Then Hands or tongue, her ſpotleſſe Chaffity,
Inhumaine Traytors, you conſtrain'd and for't.
What would you ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeake?
Villaines for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil'ſt that *Lavinia* weene her ſumps doth hold:
The Baſon that receiues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meane to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelfe Reuenge, and thinks me mad,
Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paſte,
And of the Paſte a Coffin I will reare,
And make two Patties of your ſhamefull Heads,
And bid that ſtrumpet your vnhalloved Dam,
Like to the earth ſwallow her increaſe.
This is the Feaſt, that I haue bid her to,
And this the Banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfer on,
For worſe then *Philomel* you vs'd my Daughter,
And worſe then *Progne*, I will be reueng'd,
And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia* come,
Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
And in that Paſte let their vil'd Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this Banquet, which I wiſh might proue,
More ſterne and bloody then the Centaures Feaſt.

He cuts their throats.
So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And ſee them ready, gainſt their Mother comes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Vnckle *Marcus*, ſince 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.

Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,

This Rauinous Tiger, this accuſed deuill,

Let him receiue no ſuſtenance, fetter him,

Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,

For teſtimony of her foule proceedings,

And ſee the Ambuſh of our Friends be ſtrong,

If ere the Emperour meaneſ no good to vs.

Aron. Some deuill whiſper curſes in my eare,

And prompt me that my tongue may vtter for th,

The Venemous Mallice of my ſwelling heart.

Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallow'd Slave,

Sirs, helpe our Vnckle, to conuey him in, *Flourish.*

The Trumpets ſhew the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empreſſe, with
Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one?

Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy ſelfe a Sonne?

Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the paſſe

Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated,

The Feaſt is ready which the carefull *Titus*, *Hath*

Hath ordain'd to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome:
Please you therfore draw nie and take your places.
Satur. *Marcus* we will. *Hoboyes.*

A Table brought in.
*Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on
the Table, and Lavinia with a vail over her face.*

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,

Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,

And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,

'Twill fill your ſtomacks, pleaſe you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?

Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to haue all well,

To entertaine your Highneſſe, and your Empreſſe.

Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*?

Tit. And if your Highneſſe knew my heart, you were:

My Lord the Emperour reſolue me this,

Was it well done of ſiſter *Virginius*,

To lay his daughter with his owne right hand,

Becauſe ſhe was enfor't, ſtain'd, and deſlow'd?

Satur. It was *Andronicus*.

Tit. Your reaſon, Mighty Lord?

Sat. Becauſe the Girl, ſhould not ſurtaine her ſhame,

And by her preſence ſhould renew his ſorrowes.

Tit. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and eſſeſſuall,

A patterne, preſident, and liuely warrant,

For me (moſt wretched) to performe the like:

Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy ſhame with thee,

And with thy ſhame, thy Fathers ſorrow die. *He kills her.*

Sat. What haſt done, vnnatural and vnkinde?

Tit. Kil'd her for whom my teares haue made me blind.

I am as woſull as *Virginius* was;

And haue a thouſand times more cauſe then he.

Sat. What was ſhe rauish'd tell who did the deed,

Tit. Wilt pleaſe you eat,

Wilt pleaſe you Highneſſe feed?

Tam. Why haſt thou ſlaine thine onely Daughter?

Titus. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,

They rauish'd her, and cut away her tongue,

And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Satur. Go fetch them hither to vs preſently.

Tit. Why there they are both, bak'd in that Pie,

Whereof their Mother dantly hath fed,

Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelfe hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true, witneſſe my knives ſharpe point.

He ſtabs the Empreſſe.

Satur. Die franticke wretch, for this accuſed deed.

Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?

There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.

Mar. You ſad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,

By vprores ſeu'd like a ſlight of Fowle,

Scatter'd by windes and high tempeſtuous guſts:

Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe

This ſcattered Corne, into one mutuall ſheafe,

Theſe broken limbs againe into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herſelfe be bane vnto herſelfe,

And thee whom mightie kingdomes curſe too,

Like a ſorlorne and deſperate caſtaway,

Doe ſhamefull execution on her ſelfe.

But if my froſtie ſignes and chaps of age,

Graue witneſſes of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,

Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erſt our Aunceſtor,

When with his ſolemne tongue he did diſcouſe
To loue-ſicke *Didoes* ſad attending eare,
The ſtory of that balefull burning night,
When ſubtil Greekes ſurpriz'd King *Priams* Troy:
Tell vs what *Simon* hath bewicht our cares,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor ſteele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter grieſe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my very vttrance, euen in the time
When it ſhould moue you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind hand Commiſeration.
Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him ſpeake.

Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
That curſed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murder'd our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that rauish'd our Siſter,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares deſpiz'd, and baſely couſen'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And ſent her enemies vnto the graue.
Laſtly, my ſelfe vnkinde banish'd,
The gates ſhut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
Who drownd their enmity in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to embrace me as a Friend:
And I am turn'd forth, be it knowne to you,
That haue prefer'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her boſome tooke the Enemies point,
Sheathing the ſteele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My ſcars can witneſſe, dumbe although they are,
That my report is iuſt and full of truth:
But ſoft, me thinks I do digreſſe too much,
Cyring my wortheleſſe praile: Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by, men praile themſelues.

Marc. Now is my turne to ſpeake: Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuer'd,
The iſſue of an Irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of theſe woes,
The Villaine is aliue in *Titus* houſe,
And as he is, to witneſſe this is true.
Now iudge what courſe had *Titus* to reuenge
Theſe wrongs, vnſpeakeable paſt patience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what ſay you *Romaines*?
Haue we done ought amiſſe? ſhew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronicus*,
Will hand in hand all headlong caſt vs downe,
And on the ragged ſtones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall cloſure of our houſe:
Speake *Romaines* ſpeake, and if you ſay we ſhall,
Loe hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emili. Come come, thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour: for well I know,
The common voyce do cry it ſhall be ſo.

Mar. *Lucius*, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
Goe, goe into old *Titus* ſorrowfull houſe,
And hither hale that miſbelieuing *Moore*,
To be adiudg'd ſome direfull ſlaughtering death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouverneur,

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, giue me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-flaine face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the summe of these that I should pay
Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in showres: thy Grandfire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee asleepe, his Louing Brest, thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
In that respect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kinde Nature doth require it so:
Friends, should associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindnesse, and take leaue of him.

Boy. O Grandfire, Grandfire: euen with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did Liue againe.
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

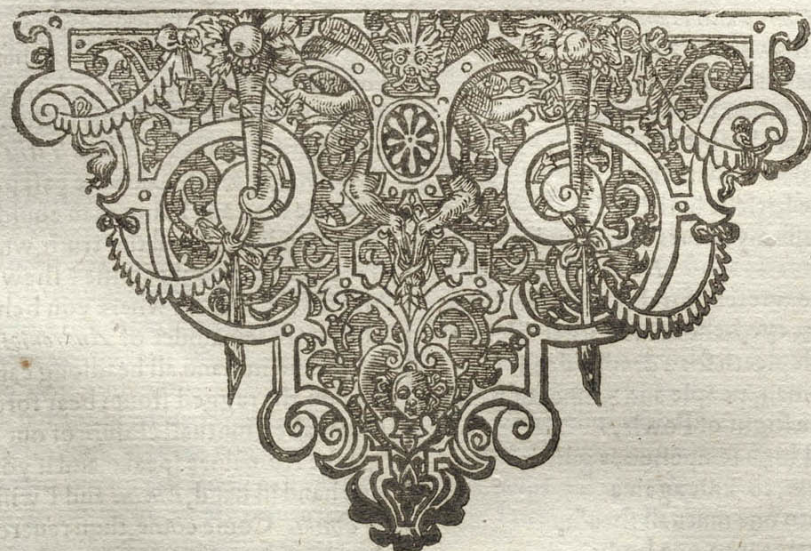
Romans. You sad *Andronicus*, haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath bene breeder of these dire euent.
Luc. Set him brest deepe in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and raue, and cry for foode:
If any one releues, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the earth.

Aron. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumb?
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the Evils I haue done.
Ten thousand worse, then euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.

Lucius. Some louing Friends conuey the Emphence,
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue.
My Father, and *Lavinia*, shall forthwith
Be closed in our Households Monument:

As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
But throw her forth to Beasts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beast-like, and deuoid of pittie,
And being so, shall haue like want of pittie.
See Iustice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning:
Then after wards, to Order well the State,
That like Euent, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IULIET.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory with Swords and Bucklers,
of the House of Capulet.*

Sampson.

Gregory: A my word wee'l not carry coales.
Greg. No, for then we should be Colliers.
Samp. I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw.
Greg. I, While you liue, draw your necke out
o'th Collar.

Samp. I strike quickly, being mou'd.
Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike.
Samp. A dog of the house of *Montague*, moues me.
Greg. To moue, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runst away.

Samp. A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Montagues*.
Greg. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weaker
goes to the wall.

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker
Vessels, are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push
Montagues men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to
the wall. (their men.)

Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs
Samp. 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when
I haue fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the
Maides, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the Maides?
Samp. I, the heads of the Maides, or their Maiden-heads,
Take it in what sence thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it sence, that feele it.
Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:
And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fish: If thou had'st, thou
had'st bene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of
the House of the *Montagues*.

Enter two other Seruingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out: quarrell, I wil back thee
Gre. How? Turne thy backe, and run,
Samp. Feare me not.

Gre. No marry: I feare thee.
Samp. Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin.
Gr. I wil frown as I passe by, & let the take it as they list

Samp. Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them,
which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs sir?
Samp. I do bite my Thumbe, sir.
Abra. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs, sir?
Samp. Is the Law of our side, if I say I? *Gre.* No.

Samp. No sir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you sir: but
I bite my Thumbe sir.

Greg. Do you quarrell sir? (as you
Abra. Quarrell sir? no sir.
Samp. If you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a man
Abra. No better? *Samp.* Well sir.

Enter Benuolio.

Gr. Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen,
Samp. Yes, better.
Abra. You Lye.

Samp. Draw if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy
washing blow. *They Fight.*
Ben. Part Fooles, put vp your Swords, you know not
what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tyb. What art thou drawne, among these heartlesse
Hindes? Turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.
Ben. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Montagues*, and thee:
Haue at thee Coward. *Fight.*

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Offi. Clubs, Bils, and Partisens, strike, beat them downe
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Montagues*.

Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.

Cap. What noise is this? Giue me my long Sword ho.
Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?
Cap. My Sword I say: Old *Montague* is come,
And flourishes his Blade in spight of me.

Enter old Montague, & his wife.

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*. Hold me not, let me go
2. *Wife.* Thou shalt not stir a foote to seeke a Foe.

Enter Prince Eskaler, with his Train.

Prince. Rebellious Subiects, Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-stained Steele,
Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage,
With purple Fountaines issuing from your Veines:
On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground,
And heare the Sentence of your moued Prince.
Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Montague*,
Haue thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made *Verona*'s ancient Citizens
Cast by their Graue befitting Ornaments,
To wield old Partisans, in hands as old,

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,
And *Montague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*

Moun. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began:

Ben. Heere were the seruants of your aduersarie,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He swung about his head, and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne.
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipfull Sun
Peerd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of *Sycamore*,
That West-ward rooteth from this City side:
So earely walking did I see your Sonne:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. May a morning bath be there beene scene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings dew,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone as the all-cheering Sonne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shady Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steales home my heauy Sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous must this humour proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many others Friends,
But he his owne affections counsellor,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
He know his greuance, or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow Cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new strooke nine.

Rom. Aye me, sad houres seeme long.

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadness lengthens *Romeo's* houres?

Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short.

Ben. In loue.

Romeo. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofe.

Rom. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will:

Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?

Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:

Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:

Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,

O any thing, of nothing first created:

O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,

Mithapen Chaos of wellseeing formes,

Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sickle health,

Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:

This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.

Doe'st thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.

Rom. Why such is loues transgression.

Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preat

With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne;

Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne,

Loue, is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,

Being vext, a Sea nourisht with louing teares,

What is it else? a madnesse, most discret,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet:

Farewell my Coze.

Ben. Soft I will goe along,

And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,

This is not *Romeo*, heere's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?

Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who.

Rom. A sickle man in sadnesse makes his will:

A word ill wr'd to one that is so ill.

In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I aynd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd.

Rom. A right good marke man, and shee's faire I loue

Ben. A right faire make, faire Coze, is soonest hit,

Rom. Well in that hit you misse, shee's not be hit

With Cupids arrow, she hath *Dians* wit;

And in strong proofe of chastity well arm'd:

From loues weake childish Bow, she liues vncharm'd.

Shee will not stay the siege of louing teares,

Nor bid th' encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor open her lap to Saint-seducing Gold:

O she is rich in beautie, ohely poore,

That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that spiring make huge wast?

For beauty steru'd with her feuerity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She

She is too faire, too wisew: fely too faire,
To merit blisse by making me dispaire:
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.

Ben. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,

Examine other beauties.

Ro. 'Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more,

These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,

Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:

He that is strooken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:

Show me a Mistresse that is passing faire,

What doth her beauty serue but as a note,

Where I may read who past that passing faire.

Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget,

Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Capu. *Montague* is bound as well as I,

In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,

For men so old as wee, to keepe the peace.

Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,

And pittie 'tis you liu'd at odds so long:

But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?

Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,

My Child is yet a stranger in the world,

Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,

Let two more Summers wither in their pride,

Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Par. Younger then shee, are happy mothers made.

Capu. And too soone mar'd are those so early made:

Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but shee,

Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:

But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart;

My will to her consent is but a part,

And shee agree, within her scope of choise,

Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:

This night I hold an old accus'd Feast,

Whereto I haue inuited many a Guest,

Such as I loue, and you among the store,

One more, most welcome makes my number more:

At my poore house, looke to behold this night,

Earth-treading starres, that make darke heauen light,

Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,

When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele

Of limping Winter treads, euen such delight

Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house: heare all, all see:

And like her most, whose merit most shall be:

Which one more view, of many, mine being one,

May stand in number, though in reckning none.

Come, goe with me: goe sirrah trudge about,

Through faire *Verona*, find those perions out,

Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay. *Exit.*

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Heere it

is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his

Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his

Penfill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to

find those perions whose names are writ, & can neuer find

what names the writing person hath here writ: (I must to

the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,

One paine is lein'd by anothers anguish:

Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desparate greefe, cures with anothers languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyson of the old will die.

Rom. Your Plantan lease is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:

Shut vp in prison, kept without my food,

Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,

Ser. Goddigoden, I pray sir can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke:

But I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom. If I know the Letters and the Language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: Countie An-
selme and his beautious sisters: the Lady widow of Utra-
mo, Seigneur Placentio, and his lonely Nieces: Mercutio and
his brother Valentine: mine vncle Capulet his wife and daugh-
ters: my faire Niece Rosaline, Liwia, Seigneur Valentio, & his
Cosen Tybalt: Lucio and the lovely Helena.

A faire assembly, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp.

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters.

Rom. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is

the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of

Montagues I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest

you merry. *Exit.*

Ben. At this same auncient Feast of *Capulet's* I

Supps the faire *Rosaline*, whom thou so lootes:

With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*,

Go thither and with vnattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall show:

And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.

Rom. When the deuout religion of mine eye

Maintaines such faithhood, then turne teares to fire,

And these who often drown'd could neuer die,

Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.

One fairer then my loue: the all-seeing Sun

Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire, none else being by,

Herselfe poyl'd with herselfe in either eye:

But in that Christall scales, let there be waid,

Your Ladies loue against some other Maid

That I will show you, shining at this Feast,

And she shall want shell, well, that now shewes best.

Rom. Ile goe along, no such sight to be showne,

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulet's Wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old

I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid,

Where's this Gille? what *Juliet*?

Enter Juliet.

Juliet. How now, who calls?

Nur. Your Mother.

Juliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter: Nurse giue leaue awhile, we

must

must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'lt heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age ynto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,

And yet to my teene be it spoken,

I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene.

How long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come *Lammas* Eue at night shall she be fourteene. *Susan* & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well *Susan* is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lammas* Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marrie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was wean'd I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Douchouse wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teache, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Douch-house, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th' roode she could haue runne, & wadled all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his soule, was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not *Iule*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch leste crying, & said I: to see now how a Iest shall come about. I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not *Iule* quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted, and said I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bume as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall't vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age: wilt thou not *Iule*? It stinted, and said I.

Iule. And stint thou too, I pray thee *Nurse*, say I.

Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurs'd, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame

I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,

How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iule. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. An houre, were not I thinke onely *Nurse*, I would say thou had'st suckt wisdom from thy teare.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you Heere in *Verona*, Ladies of esteeme, Are made already Mothers. By my count I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares That you are now a Maide, thus then in briebe: The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. *Verona*'s Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face, And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen: Examine euery feuerall liniament, And see how one another lends consent: And what obscur'd in this faire volumellies, Find written in the Margent of his eyes. This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer, To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer. The fish liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride For faire without, the faire within to hide: That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie, That in Gold clasps, Lockes in the Golden storie: So shall you share all that he doth possesse, By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iule. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue, But no more deepe will I endart mine eye, Then your consent giues strength to make flye.

Enter a Serving man.
Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the *Nurse* cur'd in the Pantery, and euery thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet*, the Countie staies.
Nurse. Goe Gyrle, seeke happy nights to happy daies.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with fine or fixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this spech be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie, Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood winkt with a skarfe, Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of slath, Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper. But let them measure vs by what they will. Weele measure them a Measure, and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling. Being but heauy I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.

Rom. Nor I beleue me, you haue dancing shooes With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead

So stikes me to the ground, I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupid*'s wings, And soare with them aboue a common bound.

Rom. I am too fore enpeared with his shaft, To soare with his light feathers, and to bound:

I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe, Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.

Hora. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue, Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough, Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue, Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe, Giue me a Case to put my visage in,

A Visor for a Visor, what care I What curious eye doth quote deformities: Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in, But euery man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart Tickle the fencelesse rushes with their heeles:

For I am prouerbd with a Grandser Phrase, Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,

The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

Mer. Tut.

Mer. Tut, duns the Moufe, the Constables owne word, If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire. Or saue your reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

Rom. Nay that's not so.

Mer. I meane sir I delay,

We wait our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day:

Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits

Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,

Ere 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why may one aske?

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true.

Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath bene with you:

She is the Fairies Midwife, & she comes in shape no bigger

then Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,

drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens noses as

they lie asleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs:

the Couer of the wings of Grasshoppers, her

Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coullers of the

Moonshines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone,

the Lash of Philome, her Waggoner, a small gray-coated

Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little Worme, prickt

from the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie

Halsclint, made by the Ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time

out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers: & in this flate she

gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then

they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on

Curries strait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreamt on

Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dreame, which

of the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their

breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gal-

lops ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he of smelling

out sinne: & sometime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tick-

ling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of

another Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore a Souldiers

necke, & then dreames he of cutting Potraine throats, of

Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healths fise

Padome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which

he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, sweares a

prayer or two & sleepes againe: this is that very Mab that

plats the manes of Horses in the night: & bakes the Elk-

locks in foule sluttish haire, which once vntangled, much

misfortune bodes,

This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,

That presses them, and learne them first to beare,

Making them women of good carriage:

This is she.

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,

Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talke of dreames:

Which are the children of an idle braine,

Begot of nothing, but vaine phantastie,

Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,

And more inconstant then the wind, who woos

Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:

And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,

Turning his side to the dew dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our selues,

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,

Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,

Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date With this nights reuels, and expire the tearme Of a despised life clod'd in my brest:

By some vile forfeit of vntimely death,

But he that hath the stirage of my course,

Direct my sute: on lustie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruing men come forth with their napkins.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Where's *Poipau*, that he helps not to take away? He shift a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?

1. When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens hands, and they vnwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the Ioyntstoole, remoue the Court-cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, saue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou louest me, let the Porter let in *Susan* *Grindstone*, and *Nell*, *Anthony* and *Poipau*.

2. I Boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, & sought for, in the great Chamber.

1. We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes, Be brisk awhile, and the longer luer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the Guests and Gentlemen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen,

Ladies that haue their toes

Vnplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:

Ah my Mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,

She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?

Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day

That I haue worne a Visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:

Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,

You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musicians play:

Musicke plaies: and the dance.

A Hall, Hall, giue roome, and foote it Girles,

More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp:

And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot,

Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:

Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capuler*,

For you and I are past our dauncing daies:

How long 'st now since last your selfe and I

Were in a Maske?

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.

1. *Capu.* What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,

'Tis since the Nuptiall of *Lucentio*,

Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,

Some fise and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder fir:

His Sonne is thirty.

3. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.

Rom. What Ladie is that which doth rich the hand

Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not fir.

Rom. O she doth teach the Torch to burne bright:

It seemes she hangs vpon the cheek of night,

As a rich Jewell in an Ethiops eare:

Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:

So shewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crows,

As yonder Lady ore her fellowes shewes;

The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,

And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did

Did my heart loue till now, forswear it sight,
For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice, should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the flauie
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To flere and scorne at our Solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why how now kinsman,
Wherefore storme you so?

Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our Solemnitie this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo* is it?

Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:

I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,

Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill befeeming semblance for a Feast.

Tib. It fies when such a Villaine is a guest,
He not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.

What Goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the Maister here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a Vntinie among the Guests:
You will fet cocke a hoope, youle be the man.

Tib. Why Vncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a sawcy Boy, 'ist so indeed?
This tricke may chance to scath you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well said my hearts, you are a Princex, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
He make you quiet, What, chearely my hearts.

Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*

Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.

Iul. Good Pilgrime,

You do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Iul. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer.

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.

Iul. Saints do not moue,

Though grant for prayers sake.

Rom. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

Iul. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd:
Giue me my sin againe.

Iul. You kisse by th' booke.

Nur. Madam your Mother craues a word with you.
Rom. What is her Mother?

Nur. Marrie Batcheler,

Her Mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wife, and Vertuous,
I Nur't her Daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O deare account! My life is my foes debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne so? why then I thanke you all.

I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
He to my rest.

Iul. Come hither Nurse,

What is yond Gentleman?

Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio*.

Iul. What's he that now is going out of doore?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.

Iul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?

Nur. I know not.

Iul. Go aske his name; if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.

Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely Sonne of your great Enemye.

Iul. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene, vnkowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
That I must loue a loathed Enemye.

Nur. What's this? what's this?

Iul. A rime, I learne euen now
Of one I dan't wishall.

Nur. Anon, anon:
Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and *Loues* againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And she steale *Loues* sweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue access
To breath such vowes as *Louers* vse to sweare,
And she as much in *Loue*, her meane much lesse,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But passion lends them Power, time, meane to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreame sweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

Merc. He is wise,

And on my life hath stolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay, he coniuere too.

Merc.

Merc. *Romeo*, Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one rime, and I am satisfied:

Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day,
Speake to my gossip *Venus* one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,

Young *Abraham Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger Maid,
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,

The Ape is dead, I must coniuere him,
I coniuere thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,

By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quivering thigh,
And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Merc. This cannot anger him, 't would anger him

To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it stand
Till he had laid it, and coniuert it downe,
That were some spight.

My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistis name,
I coniuere onely but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees

To be comforted with the Humorous night:

Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke.

Merc. If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,

Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,

And with his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,

As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,

O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were

An open, or thou a Poprin Pear,

Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,

This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,

Come shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here

That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*

Rom. He ieafts at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne.

Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,

Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,

That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:

Benot her Maid since she is enuious,

Her Vestall livery is but sicke and Greene,

And none but foolles do weare it, cast it off:

It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that she knew she were,

She speaks, yet she sayes nothing, what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it:

I am too bold 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest starres in all the Heauen,

Haueing some businesse do entreat her eyes,

To twinkle in their Spheres till they returne.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head,

The brightnesse of her checke would shame those starres,

As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,

Would through the ayrie Region streame so bright,

That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:

See how she leanes her cheek vpon her hand.

O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek.

Iul. Ayme.

Rom. She speaks.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art

As glorious to this night being ore my head,

As is a winged messenger of heauen.

Vnto the white vturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazic puffing Cloudes,
And sailes vpon the bosome of the ayre.

Iul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?

Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:

Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Loue,

And Ile no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

Iul. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:

Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,

What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,

Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name

Belonging to a man.

What? in a names that which we call a Rose,

By any other word would smell as sweete,

So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,

Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,

Without that title *Romeo*, doff thy name,

And for thy name which is no part of thee,

Take all my selfe.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:

Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,

Hence forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night

So stumblest on my counsell?

Rom. By a name,

I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my selfe,

Because it is an Enemy to thee,

Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iul. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words

Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.

Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.

Iul. How cam'st thou hither,

Tell me, and wherefore?

The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here,

Rom. With *Loues* light wings

Did I ore-perch these Walls,

For stony limits cannot hold *Loue* out,

And what *Loue* can do, that dares *Loue* attempt:

Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Iul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,

Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,

And I am prooffe against their enmity.

Iul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes

And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,

My life were better ended by their hate,

Then death proroged wanting of thy *Loue*.

Iul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By *Loue* that first did prompt me to enquire,

He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,

I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far

As that vast-shore-washer with the farthest Sea,

I should aduenture for such Marchandise.

Iul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,

Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheek,

For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,

Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie

What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,

Doest thou *Loue*? I know thou wilt say I,

And

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,
Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries
They say *Ioue* laugh, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost *Loue*, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maiest thinke my behaviour light,
But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then those that haue coting to be strange,
I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouerheard'st ere I was ware
My true *Loues* passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light *Loue*,
Which the darke night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
That tips with silver all these Fruite tree tops.
Jul. O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Least that thy *Loue* proue likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I sweare by?
Jul. Do not sweare at all:
O if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleue thee.

Rom. If my hearts deare *Ioue*.
Jul. Well do not sweare, although I loy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:
This bud of *Loue* by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beaurious Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leaue me so vnassisted?
Jul. What satisfaction can'st thou haue to night?
Rom. Th'exchange of thy *Loues* faithfull vow for mine.
Jul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'st request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Rom. Would'st thou withdrawst,
For what purpose *Loue*?
Jul. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,
My *Loue* as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are Infinite:
I heare some noyse within deare *Loue* adue:

Cal's within.
Anon good Nurse, sweete *Montague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.

Rom. O blessed blessed night, I am as fear'd
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweete to be substantiall.

Jul. Three words deare *Romeo*,
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of *Loue* be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

Within: Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee

(By and by I come)
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soule:
Jul. A thousand times goodnight,
Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Jul. *Loue* goes toward *Loue* as school-boys fro their books,
But *Loue* fro *Loue*, towards schoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Juliet againe.

Jul. Hift *Romeo* hift: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I tear the Caue where *Eccholi*,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my soule that calls vpon my name,
How siluer sweet, found Louers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.

Jul. *Romeo*,
Rom. My Neece,
Jul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the houre of nine.
Jul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,
Remembring how I *Loue* thy company.

Rom. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyues,
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Icalous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy Bird.
Jul. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.

Rom. Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.

Jul. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,
The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,
And darknesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghostly Fries close Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Enter Friar alone with a basket.

Fri. The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:
And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning wheeles:
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vpfill this Oser Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious Iuiced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying graue that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind

We

We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
Omnickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.
Nor ought to good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rind of this weake flower,
Poysen hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,
Being tasted slayes all fences with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,
In man as well as Hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.
Rom. Good morrow Father.
Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet salueth me?
Young Sonne, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;
Care keeps his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbrused youth with vnstuffed braine
Doth couch his lims, there golden sleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art vprousd with some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not bene in bed to night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin: wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly Father? No,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then?
Rom. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I haue bene feasting with mine enemies,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare *Loue* is set,
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. Francis, what a change is heere?
Is *Rosaline* that thou did'st *Loue* so deare
So soone forsaken? young mens *Loue* then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath wast thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water throwne away in wast,
To season *Loue* that of it doth not tast.
The Sun not yet thy fighes, from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheek the staine doth sit,

Of an old teare that is not wast off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury *Loue*.

Fri. Not in a graue,

To lay one in, another out to haue.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I *Loue* now
Doth grace for grace, and *Loue* for *Loue* allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. O she knew well,

Thy *Loue* did read by rote, that could not spell:

But come young wauerer, come goe with me,

In one respect, Ile thy assistant be:

For this alliance may so happy proue,

To turne your houshold rancor to pure *Loue*.

Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden haft.

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deu le should this *Romeo* be? came he
not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that *Rosaline*
worments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tis she, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter
to his Fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answere a Letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answere the Letters Maister how he
dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead slab'd with
a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with
a *Loue* song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the
blind Bowe-boys but-shaft, and is he a man to encounter
Tybalt?

Ben. Why what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragi-
ous Captaine of Compliments: he fights as you sing
prick-song; keeps time, distance, and proportion; he rests
his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the ve-
ry butcher of a silk button, a Duellist, a Duellist; a Gentleman
of the very first house of the first and second cause: sh the
immortall Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lipping affecting phan-
tacies, these new tuners of accent: Iesu a very good blade,
a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a la-
mentable thing Grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted
with these strange flies: these fashion Mongers, these par-
don-mee's, who stand so much on the new form, that they
cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their
bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flesh,
flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers
that *Petrarch* flow'd in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchen
wench, marrie she had a better *Loue* to beime her: *Dido*
a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings
and Harlots: *Thisbe* a gray eie or so, but not to the purpose.
Signior *Romeo*, *Bon iour*, there's a French salutation to your
ff

French

French fop: you gaue vs the the counterfeit fairely last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Rom. Pardon Mercutio, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curfie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flow'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, sole-singular.

Rom. O single sol'd ieast,

Soly singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come betweene vs good Benuolio, my wits faints.

Rom. Swits and spurs,

Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fide. Was I with you there for the Goose?

Rom. Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that iest.

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeting.

It is a most sharpe sawce.

Rom. And is it not well seru'd into a Sweet-Goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proues thee farre and wide, abroad Goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this dricueling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the

Ben. Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large. (haire.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.

A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. Peter?

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fah Peter?

Mer. Good Peter to hide her face?

For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the

Dyall is now upon the prick of Noone.

Nur. Out vpon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,

That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar quotha: Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find the young Romeo?

Romeo. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worle.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst well,

Very well rooke: I faith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he sir,

I desire some confidence with you?

Ben. She will endite him to some Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No Hare sir, vnlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent,

Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thither.

Nur. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auuncient Lady:

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.

Nur. I pray you sir, what sawcie Merchant was this that was so full of his roperie?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Month.

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, & a were lustier then he is, and twentie such Jacks; and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall: scurvie knaue, I am none of his flurt-gills, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vie me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly haue bene out. I warrant you, I dare draw as soone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quiuers, skurvy knaue: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a foolies paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behauiour, as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nur. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord she will be a toyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou dost not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (afternoone,

Rom. Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shifit this And there she shall at Frier Lawrence Cell

Beshriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly sir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I say you shall.

Nurse

Nur. This afternoone sir? well she shall be there.

Rom. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,

Within this houre my man shall be with thee,

And bring thee Cords made like a rackled faire,

Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,

Must be my conuoy in the secret night.

Farewell, be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:

Farewell, commend me to thy Mistresse.

Nur. Now God in heauen blesse thee: harke you sir,

Rom. What faist thou my deare Nurse?

Nur. Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two

may keepe counsell putting one away.

Rom. Warrant thee my man as true as Steele.

Nur. We'll sit, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord,

Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a No-

ble man in Towne one Paris, that would faine lay knife a-

board: but the good soule had as leue a fee Toade, a very

Paris is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I say

so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the verfall world.

Doth not Rosemarie and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an R

Nur. A mocker that's the dogsname. R. is for the no,

I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the

prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemarie, that it

would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times, Peter?

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. Exit Nurse and Peter.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse,

In halfe an houre she promised to returne,

Perchance she cannot meete him: that's not so:

Oh she is lame, Loues hieraid should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,

Driving backe shadowes ouer lowering hills:

Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doves draw Loue,

And therefore hatch the wind-swift Cupid wings:

Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill

Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,

I three long houres, yet she is not come.

Had she affection and warme youthfull blood,

She would be as swift in motion as a ball,

My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,

And his to me, but old folkes,

Many fainea as they were dead,

Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead, and me I

O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?

Has thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. Peter stay at the gate.

Jul. Now good sweet Nurse?

O Lord, why lookest thou sad? I am out of breath.

Though newes be sad, yet tell them merrily.

If good thou shalt the musicke of sweet newes,

By playing it to me, with so sower a face, as my woman

Nur. I am a weaty, giue me leaue awhile, I am new

Fie how my bones ache, what a iaint haue I had?

Jul. I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes:

Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

Nur. Iesu what hast thou not stay a while?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth

To say to me, that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy newes good or bad? answer to that,

Say either, and Ile stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, ift good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know

not how to chuse a man: Romeo, no not he though his face

be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and

for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to

be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower

of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy

waies wench, serue God, What haue you din'd at home?

Jul. No no: but all this this did I know before

What saies he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?

It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.

My backe a tother side to my backe, my backe:

Beshrew your heart for sending me about

To catch my death with iauing vp and downe.

Jul. I faith: I am forie that that thou art so well,

Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Loue?

Nur. Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Jul. Where is my Mother?

Why she is within, where should she be?

How odly thou replist!

Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman:

Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,

Are you so hot? marrie come vp I trow,

Is this the Poultris for my aking bones?

Henceforward do your messages your selfe,

Jul. Heere's such a coile, come what saies Romeo?

Nur. Have you got leaue to go to shifitto day?

Jul. I haue.

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier Lawrence Cell,

There stiaies a Husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,

Their be in Scarlet straight at any newes:

Hie you to Church, I must an other way,

To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue

Must clinde a birds nest Soone when it is darke:

I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:

But you shall beare the burthen soone at night,

Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Jul. Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell. Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,

That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,

It cannot counteruail the exchange of ioy

That one short minute giues me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then Loue-denouring death do what he dare,

It is enough, I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes;

And in their triumph die like fire and powder;

Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey

Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,

And in the taste confounds the appetite.

Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth so,

Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot

Will nere weare out the euerslasing flint,

A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee Daughter for vs both.

Jul. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.

Fri. Ah *Juliet*, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receiue in either, by this deere encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to such such excess,
I cannot sum vp some of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we shal not scape a brawle, for now these
hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when he
enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vpon
the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Draw-
er, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood,
as any in *Italy*: and as soon moued to be moodie, and as
soone moodie to be mou'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should haue
none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou
wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire
lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a
man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but be-
cause thou hast hassell eyes: what eye, but such an eye,
would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is as full of quar-
rels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin
beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou hast quar-
rel'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath
wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleepe in the Sun. Didst
thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doub-
let before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes
with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quar-
relling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrell as thou art, any man
should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a
quarter.

Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs couple it with
something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt inough to that fir, and you
will giue me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without
giuing?

Tyb. *Mercutio* thou comfort'st with *Romeo*.

Mer. Comfort? what dost thou make vs Minstrels? &
thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but dis-
cords: there's my fiddlestick, heere's that shall make you
daunce. Come consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your greiuances:
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no mans pleasure.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well peace be with you fir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hang'd fir if he weare your Livery:
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense, may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can afford
No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine.

Rom. *Tybalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the apertaining rage
To such a greeting: Villaine am I none;
Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

Rom. I do protest I neuer iniur'd thee,
But lou'd thee better then thou can'st deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearly as my owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stuccho carries it away.

Tybalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tyb. What woulds thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall
vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you
pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make
hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come fir, your Passado.

Rom. Draw *Benvolio*, beat downe their weapons:

Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,

Tybalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expressely hath

Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streetes.

Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both the Houses, I am sped:

Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,

Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No: 'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a

Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill serue: aske for me to

morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am pepper'd

I warrant for this world: a plague a both your houses.

What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to

death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the

booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you be-
tweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benvolio*,

Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houses.

They haue made wormes meat of me,

I haue it, and soundly to your Houses.

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere *Alley*,

My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt

In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd

With *Tybalt*'s slander, *Tybalt* that an houre

Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet *Juliet*,

Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,

And in my temper softned Valours Steele.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio*'s is dead,

That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,

Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend,

This but begins, the wo others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* backe againe.

Rom. He gon in triumph, and *Mercutio* laine?

Away to heauen respectiue Lenitie,

And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.

Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe

That lace thou gau'st me, for *Mercutio*'s soule

Is but a little waye about our heads,

Staying for thine to keepe him companie:

Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

Tyb. Thou wretched Boy that didst comfort him here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falls.

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone:

The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* laine,

Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death

If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am Fortunes foole.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?

Tybalt that Murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Citi. Vp fir go with me:

Icharge thee in the Princes names obey.

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their

Wives and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all

The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:

There lies the man laine by young *Romeo*,

That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*.

Cap. Wi. *Tybalt*, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,

O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild

Of my deare kinsman. Prince as thou art true,

For blood of ours, shed blood of *Montague*.

O Cozin, Cozin,

Prin. *Benvolio*, who began this Fray?

Ben. *Tybalt* here laine, whom *Romeo*'s hand did slay,

Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke

How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall

Your high displeasure: all this vitered,

With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd

Could not take truce with the vnruely spleene

Of *Tybalt*: deafe to peace, but that he Tilts

With Peircing Steele at bold *Mercutio*'s breast,

Who all as hot, turne deadly point to point,

And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates

Cold death aside, and with the other sends

It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity

Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,

Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tongue,

His aged arme, beats downe their fatall points,

And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,

An enuious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life,

Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled,

But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,

Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,

And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I can

Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* laine:

And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie:

This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

Cap. Wi. He is a kinsman to the *Montague*,

Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:

Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,

And all those twenty could but kill one life:

I beg for Iustice, which thou Prince must giue:

Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not liue.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,

Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.

Cap. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutio*'s Friend,

His fault concludes, but what the law should end,

The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,

Immediately we doe exile him hence:

I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding:

My blood for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.

But Ile Amerce you with so strong a fine,

That you shall all repent the losse of mine.

It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,

Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.

Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,

Else when he is found, that houre is his last:

Bear hence this body, and attend our will:

Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exit.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds,

Towards *Phaebus* lodging, such a Waggoner

As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,

And bring in Cloudie night immediately,

Spred thy close Curtaine Loue-performing night,

That run-awayes eyes may winke, and *Romeo*

Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,

Louers can see to doe their Amorous rites,

And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind,

It best agrees with night: come ciuill night,

Thou sober suted Matron all in blacke,

And learne me how to loose a winning march,

Plaid for a paire of stainlesse Maidenhoods,

Hood my voman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,

With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Loue grow bold,

Thinke true Loue acted simple modestie:

Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,

For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night

Whiter then new Snow vpon a Raues backe:

Come gentle night, come louing blackebrow'd night,

Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,

Take him and cut him out in little starres,

And he will make the Face of heauen so fine,

That all the world will be in Loue with night,

And pay no worship to the Garish Sun,

O I haue bought the Mansion of a Loue,

But not possesst it, and though I am sold,

Not yet enioy'd, so tedious is this day,

As is the night before some Festiual,

ff 3

To

To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them, O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes and euery tongue that speaks
But *Romeo's* name, speaks heavenly eloquence:

Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, the Cords.

Jul. Ay me, what newes?

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nur. A welady, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.

Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, hee's dead.

Jul. Can heauen be so enuious?

Nur. *Romeo* can,

Though heauen cannot, O *Romeo, Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*.

Jul. What diuill art thou,

That dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismall hell,
Hath *Romeo* slaine himselfe? say thou but I,

And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,

I am not I, if there be such an I.

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answer I:
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.

Briefe, sounds, determine of my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,

A piteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse:
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaw'd in blood,

All in gore blood, I sounded at the sight.

Jul. O breake my heart,

Poore Banckrout breake at once,
To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* presse on heauie beere.

Nur. O *Tybalts*, *Tybalts*, the best Friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalts* honest Gentleman,

That euer I should lue to see thee dead.

Jul. What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is *Romeo* slaunder'd? and is *Tybalts* dead?

My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,

For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

Nur. *Tybalts* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kil'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!

Did *Romeo's* hand shed *Tybalts* blood
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O Serpent heart, bid with a flowring face.

Jul. Did euer Dragon keepe so faire a Caue?
Beautiful Tyrant, send Angelicall:

Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauens,
Woluisht-rauening Lambe,

Dispers'd substance of Diuinest show:
Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,

A dimme Saint, an Honourable Villaine:
O Nature! what had'st thou to doe in hell,

When thou did'st bowre the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous Pallace.

Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All perjur'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,

Ah where's my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old.

Shame come to *Romeo*.

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:

Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd

Sole Monarch of the vniuersall earth:
O what a beast was I to chide him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,
That kil'd your Cozen?

Jul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine did'st thou kill my Cozin?

That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my husband:
Backe foolish teares, backe to your natie spring,

Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy:

My husband liues that *Tybalts* would haue slaine,
And *Tybalts* dead that would haue slaine my husband:

All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
Some words there were worse then *Tybalts* death

That murdered me, I would forget it feine,
But oh, it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,
Tybalts is dead and *Romeo* banished:

That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalts* death

Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why followed not when she said *Tybalts* dead,

Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd,

But which a nere-ward following *Tybalts* death
Romeo is banished to speake that word,

Is Father, Mother, *Tybalts*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All slaine, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound,

Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?
Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybalts* Coarse,

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shal be spent
When theirs are drie for *Romeo's* banishment.

Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:

He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.

Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Jul. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

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What is the Princes Doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare Sonne with such sowe Company:

I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.

Rom. What lesse then Doomesday,
Is the Princes Doome?

Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,

Much more then death do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe:

Hence banished, is banisht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,

Is death, misteare'd, calling death banished,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,

And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, O rude vnthankfulnesse!
Thy fate our Law calles death, but the kind Prince

Taking thy part, hath rusted aside the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.

This is deare mercy, and thou fcest it not.

Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here
Where *Juliet* liues, and euery Cat and Dog,

And little Moufe, euery vnworthy thing
Lue here in Heauen and may looke on her,

But *Romeo* may not. More Validitie,
More Honourable state, more Courtship liues

In carrion Flies, then *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare *Juliet's* hand,

And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vefall modestie

Still blusht, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,

And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished.

Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,

But banished to kill me? Banished?
O Frier, the damned vsf that word in hell:

Howlings attends it, how hast thou the hart
Being a Druiue, a Ghostly Confessor,

A Sin-Absoluer, and my Friend profest:
To mangle me with that word, banished?

Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me speake.

Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

Fri. Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie:
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Juliet*,

Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes Doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fri. O then I see, that Mad men haue no cares.

Rom. How should they,
When wifemen haue no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,

Rom. Thou can'st not speake of that I do not feele,

Wert thou as young as *Juliet* my Loue:
An houre but married, *Tybalts* murdered,

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

Enter Nurse, and knockes.

Frier. Arise one knockes,
Good *Romeo* hide thy selfe.

Rom. Not I,
Vnlesse the breath of Harticke groanes

Mist-like infold me from the searh of eyes.

Fri. Harke how they knocke:
(Who's there) *Romeo* arise,

Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp:

Run to my study, by and by, Gods will
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.

Who knocks so hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in,
And you shall know my errand:

I come from Lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's *Romeo*?

Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.

Nur. O he is euen in my Mistresse case,
Iust in her case, O wofull sympathy:

Pititious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,

Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For *Juliet's* sake, for her sake rise and stand:

Why should you fall into so deepe an O.

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.

Rom. Speakest thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?

Doth not she thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I haue stain'd the Childhood of our ioy,

With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes

My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue?

Nur. Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts vp,

And *Tybalts* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.

Rom. As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names curf'd hand

Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie

Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
The hateful Mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:

Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The vnreasonable Furie of a beast.

Vnseemely woman, in a seeming man,
And ill befeeming beast in seeming both,

Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

Hast thou slaine *Tybalts*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,

By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?

Since

Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like a Viceroy abounds in all;
And v'st none in that true v'st indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,
Digressing from the Valour of a man,
Thy deare Loue sworne but hollow perjurie,
Killing that Loue which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Loue,
Mishapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless Souldiers flaske,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowse thee man, thy *Juliet* is aliue,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy, *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tybalt*, there art thou happy.
The law that threatned death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe or blessing light vpon thy backe,
Happinesse Courts thee in her best array,
But like a mishapen and sullen wench,
Thou putt'st vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt liue till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is coming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all night,
To heare good counsell: oh what learning is!
My Lord, he tell my Lady you will come.
Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.
Nur. Heere fir, a Ring she bid me giue you fir:
Hee you, make hast, for it growes very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reui'd by this.

Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight, and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*, he find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.
Rom. But that a ioy past ioy, calls out on me,
It were a griefe, to brieue to part with thee:
Farewell.

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue fallne out fir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:
Looke you, she Lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to die:
'Tis very late, she's not come downe to night:
I promise you, but for your company,

I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. These times of wo, afford no times to woo:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow.
To night, she is mew'd vp to her heauinesse.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my Childes loue: I thinke she will be rul'd
In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne *Paris* Loue,
And bid her, marke you me, on Wendsday next,
But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha ha; well, Wendsday is too soone,
A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this hast?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For harke you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord,

I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber ho,
Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by.
Goodnight.

Enter *Romeo* and *Juliet* aloft.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the searcfull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark the Herald of the Morn:
No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious streakes
Do lace the feuring Cloudes in yonder East:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and locond day
Stands tipto on the mistie Mountaines tops,
I must be gone and liue, or stay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.

Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone,
Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.

He say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cymbria* brow.
Nor that is not Lark whose noates do beate

The vaulty heauen so high about our heads,
I haue more care to stay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it so.

How ift my soule, lets talke, it is not day:
Jul. It is, it is, hee hence be gone away:

It is the Lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharps.
Some say the Lark makes sweete Diuision;
This doth not so: for she diuiderh vs.
Some say, the Lark and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

Since

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt (vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and itl ght growes.
Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter *Madam* and *Nurse*.

Nur. Madam.

Jul. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend.

Jul. Art thou gone for Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewell:

I will omit no opportunity,

That may conuey my greetings Loue, o thee.

Jul. O thinkest thou we shall euer meet againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweete discourses in our time to come.

Juliet. O God! I haue an ill Diuining soule,
Me thinks I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottom of a Tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you:
Drie sorrow drinks our blood. Adue, adue.

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Jul. Who ist that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?

What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Lad. Why how now *Juliet*?

Jul. Madam I am not well.

Lad. Euer more weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of Loue,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

Lad. So shall you feeble losse, but not the Friend:
Which you weepe for.

Jul. Feeling so the losse, I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend:
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend.

La. Well, Girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That same Villaine *Romeo*.

Jul. Villaine and he, be many Miles asunder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart:

And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.
Lad. That is because the Traitor liues.

Jul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,

Where that same banisht Run-agate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soone keepe *Tybalt* company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.

Jul. And ioy comes well, in such a needie time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?

Mo. Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child:
One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,
Hath sort'd out a sudden day of ioy,

That thou expect'st not, nor I look't not for.

Jul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?

Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint Peters Church,

Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.

Jul. Now by Saint Peters Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride:

I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woo:

I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate:

Rather then *Paris*. These are newes indeed.

Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter *Capulet* and *Nurse*.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle daew
But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,
It raines downright.

How now? A Conduit Gyrle, what still in teares?

Euer more showing in one little body?

Thou counterfeit'st a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is

Sayling in this salt flood, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,

Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wifer?

Haue you deliuered to her our decree?

Lady. I fir;
But she will none, she giues you thanks;

I would the foole were married to her graue.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wifer;
How, will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought

So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegrome?

Jul. Not proud you haue;

But thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I haue;

But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue:
Cap. How now?

How now? Chopt Logieke? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not;

Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine ioints 'gainst Thursday next,

To

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene sicknelle carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Jul. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.

Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.

My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought vs blest,

That God had lent vs but this onely Child,

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we haue a curse in hauing her:

Out on her Hilding.

Nur. God in heauen blesse her,

You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wisdom hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip, go.

Nur. I speake no treason,

Father, O God! Goden,

May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you numbling foole,

Vtter your grauitie ore a Gossips bowles

For here we need it not.

La. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:

Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,

Alone in companie, still my care hath bin

To haue her match, and hauing now prouided

A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,

Offaire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,

Stuft as they say with Honourable parts,

Proportion'd as ones thought would with a man,

And then to haue a wretched puling foole,

A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,

To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue:

I am too young, I pray you pardon me,

But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.

Graze where you will, you shall not heuse with me:

Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not yle to iest.

Thursday is nere, lay hand on heart, aduise,

And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend:

And you be not, hang, beg, starue, die in the streets,

For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good.

Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne.

Jul. Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes,

That sees into the bottome of my griefe?

O sweet my Mother, canst thou not a way,

Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,

Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed

In that dim Monument where *Tybalts* lies,

Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Jul. O God!

O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?

My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,

How shall that faith reuenge against earth?

Volshe that Husband send from heauen,

By leauing earth? Comfort me, counsaile me,

Hlacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagems

Vpon so soft a subject as my selfe.

What shall I thinke of this? O word of foy!

Some comfort Nurse.

Nur. I thinke I shall not stay with you to night.

Jul. The

Nur. Faith here it is,

Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,

That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:

Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then since the case so stands as now it doth,

I thinke it best you married with the Countie,

O he's a Louely Gentleman:

Romeo a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam

Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye

As *Paris* hath, beshrow my very heart,

I thinke you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first: or if it did not,

Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,

As liuing here and you no vse of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too,

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nur. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me maru'ous much,

Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,

Hauing displeas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,

To make confession, and to be absol'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done,

Jul. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!

It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne,

Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with about compare,

So many thousand times? Go Countellor,

Thou and my bosom chenchforth shall be twaine,

Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,

If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Enter Frier and Countie *Paris*.

Fri. On Thursday first the time is very short.

Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,

And I am nothing slow to slack his haist.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies mind?

Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,

And therefore haue I little talke of Loue,

For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.

Now sir, her Father counsils it dangerous

That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway:

And in his wisdom, haists our marriage,

To stop the inundation of her teares,

Which too much minded by her selfe alone,

May be put from her by societie.

Now doe you know the reason of this haist?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Looke sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter *Juliet*.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

Jul. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

Jul. To answere that, I should confesse to you.

Par. Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.

Jul. I will confesse to you that I Loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you Loue me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Benig spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.

Jul. The

Jul. The teares haue got small victorie by that:
For it was bad enough before their spight.

Pa. Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.

Jul. That is no slander sir, which is a truth,

And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fri. My leisure serues me peniue daughter now.

My Lord you must intreat the time alone.

Par. Godsheild: I should disturbe Deuotion,

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rowle yee,

Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. Exit *Paris*.

Jul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,

Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I haue a know thy grieie,

It steames me past the compass of my wits:

I heare thou must and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Jul. Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,

Vnlesse thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If in thy wisdom, thou canst giue me helpe,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with his knife, Ile helpe it presently.

God ioynd my heart, and *Romeo*, thou our hands,

And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* seal'd:

Shall be the Labell to another Deede,

Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,

Turne to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore out of thy long experient time,

Giue me some present counsell, or behold

Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife

Shall play the vmpere, arbitrating that,

Which the commission of thy yeares and art,

Could to no issue of true honour bring:

Be not so long to speake, I long to die.

If what thou speakest, speake not of remedie.

Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spee a kind of hope,

Which craues as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

Whether then to marrie Countie *Paris*

Thou hast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,

Then is it likely thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That coap't with death himselfe, to scape fro it:

And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie.

Jul. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paris*,

From the Battlements of any Tower,

Or walke in the tenth waies, or bid me lurke

Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares

Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,

Orecovered quite with dead mens rattling bones,

With reekie shankes and yellow chappels skulls:

Or bid me go into a new made graue,

And hide me with a dead man in his graue,

Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,

And I will doe it without feare or doubt,

To line an vntained wife to my sweeter Loue.

Fri. Hold then: goe home be merrie, giue consent,

To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,

To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,

Let nor thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:

Take thou this Violl being then in bed,

And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,

When presently through all thy veines shall run,

A cold and drowfie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his native progresse, but force cease:
No warmth, no breath shall tell thee thou liuest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To many albes, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he shut vp the day of life:
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best Robes vncouer'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of seare.

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:

In this resolute, Ile send a Frier with speed

To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.

Jul. Loue giue me strength,

And strength shall helpe afford:

Farewell deare father.

Exit

Enter Father *Capulet*, Mother, Nurse, and
Serving men, two or three.

Cap. So many guests inuite as here are writ,

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.

Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can
licke their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou trie them so?

Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his
owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers
goes not with me.

Cap. Go be gone, we shall be much vn furnisht for this
time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?

Nur. I forsooth.

Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfe-wild harlotry it is.

Enter *Juliet*.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift
With merrie looke.

Cap. How now my headstrong,

Where haue you bin gadding?

Jul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin

Of disobedient opposition:

To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd

By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,

To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,

Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,

Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,

And gaue him what becomed Loue I might,

Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,

This

This is as't should be, let me see the County:
I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither.

Now afore God, this reueren'd holy Frier,
All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse will you goe with me into my Closet,
To helpe me fort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Mo. No not till Thursday, there's time inough.

Fa. Go Nurse, go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.

Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
'Tis now neere night.

Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
He not to bed to night, let me alone:
He play the hufwife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare him vp
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many Orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou know'st, is crosse and full of sin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho'need you my help?

Jul. No Madam, we haue cul'd such necessities
As are behoouefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone:
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure, you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.

Mo. Goodnight.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt.

Jul. Farewell:

God knowes when we shall meete againe.

I haue a faine cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of fire:
He call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should she do here?

My dismall Sceane, I needs must act alone:

Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?

Shall I be married then to morrow morning?

No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,

What if it be a poyson which the Frier

Subtly hath ministred to haue me dead,

Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to *Romeo*?

I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,

For he hath still bene tried a holy man.

How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,

I wake before the time that *Romeo*

Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:

Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?

To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,

And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.

Or if I liue, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Ancestors are packt,

Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but greene in earth,

Lies festring in his throw'd, where as they say,

At some houres in the night, Spirits resort:

Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,

That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad,

O if I walke, shall I not be distraught,

Inuironed with all these hidious feares,

And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?

And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his throw'd?

And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,

As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines.

O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,

Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body

Vpon my Rapiers point: stay *Tybalt*, stay;

Romeo, *Romeo*, *Romeo*, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,

Take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse.

Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir,

The second Cocke hath Crow'd,

The Curfew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:

Looke to the bakte meates; good *Angelica*,

Spare not for cost.

Nur. Go you Cot-quene, go,

Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow

For this nights watching.

Cap. No not a whit: what? I haue watcht ere now

All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke.

La. I you haue bin a Mouse-hunt in your time,

But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A icalous hood, a icalous hood,

Now fellow, what there?

Enter three or foure with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make hast, make hast, sirrah, fetch drier Logs.

Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,

And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. Masse and well said, a merrie horsen, ha,

Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.

Play Musick.

The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,

For so he said he would, I heare him neere,

Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her vp,

He go and chat with *Paris*: hee, make hast,

Make hast, the Bridegroome, he is come already:

Make hast I say.

Nur. Mistis, what Mistis? *Juliet*? Fast I warrant her shee,

Why Lambe, why Lady? sic you sluggabed,

Why Loue I say? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride?

What not a word? You take your peniworths now.

Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant

The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,

That you shall rest but little, God forgie me:

Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe?

I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,

I let the Countie take you in your bed,

Heele fright you vp yiaith. Will it not be?

What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?

I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?

Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,

Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,

Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Mo. What noise is heere? *Enter Mother.*

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day.

Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:

Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shee's dead; decaist, shee's dead; alacke the day.

M. Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.

Fa. Ha? Let me see her: out alas shee's cold,

Her blood is feele and her ioynts are stiffe:

Life and these lips haue long bene sep'rated:

Death lies on her like an vniuely frost

Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O Lamentable day!

Mo. O wofull time.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waille,

Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier, and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.

O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,

Hath death laine with thy wife: there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowred by him.

Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,

My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,

And leaue him all life liuing, all is death.

Pa. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,

And doth it giue me such a sight as this?

Mo. Accur'd synne, wretched hateful day,

Most miserable houre, that ere time saw

In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage.

But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child,

But one thing to reioyce and solace in,

And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,

Most lamentable day, most wofull day,

That euer euer, I did yet behold.

O day, O day, O day, O hateful day,

Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this:

O wofull day, O wofull day.

Pa. Beguil'd, diuorced, wronged, spighted, laine,

Most detestable death by thee beguil'd,

By cruell, cruell thee quite ouerthrowne:

O loue, O life, not life, but loue in death.

Fa. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martir'd, kill'd,

Vncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now?

To murther, murther our solemnitie?

O Child, O Child, my soule, and not my Child,

Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,

And with my Child, my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace be for shame, confusions: Care liues not

In these confusions, heauen and your selfe

Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,

And all the better is it for the Maid

Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,

But heauen keeps his part in eternall life:

The most you sought was her promotion,

For 'twas your heauen, she shouldst be aduanc't

And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanc't

Above the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe?

O in this loue, you loue your Child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

Shee's not well married, that liues married long,

But shee's best married, that dies married yong.

Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie

On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,

And in her best array beare her to Church:

For though some Nature bids all vs lament,

Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordain'd Festiually,

Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:

Our instruments to melancholy Bells,

Our wedding cheare, to a sad buriall Feast:

Our solemne Hymnes, to sullen Dyrges change:

Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:

And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam, go with him,

And go sir *Paris*, every one prepare

To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:

The heauens do lowre vpon you, for some ill:

Moue them no more, by crossing their high will.

Exeunt.

Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone,

Nur. Honest goodfellowes: Ah put vp, put vp,

For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

Mu. I by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musitions, oh Musitions,

Hearts ease, hearts ease,

O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease.

Mu. Why hearts ease;

Pet. O Musitions,

Because my heart is selfe plaies, my heart is full,

Mu. Nor a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mu. No.

Pet. I will then giue it you soundly.

Mu. What will you giue vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will giue you the Minsitrell.

Mu. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the seruing Creatures Dagger

on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, He-Re you, He-*Pa*

you, do you note me?

Mu. And you Re vs, and *Fa* vs, you Note vs.

M. Pray you put vp your Dagger,

And put out your wit.

Then haue at you with my wit.

Pet. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,

And put vp my yron Dagger.

Answer me like men:

When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Mu-

sicke with her siliuer sound.

Why siliuer sound? why Musicke with her siliuer sound?

what say you *Simon Carling*?

Mu. Mary sir, because siliuer hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pratest, what say you *Hugh Rebicke*?

M. I say siliuer sound, because Musitions sound for sil-

Pet. Pratest to, what say you *James Sound-Post*? (uer

Mu. Faith I know not what to say.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.

I will say for you; it is Musicke with her siliuer sound.

Because Musicians haue no gold for founding:
Then Musicke with her siluer sound, with speedy helpe
doth lend redresse.

Ma. What a pestilent knaue is this same?

M. Hang him lacke, come wee in here, tarrie for
the Mourners, and stay dinner.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames preface some ioyfull newes at hand:
My bosome L. sits lightly in his throne:
And all thisan day an vccustom'd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreame my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe posselt,
When but lous shadows are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from Verona, how now *Balthazar*?
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Juliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleepest in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortal part with Angels liue,
I saw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
And presently tooke Poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.

Rom. Is it euen so?

Then I denie you Starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Post-Horses, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beseech you sir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do,
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. Mo matter: Get thee gone,
And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Let's see for meanes: O mischief thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I do remember an Apothecarie,
And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a Tortoyrs hung,
An Allegator stuf, and other skins
Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelves,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scatter'd, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is perfit death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho? Apothecarie?

Enter Apothecarie.

App. Who call's so low'd?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hasty powder fier'd
Doth hurly from the fatall Canons wombe.

App. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantua* law
Is death to any he, that vtters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and opression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggerly hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.

Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.

App. My pouerty, but not my will consents.

Rom. I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will.

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worse poyson to mens foules,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not sell.
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall, and not poyson, go with me
To *Juliers* graue, for there must I lie thee.

Enter Frier John to Frier Lawrence.

John. Holy Franciscan Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This same should be the voice of Frier *John*.
Welcome from *Mantua*, what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

John. I could not send it, here it is againe,

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *John* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell.

John. Brother Ile go and bring it thee.

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Juliet* wake,
Shce will bestrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,

Exit.

And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,

Exit.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Giue me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone

Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure.

Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed strew:

O woe, thy Canopie is dust and stones,

Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,

Or wanting that, with teares desild by mones;

The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,

Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue, and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,

What curst foot wanders this wayes to night,

To crosse my obsequies, and true loues right?

What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom. Giue me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is partly to behold my Ladies face:

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must vse,

In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou ialous dost returge to prie

In what I further shall intend to do,

By heauen I will teare thee toynt by toynt,

And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:

The time, and my intents are sauage wilde:

More fierce and more inexorable farre,

Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you

Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,

Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this same, Ile hide me here about,

His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou wombe of death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:

Thus I enforce thy rotten lawes to open,

And in despight, Ile cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banisht haughtie *Montague*,

That murder'd my Loues Cozin; with which griefe,

It is supposed the faire Creature died,

And here is come to do some villanous shame

To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

Stop thy vnhalloved toyle, vile *Montague*:

Can vengeance be pursued further then death?

Condemnd vallaine, I do apprehend thee,

Obeay and go with me, for thou must die,

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,

Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon those gone,

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,

Put not an other sin vpon my head,

By vrging me to furie. O be gone,

By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,

For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:

Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,

A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do desie thy commiseration,

And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.

Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy.

Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Pa. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,

Open the Tombe, lay me with *Juliet*.

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face:

Mercutius kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,

What said my man, when my betossed soule

Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke

He told me *Paris* should haue married *Juliet*.

Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Juliet*,

To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,

One, writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke.

Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.

A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; slaughterd Youth:

For here lies *Juliet*, and her beautie makes

This Vault a feasting pence full of light.

Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.

How oft when men are at the point of death,

Haue they bene merrie? Which their Keepers call

A lightning before death? Oh how may I

Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,

Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie:

Thou art not conquer'd: Beauties enigne yet

Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,

And Deaths pale flag is not advanced there.

Tybalts, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?

O what more sauour can I do to thee,

Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,

To funder his that was thy enemy?

Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare *Juliet*:

Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeue,

Shall I beleeue, that vnsubstanciall death is amorous?

And that the leane abhorred Monster keeps

Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?

For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,

And neuer from this Pallace of dym night

Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,

Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.

O true Apothecarie!

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse Ile die.

Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,

With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here

Will I see vp my euen, iasting rest:

And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres

From this world-weari'd flesh: Eyes looke your last:

Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you

The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse

A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:

Come bitter conduct, come vnflauour guide,

Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on

The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-sicke weerie Barke:

Heere's to my Loue. O true Apothecary:

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Friar with Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Haued my old feet Rumbled at graues? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.

Fri. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyeclesse Sculles? As I discerned,
It burneth in the Capels Monument.

Man. It doth so holy Sir,

And there's my Master, one that you loue.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir.

My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his intents.

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me,
O much I feare some ill valuckie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my maister and another fought,
And that my Maister slew him.

Fri. Romeo.

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane these Masterlesse, and goatie Swords
To lie discoloured by this place of peace?

Romeo, oh pale: who else? what *Paris* too?
And sleept in blood? Ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable change?
The Lady stirs.

Iul. O comfortable Friar, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:

And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Fri. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and vnnatural sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too, come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer stay.

Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true loes hand?
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end

O churle, drinke all and lef no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.

Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Iul. Yea noyse?

Then ile be brieft, O happy Dagger.

'Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die *Kills herselfe.*

Boy. This is the place,

There where the Torch doth burne

Watch. The ground is bloody,

Search about the Churchyard

Go some of you, who ere you find attach,

Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,

And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine these two dayes buried,

Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capulets,

Raise vp the *Mountagues*, some others search,

We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeo, man.

Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man,

We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Friar, and another Watchman.

3. Wat. Here is a Friar that trembles, sighes, and weepes

We tooke this *Matrocke* and this *Spade* from him,

As he was coming from this Church-yard side.

Con. A great suspicion, stay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misadventure is so early vp,

That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the streete crie *Romeo*.

Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne

With open outcry toward our Monument.

Pri. What feare is this which startles in your eares?

Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* slaine,

And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,

Warmed and new kil'd.

Prin. Search,

Seeke, and know how this foule murder comes.

Wat. Here is a Friar, and Slaughter'd *Romeo's* man,

With Instruments vpon them fit to open

These dead mens Tombes.

Cap. O heauen!

O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!

This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house

Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,

And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome.

Wife. Ome, this sight of death, is as a Bell

That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp

To see thy Sonne and Heire now early downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,

Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopt her breath:

What further wee conspires against my age?

Prin. Looker and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou vncaught, what manners in is this,

To presse before thy Father to a graue?

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,

Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head, their true descent,

And then will I be generall of your woes,

And lead you euen to death? meane time forbear,

And let mischance be slaine to patience,

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,

Yet most suspected as the time and place

Doth make against me of this direfull murder:

And heere I stand both to impeach and purge

My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

Prin. Then say at once, whatt thou dost know in this?

Fri. I will be brieft, for my short dare of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,

And she there dead, that's *Romeo's* faithfull wife:

I married them; and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tybalts* Doomefday: whose vntimely death

Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:

For whom (and not for *Tybalts*) *Iuliet* pinde.

You, to remoue that siege of Greefe from her,

Betroch'd, and would haue married her perforce

To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,

And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuise some meanes

To rid her from this second Marriage,

Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.

Then gaue I her (so Tutor'd by my Art)

A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her

The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,

That he should hither come, as this dyre night,

To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,

Being the time the Portions force should cease.

But he which bore my Letter, *Frier Iohn*,

Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight

Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,

At the prefixed houre of her waking,

Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,

Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,

Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.

But when I came (some Minute ere the time

Other awaking) heere vntimely lay

The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead,

Shew wakes, and I increased her come forth,

And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:

But then, a noyse did scarse me from the Tombe,

And she (too desperate) would not go with me,

But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.

All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is priuy:

And ifought in this misfarried by my fault,

Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,

Vnto the rigour of severest Law.

Prin. We will haue knowne thee for a Holy man.

Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he say to this?

Boy. I brought my Master newes of *Iuliet's* death,

And then in poste he came from *Mantua*

To this same place, to this same Monument.

This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,

And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,

If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will look on it.

Where is the Countie Page that rais'd the Watch?

Sirra, what made your Master in this place?

Page. He came with flowres to strew his Ladies graue,

And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did:

Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,

And by and by my Maister drew on him,

And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,

Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death:

And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson

Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall

Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Iuliet*.

Where be these Enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*,

See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate,

That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;

And I, for winking at your discords too,

Haue lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd.

Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,

This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more

Can I demand.

Moun. But I can giue thee more:

For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,

That whiles *Uerona* by that name is knowne,

There shall no figure at that Rate be set,

As that of True and Faithfull *Iuliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady ly,

Poore sacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,

The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;

Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things,

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.

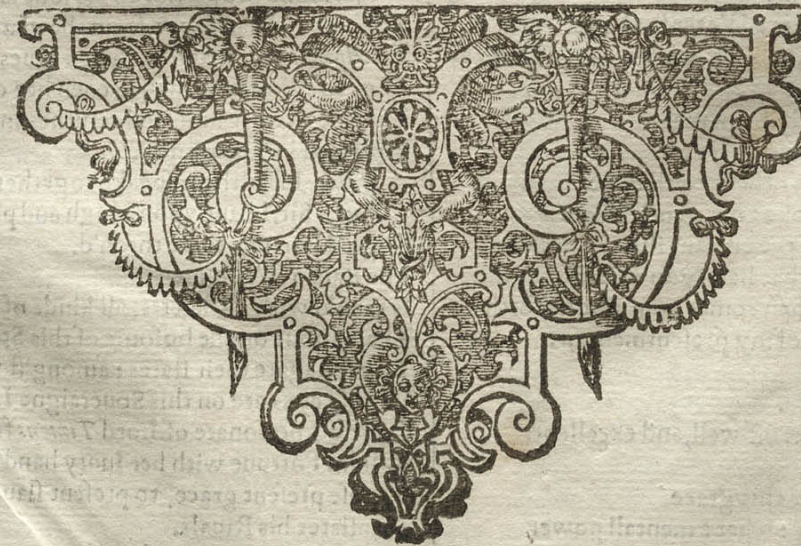
For neuer was a Storie of more Wo.

Then this of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*.

Exeunt omnes

Gg

FINIS.



THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,
at severall doores.

Poet.

Good day Sir.
Pain. I am glad y^e are well.
Poet. I have not seene you long, how goes
the World?

Pain. It weares fir, as it grows.

Poet. I that's well knowne:

But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches: ice
Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath coniu'd to attend,
I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th^e others a Jeweller.

Mer. O'tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an vntyreable and continuat goodness:
He passes.

Jew. I have a Jewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord Timon, sir?

Jewell. If he will touch the estimate. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,
It flames the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Jewell. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt sir, in some worke, some Dedicat-
ion to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing slipp't idly from me.
Our Poetrie is as a Cowne, which vides
From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th Flint
Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flies
Each bound it chafes. What haue you there?

Pain. A Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?
Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.
Let's see your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power
This eye shoothes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th^e dumbnesse of the gesture,

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It Turors Nature, Artificiall frise
Lives in these touches, liuelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke mee.

Po. You see this confluence; this great flood of visitors,
I haue in this rough worke, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moues it selfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain. How shall I vnderstand you?

Poet. I will vnbout to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and slippry Creatures, as
Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe
Their seruices to Lord Timon: his large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loues better
Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timons nod.

Pain. I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd,
The Base o'th Mount
Is rank'd with all defects, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
To propagate their states; among't them all,
Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord Timons frame,
Whom Fortune with her luery hand wafes to her,
Whose present grace, to present slaues and seruants
Translates his Riuals.

Pain. 'Tis concey'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy Mount
To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay Sir, but heare me on:

All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valew; on the moment
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificiall whisperings in his care,
Make Sacred euen his styrtop, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Euen on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To shew Lord Timon, that meane eyes haue seene
The foot about the head.

Trumpets sound.

Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curtesly
to every Sutor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mef. My good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most strait:
Your Honourable Letter he desires
To those haue shut him vp, which failing,
Perishes his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius well:

I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deserves a helpe,
Which he shall haue. He pay the debt, and free him.
Mef. Your Lordship euer bindes him.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom,
And being enfranchiz'd bid him come to me;
Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mef. All happinesse to your Honor.

Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord Timon, heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou hast a Seruant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I haue so: What of him?

Oldm. Most Noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he heere, or not Lucilius.

Luc. Heere at your Lordships seruice.

Oldm. This Fellow heere, L. Timon, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first haue bene inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin else,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a'th' youngest for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my deereft cost
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)

Ioyne with me to forbid him her resort,
My selfe haue spoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honest.

Oldm. Therefore he will be Timon,
His honesty rewards him in it selfe,
It must not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does she loue him?

Oldm. She is yong and apt:

Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs
What leuities in youth.

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

Oldm. If in her Marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witnesse, I will choose
Mine heyre from forth the Beggars of the world,
And dispossesse her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equall Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine

Hath seru'd me long:

To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Giue him thy Daughter,
What you bestow, in him Ile counterpoise;
And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Most Noble Lord,

Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,

Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordship, neuer may
That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Exit.

Poet. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long liue your Lordship.

Tim. I thanke you, you shall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?

Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The Painting is almost the Naturall man:
For since Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-side: These Pensil'd Figures are
Euen such as they giue out. I like your worke,
And you shall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserue ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.
We must needs dine together: fir your Jewell
Hath suffered vnder praise.

Jewell. What my Lord, dispraise?

Tim. A meere society of Commendations,
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would vncleue me quite.

Jewell. My Lord, 'tis rated

As those which sell would giue: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Masters. Belesu't deere Lord,
You mend the Jewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd. Enter Apemantus.

Mer. No my good Lord, he speakes y^e common toong
Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?

Jewell. Wee'l beare with your Lordship.

Mer. Hee'l spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,

Gentle Apemantus.

Ape. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art *Timon's* dogge, and these *Knaues* honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them *Knaues*, thou know'st them not?

Ape. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Ape. Then I repent not.

Iew. You know me, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus*?

Ape. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knocke out an honest Athenians braines.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt dye for.

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th' Law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture *Apemantus*?

Ape. The best for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.

Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.

Pain. Yare a Dogge.

Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I be a Dogge?

Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?

Ape. No: I eat not Lords.

Tim. And thou should'st, thou'd'st anger Ladies.

Ape. O they eat Lords;

So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Ape. So, thou apprehend'st it,

Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this Iewell, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cast a man a Doit.

Tim. What dost thou thinke 'tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet?

Poet. How now Philosopher?

Ape. Thou lyest.

Poet. Art not one?

Ape. Yes.

Poet. Then I lye not.

Ape. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Ape. Then thou lyest:

Looke in thy last worke, where thou hast beg'd him a worthy Fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heavens, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldst do then *Apemantus*?

Ape. Ene as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.

Tim. What thy selfe?

Ape. I.

Tim. Wherefore?

Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.

Art not thou a Merchant?

Mer. I *Apemantus*.

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.

Ape. Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpets that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty Horse

All of Companionship.

Tim. Pray entertaine them, give them guide to vs.

You must needs dine with me: go not you hence

Till I haue thank't you: when dinners done

Shew me this peece, I am ioyfull of your fights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome Sir.

Ape. So, so; their Aches contract, and serue your

supple ioynts: that there should bee small loue amongst

these sweet *Knaues*, and all this Curtesie. The fraine of

mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alc. Sir, you haue sau'd my longing, and I feed

Most hungrily on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures.

Pray you let vs in.

Enter two Lords.

1. Lord. What time a day is't *Apemantus*?

Ape. Time to be honest.

1. That time serues still.

Ape. The most accursed thou that still omitst it.

2. Thou art going to Lord *Timon's* Feast.

Ape. I, to see meate fill *Knaues*, and Wine heat fooles.

2. Farthee well, farthee well.

Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.

2. Why *Apemantus*?

Ape. Should'st haue kept one to thy selfe, for I meane

to giue thee none.

1. Hang thy selfe.

Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:

Make thy requests to thy Friend.

2. Away vnpeaceable Dogge,

Or Ile spurne thee hence.

Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th' Ass.

1. Hee's opposite to humanity.

Comes shall we in,

And taste Lord *Timon's* bountie: he our-goes

the verie heart of kindnesse.

2. Hepwires it out: *Plutus* the God of Gold

Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes

Seuen-fold about it selfe: No guilt to him,

But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding

All vse of quittance.

1. The Noblest minde he carries,

That euer govern'd man.

2. Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?

Ile keepe you Company.

Hoboyes Playing lowd Musicke.

A great Banquet seru'd in: and then, *Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigins which Timon redeems from prison. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus discontentedly like himselfe.*

Ventig. Most honoured *Timon*,

It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,

And call him to long peace:

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound

To your free heart, I do returne those Talents

Doubled with thanks and seruice, from whose helpe

I deriu'd libertie.

Tim. O by no means,

Honest *Ventigins*: You mistake my loue,

I gaue

I gaue it freely euer, and ther's none

Can cruelly say he giues, if he receiues:

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.

Vint. A Noble spirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deu'd at first

To set a glossie on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodnesse, sorry ere 'tis showne:

But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,

Then my Fortunes to me.

1. Lord. My Lord, we alwaies haue confest it.

Ape. Ho ho, confest it? Handg'd it? Haue you not?

Tim. O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.

Ape. No: You shall not make me welcome:

I come to haue thee thrust me out of doores.

Tim. Fie, that's a churle, ye haue got a humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:

They say my Lords, *Israfuror breuis est*,

But yond man is verie angrie.

Go, let him haue a Table by himselfe:

For he does neither affect companie,

Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Ape. Let me stay at thine apperill *Timon*,

I come to obserue, I giue thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heede of thee: Th'art an *Athenian*,

therefore welcome: I my selfe would haue no power,

prythee let my meate make thee silent.

Ape. I scorn thy meate, 'twould choake me: for I

should nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number

of men eats *Timon*, and he fees 'em not? It grieues me

to see so many dip there meate in one mans blood, and

all the madnesse is, he cheeres them vp too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.

Me thinks they should enuie them without kniues,

Good for there meate, and safer for their liues:

There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him,

now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in

a diuided draught: is the readiest man to kill him, 'Tas

beene proued, if I were a huge man I should feare to

drinke at meales, least they should spie my wind-pipes

dangerous noates, great men should drinke with harnesse

on their throates.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.

2. Lord. Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Ape. Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keeps his

tides well, those healths will make thee and thy state

looke ill, *Timon*.

Heere's that which is too weake to be a sinner,

Honest water, which nere left man i'th' mire:

This and my food are equals, ther's no ods,

Feasts are to proud to giue thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus Grace.

Immortal Gods, I craue no pelfe,

I pray for no man but my selfe,

Grant I may neuer promise fond,

To tr'f man on his Oath or Bond.

Or a Harlot for her weeping,

Or a Dogge that seemes asleepeing,

Or a keeper with my freedome,

Or my friends if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall too:

Richmen sin, and I am rooe.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus*

Tim. Capitaine,

Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

Alc. My heart is euer at your seruice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of Enemies,

then a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no

meat like 'em, I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Ape. Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies

then, that then thou might'st kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.

1. Lord. Might we but haue that happinesse my Lord,

that you would once vse our hearts, whereby we might

expresse some part of our zeales, we should thinke our

selues for euer perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods

themselves haue provided that I shall haue much helpe

from you: how had you beene my Friends else. Why

haue you that charitable title from thousands? Did not

you chiefly belong to my heart? I haue told more of

you to my selfe, then you can with modestie speake in

your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh

you Gods (thinke I,) what need we haue any Friends; if

we should nere haue need of 'em? They were the most

needlesse Creatures liuing; should we nere haue vse for

'em? And would most resemble sweete Instruments

hung vp in Cases, that keepe there sounds to them-

selves. Why I haue often wish't my selfe poorer, that

I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do bene-

fits. And what better or properer can we call our owne,

then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious com-

fort 'tis, to haue so many like Brothers commanding

one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, ene made away er't

can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out watertime thinks

to forget their faults. I drinke to you.

Ape. Thou weep'st to make them drinke, *Timon*.

2. Lord. Ioy had the like conception in our eies,

And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.

Ape. Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a bastard.

3. Lord. I promise you my Lord you mou'd me much.

Ape. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with
Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing.

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies

Most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord,

which beares that office, to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maskes of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of

his Bounties taste: the five best Sences acknowledge thee

their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentiful

bosome.

There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:

They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.

Tim. They'r welcome all, let 'em haue kind admit-

tance. Musicke make their welcome.

Luc. You see my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd.

Ape. Hoyday,

What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way.

They daunce? They are madwomen

Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,
As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our selues Fooles, to disport our selues,
And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,
Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp agen
With poysonous Spight and Enuy.
Who liues, that's not deprauid, or depraues;
Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graues
Of their Friends guift:
I should feare, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stampe vpon me: 'Tas bene done,
Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne,

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to shew their loves, each single out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a lustie straine or two to the Hoboyes, and cease.

Tim. You haue done our pleasures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe so beautifull, and kinde:
You haue added worth vnto't, and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuice.
I am to thanke you for't.

1 Lord. My Lord you take vs euen at the best.
Aper. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold
taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to dispose your selues.

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Tim. *Flauius.*

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?
There is no crossing him in's humor,
Else I should tell him well, ysaith I should;
When all's spent, hee'd be croft then, and he could:
'Tis pittie Bounty had not eyes behinde,

That man might ne're be wretched for his minde. *Exit.*

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord, in readinesse.

2 Lord. Our Horses.

Tim. O my Friends:

I haue one word to say to you: Looke you, my good L.
I must intreat you honour me so much,
As to aduance this Jewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord.

1 Lord. I am so farre already in your guifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate
newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Enter Flauius.

Fla. I beseech your Honor, vouchsafeme a word, it
does concerne you negre.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prythee let's be prouided to shew them entertainment.

Fla. I feare I know how.

Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucius
(Out of his free loue) hath presented to you
Foure Milke-white Horses, trap in Silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the Presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Seruant.

How now? What newes?

3 Ser. Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentle-
man Lord Lucullus, entreates your companie to morrow,
to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace
of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him,

And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?

He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and

all out of an empty Coffer:

Nor will he know his Purse, or yeeld me this,

To shew him what a Begger his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good.

His promises flye so beyond his state,

That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for eu'ry word:

He is so kinde, that he now payes interest for't;

His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were

Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:

Happier is he that has no friend to feede,

Then such that do e'ne Enemies exceede.

I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Tim. You do your selues much wrong,

You bate too much of your owne merits,

Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.

2 Lord. With more then common thanks

I will receyue it.

3 Lord. O he's the very soule of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gaue good

words the other day of a Bay Courser I rod on. Tis yours

because you lik'd it.

1 L. Oh, I beseech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that,

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no

man can iustly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh

my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true,

Ile call to you.

All Lor. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your seuerall visitations

So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:

Me thinks, I could deale Kingdome to my Friends,

And nere be wearie. *Alcibiades,*

Thou art a Soldiour, therefore sildome rich,

It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing

Is mong't the dead: and all the Lands thou hast

Lye in a pitch field.

Alc. I, defil'd Land, my Lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd,

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.

1 Lord. The best of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes

Keepe with you Lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his Friends. *Exeunt Lords*

Aper. What a coiles heere, serueng of becks, and iut-

ting out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be

worth the summes that are giuen for 'em.

Friendships full of dregges,

Me thinks false hearts, should neuer haue sound legges.

Thus honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtises.

Tim. Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not fullen)

I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I should be brib'd too,

there would be none left to raile vpon thee, and then thou

wouldst sinne the faster. Thou giu'st so long *Timon* (I

feare me) thou wilt giue away thy selfe in paper shortly.

What needs these Feasts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim.

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I
am sworne not to giue regard to you. Farewell, & come
with better Musicke. *Exit*

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou shalt
not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:
Oh that mens eares should be
To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie. *Exit*

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand: to *Varro* and to *Isidore*
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, steale but a beggers Dogge,
And giue it *Timon*, why the Dogge coines Gold.
If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty moe
Better then he; why giue my Horse to *Timon*.
Aske nothing, giue it him, it Foles me straight
And able Horses: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still inuities
All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis* ho.

Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere sir, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & hast you to Lord *Timon*,

Importune him for my Moneys, be not ceast

With slight deniall; nor then silene'd, when

Commend me to your Master, and the Cap

Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,

My Vses cry to me; I must serue my turne

Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,

And my reliances on his fracted dates

Haue limit my credit. I loue, and honour him,

But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger.

Immediate are my needs, and my releefe

Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,

But finde supply immediate. Get you gone,

Put on a most importunate aspect,

A visage of demand: for I do feare

When euery Feather stickes in his owne wing,

Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,

Which flashes now a Phoenix, get you gone.

Ca. I go sir.

Sen. I go sir?

Take the Bonds along with you,

And haue the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go. *Exeunt*

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence,

That he will neither know how to maintaine it,

Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no account

How things go from him, nor resume no care

Of what is to continue: neuer minde,

Was to be so vnwise, to be so kinde.

What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele:

I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Fye, sic, sic, sic.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good euen *Varro*: what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your business too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Isidore*?

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd.

Var. I feare it,

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So soone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe

My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new dayes this moneth:

My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,

To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayses you,

That with your other Noble parts, you'l suite,

In giuing him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,

I prythee but repaire to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy selfe, good Friend.

Var. One *Varro*s seruant, my good Lord.

Isid. From *Isidore*, he humbly prayses your speedy pay-

ment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture my Lord, sixe weekes,

and past.

Isi. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I

Am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Giue me breath:

I do beseech you good my Lords keepe on,

Ile waite vpon you instantly. Come hither: pray you

How goes the world, that I am thus encountred

With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,

And the detention of long since due debts

Against my Honor?

Stew. Please you Gentlemen,

The time is vnagreeable to this businessse:

Your importunacie cease, till after dinner,

That I may make his Lordship vnderstand;

Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so my Friends, see them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere. *Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Cap. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with *Apeman-*

us, let's ha some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, hee'l abuse vs.

Isid. A plague vpon him dogge.

Var. How dost Foole?

Ape. Dost Dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speake not to thee.

Ape. No 'tis to thy selfe. Come away.

Isi. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.

Ape. No thou stand'st single, th'art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

Ape. He last ask'd the question. Poore Rogues, and

Vsurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

Al. What are we *Apemantus*?

Ape. Asses.

Al. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know

your selues. Speake to 'em Foole.

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

Al. Gramercies good Foole:

How does your Mistris?

Foole.

Fooles. She's e'ne setting on water to scald such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.
Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fooles. Looke you, heere comes my Masters Page.
Page. Why how now Capitaine? what do you in this wise Company.

How dost thou Apemantus?
Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Boy. Prythee Apemantus reade me the superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canst not read?
Page. No.

Ape. There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades. Go thou was't borne a Bastard, and thou't dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou was't whelp'd a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.
Answer not, I am gone. *Exit*

Ape. Ene so thou out-runst Grace,
Fooles I will go with you to Lord Timons.

Fooles. Will you leaue me there?
Ape. If Timon stay at home.

You three serue three Vsurers?
All. I would they seru'd vs.

Ape. So would I:
As good a trick as ever Hangman seru'd Theefe.

Fooles. Are you three Vsurers men?
All. I Fooles.

Fooles. I thinke no Vsurer, but ha's a Foole to his Seruant. My Mistis is one, and I am her Foole: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?
Var. I could render one.

Ape. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no lesse esteemed.

Varro. What is a Whoremaster Foole?

Fooles. A Foole in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime it appeares like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones more then artificiall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole.

Fooles. Nor thou altogether a Wife man,
As much foolerie as I haue, so much wit thou lack'st.

Ape. That answer might haue become Apemantus.
All. Aside, aside, heere comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (Foole) come.
Fooles. I do not alwayes follow Louer, seldrer Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walken ere,
He speake with you anon. *Exit*

Tim. You make me meruell wherefore ere this time Had you not fully laide my state before me,

That I might so haue rated my expence
As I had leaue of meanes.

Stew. You would not heare me:

At many leysures I propose.

Tim. Go too:

Perchance some single vantages you tooke,
When my indisposition put you backe,
And that vnprudence made your minister
Thus to excuse your selfe.

Stew. O my good Lord,

At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honestie,

When for some trifling present you haue bid me
Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:

Yea 'gainst th' Authoritie of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did indure

Not sildome, nor no slight checkes, when I haue
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,

And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,
Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,

The greatest of your hauing, lacks a halfe,
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth

Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length

How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,

How quickly were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before th' exactest Auditors,

And let me on the prooffe. So the Gods blesse me,
When all our Offices haue bene oppress'd

With riotous Feeders, when our Vauls haue wept
With drunken spilt of Wine; when euery roome

Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrellie,
I haue rety'd me to a wastefull cocke,

And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heauens haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:
How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants

This night englutted: who is not Timons,
What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is L. Timon:

Great Timon, Noble, Worthy, Royall Timon:
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showres,

These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come sermon me no further.

No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen.

Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke,
To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,

If I would broach the vessels of my loue,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,

Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly vse
As I can bid thee speake.

Stew. Assurance blesse your thoughts.

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings. For by these

Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue
How you mistake my Fortunes:

I am wealthie in my Friends.
Within there, Flautus, Seruants?

Enter three Seruants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you seuerally.

You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucullus you, I hunted
with his Honor to day; you to Sempronius; commend me
to their loues; and I am proud say, that my occasions
haue found time to vse 'em toward a supply of mony: let
the request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you haue said, my Lord.

Stew. Lord Lucius and Lucullus? Humh.

Tim. Go you fir to the Senators;

Of whom, euen to the States best health; I haue
Defer'd this Hearing: bid 'em send o'th instant

A thousand Talents to me.

Stew. I haue bene bold
(For that I knew it the most generall way)

To them, to vse your Signer, and your Name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am heere

No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They answer in a ioynt and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treasure cannot

Do what they would, are forc'd: you are Honourable,
But yet they could haue wisht, they know not,

Something hath bene amiss; a Noble Nature
May catch a wench; would all were well; tis pity,

And so intending other serious matters,
After distastefull lookes; and these hard Fractions

With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nod,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:

Prythee man looke cheerefully. These old Fellowes
Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:

Their blood is cak'd, tis cold, it sildome flowes,
'Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kinde;

And Nature, as it grows againe toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.

Go to Ventidius (prythee be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,

No blame belongs to thee;) Ventidius lately
Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd

Into a great estate: When he was poore,
Impison'd, and in scarcitie of Friends,

I cleer'd him with fiftie Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose, some good necessity

Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembred
With those fiftie Talents; that had, giue't these Fellowes

To whom 'tis instant due. Neu'r speake, or thinke,
That Timons fortunes 'mong his Friends can sinke.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:
That thought is Bounties Foe;

Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so. *Exit*

Flamininus waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master,
enters a seruant to him.

Ser. I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down
to you.

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord Timons men? A Guist I warrant.

Why this hits right: I dreame of a Siluer Bason & Ewre
tonight. Flamininus, honest Flamininus, you are verie re-

spectfully welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how
does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentle-

man of Athens, thy very bouutifull good Lord and May-
ster?

Flam. His health is well sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well sir: and
what hast thou there vnder thy Cloake, pretty Flamininus?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in
my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to sup-

ply: who hauing great and instant occasion to vse fiftie
Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: no-

thing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting sayes hee? Alas
good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep

to good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with
him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him

of purpose, to haue him spend lesse, and yet he wold em-
brace no counsell, take no warning by my comming, eue-

ry man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't,
but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Seruant with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.

Luc. Flamininus, I haue noted thee alwayes wise.
Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

Luc. I haue obserued thee alwayes for a towardlie
prompt spirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes

what belongs to reason; and canst vse the time wel, if the
time vse thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone fir-

rah. Draw nearer honest Flamininus. Thy Lords a boun-

tifull Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'st
well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no

time to lend money, especially vpon bare friendshippe
without securitie. Heere's three Solidares for thee, good

Boy winke at me, and lay thou saw'st mee not. Fare thee
well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we aliue that liued? Fly damned baseness

To him that worships thee. *Exit L.*

Luc. Ha? Now I see thou art a Foole, and fit for thy
Master.

Flam. May these adde to the number y may scald thee:
Let moultin Coine be thy damnation,

Thou disease of a friend, and not himselfe:
Has friendship such a faint and milkie heart,

It turnes in lesse then two nights? O you Gods!
I feele my Masters passion. This Slaue vnto his Honor,

Has my Lords meate in him:
Why should it thrive, and turne to Nutrimment,

When he is turn'd to poyson?
O may Diseases onely worke vpon't:

And when he's sicke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power

To expell sickness, but prolong his hower. *Exit.*

Enter Lucius with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend
and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no lesse, thogh we are but stran-
gers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and

which I heare from common rumours, now Lord Timons
happie howres are done and past, and his estate shrinkes

from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not belecue it: hee cannot want
for money.

2 But belecue you this my Lord, that not long agoe,
one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so

many Talents, nay vrg'd extreemly for't, and shewed
what

what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

Luci. How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

Luci. What a strange case was that? Now before the Gods I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was verie little Honour shew'd in't. For my owne part, I must needs confesse, I haue receyued some small kindnes from him, as Monney, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee mistooke him, and sent to me, I should ne're haue denied his Occasion so many Talents.

Enter Seruilius.

Seruilius. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue swet to see his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Luci. *Seruilius*? You are kindly met sir. Farthwell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my verie exquisite Friend.

Seruilius. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent

Luci. Has what he's sent? I am so much endeared to that Lord; hee's euer sending: how shall I thank him think't thou? And what has he sent now?

Seruilius. Has onely sent his present Occasion now my Lord: requesting your Lordship to supply his instant vse with so many Talents.

Luci. I know his Lordship is but merry with me. He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Seruilius. But in the mean time he wants lesse my Lord. If this occasion were not vertuous, I should not vrge it halfe so faithfully.

Luci. Dost thou speake seriously *Seruilius*?

Seruilius. Vpon my soule 'tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Beast was I to disfigure my self against such a good time, when I might ha shewn my selfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I should Purchase the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? *Seruilius*, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beast I say) I was sending to vie Lord *Timon* my selfe, these Gentlemen can witness; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the fairest of mee, because I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good *Seruilius*, will you befriend mee so farre, as to vse mine owne words to him?

Seruilius. Yes sir, I shall.

Exit Seruilius.

Luci. He looke you out a good turne *Seruilius*.

True as you said, *Timon* is shrunke indeede, And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede.

Exit.

1 Do you obserue this *Hofilius*?

2 I, to well.

1 Why this is the worlds soule, And iust of the same peece Is euery Flatterers sport: who can call him his Friend That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing *Timon* has bin this Lords Father, And kept his credit with his purse: Supported his estate, nay *Timons* money Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinke, But *Timons* Silver treads vpon his Lip, And yet, oh see the monstrousnesse of man, When he lookes out in an vngratefull shape; He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men afford to Beggars, 3 Religion grones at it.

1 For mine owne part, I neuer tasted *Timon* in my life Nor came any of his bounties ouer me, To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest, For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue, And Honourable Carriage, Had his necessity made vie of me, I would haue put my wealth into Donation, And the best halfe should haue return'd to him, So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue, Men must learne now with pity to dispence, For Policy fits about Conscience.

Exit.

Enter a third seruant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum. Boue all others?

He might haue tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*, And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too, Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these Owes their estates vnto him.

Ser. My Lord,

They haue all bin touch'd, and found Base-Mettle, For they haue all denied him.

Semp. How? Haue they deny'de him?

Has *Ventidius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him, And does he send to me? Three? Hum?

It shewes but little loue, or iudgement in him. Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Physicians) Thrive, giue him ouer: Must I take the Cure vpon me?

Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him, That might haue knowne my place. I see no sense for't, But his Occasions might haue wooed me first:

For in my conscience, I was the first man That ere receiued guilt from him.

And does he thinke so backwardly of me now, That he requite it last? No:

So it may proue an Argument of Laughter To th'rest, and 'mongst Lords be thought a Foole:

I'de rather then the worth of thrice the summe, Had sent to me first, but for my mindes sake:

I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne, And with their faint reply, this answer ioyns;

Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne. *Exit.*

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Politicke; he crossed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villanies of man will set him cleere. How fairly this Lord striues to appeare soule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked: like those, that vnder hotte ardent zeale, would set whole Realmes on fire, of such a nature is his politike loue.

This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead, Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards Many a bounteous peece, must be employ'd Now to guard sure their Master:

And this is all a liberall course allowes, Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keepe his house. *Exit.*

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.

Var. man. Well met, goodmorrow *Titus* & *Hortensius*

Titus.

Hortensius.

Var. man.

Titus.

Hortensius.

Var. man.

Tit. The like to you kinde *Varro*.

Hort. *Lucius*, what do we meet together?

Luci. I, and I think one businesse do's command vs all. For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And fir *Philotus* too.

Phil. Good day at once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother.

What do you thinke the houre?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord scene yet?

Luci. Not yet.

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seauen.

Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt shorter with him:

You must consider, that a Prodigall course

Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I feare:

'Tis deepest Winter in Lord *Timons* purse, that is: One

may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.

Phil. I am of your feare, for that.

Tit. He shew you how to obserue a strange euent:

Your Lord sends now for Money?

Hort. Most true, hee doe's.

Tit. And he weares Jewels now of *Timons* gift,

For which I waite for money.

Hort. It is against my heart.

Luci. Marke how strange it shewes,

Timon in this, should pay more then he owes:

And e'ne as if your Lord should weare rich Jewels,

And send for money for 'em.

Hort. T'me weary of this Charge,

The Gods can witnesse:

I know my Lord hath spent of *Timons* wealth,

And now Ingratitude, makes it worse then stealth.

Varro. Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes:

What's yours?

Luci. Five thousand mine.

Varro. 'Tis much deepe, and it should seem by th' sum

Your Masters confidence was about mine,

Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flamininus.

Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.

Luci. *Flamininus*? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie

to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled. (diligent.)

Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled so?

He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you heare, sir?

2 *Varro.* By your leave, sir.

Stew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend.

Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, sir.

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,

'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your summes and Billes

When your false Masters eate of my Lords meat?

Then they could smile, and sawne vpon his debts,

And take downe th' Interest into their glutt'nous Mawes.

You do your selues but wrong, to stirre me vp,

Let me passe quietly:

Believe't, my Lord and I haue made an end,

I haue no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luci. I, but this answer will not serue.

Stew. If't will not serue, 'tis not so bafe as you, For you serue Knaues.

1 *Varro.* How? What does his casheer'd Worship mutter?

2 *Varro.* No matter what, hee's poore, and that's reuenge enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that has no house to put his head in? Such may rayle against great buildings.

Enter Seruilius.

Tit. Oh heere's *Seruilius*: now wee shall know some answer.

Seruilius. If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repaire some other houre, I should deriue much from't. For tak't of my soule, my Lord leanes wondrously to discontent: His comfortable temper has forsooke him, he's much out of health, and keepe his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not sicke: And if it be so farre beyond his health,

Me thinks he should the sooner pay his debts,

And make a cleere way to the Gods.

Seruilius. Good Gods.

Titus. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flamininus within. *Seruilius* helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What are my dores oppos'd against my passage? Haue I bin euer free, and must my house

Be my retentive Enemy? My Gaole?

The place which I haue Feasted, does it now

(Like all Mankinde) shew me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now *Timon*.

Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill.

Luci. Here's mine.

1 *Var.* And mine, my Lord.

2 *Var.* And ours, my Lord.

Phil. All our Billes.

Tim. Knocke me downe with 'em, cleaue mee to the Girdle.

Luci. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in summes.

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luci. Five thousand Crownes, my Lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops payes that.

What yours? and yours?

1 *Var.* My Lord.

2 *Var.* My Lord.

Tim. Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you.

Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith I perceiue our Masters may throwe their caps at their money, these debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

Exit.

Enter Timon.

Timon. They haue e'ne put my breath from mee the slaues. Creditors? Diuels.

Stew. My deere Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. He haue it so. My Steward?

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe;

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Villorxa: All,

He once more feast the Rascals.

Stew. O my Lord, you onely speake from your distra-cted soule; there's not so much left to, furnish out a moderate Table.

Timon.

Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Go I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile prouide, *Exeunt*

Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1. Sen. My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't;
The faults Bloody:

'Tis necessary he should dye:

Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy.

2. Most true; the Law shall bruiſe 'em.

Alc. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.
1. Now Captaine.

Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;

For pittie is the vertue of the Law,

And none but Tyrants vse it cruelly.

It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie

Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood

Hath leapt into the Law: which is past depth

To those that (without heede) do plunge intoo't.

He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,

(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)

But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,

Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his Foe:

And with such sober and vnnoted passion

He did bebooue his anger ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but prou'd an Argument.

1. Sen. You vndergo too strikt a Paradox,

Striving to make an vgly deed looke faire:

Your words haue tooke such paines, as if they labour'd

To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling

Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede

Is Valour misbegot, and came into the world,

When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.

Hee's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breath,

And make his Wrongs, his Out-sides,

To weare them like his Rayment, carelessly,

And ne're preferre his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,

What Foily 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Alc. My Lord.

1. Sen. You cannot make grosse finnes looke cleare,

To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.

Alc. My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,

If I speake like a Captaine.

Why do fond men expose themselves to Battell,

And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,

And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats

Without repugnancy? If there be

Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee

Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant

That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:

And the Assle, more Captaine then the Lyon?

The fellow laden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?

If Wisedome be in suffering, Oh my Lords,

As you are great, be pittifully Good,

Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is finnes extreamest Guilt,

But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most iust.

To be in Anger, is impietie:

But who is Man, that is not Angrie.

Weigh but the Crime with this.

2. Sen. You breath in vaine.

Alc. In vaine?

His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1. What's that?

Alc. Why say my Lords ha's done faire seruice,
And slaine in fight many of your enemies:

How full of valour did he beare himselfe

In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2. He has made too much plenty with him;

He's a sworne Rioter, he has a sinne

That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.

If there were no Foes, that were enough

To ouercome him. In that Beasly furie,

He has bin knowne to commit outrages,

And cherriſh Factions. 'Tis infer'd to vs,

His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

1. He dyes.

Alc. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.

My Lords, if not for any parts in him,

Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,

And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,

Take my deferts to his, and ioyne 'em both.

And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,

Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you

Vpon his good returns.

If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,

Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,

For Law is strikt, and Warre is nothing more.

1. We are for Law, he dyes, vrg it no more

On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,

He forfeits his owne blood, that spiles another.

Alc. Must it be so? It must not bee:

My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.

2. How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3. What?

Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,

It could not else be, I should proue so base,

To sue and be deny'd such common Grace.

My wounds ake at you.

1. Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:

We banish thee for euer.

Alc. Banish me?

Banish your dotage, banish vsurie,

That makes the Senate vgly.

1. If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,

Attend our waightier Iudgement.

And not to swell our Spirit,

He shall be executed presently. *Exeunt.*

Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,

That you may liue

Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.

I'm worse then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes

While they haue told their Money, and let out

Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,

Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?

Is this the Balsome, that the vsuring Senat

Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.

It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,

It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,

That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp

My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;

'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at ods,

Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods. *Exit.*

Enter diners Friends at severall doores.

1. The good time of day to you, sir.

2. Also wish it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord

did but try vs this other day.

1. Vpon that were my thoughts trying when wee en-

countred. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it

seeme in the trial of his severall Friends.

2. It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Fea-

sting.

1. I should thinke so. He hath sent mee an earnest in-

uiting, which many my neere occasions did vrg mee to

put off: but he hath coniu'd mee beyond them, and I

must needs appeare.

2. In like manner was I in debt to my importunat but-

finesse, but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorrie,

when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was

out.

1. I am sicke of that greefe too, as I vnderstand how all

things go.

2. Every man heares so: what would hee haue borro-

wed of you?

1. A thousand Peeeces.

2. A thousand Peeeces?

1. What of you?

2. He sent to me sir — Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how

fare you?

1. Euer at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2. The Swallow followes not Summer more willing,

then we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaues Winter, such Sum-

mer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not re-

compence this long stay: feast your eares with the Mu-

sicke awhile: If they will fare so harshly o'th Trumpets

sound: we shall too't presently.

1. I hope it remains not vnkindely with your Lord-

ship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.

2. My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere?

The Banket brought in.

2. My most Honorable Lord, I am e'ne sick of shame,

that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was

so vnfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Thinke not on't, sir.

2. If you had sent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come bring in all together.

2. All couer'd Dishes.

1. Royall Cheare, I warrant you.

3. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeild it

1. How do you? What's the newes?

3. Alcibiades is banish'd: heare you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd?

3. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1. How? How?

2. I pray you vpon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

1. Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward

2. This is the old man still.

3. Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2. It do's: but time will, and so.

3. I do conceyue.

Tim. Each man to his stoole, with that spur as hee

would to the lip of his Mistis: your dyer shall bee in all

places alike. Make not a Citie Feast of it, to let the meat

coole, ere we can agree vpon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thank-

fulness. For your owne guifts, make your selues prais'd: But

reſerue still to giue, least your Desires be deſtroyed. Lend to each

man enough, that one neede not lend to another. For were your

Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make

the Meate be beloued, more then the Man that giues it. Let

no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there

be twelve women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they

are. The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens,

together with the common legge of People, what is amisse in

them, you Gods, make ſuitable for destruction. For these my

present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing blesse

them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vncover Dogges, and lap.

Some ſpeake. What do's his Lordship meane?

Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feast neuer behold

You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm water

Is your perfection. This is Timons last,

Who sticke and spangled you with Flatteries,

Washe it off and sprinkles in your faces

Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long

Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,

Curteous Destroyers, affable Wolves, meeke Beares:

You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,

Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Lackes.

Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie

Cruſt you quite o're. What do'st thou go?

Soft, take thy Physicke first; thou too, and thou:

Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.

What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,

Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.

Burne house, sinke Athens, henceforth hated be

Of Timon Man, and all Humanity. *Exit.*

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1. How now, my Lords?

2. Know you the quality of Lord Timons fury?

3. Pusht, did you see my Cap?

4. I haue lost my Gowne.

1. He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors swaies

him. He gaue me a Jewell th'other day, and now hee has

beate it out of my hat.

Did you see my Jewell?

2. Did you see my Cap.

3. Heere 'tis.

4. Heere lyes my Gowne.

1. Let's make no stay.

2. Lord Timons mad.

3. I feel't vpon my bones.

4. One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall

That girdles in those Wolves, diue in the earth,

Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their Reeds, to generall Filthes.
Conuert o'th' Infant Greene Virginity,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather then render backe; out with your Knives,
And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Seruants, steale,
Large-handed Robbers your graue Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Masters bed,
Thy Mistis is o'th' Brothell. Some of sixteen,
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,
Domesticke awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Obseruances, Customes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confusion liue: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Lust, and Libertie
Creep in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
That gainst the streame of Vertue they may strue,
And drowne themselves in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
Sowe all th'Athenian bosomes, and their crop
Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be meere poysen. Nothing Ile beare from thee
But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne,
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
Th'vnikindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And graunt as Timon growes, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
Amen.

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

1 Heare you M. Steward, where's our Master?
Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poore as you.
1 Such a House broke?
So Noble a Master false, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
And go along with him.

2 As we do turne our backs
From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leaue their false vowes with him
Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his disface, of all shunn'd pouerty,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Seruants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house,
3 Yet do our hearts weare Timons Liury,
That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
Seruing alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.

Stew. Good Fellowes all,

The latest of my wealth Ile share among'st you.
Where euer we shall meete, for Timons sake,
Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say
As 'twere a Knell vnto our Masters Fortunes,
We haue seene better dayes. Let each take some:
Nay put out all your hands: Nor one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore.

Embrace and part severall wayes.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue
But in a Dreame of Friendship,
To haue his pompe, and all what state compounds,
But onely painted like his varnish'd Friends:
Poore honest Lord, brought low by his owne heare,
Vndone by Goodnesse: Strange vnuisual blood,
When mans worst sinne is, He do's too much Good.
Who then dares to be halfe so kinde agen?
For Bounty that makes Gods, do still marre Men.
My deere Lord, blest to be most accurst,
Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
Hee's slung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
Of monstrous Friends:
Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it:
Ile follow and enquire him out.
Ile euer serue his minde, with my best will,
Whilst I haue Gold, Ile be his Steward still.

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. Oblest breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarfe is diuidant; touch them with feuerall fortunes,
The greater scornes the lesfer. Not Nature
(To whom all fores lay siege) can beare great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raile me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,
The Begger Nature Honor.
It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares
In puritie of Manhood stand vpright
And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
So are they all: for euery grize of Fortune
Is smoothe'd by that below. The Learned pate
Duckles to the Golden Foole. All's oblique:
There's nothing leuell in our cursed Natures
But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His semblable, yea himselfe Timon disdaines,
Destruction phang mankind; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
Who seekes for better of thee, sawce his pallate
With thy most operant Poysen. What is heere?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make
Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
Ha you Gods! why this? what this. you Gods? why this
Will lugge your Priests and Seruants from your sides:
Plucke flout mens pillowes from below their heads.

This

This yellow Slaue,
Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th' accurst,
Make the hoare Leprosie ador'd, place Theeues,
And giue them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and vicerous sores,
Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To'th' Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes odde
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. March as farre off.
Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quick,
But yet lie bury thee: Thou't go (strong Theefe)
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay stay thou out for earnest.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner,
and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speake.
Tim. A Beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For shewing me againe the eyes of Man.
Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hatefull to thee,
That art thy selfe a Man?
Tim. I am Misantropos, and hate Mankinde.
For thy part, I do with thou wert a dogge,
That I might loue thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am vnclear'd, and strange.
Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,
Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.

Phry. Thy lips rot off.
Tim. I will not kisse thee, then the rot returns
To thine owne lippes againe.

Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.

Alc. What is it Timon?
Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou do'st performe, confound thee, for
thou art a man.

Alc. I haue heard in some sort of thy Miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperitie.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timandra. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timandra. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still, they loue thee not that vse thee,
giue thee diseases, leauing with thee their Lust. Make
vse of thy salt houres, season the slaues for Tubbes and
Bathes, bring downe Rose-cheekt youth to the Fubfast,
and the Diet.

Timandra. Hang thee Monster.
Alc. Pardon him sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.

I haue but little Gold of late, braue Timon,
The want whereof, doth dayly make reuolt
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greeu'd
How curst Athens, mindelesse of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour states
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.

Tim. I prythe beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy Friend, and pity thee deere Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom y dost trouble,
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well:
Heere is some Gold for thee.

Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eate it.
Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.

Tim. Warr'st thou gainst Athens.
Alc. I Timon, and haue cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd.

Alc. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That by killing of Villaines

Thou wast borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;

Be as a Plannetary plague, when Ioue
Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his poysen

In the sickle ayre: let not thy sword skip one:
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,

He is an Vsurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honest.

Her selfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheek
Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milke pappes

That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Lease of pity writ,

But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whose dimpled smiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy;

Thinke it a Bastard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,

And mince it fans remorie. Swear against Obiects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,

Whose prople, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a iet. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,

Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.
Alc. Haft thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou gi-

uest me, not all thy Counsell.
Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, Heauens curse vpon

thee.
Both. Giue vs some Gold good Timon, haft y more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forweare her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts

Your Aprons mountant; you are not Ortable,
Although I know you'll sweare, terribly sweare

Into strong shudders, and to heavenly Agues
Th'immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:

Ile trust to your Conditions, be whores still.
And he whose pious breath seekes to conuert you,

Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines six months
Be quite contrary. And Thatch

Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:

Weare them, betray with them; Whore still,
Paint till a horse may myre vpon your face:

A pox of wrinkles.
Both. Well, more Gold, what then?

h h 2

Beleeue't

Believe't that we'll do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Consumptions fowe
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may neuer more false Title pleade,
Nor found his Quillers shrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
That scold't against the quality of flesh,
And not beleuees himselfe. Downe with the Nose,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee (bald
Smels from the generall weale. Make curld pate Russians
And let the vnscar'd Braggettes of the Warre
Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,
That your Activity may defeat and quell
The source of all Erektion. There's more Gold,
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches graue you all.

Both. More counsell with more Money, bounteous
Timon.

Tim. More whore, more Mischeefe first, I haue gi-
uen you earnest.

Alc. Strike vp the Drum towards Athens, farewell
Timon: if I thrive well, He visit thee againe.

Tim. If I hope well, He neuer see thee more.

Alc. I neuer did thee harme.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harme?

Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, strike. *Exeunt.*

Tim. That Nature being sicke of mans vnkindnesse
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose wombe vnmeasureable, and infinite brei't
Teemes and feeds all: whose selfesame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puffed
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Crispe Heauen,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth shine:
Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosome, one poore roote:
Enseare thy Fertile and Conception's wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy vpward face
Hath to the Marbled Mansion all aboute
Neuer presented. O, a Root, deare thanks:
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts
And Morfels Vicious, greases his pure minde,
That from it all Consideration slippes —

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Alc. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost vse them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.

Alc. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vniuanly Melancholly sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slave-like Habit, and these lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,
Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
That euer *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thrive

By that which ha's vndone thee; hindege thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obserue
Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
Thou gau'st thine eares (like Tapsters, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis most iust
That thou turne Rascall, had'st thou wealth againe,
Rascals should haue't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe.

Alc. Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy selfe.

A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'st
That the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyft Trees,
That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste
To cure thy o're-nights surfer? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Natures lue in all the spight
Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vnhouse'd Trunkes
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou shalt finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.

Alc. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Alc. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Alc. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.

Tim. Why do'st thou seeke me out?

Alc. To vex thee.

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles,
Dost please thy selfe in't?

Alc. I.

Tim. What, a Knaue too?

Alc. If thou did'st put this fowre cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou d'st Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery
Our lines: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before;
The one is filling still, neuer compleat:
The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse then the worst Content.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arme
With fauour neuer claspt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'st thou like vs from our first swath proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To such as may the passie drugges of it
Freely command't: thou would'st haue plung'd thy self
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Lust, and neuer learn'd
The Icie precepts of respect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment;
That numberlesse vpon me sticke, as leaues
Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters bruth
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For euery storme that blowes. I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Men?
They neuer flatter'd thee. What hast thou giuen?

If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Must be thy subiect; who in spight put stuffe
To some shee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou had'st not bene borne the worst of men,
Thou had'st bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

Alc. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Alc. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,
I'd giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:

That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eat it.

Alc. Heere, I will mend thy Feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.

Alc. So I shall mend mine owne, by th'lacke of thine

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch;

If not, I would it were.

Alc. What would'st thou haue to Athens?

Tim. These chithir in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,

Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.

Alc. Heere is no vse for Gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:

For heere it sleepe, and do's no hyred harme.

Alc. Where lye'st a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Vnder that's about me.

Where feed'st thou a-dayes *Apemantus*?

Alc. Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather

where I eat it.

Tim. Would poysen were obedient, & knew my mind

Alc. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes.

Alc. The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest,
but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much
Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know'st none, but art de-
spis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Alc. Do'st hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Alc. And th'had'st hated Medlers sooner, I should'st
haue loued thy selfe better now. What man did'st thou
euer know vnthrif, that was beloued after his meane?

Tim. Who without those meane: thou talk'st of, did'st
thou euer know belou'd?

Alc. My selfe.

Tim. I vnderstand thee: thou had'st some meane to
keepe a Dogge.

Alc. What things in the world canst thou neereft
compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women neereft, but men: men are the things
themselues. What would'st thou do with the world *A-*
peantus, if it lay in thy power?

Alc. Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou haue thy selfe fall in the confu-
sion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

Alc. I *Timon*.

Tim. A beakly Ambition, which the Goddess graunte
thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would
beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would
eat thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect
thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Asse:
If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee;
and still thou liu'd'st but as a Breakfast to the Wolfe. If
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee,

& oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert
thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound
thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury.
Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horse:
wert thou a Horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the Leo-
pard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the
Lion, and the spotted of thy Kindred, were Iurers on thy
life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence ab-
sence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not sub-
iect to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that
seest not thy losse in transformation.

Alc. If thou could'st please me

With speaking to me, thou might'st

Haue hit vpon it heere.

The Commonwealth of Athens, is become

A Forrest of Beasts.

Tim. How ha's the Asse broke the wall, that thou art
out of the Citie.

Alc. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:

The plague of Company light vpon thee:

I will feare to catch it, and giue way.

When I know not what else to do,

Hee see thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing liuing but thee,

Thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,

Then *Apemantus*.

Alc. Thou art the Cap

Of all the Fooles aliae.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough

To spit vpon.

Alc. A plague on thee,

Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All Villaines

That do stand by thee, are pure.

Alc. There is no Leprosie,

But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, He beare thee;

But I should infect my hands,

Alc. I would my tongue

Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangie dogge,

Choller does kill me,

That thou art aliae, I swoond to see thee.

Alc. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall

lose a stone by thee.

Alc. Beasts.

Tim. Slave.

Alc. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

I am sicke of this false world, and will loue nought

But euen the meere necessities vpon't:

Then *Timon* presently prepare thy graue:

Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate

Thy graue stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,

That death in me, at others liues may laugh.

O thou sweete King-killer, and deare diuorce

Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler

of *Himens* purest bed, thou valiant Mars,

Thou euer, yong, fresh, loued, and delicate wooer,

Whose blub dorth thawe the consecrated Snow

That lyes on Dians lap.

Thou visible God,

That could'st close Impossibilities,

And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with euerie Tongue

hh 3

To

To euerie purpose: O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy slave-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts
May haue the world in Empire.

Ape. Would'twere so,
But not till I am dead. He say th'ha'st Gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.

Tim. Throng'd too?

Ape. I.

Tim. Thy backe I prythee,

Ape. Liue, and loue thy misery.

Tim. Long liue so, and so dyc. I am quit.

Ape. Mo things like men,
Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then.

Exit Ape-man.

Enter the Banditti.

x Where should he haue this Gold? It is some poore
Fragment, some slender Ore of his remainder: the meere
want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue
him into this Melancholly.

2 It is nois'd
He hath a masse of Treasure.

3 Let vs make the assay vpon him, if he care not for't,
he will supply vs easily: if he couetously reserue it, how
shall's get it?

2 True: for he beares it not about him:
Tis hid.

1 Is not this hee?

All. Where?

2 'Tis his description.

3 He? I know him.

All. Saue thee *Timon*.

Tim. Now Theeues.

All. Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.

All. We are not Theeues, but men

That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:
Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:

The Oakes beare Mast, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,
Layes her full Messe before you. Want? why Want?

1 We cannot liue on Grassie, on Berries, Water,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

2 Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds & Fishes,

You must eate men. Yet thanks I must you con,

That you are Theeues profest: that you worke not

In holier shapes: For there is boundlesse Theft

In limited Professions. Rascall Theeues

Heere's Gold. Go, sucke the subtile blood o'th Grape,

Till the high Feauor seeth your blood to froth,

And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physitian,

His Ant dotes are poyson, and he slayes

More then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,

Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't.

Like Workemen, He example you with Theeuery:

The Sunne's a Theefe, and with his great attraction

Robbes the vaste Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,

And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.

The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolues

The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne

From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.

The Lawes, your curb and whip, in their tough power

Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your selues, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,
Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steale
But Theeues do loose it: steale lesse, for this I giue you,
And Gold confound you howsoere: Amen.

3 Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by per-
swading me to it.

1 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus aduises
vs not to haue vs thriue in our mystery.

2 He beleue him as an Enemy,

And giue ouer my Trade.

1 Let vs first see peace in Athens, there is no time so
miserable, but a man may be true.

Exit Theeues.

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!

Is yon'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord?

Full of decay and faying? Oh Monument

And wonder of good deeds, euilly bestow'd!

What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made?

What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,

Who can bring Noblest mindes, to basest ends.

How rarely does it meete with this times guise,

When man was wisht to loue his Enemies:

Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo

Those that would mischeefe me, then those that doo.

Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest griefe

vnto him; and as my Lord, still serue him with my life.

My deereft Master.

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Haue you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost aske that? I haue forgot all men.

Then, if thou grun'st, th'art a man.

I haue forgot thee.

Stew. An honest poore seruant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I neuer had honest man about me, I all

I kept were Knaues, to serue in meate to Villaines.

Stew. The Gods are witnesse,

Nor did poore Steward weare a truer greefe

For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weepe?

Come neerer, then I loue thee

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st

Flinty mankind: whose eyes do neuer giue,

But thorow Lust and Laughter: pittie's sleeping:

Strange times y weepe with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,

I accept my greefe, and whil'st this poore wealth lasts,

To entertaine me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward

So true, so iust, and now so comfortable?

It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.

Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man

Was borne of woman.

Forgiue my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse

You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime

One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:

No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.

How faine would I haue hated all mankind,

And thou redeem'st thy selfe. But all saue thee,

I fell with Curses.

Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wife:

For, by oppressing and betraying mee,

Thou

Thou might'st haue sooner got another Seruice:
For many so arrive at second Masters,
Vpon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I must euer doubt, though ne're so sure),
Is not thy kindnesse subtile, couetous,
Is not a Vsurie kindnesse, and as rich men deale Guifts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one?

Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose brest
Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late:

You should haue fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.

That which I shew, Heauen knowes, is meere Loue,
Dutie, and Zeale, to your vmatched minde:

Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleue it,
My most Honour'd Lord,

For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange

For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your selfe.

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,
Heere take: the Gods out of my miserie

Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, liue rich and happy.
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men:

Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famisht flesh slide from the Bone,

Ere thou releue the Begger. Giue to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons swallow 'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods
And may Diseases lick vp their false bloods,

And so farewell, and thriue.

Stew. O let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'st Curses
Stay not: flye, whil'st thou art blest and free:

Ne're see thou man, and let me ne're see thee.

Exit

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre
where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?

Does the Rumor hold for true,

That hee's so full of Gold?

Painter. Certaine.

Alcibiades reports it: *Phrynicus* and *Timandyla*

Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd

Poore stragling Souldiers, with great quantity.

'Tis faide, he gaue vnto his Steward

A mighty summe.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,

Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?

Painter. Nothing else:

You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,

And flourish with the highest:

Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loues

To him, in this suppos'd distresse of his:

It will shew honestly in vs,

And is very likely, to loose our purposes

With what they traualle for,

If it be a iust and true report, that goes

Of his hauing.

Poet. What haue you now

To present vnto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time

But my Visitation: onely I will promise him

An excellent Peece.

Poet. I must serue him so too:

Tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best.

Promising, is the verie Ayre o'th Time;

It opens the eyes of Expectation.

Performance, is euer the duller for his acte,

And but in the plainer and simpler kinde of people,

The deede of Saying is quite out of vse.

To Promise, is most Courtly and fashionable;

Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament

Which argues a great sicknesse in his iudgement

That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cave.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,

Thou canst not paint a man so badde

As is thy selfe.

Poet. I am thinking

What I shall say I haue provided for him:

It must be a personating of himselfe:

A Satyre against the softnesse of Prosperity,

With a Discouerie of the infinite Flatteries

That follow youth and opulencie.

Timon. Must thou needes

Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?

Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?

Do so, I haue Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seeke him.

Then do we sinne against our owne estate,

When we may profit meete, and come too late.

Painter. True:

When the day serues before blacke-corner'd night;

Finde what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.

Come.

Tim. He meete you at the turne:

What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipt

In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede?

'Tis thou that rigg'st the Barke, and plow'st the Fome,

Setlest admired reuerence in a Slave,

To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye:

Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.

Fit I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late Noble Master.

Timon. Haue I once liu'd

To see two honest men?

Poet. Sir:

Haue often of your open Bounty tasted,

Heating you were retr'y'd, your Friends false off,

Whose thanklesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)

Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough.

What, to you,

Whose Starre-like Noblenesse gaue life and influence

To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couer

The monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude

With any size of words.

Timon. Let it go,

Naked men may see't the better:

You that are honest, by being what you are,

Make them best seene, and knowne.

Pain. He, and my selfe

Haue traual'd in the great showre of your guifts,

And sweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honest man.

Painter. We are hither come

To offer you our seruice.

Timon. Most honest men:

Why

Why how shall I requite you?

Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?

Both. What we can do,

Wee'l do to do you service.

Tim. Y'are honest men,

Y'have heard that I have Gold,

I am sure you have, speake truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore Came not my Friend, nor I.

Timon. Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfet

Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,

Thou counterfet'st most liuely.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. Ene so fir as I say. And for thy fiction,

Why thy Verse swels with stufte so fine and smooth,

That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.

But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)

I must needs say you have a little fault,

Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I

You take much paines to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour

To make it knowne to vs.

Tim. You'l take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Timon. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.

Tim. There's neuer a one of you but trusts a Knaue,

That mightily deceiues you.

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,

See him dissemble,

Know his grosse patchery, loue him, feede him,

Keepe in your bosome, yet remaine assur'd

That he's a made-up Villaine.

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Both. Nor I.

Timon. Looke you,

I loue you well, He giue you Gold

Rid me these Villaines from your companies;

Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

He giue you Gold enough.

Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this:

But two in Company:

Each man a part, all single, and alone,

Yet an arch Villaine keeps him company:

If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,

Come not neere him. If thou would'st not recide

But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.

Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye flauers:

You haue worke for me; there's payment, thence,

You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:

Out Rascall dogges.

Exeunt

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake with Timon:

For he is set so onely to himselfe,

That nothing but himselfe, which lookes like man,

Is friendly with him.

1. Sen. Bring vs to his Cause.

It is our part and promise to th'Athenians

To speake with Timon.

2. Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greefe

That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring vs to him
And chanc'd it as it may.

Stew. Heere is his Cause:

Peace and content be heere. Lord Timon, Timon,
Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their most reuerend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,

Speake and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister, and each false

Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,

Consuming it with speaking.

1. Worthy Timon.

Tim. Of none but such as you,

And you of Timon.

1. The Senators of Athens, greet thee Timon.

Tim. I thanke them,

And would send them backe the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1. O forget

What we are sorry for our selues in thee:

The Senators, with one consent of loue,

Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought

On speciall Dignities, which vacantlye

For thy best vie and wearing.

2. They confesse

Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;

Which now the publike Body, which doth sildome

Play the canter, feeling in it selfe

A lacke of Timons ayde, hath since withall

Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to Timon,

And send forth vs, to make their sorrowed render,

Together, with a recompence more fruitfull

Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,

I euen such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,

As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their loue,

Euer to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;

Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;

Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,

And Ile beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.

1. Therefore so please thee to returne with vs,

And of our Athens, thine and ours to take

The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name

Live with Authoritie: so soone we shall drive backe

Of Alcibiades th'approaches wild,

Who like a Bore too sauage, doth root vp

His Countries peace.

2. And shakes his threatening Sword

Against the walle: of Athens.

1. Therefore Timon.

Tim. Well fir, I will: therefore I will fir thus:

If Alcibiades kill my Countrymen,

Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,

That Timon cares not. But if he sacke faire Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by'th Beards,

Giuing our holy Virgins to the staine

Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:

Then let him know, and tell him Timon speakes it,

In

In pity of our aged, and our youth,

I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,

And let him tak't at worst: For their Knives care not,

While you haue throats to answer. For my selfe,

There's not a whistle, in th'venerly Campe,

But I do prize it at my loue, be'ore

Thereuerends Throat in Athens. So I leave you

To the protection of the prosperous Gods;

As Theeues to Keepers, to be kept from ill.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,

It will be seene to morrow: My long sicknesse

Of Health, and Living, now begins to mend,

And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,

Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,

And last so long enough.

1. We speake in vaine.

Tim. But yet I loue my Country, and am not

One that reioyces in the common wracke,

As common brute doth put it.

1. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my louing Countrymen.

1. These words become your lippes as they passe thro-

row them.

2. And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers

in their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,

And tell them, that to ease them of their griefes,

Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,

Their pang of Loue, with other incident throwes

That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine

In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do theist,

He teach them to prevent wilde Alcibiades wrath.

1. I like this well, he will returne againe.

Tim. I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Close,

That mine owne vs inuites me to cut downe,

And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,

Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,

From high to low throughout, that who so please

To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;

Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,

And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you shall

Finde him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,

Timon hath made his euerglasting Mansion

Vpon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,

Who once a day with his embossed Froth

The turbulent Surge shall couer; thither come,

And let my graue-stone be your Oracle:

Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:

What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.

Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gainie;

Summe, hide thy Beames, Timon hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.

1. His discontentes are vnremoueably coupled to Na-

ture.

2. Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,

And straine what other meanes is left vnto vs

In our deere perill.

1. It requires swift foot.

Exeunt.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1. Thou hast painfully discouerd: are his Files

As full as thy report?

Mes. I haue spoke the least.

Besides his expedition promises present approach.

2. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mes. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,

Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,

Yet our old loue made a particular force,

And made vs speake like Friends. This man was riding

From Alcibiades to Timons Cave,

With Letters of intreary, which imported

His Fellowship i'th'cause against your City,

In part for his sake moud.

Enter the other Senators.

1. Heere come our Brothers.

3. No talke of Timon, nothing of him expect,

The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull scouring

Doth choke the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,

Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare.

Exeunt

Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place,

Whose heere? Speake ho: No answer? What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span,

Some Beast reade this: There do's not lue a Man,

Dead sure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,

I cannot read: the Character Ile take with wax,

Our Captaine hath in euery Figure skill;

An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:

Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,

Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is.

Exit.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers

before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and lasciuious Towne,

Our terrible approach.

Sounds a Parly.

The Senators appeare vpon the wals.

Till now you haue gone on, and fill'd the time

With all Licentious measure, making your willes

The scope of lustice. Till now, my selfe and such

As slept within the shadow of your power

Haue wander'd with our trauerst Armes, and breath'd;

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,

When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong

Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,

Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,

And purfie Insolence shall breake his winde

With feare and horrid flight.

1. Sen. Noble, and young;

When thy first griefes were but a meere conceit,

Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of feare,

We sent to thee, to giue thy rages Balme,

To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues

Above their quantitie.

2. So did we wooe

Transformed Timon, to our Citties loue

By humble Message, and by promist meanes:

We were not all vnkiade, nor all deserue

The common stroke of warre.

1. These walles of ours,

Were not erected by their hands, from whom

You haue recey'd your greefe: Nor are they such,

That these great Towres, Trophies, & Schools shold fall

For private faults in them.

2. Nor are they liuing

Who

Who were the motives that you first went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excess)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spread,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let dye the spotted.

1 All haue not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leaue without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that haue offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt inforce it with thy smile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.

1 Set but thy foot
Against our rampyrd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter Friendly.

2 Throw thy Gloue,
Or any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt vse the warres as thy redresse,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Haue seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my Gloue,
Defend and open your vncharged Ports,

Those Enemies of *Timons*, and mine owne
Whom you your selues shall set out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to atone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the streame
Of Regular Iustice in your Citties bounds,
But shall be remedied to your publique Lawes
At heauiest answer.

Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th' Sea,
And on his Grauestone, this Insculpture which
With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.

Heere lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, wicked Cairts left:
Heere lye I *Timon*, who aline, all liuing men did hate,
Passe by, and curse thy fill, but passe and stay not here thy gate.
These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorrd'st in vs our humane griefes,
Scornd'st our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whose Memorie
Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will vse the Oliue, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes strike.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



THE ACTORS NAMES.

*T*IMON of Athens.
Lucius, And
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.
Sempronius another flattering Lord.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
Certaine Senatours.
Certaine Maskers.
Certaine Theeues.

Flaminius, one of *Tymons* Seruants.
Seruilius, another.
Caphis.
Varro.
Philo. Senerall Seruants to *Vsurers.*
Titus.
Lucius.
Hortensis
Ventigius, one of *Tymons* false Friends.
Cupid.
Sempronius.
With diuers other Seruants,
And Attendants.



THE
ACTORS
NAMES

THE TRAGEDIE OF
IULIVS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners
ouer the Stage.

Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Vpon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparell on?
You sir, what Trade are you?

Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am
but as you would say, a Cobl.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vie, with a safe
Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.

Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue,
what Trade?

Cob. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet
if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What meanst thou by that? Mend mee, thou
fawcy Fellow?

Cob. Why sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobl, art thou?

Cob. Truly sir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I
meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens mat-
ters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes:
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As pro-
per men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vpon
my handy worke.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why dost thou leade these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my
selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holy-
day to see Cæsar, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore reioyce?

What Conquest brings he home? and
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheelles?

You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senslesse things:
O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft?
Haue you climbd vp to Walles and Battlements,

To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue late

The liue-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,
Haue you not made an Vniuersall shout,
That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes
To heare the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concaue Shores?
And do you now put on your best attyre?
And do you now cull out a Holy day?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph ouer Pompeys blood?

Be gone,
Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poore men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares
Into the Channell, till the lowest streame
Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mou'd,
They vanish tongue-ryed in their guiltinesse:
Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I: Distrube the Images,
If you dō finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do so?

You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with Cæsars Trophies: lie about,
And drue away the Vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from Cæsars wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soare about the view of men,
And keepe vs all in feruile fearefulnessse.

Exeunt

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, De-
cius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: af-
ter them Murellus and Flavius.

Cas. Calphurnia.

Cas. Peace ho, Cæsar speakes.

Cas. Calphurnia.

Cas. Heere my Lord.

Cas. Stand you directly in Antonio's way,
When he doth run his course Antonio.

Ant. Cæsar, my Lord.

Cas. Forget not in your speed Antonio,
To touch Calphurnia: for our Elders say,

k k

The

The Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember,

When *Caesar* sayes, Do this; it is perform'd.
Cas. Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out.

Sooth. *Caesar.*

Cas. Ha? Who calles?

Cas. Bid euery noyse be still: peace yet againe.

Cas. Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?

I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke
Cry, *Caesar*: Speake, *Caesar* is turn'd to heare.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cas. What man is that?

Br. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March

Cas. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon *Caesar*.

Cas. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once againe.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cas. He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him: Passe.

Senect. *Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Cass.*

Cass. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brut. Not I.

Cass. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not Gamefome: I do lacke some part
Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;
He leaue you.

Cass. *Brutus*, I do obserue you now of late:
I haue not from your eyes, that gentlenesse
And shew of Loue, as I was wont to haue:
You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand
Ouer your Friend, that loues you.

Brut. *Cassius*,
Be not decei'd: If I haue veyl'd my lookes,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance
Meerely vpon my selfe. Vexed I am
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,
Which giue some foyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be greu'd
(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Then that poore *Brutus* with himselfe at warre,
Forgets the shewes of Loue to other men.

Cass. Then *Brutus*, I haue much mistook your passion,
By meanes whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.

Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you see your face?

Brutus. No *Cassius*:

For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,

By some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis iust,

And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,

That you haue no such Mirrors, as will turne

Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,

That you might see your shadow:

I haue heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,

(Except immortall *Caesar*) speaking of *Brutus*,

And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoke,

Haue wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Brut. Into what dangers, would you

Leade me *Cassius*?

That you would haue me seeke into my selfe,

For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare:

And since you know, you cannot see your selfe
So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse,
Will modestly discouer to your selfe
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of,
And be not iealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common Laughter, or did vse
To stale with ordinary Oathes my loue
To euery new Proffesser: if you know,
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
And after scandall them: Or if you know,
That I professe my selfe in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shout.

Brut. What meanes this Showting?

I do feare, the People choose *Caesar*

For their King.

Cass. I, do you feare it?

Then must I thinke you would not haue it so:

Brut. I would not *Cassius*, yet I loue him well:

But wherefore do you hold me heere so long?

What is it, that you would impart to me?

If it be ought toward the generall good,

Set Honor in one eye, and Death in other,

And I will looke on both indifferently:

For let the Gods so speed mee, as I loue

The name of Honor, more then I feare death.

Cass. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,

As well as I do know your outward fauour.

Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe,

I had as lief not be, as liue to be

In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.

I was borne free as *Caesar*, so were you,

We both haue fed as well, and we can both

Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.

For once, vpon a Rawe and Gustie day,

The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,

Caesar saide to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now

Leape in with me into this angry Flood,

And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,

Accounted as I was, I plunged in,

And bad him follow: so indeed he did.

The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,

And stemming it with hearts of Contronerie.

But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,

Caesar cri'd, Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke.

I (as *Antony*, our great Ancestor,

Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder

The old *Anchises* beare) so, from the waues of Tyber

Did I the tyred *Caesar*: And this Man,

Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is

A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,

If *Caesar* carelessly but nod on him.

He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,

And when the Fit was on him, I did marke

How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,

His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,

And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,

Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:

I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans

Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,

Alas, it cri'd, Giue me some drinke *Titinius*,

As we haue seene him in the Capitoll

As a sicke Girl: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the Maiestick world,
And beare the Palme alone.

Shout. *Flourish.*

Brut. Another generall shout?

I do beleue, that these applauses are

For some new Honors, that are heap'd on *Caesar*.

Cass. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men

Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about

To finde our selues dishonourable Graues.

Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.

The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,

But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.

Brutus and *Caesar*: What should be in that *Caesar*?

Why should that name be sounded more then yours?

Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:

Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em,

Brutus will start a Spirit as loone as *Caesar*.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,

Vpon what meate doth this our *Caesar* feede,

That he is growne so great? Age, thou art sham'd.

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods,

When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,

But it was fam'd with more then with one man?

When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,

That her wide Walkes incompass but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and Rome enough

When there is in it but one onely man.

O you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,

There was a *Brutus* once, that would haue brook'd

Th'eternall Diuall to keepe his State in Rome,

As easily as a King.

Brut. That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous:

What you would worke me too, I haue some ayme:

How I haue thought of this, and of these times

I shall recount hereafter. For this present,

I would not so (with loue I might intreat you)

Be any further mou'd: What you haue said,

I will consider: what you haue to say

I will with patience heare, and finde a time

Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.

Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:

Brutus had rather be a Villager,

Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome

Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time

Is like to lay vpon vs.

Cass. I am glad that my weake words

Haue strucke but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*,

Enter *Caesar* and his Traine.

Brut. The Games are done,

And *Caesar* is returning.

Cass. As they passe by,

Plucke *Cassius* by the Sleeve,

And he will (after his sower fashion) tell you

What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Brut. I will do so: but looke you *Cassius*,

The angry spot doth glow on *Caesar*'s brow,

And all the rest, look like a chidden Traine:

Calpurnia's Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*

Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes

As we haue seene him in the Capitoll

Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.

Cass. *Cassius* will tell vs what the matter is.

Cas. *Antony.*

Ant. *Caesar.*

Cas. Let me haue men about me, that are fat,

Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights:

Yond *Cassius* has a leane and hungry looke,

He thinkes too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Feare him not *Caesar*, he's not dangerous,

He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.

Cas. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:

Yet if my name were lyable to feare,

I do not know the man I should anoyd

So soone as that spare *Cassius*. He readeis much,

He is a great Obseruer, and he lookes

Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,

As thou dost *Antony*: he heares no Musicke;

Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a sort

As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit

That could be mou'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he, be neuer at hearts ease,

Whiles they behold a greater then themselves,

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,

Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Caesar*,

Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,

And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

Senect.

Exeunt Caesar and his Traine.

Cas. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake

with me?

Brut. I *Cassius*, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day

That *Caesar* lookes so sad.

Cas. Why you were with him, were you not?

Brut. I should not then aske *Cassius* what had chanc'd:

Cas. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; & being

offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus,

and then the people fell a shouting.

Brut. What was the second noyse for?

Cas. Why for that too.

Cass. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Cas. Why for that too.

Brut. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

Cas. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie

time gentler then other; and at euery putting by, mine

honest Neighbors shouted.

Cass. Who offer'd him the Crowne?

Cas. Why *Antony*.

Brut. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle *Cassius*.

Cas. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of

it: It was meere Poolesie, I did not marke it. I sawe

Markus Antony offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a

Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I

told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my think-

ing, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offer'd it to

him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my think-

ing, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then

he offer'd it the third time; hee put it the third time by;

and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howled, and

clapp'd their eliopt hands, and threw vpe their sweatie

Night-cappes, and vttered such a deale of stinking

breath, because *Caesar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had

(almost) choaked *Caesar*: for hee swoonded, and fell

downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh,

for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad

Ayre.

Cass. But soft I pray you: what did *Caesar* swoone?
Cass. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.
Cass. No, *Caesar* hath it not: but you, and I,

And honest *Cassius*, we haue the Falling sicknesse.

Cass. I know not what you meane by that, but I am sure *Caesar* fell downe. If the rag-ragge people did not clap him, and hisse him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they vse to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Brut. What said he, when he came vnto himselfe?

Cass. Marry, before he fell downe, when he percei'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had bene a man of any Occupation, if I would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When he came to himselfe againe, hee said, If hee had done, or said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worships to thinke it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgau him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Caesar* had stab'd their Mothers, they would haue done no lesse.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.

Cass. I.

Cass. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cass. I, he spoke Greeke.

Cass. To what effect?

Cass. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you i'th face againe. But those that vnderstood him, smil'd at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarffes off *Caesar*'s Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remember it.

Cass. Will you suppe with me to Night, *Cassius*?

Cass. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cass. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cass. If I be alive, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Cass. Good, I will expect you.

Cass. Doe so: farewell both. *Exit.*

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?

He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Cass. So is he now, in execution

Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,

How euer he puts on this tardie forme:

This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit,

Which giues men stomacke to digest his words

With better Appetite.

Brut. And so it is:

For this time I will leaue you:

To morrow, if you please to speake with me,

I will come home to you: or if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cass. I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World.

Exit Brutus.

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I see,

Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,

That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:

For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd?

Caesar doth beare me hard, but he loues *Brutus*.

If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humor me. I will this Night,
In feuerall Hands, in at his Windowes throw,
As if they came from feuerall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Caesar's Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Caesar* feat him sure,
For wee will shake him, or worle dayes endure.

Exit.

*Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Cassius,
and Cicero.*

Cic. Good euen, *Cassius*: brought you *Caesar* home?
Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so?

Cass. Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth

Shakes, like a thing vnfirm? O *Cicero*,

I haue scene Tempests, when the scolding Winds

Haue riu'd the knotie Oakes, and I haue scene

Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,

To be exalted with the threatening Clouds:

But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,

Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire,

Eyther there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen,

Or else the World, too sawie with the Gods,

Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cass. A common slave, you know him well by sight,

Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne

Like twentie Torches ioynd; and yet his Hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd.

Besides, I ha' not since put vp my Sword,

Against the Capitoll: I met a Lyon,

Who glaz'd vpon me, and went furly by,

Without annoying me. And there were drawne

Vpon a heape, a hundred gashly Women,

Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw

Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the streetes,

And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,

Euen at Noone-day, vpon the Market place,

Howling, and shrieking. When these Prodigious

Doe so conioyntly meet, let not men say,

These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:

For I beleue, they are portentous things

Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:

But men may construe things after their fashion,

Cleane from the purpose of the things themselves.

Comes *Caesar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cass. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*

Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Cassius*:

This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Cass. Farewell *Cicero*. *Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

Cass. Who's there?

Cass. A Roman.

Cass. *Cassius*, by your Voyce.

Cass. Your Eare is good.

Cass. What Night is this?

Cass. A very pleasing Night to honest men.

Cass. Who euer knew the Heauens menace so?

Cass. Those that haue knowne the Earth so full of

faults.

For

For my part, I haue walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;
And thus vnbraced, *Cassius*, as you see,
Haue bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:
And when the crossie blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Breest of Heauen, I did present my selfe
Euen in the ayne, and very flash of it, (uens?)

Cass. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-
uen? It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadful Heralds, to astonish vs.

Cass. You are dull, *Cassius*:
And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you vse not.

You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,
And cast your selfe in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the Heauens:

But if you would consider the true cause,

Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,

Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,

Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,

Why all these things change from their Ordinance,

Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,

To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,

That Heauen hath infus'd them with these Spirits,

To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,

Vnto some monstrous State.

Now could I (*Cassius*) name to thee a man,

Most like this dreadfull Night,

That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares,

As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:

A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,

In personall action; yet prodigious growne,

And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are.

Cass. 'Tis *Caesar* that you meane:

Is it not, *Cassius*?

Cass. Let it be who it is: for Romans now

Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;

But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,

And we are govern'd with our Mothers spirits,

Our yoake, and sufferance, flew vs Womanish.

Cass. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow

Meane to establish *Caesar* as a King:

And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,

In euery place, saue here in Italy.

Cass. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;

Cassius from Bondage will deliuer *Cassius*:

Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong;

Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.

Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,

Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:

But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,

Neuer lacks power to dismisse it selfe.

If I know this, know all the World besides,

That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,

I can shake off at pleasure. *Thunder still.*

Cass. So can I:

So euer Bond-man in his owne hand beares

The power to cancell his Captiuitie.

Cass. And why should *Caesar* be a Tyrant then?

Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,

But that he fees the Romans are but Sheepe:

He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.

Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,

Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?

What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serues
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Caesar*. But oh Griefe,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cass. You speake to *Cassius*, and to such a man,
That is no feareful Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redresse of all these Griefes,
And I will set this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes farthest.

Cass. There's a Bargaine made.

Now know you, *Cassius*, I haue mou'd already

Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans

To vnder-goe, with me, an Enterprize,

Of Honorable dangerous consequence;

And I doe know by this, they stay for me

In *Pompey*'s Porch: for now this fearefull Night,

There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;

And the Complexion of the Element

Is fauours, like the Worke we haue in hand,

Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cass. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in
haste.

Cass. 'Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,

He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you to?

Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, *Murellus*

Cymer?

Cass. No, it is *Cassius*, one incorporate

To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*?

Cinna. I am glad on't.

What a fearefull Night is this?

There's two or three of vs haue scene strange sights.

Cass. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are, O *Cassius*,

If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*

To our party—

Cass. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,

And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,

Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this

In at his Window; set this vp with Waxe

Vpon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,

Repaire to *Pompey*'s Porch, where you shall finde vs.

Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cinna. All, but *Murellus* *Cymer*, and hee's gone

To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,

And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.

Cass. That done, repaire to *Pompey*'s Theater.

Exit Cinna.

Come *Cassius*, you and I will yet, ere day,

See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him

Is ours already, and the man entire

Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him ours.

Cass. O, he fits high in all the Peoples hearts:

And that which would appeare Offence in vs,

His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,

Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.

Cass. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,

You haue right well conceited: let vs goe,

For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,

We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Exeunt.

kk 3

Alto

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What Lucius, hoe?
I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,
Giue guesse how neere to day. Lucius, I say?
I would it were my fault to sleepe so foundly.
When Lucius, when? awake, I say: what Lucius?

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?
Brut. Get me a Tapor in my Study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord.
Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves warie walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th'abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-joynes
Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar,
I haue not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooffe,
That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face:
But when he once attaines the vpmost Round,
He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;
Then leaft he may, preuent. And since the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would runne to these, and these extremities:
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischieuous;
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.
Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd vp, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.
Brut. Look in the Calender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.
Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Giue so much light, that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter, and reades.
Brutus thou sleepest; awake, and see thy selfe:
Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, redresse.

Brutus thou sleepest; awake.
Such instigations haue bene often dropt,
Where I haue tooke them vp:
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?
My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated

To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redresse will follow, thou receiuest
Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.
Luc. Sir, March is wasted fiftene dayes.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:
Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I haue not slept.

Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the first motion, all the Interim is
Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dreame:
The Genius, and the mortall Instruments
Are then in counsell; and the state of a man,
Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then
The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.
Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother Cassius at the Doore,
Who doth desire to see you.

Brut. Is he alone?
Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him;
Brut. Doe you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no means I may discouer them,
By any marke of fauour.

Brut. Let 'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,
Sham't thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When euils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,
To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:
For if thou patch thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus it selfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from preuention.

Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius,
Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cass. I thinke we are too bold vpon your Rest:
Good morrow Brutus, doe we trouble you?

Brut. I haue bene vp this howre, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?
Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your selfe,
Which every Noble Roman beares of you.
This is Trebonius.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, Decius Brutus.

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cass. This, Caska; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus

Cymbere.

Brut. They are all welcome.

What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselves

Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word? They whisper.

Decius. Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake

heere?

Cask. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and you grey Lines,

That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cask. You shall confesse, that you are both deceiu'd:

Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises;

Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weigh-

Weighing the youthfull Season of the year.
Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.

Brut. Giue me your hands all ouer, one by one.

Cass. And let vs sweare our Resolution.

Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,

The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;

If these be Motiues weak, breake off betimes,

And euery man hence, to his idle bed:

So let high-fighted Tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these

(As I am sure they do) beare fire enough

To kinde Cowards, and to Steele with valour

The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,

What neede we any spur, but our owne cause,

To prick vs to redresse? What other Bond,

Then secret Romans, that haue spoke the word,

And will not palter? And what other Oath,

Then Honesty to Honesty ingad,

That this shall be, or we will fall for it.

Sweare Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous

Old feeble Carriours, and such suffering Soules

That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causes, sweare

Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine

The euen vertue of our Enterprize,

Nor th'insuppressible Mettle of our Spirits,

To thinke, that our Cause, or our Performance

Did neede an Oath. When euery drop of blood

That euery Roman beares, and Nobly beares

Is guilty of a feuerall Bastardie,

If he do breake the smallest Particel

Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cass. But what of Cicerō? Shall we found him?

I thinke he will stand very strong with vs.

Cask. Let vs not leaue him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Metel. O let vs haue him, for his Silver haire

Will purchase vs a good opinion:

And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:

It shall be sayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,

Our youths, and wildenesse, we no whit appeare,

But all be buried in his Gravity.

Brut. O name him not; let vs not breake with him,

For he will neuer follow any thing

That other men begin.

Cass. Then leaue him out.

Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely Caesar?

Cass. Decius well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet,

Marke Antony, so well belou'd of Caesar,

Should out-lie Caesar, we shall finde of him

A shrew'd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes

If he improve them, may well stretch so farre

As to annoy vs all: which to prevent,

Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Brut. Our course will seeme too bloody, Caius Cassius,

To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:

Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards:

For Antony, is but a Limbe of Caesar.

Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Caius:

We all stand vp against the spirit of Caesar,

And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:

O that we then could come by Caesar's Spirit,

And not dismember Caesar! But (alas)

Caesar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,

Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:

Let's carue him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,

Not heu him as a Carcasse fit for Hounds:

And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,

Stirre vp their Seruants to an acte of Rage,

And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make

Our purpose Necessary, and not Enuious.

Which so appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.

And for Marke Antony, thinke not of him:

For he can do no more then Caesar's Arme,

When Caesar's head is off.

Cass. Yet I feare him,

For in the ingrafted loue he beares to Caesar,

Brut. Alas, good Cassius, do not thinke of him:

If he loue Caesar, all that he can do

Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for Caesar.

Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for Caesar.

And that were much he should: for he is giuen

To sports, to wilkenesse, and much company.

Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye.

For he will liue, and laugh at this heereafter.

Clocke strikes.

Brut. Peace, count the Clocke.

Cass. The Clocke hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cass. But it is doubtfull yet,

Whether Caesar will come forth to day, or no:

For he is Superstitious growne of late,

Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,

Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:

It may be, these apparant Prodigies,

The vnaccustom'd Terror of this night,

And the perswasion of his Augurers,

May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

Decius. Neuer feare that: If he be so resolu'd,

I can ore-sway him: For he loues to heare,

That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,

And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes;

Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.

But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,

He sayes, he does; being then most flattered.

Let me worke:

For I can giue his humour the true bent;

And I will bring him to the Capitoll.

Cass. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him.

Brut. By the eight howre, is that the vttermost?

Cin. Be that the vttermost, and faile not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth beare Caesar hard,

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;

I wonder none of you haue thought of him.

Brut. Now good Metellus go along by him:

He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reasons,

Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.

Cass. The morning comes vpon's:

Wee'll leave you Brutus,

And friends disperse your selues; but all remember

What you haue said, and shew your selues true Romans.

Brut. Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily.

Let not our lookes put on our purposes,

But beare it as our Roman Actors do,

With vntyr'd Spirits, and formall Constance,

And so good morrow to you euery one.

Manet Brutus.

Boy: Lucius: Fast asleepe? It is no matter,

Enioy the hony-heavy Dew of Slumber:

Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,

Which

Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou sleepest so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord,

Brut. *Portia*: What meanes you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. I have vngently *Brutus*
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper
You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-crosse:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd vpon me, with vngentle lookes.

I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp't with your foote:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,

But with an angry wafter of your hand
Gaue signe for me to leaue you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience

Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with euery man.

It will not let you eate, nor sleepe;
And could it worke so much vpon your shape,
As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,
I should not know you *Brutus*. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of griefe.

Brut. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wife, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meane to come by it.

Brut. Why so I do: good *Portia* go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sicke? And is it Physicall
To walke vnbraced, and sucke vp the humours
Of the danke Morning? What, is *Brutus* sicke?

And will he steale out of his wholsome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy, and vnpurged Ayre,
To adde vnto his sicknesse? No my *Brutus*,

You haue some sicke Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
Iought to know of: And vpon my knees,

I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vov'es of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,

That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe
Why you are heauy: and what men to night
Haue had resort to you: for heere haue bene
Some fixe or seuen, who did hide their faces
Euen from darknesse.

Brut. Kneele not gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets

That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in sort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,

Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Brut. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy dropes
That vnto my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* tooke to Wife:
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.

Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclofe 'em:

I haue made strong prooue of my Constancie,
Giuing my selfe a voluntary wound
Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Brut. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.
Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,

And by and by thy bosome shall partake
The secrets of my Heart.
All my engagements, I will contrue to thee,
All the Charaacters of my sad browes:
Leaue me with hast.

Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.
Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heere is a sicke man that would speak with you.
Brut. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of,
Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Brut. O what a time haue you chose out braue *Caius*!
To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.

Cai. I am not sicke, if *Brutus* haue in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.
Brut. Such an exploit haue I in hand *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,
Braue Sonne, deriu'd from Honourable Loines,

Thou like an Exorcist, hast coniu'd vp
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
And I will strue with things impossible;

Yea get the better of them. What's to do?
Brut. A peece of worke,
That will make sicke men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?
Brut. That must we also. What it is my *Caius*,
I shall vnfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foote,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on.

Brut. Follow me then.

Thunder.
Exit.

Thunder & Lightning.
Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-gowne.

Caesar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth,
Haue bene at peace to night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her sleepe cryed out,
Helpe, ho: They murther *Caesar*. Who's within?

Enter a Seruant.
Ser. My Lord.

Caes. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Successe.
Ser. I will my Lord.

Enter Calphurnia.
Cal. What mean you *Caesar*? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stire out of your house to day.

Caes. *Caesar* shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see
The face of *Caesar*, they are vanisht.

Calp.

Calp. *Caesar*, I neuer stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we haue heard and seene,
Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.
A Lionnesse hath whelped in the streets,
And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:
The noise of Battell hurled in the Ayre:
Horfles do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghosts did shrike and squeale about the streets.
O *Caesar*, these things are beyond all vlie,
And I do feare them.

Caes. What can be auoyd
Whole end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Caesar* shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to *Caesar*.

Calp. When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seene,
The Heauens themselues blaze forth the death of Princes
Caes. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant neuer taste of death but once:

Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,
It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Seruant.
What say the Augurers?
Ser. They would not haue you to stirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailes of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beast.

Caes. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:
Caesar should be a Beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to day for feare:
No *Caesar* shall not; Danger knowes full well
That *Caesar* is more dangerous then he.

We heere two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Caesar* shall go forth.

Calp. Alas my Lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence:
Donot go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keeps you in the house, and not your owne.

Wee'l send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me vpon my knee, preuaile in this.

Caes. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,
And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.
Heere's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.
Deci. *Caesar*, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Caesar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Caes. And you are come in very happy time,
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is false: and that I date not, false:
I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Calp. Say he is sicke.
Caes. Shall *Caesar* send a Lye?
Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,
To be afeard to tell Gray-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, *Caesar* will not come.

Deci. Most mighty *Caesar*, let me know some cause,
Left I be laugh't at when I tell them so.
Caes. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.

But for your priuate satisfaction,
Because I loue you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia heere my wife, stayes me at home:
She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,
And euils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Deci. This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,
It was a vision, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke
Renewing blood, and that great men shall presse
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognifance.
This by *Calphurnia's* Dreame is signified.

Caes. And this way haue you well expounded it.
Deci. I haue, when you haue heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate haue concluded
To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty *Caesar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Breake vp the Senate, till another time:
When *Caesar's* wife shall meete with better Dreames.
If *Caesar* hide himselfe, shall they not whisper
Loe *Caesar* is afraid?

Pardon me *Caesar*, for my deere deere loue
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And reason to my loue is liable.
Caes. How foolish do your fears seeme now *Calphurnia*?
I am aghast I did yeeld to them.
Giue me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius.
And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me,
Pub. Good morrow *Caesar*.
Caes. Welcome *Publius*.
What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so earely too?
Good morrow *Caska*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Caesar was ne're so much your enemy,
As that same Age which hath made you leane.
What is't a Clocke?

Brut. *Caesar*, 'tis stricken eight.
Caes. I thank you for your paines and curtesie.
Enter Antony.
Sec, *Antony* that Reuels long a-nights
Is notwithstanding vp. Good morrow *Antony*.
Ant. So to most Noble *Caesar*.
Caes. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,
I haue an houres talke in store for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be neere me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Caesar* I will: and so neere will I be,
That your best Friends shall wish I had bene further.
Caes. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me
And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.
Brut. That euery like is not the same, O *Caesar*,
The heart of *Brutus* eares to thinke vpon.

Enter Artemidorus.
Caesar, beware of *Brutus*, take heede of *Cassius*; come not
neere.

neere Caska, haue an eye to Cyma, trust not Trebonius, marke well Metellus Cymbel, Decius Brutus looke thee not: Thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius: There is but one minde in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar: If thou beest not Immortal, looke about you: Security giues way to Conspiracie. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Louer, Artemidorus.

Heere will I stand, till Caesar passe along,
And as a Tutor will I giue him this:
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot liue
Out of the reach of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O Caesar, thou mayest liue;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would haue had thee there and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancie, be strong vpon my side,
Set a huge Mountaine 'twixt me my Heart and Tongue:
I haue a mans minde, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell,
Art thou heere yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?

And so returne to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Caesar doth, what Sutors presse to him.
Hearke Boy, what noyse is that?

Luc. There none Madam.

Por. Prythee listen well:

I heard a bustling Rumor like a Fray,

And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?

Sooth. At mine owne house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clocke?

Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady.

Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitoll?

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,

To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Por. Thou hast some suite to Caesar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I haue Lady, if it will please Caesar

To be so good to Caesar, as to heare me:

I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe.

Por. Why know'st thou any harme's intended to-
wards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be,

Much that I feare may chance:

Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:

The throng that folloes Caesar at the heeles,

Of Senators, of Prators, common Sutors,

Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:

He get me to a place more voyd, and there

Speake to great Caesar as he comes along.

Por. I must go in: I will be gone in time.

Aye me! How weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus,

The Heavens speede thee in thine enterprize.

Sure the Boy heard me: Brutus hath a suite

That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint:

Run Lucius, and commend me to my Lord,

Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

Exit.

Actus Terius.

Flourish.

Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Tre-
bonius, Cyma, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Pub-
lius, and the Soothsayer.

Caes. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. I Caesar, but not gone.

Art. Haile Caesar: Read this Scedule.

Deci. Trebonius doth desire you to ore-read

(At your best leysure) this his humble suite.

Art. O Caesar, reade mine first: for mine's a suite

That touches Caesar neerer. Read it great Caesar.

Caes. What touches vs our selfe, shall be last seru'd.

Art. Delay not Caesar, read it instantly.

Caes. What is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, giue place.

Cass. What, vrge you your Petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitoll.

Popil. I with your enterprize to day may thrive.

Cass. What enterprize Popilius?

Popil. Fare you well.

Brut. What said Popilius Lena?

Cass. He wisht to day our enterprize might thrive:

I feare our purpose is discovered.

Brut. Looke how he makes to Caesar: marke him.

Cass. Caska be sodaine, for we feare preuention.

Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,

Cassius or Caesar neuer shall turne backe,

For I will slay my selfe.

Brut. Cassius be constant:

Popilius Lena speakes not of our purposes,

For looke he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cass. Trebonius knowes his time: for look you Brutus

He drawes Mark Antony out of the way.

Deci. Where is Metellus Cimbber, let him go,

And presently preferre his suite to Caesar.

Brut. He is adrest: presse neere, and second him.

Cin. Caska, you are the first that reares your hand.

Caes. Are we all ready? What is now amisse,

That Caesar and his Senate must redresse?

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar

Metellus Cymbel throwes before thy Seate

An humble heart.

Caes. I must preuent thee Cymbel:

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree,

Into the lane of Children: Be not fond,

To thinke that Caesar beares such Rebell blood

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,

Low-crooked-curties, and base Spaniell fawning:

Thy Brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawne for him,

I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way:

Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,

To

To sound more sweetly in great Caesars eare,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Brut. I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery Caesar:

Desiring thee, that Publius Cymbel may

Haue an immediate freedome of repeale.

Caes. What Brutus?

Cass. Pardon Caesar: Caesar pardon:

As lowe as to thy foote doth Cassius fall,

To begge enfranchisement for Publius Cymbel.

Caes. I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,

If I could pray to moue, Prayers would moue me:

But I am constant as the Northern Starre,

Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,

There is no fellow in the Firmament.

The Skies are painted with vnnumberd sparkes,

They are all Fire, and every one doth shine:

But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.

So, in the World: 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,

And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensiu;

Yet in the number, I do know but One

That vnassayleable holds on his Ranke,

Vnshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,

Let me a little shew it, euen in this:

That I was constant Cymbel should be banish'd,

And constant do remaine to keepe him so.

Cinna. O Caesar.

Caes. Hence: Wilt thou liue vp Olympus?

Decius. Great Caesar,

Caes. Doth not Brutus bootlesse kneele?

Cask. Speake hands for me.

They stab Caesar.

Caes. Et Tu Brute?—Then fall Caesar.

Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,

Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.

Cass. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out

Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement.

Brut. People and Senators, be not affrighted:

Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid.

Cask. Go to the Pulpit Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Brut. Where's Publius?

Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, least some Friend of Caesars

Should chance —

Brut. Talke not of standing. Publius good cheere,

There is no harme intended to your person,

Nor to po. Roman else: so tell them Publius.

Cass. And leaue vs Publius, least that the people

Rushing on vs, should do your Age some mischief.

Brut. Do so, and let no man abide this deede,

But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cass. Where is Antony?

Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd:

Men, Wiues, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,

As it were Doomesday.

Brut. Fates, we will know your pleasures:

That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time

And drawing dayes out, that men stand vpon.

Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,

Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death.

Brut. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:

So are we Caesars Friends, that haue abridg'd

His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope,

And let vs bathe our hands in Caesars blood:

Vp to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords,

Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place,
And wauing our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.

Cass. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence

Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,

In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?

Brut. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompeyes Basis lye along,

No worthier then the dust?

Cass. So oft as that shall be,

So often shall the knot of vs be call'd,

The Men that gaue their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cass. I. euerly man away.

Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heeles

With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Seruant.

Brut. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of Antonies.

Ser. Thus Brutus did my Master bid me kneele;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall downe,

And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:

Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest;

Caesar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing:

Say, I loue Brutus, and I honour him;

Say, I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lou'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolu'd

How Caesar hath deseru'd to lye in death,

Mark Antony, shall not loue Caesar dead

So well as Brutus liuing; but will follow

The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble Brutus,

Thorough the hazards of this vtrod State,

With all true Faith. So sayes my Master Antony.

Brut. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Roman,

I neuer thought him worse:

Tell him, so please him come vnto this place

He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor

Depart vntouch'd.

Ser. Ile fetch him presently.

Brut. I know that we shall haue him well to Friend.

Cass. I wish we may: But yet haue I a minde

That feares him much: and my misgiuing still

Falles shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Brut. But heere comes Antony:

Welcome Mark Antony.

Ant. Omighty Caesar! Dost thou lye so lowe?

Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,

Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.

I know not Gentlemen what you intend,

Who else must belee blood, who else is ranke:

If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit

As Caesars deaths houre; nor no Instrument

Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich

With the most Noble blood of all this World.

I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reeke and smoake,

Fulfill your pleasure. Liue a thousand yeeres,

I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.

No place will please me so, no meane of death,

As heere by Caesar, and by you cut off,

The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Brut. O Antony! Begge not your death of vs:

Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,

As by our hands, and this our present Acte

You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,

And

And this, the bleeding businesse they haue done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:
And pittie to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire driues out fire, so pittie pittie
Hath done this deed on *Caesar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords haue leaden points *Marke Antony*:
Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,
With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence.
Cassius. Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

Brutus. Onely be patient, till we haue appeard
The Multitude, beside themselves with feare,
And then, we will deliuer you the cause,
Why I, that did loue *Caesar* when I strooke him,
Haue thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wifedome:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you;
Next *Caius Cassius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now yours *Metellus*;
Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
Though last, not least in loue, yours good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did loue thee *Caesar*, O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs now,
Shall it not greue thee deeper then thy death,
To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to close
In tearmes of Friendshipp with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Iulius*, heere was't thou bay'd braue Hart,
Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethee.
O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, stroken by many Princes,
Dost thou heere lye?

Cassius. *Mark Antony*.

Ant. Pardon me *Caius Cassius*:
The Enemies of *Caesar*, shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie.

Cassius. I blame you not for praising *Caesar* so,
But what compact meane you to haue with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore Iooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Caesar*.
Friends are I wish you all, and loue you all,
Vpon this hope, that you shall giue me Reasons,
Why, and wherein, *Caesar* was dangerous.

Brutus. Or else were this a lauge Spectacle:
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Caesar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seeke,
And am moreouer sutor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Brutus. You shall *Marke Antony*.

Cassius. *Brutus*, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not consent
That *Antony* speake in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may be mou'd
By that which he will vtter.

Brutus. By your pardon:
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Caesars* death.
What *Antony* shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leaue, and by permission:
And that we are contented *Caesar* shall
Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall aduantage more, then do vs wrong.

Cassius. I know not what may fall, I like it not.
Brutus. *Marke Antony*, heere take you *Caesars* body:
You shall not in your Funerall speech blame vs,
But speake all good you can deuise of *Caesar*,
And say you doo't by our permission:
Else shall you not haue any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so:

I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow vs. *Exeunt*
Marke Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peeces of Earth:
That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That euer liued in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light vpon the limbes of men;
Domesticke Fury, and fierce Ciuill strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in vse,
And dreadfull Obiects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pittie choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
And *Caesars* Spirit ranging for Reuenge,
With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confinnes, with a Menarkes voyce,
Cry hauocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre.
That this foule deede, shall smell about the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octavius's Seruant.

You serue *Octavius Caesar*, do you not?

Ser. I do *Marke Antony*.

Ant. *Caesar* did write for him to come to Rome,

Ser. He did receiue his Letters, and is coming,

And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O *Caesar*!

Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe:

Pasion I see is catching from mine eyes,

Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Began to water. Is thy Master coming?

Ser. He lies to night within seuen Leagues of Rome,

Ant. Post backe with speede,

And tell him what hath chanc'd:

Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for *Octavius* yet,

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,

Thou

Thou shalt not backe, till I haue borne this course
Into the Market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young *Octavius*, of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

Exeunt

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius
with the Plebeians.

Pla. We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied.
Brutus. Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends.
Cassius go you into the other streete,
And part the Numbers:
Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere;
Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,
And publike Reasons shall be rendred
Of *Caesars* death.

Pla. I will heare *Brutus* speake.
1. I will heare *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
When severally we heare them rendred.
3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.
Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare mee for my
cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for
mine Honor, and haue respect to mine Honor, that you
may beleeue. Censure me in your Wisedom, and awake
your Senses, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee
any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Caesars*, to him
I say, that *Brutus* loue to *Caesar*, was no lesse then his. If
then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Caesar*,
this is my answer: Not that I lou'd *Caesar* lesse, but
that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Caesar* were li-
uing, and dye all Slaues; then that *Caesar* were dead, to
liue all Free-men? As *Caesar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him;
as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I
honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There
is Teares, for his Loue: Joy, for his Fortune: Honor, for
his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere
so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speake, for him
haue I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not
be a Roman? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. Who
is heere so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any,
speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no
more to *Caesar*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Questi-
on of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not
extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences en-
forc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Caesars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who
though he had no hand in his death, shall receiue the be-
nefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealt, as which
of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my
best Lower for the good of Rome, I haue the same Dag-
ger for my selfe, when it shall please my Countrey to need
my death.

All. Liue *Brutus*, liue, liue.

1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house.
2. Giue him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be *Caesar*.
4. *Caesars* better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. Wee'l bring him to his House,

With Showts and Clamors.

Brutus. My Countrey-men.

2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speakes.

1. Peace ho.

Brutus. Good Countrey-men, let me depart alone,

And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony*:

Do grace to *Caesars* Corpes, and grace his Speech

Tending to *Caesars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*

(By our permission) is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till *Antony* haue spoke.

1. Stay ho, and let vs heare *Mark Antony*.

3. Let him go vp into the publike Chaire,

Wee'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go vp.

Ant. For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you.

4. What does he say of *Brutus*?

3. He sayes, for *Brutus* sake

He findes himselfe beholding to vs all.

4. 'Twere best he speake no harme of *Brutus* heere?

1. This *Caesar* was a Tyrant.

3. Nay that's certaine:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2. Peace, let vs heare what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans.

All. Peace heere, let vs heare him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, Countrey-men, lend me your eares:

I come to bury *Caesar*, not to praise him:

The euill that men do, liues after them;

The good is oft enterred with their bones,

So let it be with *Caesar*. The Noble *Brutus*,

Hath told you *Caesar* was Ambitious:

If it were so, it was a greuous Fault,

And greuously hath *Caesar* answer'd it.

Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the rest

(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,

So are they all; all Honourable men)

Come I to speake in *Caesars* Funerall.

He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;

But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,

Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:

Did this in *Caesar* seeme Ambitious?

When that the poore haue cry'de, *Caesar* hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,

I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:

And sure he is an Honourable man.

I speake not to disproue what *Brutus* spoke,

But heere I am, to speake what I do know;

You all did loue him once, not without cause,

What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?

O Iudgement! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,

And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,

My heart is in the Coffin there with *Caesar*,

And I must pawle, till it come backe to me.

1. Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings.

2. If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar ha's had great wrong.

3. Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worse come in

(his place,

4. *Marke*

11

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take ſ Crown,
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.

1. If it be found ſo, ſome will deere abide it.

2. Poore ſoule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then Antony.

4. Now marke him, he begins againe to ſpeake.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Caesar might

Haue ſtood againſt the World: Now lies he there,

And none ſo poore to do him reuerence.

O Maſters! If I were diſpos'd to ſitte

Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,

I ſhould do Brutus wrong, and Caſſius wrong:

Who (you all know) are Honourable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather chooſe

To wrong the dead, to wrong my ſelfe and you,

Then I will wrong ſuch Honourable men.

But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of Caesar,

I found it in his Cloſet, 'tis his Will:

Let but the Commons heare this Teſtament:

(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,

And they would go and kiſſe dead Caſars wounds,

And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;

Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,

And dying, mention it within their Willes,

Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie

Vnto their iſſue.

4. Wee'l heare the Will, reade it Marke Antony.

All. The Will, the Will; we will heare Caſars Will.

Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I muſt not read it.

It is not meete you know how Caſar lou'd you:

You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:

And being men, hearing the Will of Caſar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad;

'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,

For if you ſhould, O what would come of it?

4. Read the Will, wee'l heare it Antony.

You ſhall reade vs the Will, Caſars Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you ſtay a-while?

I haue o're-ſhot my ſelfe to tell you of it,

I feare I wrong the Honourable men,

Whoſe Daggers haue ſlab'd Caſar: I do feare it,

4. They were Traitors: Honourable men?

All. The Will, the Teſtament.

2. They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the

Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:

Then make a Ring about the Corps of Caſar,

And let me ſhew you him that made the Will:

Shall I deſcend? And will you giue me leaue?

All. Come downe.

2. Deſcend.

3. You ſhall haue leaue.

4. A Ring, ſtand round.

1. Stand from the Hearſe, ſtand from the Body.

2. Roome for Antony, moſt Noble Antony.

Ant. Nay preſſe not ſo vpon me, ſtand farre off.

All. Stand backe: roome, beare backe.

Ant. If you haue teares, prepare to ſhed them now.

You all do know this Mantle, I remember

The firſt time euer Caſar put it on,

'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent,

That day he ouercame the Nervi.

Looke in this place ran Caſſius Dagger through:

See what a rent the enuious Caska made:

Through this, the wel-beloued Brutus ſlab'd,

And as he pluck'd his curſed Steele away:

Marke how the blood of Caſar followed it,

As ruſhing out of doores, to be reſolu'd

If Brutus ſo vnkindly knock'd, or no:

For Brutus, as you know, was Caſars Angel.

Iudge, O you Gods, how deereſly Caſar lou'd him:

This was the moſt vnkindeſt cut of all.

For when the Noble Caſar ſaw him ſlab,

Ingratitude, more ſtrong then Traitors armes,

Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his Mighty heart,

And in his Mantle, muſſing vp his face,

Euen at the Baſe of Pompeyes Statue

(Which all the while ran blood) great Caſar fell.

O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?

Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,

Whilſt bloody Treason flouriſh'd ouer vs.

Onow you weepe, and I perceiue you feele

The dint of pittie: Theſe are gracious dropes.

Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold

Our Caſars Veſture wounded? Looke you heere,

Heere is Himſelfe, marr'd as you ſee with Traitors.

1. O pitteous ſpectacle!

2. O Noble Caſar!

3. O woeful day!

4. O Traitors, Villaines!

1. O moſt bloody fight!

2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge

About, ſeeke, burne, fire, kill, ſlay,

Let not a Traitor liue.

Ant. Stay Country-men.

1. Peace there, heare the Noble Antony.

2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with

him.

Ant. Good Friends, ſweet Friends, let me not ſtirre

To ſuch a ſodaine Flood of Mutiny:

They that haue done this Deede, are honourable,

What priuate griefes they haue, alas I know not,

That made them do it: They are Wiſe, and Honourable,

And will no doubt with Reaſons anſwer you.

I come not (Friends) to ſteale away your hearts,

I am no Orator, as Brutus is;

But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man

That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,

That gaue me publike leaue to ſpeake of him:

For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,

To ſtirre mens Blood. I onely ſpeake right on:

I tell you that, which you your ſelues do know,

Shew you ſweet Caſars wounds, poor poor dum mouths

And bid them ſpeake for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue

In euery Wound of Caſar, that ſhould moue

The ſtones of Rome, to riſe and Mutiny.

All. Wee'l Mutiny.

1. Wee'l burne the houſe of Brutus.

3. Away then, come, ſeeke the Conſpirators.

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me ſpeake

All. Peace hoe, heare Antony, moſt Noble Antony.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Caſar thus deſer'd your loues?

Alas you know not, I muſt tell you then:

You haue forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Moſt true, the Will, let's ſtay and heare the Will.

Ant. Heere is the Will, and vnder Caſars Seale:

To euery Roman Citizen he giues,

To euery ſeueral man, ſeuenty ſiue Drachmaes.

2. Pl.

2. Pl. Moſt Noble Caſar, wee'l reuenge his death.

3. Pl. O Royall Caſar.

Ant. Heare me with patience.

All. Peace hoe.

Ant. Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes,

His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,

On this ſide Tyber, he hath left them you,

And to your heyres for euer: common pleaſures

To walke abroad, and recreate your ſelues.

Heere was a Caſar: when comes ſuch another?

1. Pl. Neuer, neuer: come, away, away:

Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,

And with the Brands fire the Traitors houſes.

Take vp the body.

2. Pl. Go fetch fire.

3. Pl. Plucke downe Benches.

4. Pl. Plucke downe Formes, Windows, any thing.

Exit Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it worke: Miſcheefe thou art a-foot,

Take thou what courſe thou wilt.

How now Fellow?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is hee?

Ser. He and Lepidus are at Caſars houſe.

Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him:

He comes vpon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will giue vs any thing.

Ser. I heard him ſay, Brutus and Caſſius

Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had ſome notice of the people

How I had moued them. Bring me to Octavius. Exit

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feaſt with Caſar,

And things vnluckily charge my Fantafie:

I haue no will to wander forth of doores,

Yet ſomething leads me forth.

1. What is your name?

2. Whether are you going?

3. Where do you dwell?

4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?

2. Anſwer euery man directly.

1. I, and breecely.

4. I, and wiſely.

3. I, and truly, you were beſt.

Cinna. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where

do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellor? Then

to anſwer euery man, directly and breecely, wiſely and

truly: wiſely I ſay, I am a Batchellor.

2. That's as much as to ſay, they are fooles that mar-

rie: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede di-

rectly.

Cinna. Directly I am going to Caſars Funerall.

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2. That matter is anſwered directly.

4. For your dwelling: breecely.

Cinna. Breecely, I dwell by the Capitoll.

3. Your name ſir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conſpirator.

Cinna. I am Cinna the Poet. I am Cinna the Poet.

4. Teare him for his bad verſes, teare him for his bad

Verſes.

Cin. I am not Cinna the Conſpirator.

4. It is no matter, his name's Cinna, plucke but his

name out of his heart, and turne him going.

3. Teare him, teare him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands:

to Brutus, to Caſſius, burne all. Some to Decius Houſe,

and ſome to Caska's; ſome to Ligarius: Away, go.

Exit all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. Theſe many then ſhall die, their names are prickt

Octa. Your Brother too muſt dye: content you Lepidus?

Lep. I do content.

Octa. Pricke him downe Antony.

Lep. Vpon condition Publius ſhall not liue,

Who is your Siſters ſonne, Marke Antony.

Ant. He ſhall not liue; looke with a ſpot I dam him,

But Lepidus, go you to Caſars houſe:

Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine

How to cut off ſome charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? ſhall I finde you heere?

Octa. Or heere, or at the Capitoll. Exit Lepidus

Ant. This is a ſlight ymeritable man,

Meet to be ſent on Errands: is it fit

The three-fold World diuided, he ſhould ſtand,

One of the three to ſhare it?

Octa. So you thought him,

And tooke his voyce who ſhould be prickt to dye

In our blacke Sentence and Proſcription.

Ant. Octavius, I haue ſcene more dayes then you,

And though we lay theſe Honours on this man,

To eaſe our ſelues of diuers ſtand'rous loads,

He ſhall but beare them, as the Aſſe beares Gold,

To groane and ſweat vnder the Buſineſſe,

Either led or driven, as we point the way:

And hauing brought our Treſure, where we will,

Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off

(Like to the empty Aſſe) to thake his eares,

And graze in Commons.

Octa. You may do your will:

But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.

Ant. So is my Horſe Octavius, and for that

I do appoint him ſtore of Provender.

It is a Creature that I teach to fight,

To winde, to ſtop, to run directly on:

His corporall Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit;

And in ſome taſte, is Lepidus but ſo:

He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:

A barren ſpirited Fellow; one that feeds

On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations.

Which out of uſe, and ſtall'd by other men

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischeefes.

Exeunt

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucillius, and the Army. Titinius
and Pindarus meete them.*

Brut. Stand ho.
Lucil. Giue the word ho, and Stand.
Brut. What now *Lucillius*, is *Cassius* neere?
Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.
Brut. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath giuen me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Brut. He is not doubted. A word *Lucillius*
How he receiue'd you: let me be resolu'd.
Lucil. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath vs'd of old.

Brut. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note *Lucillius*,
When Loue begins to ficken and decay
It vseth an enforced Ceremony.

There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Iades
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?

Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter *Cassius* and his Powers.

Brut. Hearke, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meete him.

Cass. Stand ho.
Brut. Stand ho, speake the word along.

Stand.

Stand.

Stand.

Cass. Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.

Brut. Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

Cass. *Brutus*, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them—

Brut. *Cassius*, be content,
Speake your griefes softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Griefes,
And I will giue you Audience.

Cass. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Brut. *Lucillius*, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.

Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore.

Exeunt

Manet *Brutus* and *Cassius*.

Cass. That you haue wrong'd me, doth appeare in this:
You haue condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off.

Brut. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.
Cass. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That euery nice offence should beare his Comment.
Brut. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your selfe,
Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Vndeferuers.

Cass. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.
Brut. The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cass. Chastisement?
Brut. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Iustice sake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Iustice? What? Shall one of Vs,
That strucke the Formost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman.

Cass. *Brutus*, baite not me,
He not indure it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions.

Brut. Go too: you are not *Cassius*.

Cass. I am.

Brut. I say, you are not.

Cass. Vrg me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther.

Brut. Away slight man.

Cass. Is't possible?

Brut. Heare me, for I will speake.

Must I giue way, and roome to your rash Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman flares?

Cass. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Brut. All this? I: Fret till your proud hart break.

Go shew your Slau, how Chollericke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?

Must I obserue you? Must I stand and crouch
Vnder your Testie Humour? By the Gods,

You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,

He vse you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Wasplish.

Cass. Is it come to this?

Brut. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare so; make your valiant true,

And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learne of N—

Cass. You wrong me euery way.

You wrong me *Brutus*:

I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.

Did I say Better?

Brut. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When *Caesar* liu'd, he durst not thus haue mou'd

Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so haue tempted him.

(me)

Cass. I durst not.

Brut. No.

Cass. What? durst not tempt him?

Brut. For your life you durst not.

Cass. Do not presume too much vpon my Loue,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brut. You haue done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats:
For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,

That they passe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raise no money by vile meanes:

By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring

From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send

To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?

Should I haue answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?

When *Marcus Brutus* growes so Couetous,
To locke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,

Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
To dash him to peeces.

Cass. I deny'd you not.

Brut. You did.

Cass. I did not. He was but a Foole

That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riu'd my hart:
A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities;

But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.

Brut. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cass. You loue me not.

Brut. I do not like your faults.

Cass. A friendly eye could neuer see such faults.

Brut. A Flatterer would not, though they do appeare

As huge as high Olympus.

Cass. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octavius* come,
Revenge your selues alone on *Cassius*,

For *Cassius* is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,

Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obseru'd,
Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by rote

To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,

And heere my naked Breast: Within a Heart
Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine, Richer then Gold:

If that thou bee't a Roman, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:

Strike as thou didst at *Caesar*: For I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, & louedst him better

Then euer thou louedst *Cassius*.

Brut. Sheath your Dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall haue scope:
Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.

O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,

Who much enforced, shewes a hastie Sparke,
And straight is cold agen.

Cass. Hath *Cassius* liu'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,

When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?

Brut. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.

Cass. Do you confesse so much? Giue me your hand.

Brut. And my heart too.

Cass. O *Brutus*!

Brut. What's the matter?

Cass. Haue not you loue enough to beare with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gaue me
Makes me forgetfull.

Brut. Yes *Cassius*, and from henceforth
When you are ouer-earnest with your *Brutus*,
Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leaue you so.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betwene 'em, 'tis not meete

They be alone.

Lucil. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cass. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you meane?

Loue, and be Friends, as two such men should be,

For I haue seene more yeeres I'me sure then yee.

Cass. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke time?

Brut. Get you hence sirra: Sawcy Fellow, hence.

Cass. Beare with him *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

Brut. He know his humor, when he knowes his time:

What should the Warres do with these ligg'ing Fooles?

Companion, hence.

Cass. Away, away be gone.

Brut. *Lucillius* and *Titinius* bid the Commanders

Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cass. And come your selues, & bring *Messala* with you

Immediately to vs.

Brut. *Lucius*, a bowle of Wine.

Cass. I did not thinke you could haue bin so angry.

Brut. O *Cassius*, I am sicke of many griefes.

Cass. Of your Philosophy you make no vse,

If you giue place to accidentall euils.

Brut. No man beares sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.

Cass. Ha? *Portia*?

Brut. She is dead.

Cass. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?

O insupportable, and touching losse!

Vpon what sicknesse?

Brut. Impatient of my absence,

And greefe, that yong *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*

Haue made themselves so strong: For with her death

That tydings came. With this (the fell distract,

And (her Attendants absent) I swallow'd fire.

Cass. And dy'd so?

Brut. Euen so.

Cass. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter *Boy* with Wine, and Tapers.

Brut. Speak no more of her: Giue me a bowl of wine,

In this I bury all unkindnesse *Cassius*.

Cass. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.

Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:

I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* loue.

Enter *Titinius* and *Messala*.

Brutus. Come in *Titinius*:

Welcome good *Messala*:

Now sit we close about this Taper heere,

And call in question our necessities.

Cass. *Portia*, art thou gone?

Brut. No more I pray you.

Messala, I haue heere receiued Lettets;

That yong *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*

Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,

Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

11 3

Mess.

Mess. My selfe haue Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.

Brut. With what Addition.

Mess. That by proscription, and billes of Outlawrie, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, have put to death, an hundred Senators.

Brut. Therein our Letters do not well agree: Mine speake of seuentie Senators, that dy'de By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cassi. Cicero one?

Mess. Cicero is dead, and by that order of proscription Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?

Brut. No Messala.

Mess. Not nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Brut. Nothing Messala.

Mess. That me thinkes is strange.

Brut. Why aske you?

Heare you ought of her, in yours?

Mess. No my Lord.

Brut. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

Mess. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell; For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.

Brut. Why farewell Portia: We must die Messala:

With meditating that she must dye once,

I haue the patience to endure it now.

Mess. Euen so great men, great losses shold indure.

Cassi. I haue as much of this in Art as you,

But yet my Nature could not beare it so.

Brut. Well, to our worke aloue. What do you thinke

Of marching to Philippi presently.

Cassi. I do not thinke it good.

Brut. Your reason?

Cassi. This it is:

'Tis better that the Enemy seeke vs,

So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers,

Doing himselfe offence, whilst we lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Brut. Good reasons must of force giue place to better:

The people twixt Philippi, and this ground

Do stand but in a forc'd affection:

For they haue grudg'd vs Contribution:

The Enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number vp,

Come on refresh't, new added, and encourag'd:

From which aduantage shall we cut him off.

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our backe.

Cassi. Heare me good Brother.

Brut. Vnder your pardon. You must note beside,

That we haue tride the utmost of our Friends:

Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,

The Enemy encreaseleth euery day.

We at the height, are readie to decline.

There is a Tide in the assayres of men,

Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune:

Omitted, all the voyage of their life,

Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.

On such a full Sea are we now a-foate,

And we must take the current when it serues,

Or loose our Ventures.

Cassi. Then with your will go on: wee'l along

Our selues, and meet them at Philippi.

Brut. The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,

And Nature must obey Necessitie,

Which we will niggard with a little rest:

There is no more to say.

Cassi. No more, good night,

Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Brut. Lucius my Gowne: farewell good Messala,

Good night Titinius: Noble, Noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

Cassi. O my deere Brother:

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Neuer come such diuision 'twene our soules:

Let it not Brutus.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Brut. Euerie thing is well.

Cassi. Good night my Lord.

Brut. Good night good Brother.

Tit. Messa. Good night Lord Brutus.

Brut. Farewell euerie one.

Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Heere in the Tent.

Brut. What, thou speakest drowsily?

Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd,

Call Claudio, and some other of my men,

He haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. Varrus, and Claudio.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Cals my Lord?

Brut. I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my Brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand,

And watch your pleasure.

Brut. I will not haue it so: Lye downe good sirs,

It may be I shall otherwise betinke me.

Looke Lucius, heere's the booke I sought for so:

I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.

Brut. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.

Canst thou hold vp thy heauie eyes a-while,

And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.

Luc. I my Lord, an't please you.

Brut. It does my Boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Brut. I should not vige thy duty past thy might,

I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest.

Luc. I haue slept my Lord already.

Brut. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:

I will not hold thee long. If I do lue,

I will be good to thee.

Musicke, and a Song.

This is a sleepey Tune: O Mord'rous slumber!

Layest thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,

That playes thee Musicke? Gentle knaue good night:

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,

He take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.

Let me see, let me see: is not the Lease turn'd downe

Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?

I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes

That shapeth this monstrous Apparition.

It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?

Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare?

Speake to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy euill Spirit Brutus?

Brut. Why com'st thou?

Ghost.

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brut. Well: then I shall see thee againe?

Ghost. I, at Philippi.

Brut. Why I will see thee at Philippi then:

Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.

Boy, Lucius, Varrus, Claudio, Sirs: Awake:

Claudio.

Luc. The strings my Lord, are false.

Brut. He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My Lord.

Brut. Did'st thou dreame Lucius, that thou so cryed'st

out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Brut. Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing my Lord.

Brut. Sleepe againe Lucius: Sitra Claudio, Fellow,

Thou: Awake.

Var. My Lord.

Claudio. My Lord.

Brut. Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe?

Both. Did we my Lord?

Brut. I: saw you any thing?

Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.

Claudio. Nor I my Lord.

Brut. Go, and commend me to my Brother Cassius:

Did him set on his Powres betimes before,

And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done my Lord.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now Antony, our hopes are answered,

You said the Enemy would not come downe,

But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:

It proues not so: their battailes are at hand,

They meane to warne vs at Philippi heere:

Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know

Wherefore they do it: They could be content

To visit other places, and come downe

With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face

To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage;

But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you Generals,

The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:

Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,

And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, leade your Battaile softly on

Vpon the left hand of the euen Field.

Octa. Vpon the right hand I keepe thou the left.

Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent.

Octa. I do not crosse you: but I will do so. March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.

Brut. They stand, and would haue parley.

Cassi. Stand fast Titinius, we must out and talke.

Octa. Mark Antony, shall we giue signe of Battaile?

Ant. No Caesar, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would haue some words.

Oct. Stirre not vntill the Signall.

Brut. Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?

Octa. Not that we loue words better, as you do.

Brut. Good words are better then bad strokes Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes Brutus, you giue good words

Witness the hole you made in Casars heart,

Crying long liue, Haile Caesar.

Cassi. Antony,

The posture of your blowes are yet vknowne;

But for your words, they rob the Hilda Bees,

And leaue them Honey-lesse.

Ant. Not stinglesse too.

Brut. O yes, and soundlesse too:

For you haue stolne their buzzing Antony,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hackt one another in the sides of Caesar:

You shew'd your teethes like Apes,

And fawn'd like Hounds,

And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing Casars feete;

Whilst damned Cassa, like a Curie, behinde

Strooke Caesar on the necke. O you Flatterers,

Cassi. Flatterers? Now Brutus thanke your selfe,

This tongue had not offended so to day,

If Cassius might haue rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause, If arguing make vs swet,

The prooffe of it will turne to redder drops:

Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,

When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?

Neuer till Casars three and thirtie wounds

Be well aueng'd, or till another Caesar

Haue added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Brut. Caesar, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,

Vnlesse thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope:

I was not borne to dye on Brutus Sword.

Brut. O if thou wert the Noblest of thy Straine,

Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.

Cassi. A peeuisch School-boy, worthles of such Honor

Ioynd with a Masker, and a Reueller.

Ant. Old Cassius still.

Octa. Come Antony: away:

Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;

If not, when you haue stomackes.

Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army

Cassi. Why now blow winde, swell Billow,

And twimme Barke:

The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.

Brut. Ho Lucillius, hearken, a word with you.

Lucillius and Messala stand forth.

Luc. My Lord.

Cassi. Messala.

Mess. What sayes my Generall?

Cassi. Messala, this is my Birth-day: as this very day

Was Cassius borne. Giue me thy hand Messala:

Be thou my witnesse, that against my will

(As Pompey was) am I compell'd to set

Vpon one Battell all our Liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,

And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,

And partly credit things that do preface.

Commig from Sardis, on our former Ensigne

Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,

Who.

Who to Philippi heere conformed vs:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their flocks, do Ravens, Crows, and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme
A Canopy most fatall, vnder which
Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghost.

Messa. Beleeue not so.

Cassi. I but beleue it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolu'd
To meete all perils, very constantly.

Bru. Euen so *Lucilius*.

Cassi. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Louer in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battaille, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to preuent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To stay the prouidence of some high Powers,
That gouerne vs below.

Cassi. Then, if we loose this Battaille,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the Streets of Rome.

Bru. No *Cassius*, no:

Thinke not thou Noble *Romane*,
That euer *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this same day
Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our euermore farewell take:
For euer, and for euer, farewell *Cassius*;
If we do meete againe, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cassi. For euer, and for euer, farewell *Brutus*:
If we do meete againe, we'll smile indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and giue these Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

Lowd Alarum.

Let them set on at once: for I perceiue
But cold demeanor in *Octavius*' wing:
And Iodaine push giues them the ouerthrow:
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come downe. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Cassius* and *Titinius*.

Cassi. O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye:
My selfe haue to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titin. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gaue the word too early,

Who hauing some aduantage on *Octavius*,
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers sell to spoyle,
Whilst we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Flye therefore Noble *Cassius*, flye farre off.

Cassi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, looke *Titinius*!
Are those my Tents where I perceiue the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cassi. *Titinius*, if thou louest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be heere againe, euen with a thought. *Exit.*

Cassi. Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My sight was euer thicke: regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compasse. Sitra, what newes?

Pind. Above. O my Lord.

Cassi. What newes?

Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him:
Now *Titinius*. Now some light: O he lights too.
Hee's tane. *Show.*

And hearke, they shout for ioy.

Cassi. Come downe, behold no more:

O Coward that I am, to liue so long,

To see my best Friend tane before my face.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Come hither sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, fauing of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Casars* bowels, searce this bosome,
Stand not to answer: Heere, take thou the Hilt,
And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword — *Casars*, thou art reueng'd,
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.

Pind. So, I am free,

Yet would not so haue beene
Durst I haue done my will. O *Cassius*,
Farre from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where neuer Roman shall take note of him.

Enter *Titinius* and *Messala*.

Messa. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*
Is ouerthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titin. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Messa. Where did you leaue him.

Titin. All disconsolate,

With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

Messa. Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground?

Titin. He lies not like the Liuing, O my heart!

Messa. Is not that hee?

Titin. No, this was he *Messala*,

But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne:

As in thy red Rayes thou dost sinke to night;

So

So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set.

The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.

Messa. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.

O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:

Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O Error soone concey'd,

Thou neuer com'st vnto a happy byrth,

But kil'st the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?

Messa. Seeke him *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet

The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report

Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:

For piercing Steele, and Darts inuened,

Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,

As tydings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you *Messala*,

And I will seeke for *Pindarus* the while:

Why did'st thou send me forth braue *Cassius*?

Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they

Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,

And bid me giue it thee? Did'st thou not heare their

Alas, thou hast misconstrued euery thing. (showts?)

But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,

Thy *Brutus* bid me giue it thee, and I

Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,

And see how I regarded *Cassius*:

By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,

Come *Cassius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart. *Dies*

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, yong *Cato*,
Strato, *Volumnius*, and *Lucilius*.

Bru. Where, where *Messala*, doth his body lye?

Messa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius* face is vpward.

Cato. He is slaine.

Bru. O *Iulius Caesar*, thou art mighty yet,

Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turnes our Swords

In our owne proper Entrailes. *Low Alarums.*

Cato. Braue *Titinius*,

Looke where he haue not crown'd dead *Cassius*.

Bru. Are yet two Romans liuing such as these?

The last of all the Romans, far the well:

It is impossible, that euer Rome

Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo teares

To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.

I shall finde time, *Cassius*: I shall finde time.

Come therefore, and to *Thasus* send his body,

His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,

Least it discomfort vs. *Lucilius* come,

And come yong *Cato*, let vs to the Field,

Labio and *Flauio* set our Battailes on:

'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,

We shall try Fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucilius*,
and *Flaminius*.

Bru. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold vp your heads.

Cato. What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaime my name about the Field.

I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hee.

A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countreys Friend.

I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hee.

Enter *Souldiers*, and fight.

And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I.

Brutus my Countreys Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.

Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?

Why now thou dyest, as brauely as *Titinius*,

And may'st be honour'd, being *Cato's* Sonne.

Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyest.

Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:

Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter *Antony*.

2. *Sold.* Roome hee: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.

1. *Sold.* He tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,

Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.

Ant. Where is hee?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no Enemy

Shall euer take aliuie the Noble *Brutus*:

The Gods defend him from so great a shame,

When you do finde him, or aliuie, or dead,

He will be found like *Brutus*, like himselfe.

Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,

A prize no lesse in worth; keepe this man safe,

Giue him all kindnesse. I had rather haue

Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,

And see where *Brutus* be aliuie or dead,

And bring vs word, vnto *Octavius* Tent:

How euery thing is chaic'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Brutus*, *Dardanius*, *Clitus*, *Strato*,
and *Volumnius*.

Bru. Come poore remaines of friends, rest on this
Rocke.

Clit. *Statillius* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord

He came not backe: he is or tane, or slaine.

Bru. Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: slaying is the word,

It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, *Clitus*.

Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Clit. He rather kill my selfe.

Bru. Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.

Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?

Clit. O *Dardanius*.

Dard. O *Clitus*.

Clit. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: looke he meditates.

Clit. Now is that Noble Vessell full of griefe,

That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Volum. What sayes my Lord?

Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*:

The Ghost of *Casars* hath appear'd to me

Two seuerall times by Night: at Sardis, once;

And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:

I know my houre is come.

Volum. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou seest the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,

Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit: *Low Alarums.*

It is more worthy, to leape in our selues,

Then tarry till they push vs. Good *Volumnius*,

Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together:

Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee

Hold thou my Sword Hilt, whilst I runne on it.

Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord;

Alarum still.

Clit. Fly.

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.
Brut. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius*.
Strato, thou hast bin all this while asleepe:
 Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:
 My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,
 I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall haue glory by this loosing day
 More then *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*,
 By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.
 So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
 Hath almost ended his liues History:
 Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,
 That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.

Brut. Hence: I will follow:

I prythee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,
 Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:
 Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,
 Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
 While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?

Strat. Give me your hand first, Fare you wel my Lord.

Brut. Farewell good *Strato*. — *Caesar*, now be still,
 I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will. *Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter *Antony*, *Octavius*, *Messala*,
Lucillius, and the Army.

Octa. What man is that?

Messal. My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?
Strat. Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,
 The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
 For *Brutus* onely ouercame himselfe,
 And no man else hath Honor by his death.

Lucil. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*,
 That thou hast prou'd *Lucillius* saying true,

Octa. All that seru'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them,
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strat. I, if *Messala* will preferre me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Messal. How dyed my Master *Strato*?

Strat. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Messal. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
 That did the latest seruice to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
 All the Conspirators saue onely hee,

Did that they did, in enuy of great *Caesar*:
 He, onely in a generall honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle, and the Elements

So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,
 And say to all the world, This was a man.

Octa. According to his Vertue, let vs vse him
 Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.

Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,
 Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:

So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
 To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. When shall we three meet again?
 In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
 2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
 When the Battaille's lost, and wonne.
 3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.
 1. Where the place?

2. Vpon the Heath.

3. There to meet with *Macbeth*.

1. I come, Gray-Malkin.

All. Paddock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
 Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King *Malcome*, *Dona-*
baine, *Lenox*, with attendants, meeting
 a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
 As seemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt
 The newest state.

Mal. This is the Sericant,
 Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
 'Gainst my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;
 Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
 As thou didst leaue it.

Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
 As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
 And choke their Art: The mercilesse *Macdonwald*
 (Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
 The multiplying Villanies of Nature
 Doe swarme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles
 Of Kernes and Gallowgosses is supply'd,
 And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
 Shew'd like a Rebels Whore: but all's too weake:
 For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deserues that Name)
 Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
 Which smoak'd with bloody execution
 (Like Valours Minion) car'd out his passage,
 Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
 Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
 Till he vnscam'd him from the Naue toth' Chops,
 And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.

Cap. As whence the Sunne gins his reflection,
 Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
 So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
 Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
 No sooner Iustice had, with Valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
 But the Norweyan Lord, surteying vantage,
 With furbusht Armes, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this our Capitaines, *Macbeth* and
Banquo?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;

Or the Hare, the Lyon:

If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
 So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
 Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
 I cannot tell: but I am faint,
 My Gashes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
 They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter *Rosse* and *Angus*.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of *Rosse*.

Lenox. What a haste lookes through his eyes?
 So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

Rosse. God saue the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse. From Fiffe, great King,

Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
 And fann'd our people cold.

Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
 Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
 The Thane of *Cawdor*, began a dismall Conflict,
 Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lapt in prooffe,
 Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
 Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
 Curbing his lawles spirit: and to conclude,
 The Victorie fell on vs.

King. Great happinesse.

Rosse. That now *Sueno*, the Norweyes King;

Craues composition:

Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,

Till hee disbursed, at Saint *Colmes* ynch,

Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.

King. No

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor shall deceive
Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.
Roffe. Ile see it done.
King. What he hath lost, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where hast thou beene, Sister?
2. Killing Swiue.
3. Sister, where thou?
1. A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
Giue me, quoth I.
Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:
But in a Syue Ile thither sayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
2. Ile giue thee a Winde.
1. Th'art kinde.
3. And I another.
1. I my selfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-houfe Lid:
He shall lue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu' nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-roft.
Looke what I haue.
2. Shew me, shew me.
1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*
3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I haue not seene.
Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to vnderstand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?
1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.
2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.
3. All haile *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.
Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,
That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not,
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your fauors, nor your hate.

1. Hayle.
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.
1. Lesser then *Macbeth*, and greater.
2. Not so happy, yet much happier.
3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.
Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor liues:
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blasted Heath you stop our way
With such Prophetique greeting?

Speake, I charge you. *Witches vanish.*
Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?
Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had stay'd.

Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?
Or haue we eaten on the insane Root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Banq. Toth' selfe-same tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Roffe and Angus.

Roffe. The King hath happily receiue'd, *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy success: and when he reade
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayes doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the rest o'th' selfe-same day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afraid of what thy selfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can post with post, and euery one did beare
Thy prayes in his Kingdome's great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.

Ang. Wee are sent,
To giue thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his fight,
Not pay thee.

Roffe. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:

Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolm, Donalbaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor?
Or not those in Commission yet return'd?
Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I haue spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,
And set forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leauing it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.

King. There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes construction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roffe, and Angus.
O worthyest Cousin,
The sinne of my Ingratitude euen now
Was heauie on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,
To ouertake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deseru'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might haue beene mine: onely I haue left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

Macb. The seruice, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it selfe.
Your Highnesse part, is to receiue our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they should,
By doing euery thing safe toward your Loue
And Honor.

King. Welcome hither:
I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That hast no lesse deseru'd, nor must be knowne
No lesse to haue done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.
Banq. There if I grow,
The Haruest is your owne.

King. My plenteous Ioyes,
Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinsmen, *Thanes*,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate vpon
Our eldest, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must
Not vnaccompanied, inuest him onely,
But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine
On all deseruers. From hence to Envernes,
And binde vs further to you.

Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:
Ile be my selfe the Herbeneger, and make ioyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leaue.

King. My worthy Cawdor.

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,
On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,

m m

For

In which addition, haile most worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.

Banq. What, can the Deuill speake true?

Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor liues:

Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,

But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,

Which he deserues to loose.

Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,

Or did lyne the Rebelle with hidden helpe,

And vantage: or that with both he labour'd

In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:

But Treasons Capital, confess'd, and prou'd,

Haue ouerthrowne him.

Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:

The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your paines,

Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,

When those that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,

Promis'd no lesse to them.

Banq. That trust'd home,

Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,

Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:

And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,

The Instruments of Darknesse tell vs Truths,

Winne vs with honest Trifles, to betray's

In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word; I pray you.

Macb. Two Truths are told,

As happy Prologues to the swelling Aet

Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:

This supernaturall solliciting

Cannot be ill; cannot be good.

If ill? why hath it giuen me earnest of success,

Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.

If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,

Whose horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,

And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,

Against the vse of Nature? Present Feares

Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:

My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantasticall,

Shakes so my single State of Man,

That Function is smother'd in surmise,

And nothing is, but what is not.

Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapr.

Macb. If Chance will haue me King,

Why Chance may Crowne me,

Without my stirre.

Banq. New Honors come vpon him

Like our strange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,

But with the aid of vse.

Macb. Come what come may,

Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.

Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee stay vpon your ley-

sure.

Macb. Giue me your fauour:

My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.

Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,

Where euery day I turne the Lease,

To reade them.

Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon

What hath chanc'd: and at more time,

The Interim hauing weigh'd it, let vs speake

Our free Hearts each to other.

Banq. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough:

Come friends. *Exeunt.*

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see.
King. True, worthy *Banquo*: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a peerelesse Kinsman. *Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe: and I haue
learn'd by the perfect'st report, they haue more in them, then
mortall knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them
further, they made themselves Ayre, into which they vanisht.
Whiles I stood vapt in the wonder of it, came Missiues from
the King, who all-bail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title
before, these weyward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to
the coming on of time, with haile King that shalt be. This
haue I thought good to deliuer thee (my dearest Partner of
Greatnesse) that thou might'st not loose the dues of reioycing
by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay
it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o' th' Milke of humane kindnesse,
To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly winne.
Thou'd'st haue great Glamys, that which cries,
Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it;
And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,
Then wishest should be vndone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue
All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme
To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy Master with him? who, wert'so,

Would haue inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming:

One of my fellowes had the speed of him;

Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Then would make vp his Message.

Lady. Giue him tending,

He brings great newes. *Exit Messenger.*

The Raven himselfe is hoarse,

That croakes the fatal entrance of *Dunecan*

Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,

That tend on mortall thoughts, vnsex me here,

And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full

Of direst Crueltie: make thick my blood,

Stop vp th'accesse, and passage to Remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of Nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breests,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murthering Ministers,
Where-euer, in your sightlesse substances,
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunest smoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feelee now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Loue,

Dunecan comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O neuer,

Shall Sunne that Morrow see.

Your Face, my Thane, is as a Booke, where men

May teade strange matters, to beguile the time.

Looke like the time, beate welcome in your Eye,

Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,

But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's coming,

Must be provided for: and you shall put

This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,

Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,

Giue solely soueraigne sway, and Masterdome.

Macb. We will speake further,

Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:

To alter fauor, euer is to feare:

Leaue all the rest to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

*Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm,
Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,
Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.*

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,
The ayre nimbly and sweetly recommends it selfe
Vnto our gentle senses.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approue,
By his loued Mansfory, that the Heauens breath

Smells wooingly here: no luty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,

Where they must breed, and haunt: I haue obseru'd
The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*

King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse:
The Loue that followes vs, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,

And thanke vs for your trouble.

Lady. All our seruice,

In euery point twice done, and then done double,

Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend

Against those Honors deepe, and broad,

Wherewith your Maiestie loades our House:

For those of old, and the late Dignities,

Heap'd vp to them, we rest your Ermites.

King. Where's

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We court him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To bestow his Puruey or: But he rides well,
And his great Loue (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night.

La. Your Seruants euer,
Haue theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,
Still to returne your owne.

King. Giue me your hand: I haue receiued
Condukt me to mine Host: we loue him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leaue Hostesse. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

*Ho-boyes. Torches. Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Dishes and Service
ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly: If th'Assassination
Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successer: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
We'd iumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,
We still haue iudgement heere, that we but reach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th' Inuenter. This euil-handed Iustice
Commends th' Ingratitude of our poyson'd Chalice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this *Dunecan*
Hath borne his Faculties so mecke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumper-tongu'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking off:

And Pitty, like a naked New-borne Babe,
Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the sightlesse Curriers of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ere-leapes it selfe,
And fallies on th'other. *Enter Lady.*

How now? What Newes?

La. He has almost sup: why haue you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he has?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:

He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,
Not cast aside so soone.

La. Was the hope drunk,

Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?

And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale;

At what it did so freely? From this time

Such I account thy loue. Art thou affect'd?

To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,

As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that

Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th' Addage.

Macb. Prythee peace:

I dare do all that may become a man,

Who dares no more, is none.

La. What Beast was't then

That made you breake this enterprize to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man:

And to be more then what you were, you would

Be to much more the man: Nor time, nor place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:

They haue made themselves; and that their fitness now

Do's vnmake you. I haue giuen Sucke, and know

How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,

I would, while it was smyling in my Face,

Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummies,

And dasht the Braines out, had I to sworne

As you haue done to this.

Macb. If we should faile?

Lady. We faile?

But screw your courage to the sticking place,

And wee'll not fayle: when *Dunecan* is asleepe,

(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard Iourney

Soundly inuirt him) his two Chamberlaines

Will I with Wine, and Waffell, so conuince,

That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,

Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason

A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe, or gorged

Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,

What cannot you and I performe vpon

Th'vnguarded *Dunecan*? What not put vpon

His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt

Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:

For thy vndaunted Mettle should compose

Nothing but Males: Will it not be receiue'd,

When we haue mark'd with blood those sleepe two

Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,

That they haue don't?

Lady. Who dares receiue it other,

As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor reare,

Vpon his Death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend vp

Each corporall Agent to this terrible Fear,

Away, and mock the time with fairest show,

Falfe Face must hide what the falfe Heart doth know. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch
before him.*

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the

Clock.

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelue.

Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:

There's Husbandry in Heauen,

Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, reſtraine in me the curſed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Banq. What Sir, not yet at reſt? the King's a bed.

He hath bene in vnſuall Pleaſure,
And ſent forth great Largeſſe to your Offices.
This Diamond he greets your Wife withall,
By the name of moſt kind Hoſteſſe,
And ſhut vp in meaſureleſſe content.

Macb. Being vnprepar'd,

Our will became the ſeruant to defect,
Which elſe ſhould free haue wrought.

Banq. All's well.

I dreamt laſt Night of the three weyward Siſters:
To you they haue ſhew'd ſome truth.

Macb. I thinke not of them:

Yet when we can entreat an houre to ſerue,
We would ſpend it in ſome words vpon that Buſineſſe,
If you would graunt the time.

Banq. At your kind'ſt leſſure.

Macb. If you ſhall cleaue to my conſent,
When 'tis, it ſhall make Honor for you.

Banq. So I loſe none,

In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keepe
My Boſome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare,
I ſhall be counſail'd.

Macb. Good repoſe the while.

Banq. Thanks Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*

Macb. Goe bid thy Miſtreſſe, when my drinke is ready,

She ſtrike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*

Is this a Dagger, which I ſee before me,

The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.

Art thou not ſatall Viſion, ſenſible

To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but

A Dagger of the Minde, a falſe Creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed Braine?

I ſee thee yet, in forme as palpable,

As this which now I draw.

Thou marſhall'ſt me the way that I was going,

And ſuch an Inſtrument I was to vſe.

Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th' other Senſes,

Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;

And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,

Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing:

It is the bloody Buſineſſe, which informes

Thy mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World

Nature ſeemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuſe

The Curtain'd ſleepe: Witchcraft celebrates

Pale Heccats Offerings: and wither'd Murder,

Alarm'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,

Whoſe howle's his Watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,

With *Tarquin's* rauſhing ſides, towards his deſigne

Moues like a Ghoſt. Thou ſowre and firme-ſet Earth

Hear not my ſteps, which they may walke, for feare

Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,

And take the preſent horror from the time,

Which now lures with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:

Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell invites me.
Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That ſummons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that ſhriek'd,
The ſatall Bell-man, which giues the ſtern'ſt good-night,
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the ſurſetted Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Poſſets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hoa?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not miſſe 'em. Had he not reſembled
My Father as he ſlept, I had don't,
My Husband?

Macb. I haue done the deed:

Didſt thou not heare a noyſe?

Lady. I heard the Owle ſchreame, and the Crickets cry:

Did not you ſpeake?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I deſcended?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th' ſecond Chamber?

Lady. *Donalbaine.*

Macb. This is a ſorry ſight.

Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleepe,

And one cry'd Murder, that they did wake each other:

I ſtood, and heard them: But they did ſay their Prayers,

And addreſt them againe to ſleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God bleſſe vs, and Amen the other,

As they had ſcene me with theſe Hangmans hands:

Liſtning their feare, I could not ſay Amen,

When they did ſay God bleſſe vs.

Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?

I had moſt need of Bleſſing, and Amen ſtuck in my throat.

Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought

After theſe wayes: ſo, it will make vs mad.

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:

Macbeth does murder Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,

Sleepe that knits vp the rauen'd Sleeue of Care,

The death of each dayes Life, ſore Labors Bath,

Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures ſecond Courſe,

Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feaſt.

Lady. What doe you meane?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the Houle:

Glamis hath murder'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*

Shall ſleepe no more: *Macbeth* ſhall ſleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,

You doe vnbend your Noble ſtrength, to thinke

So braine-ſickly of things: Goe get ſome Water,

And

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye ſo late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carowling till the ſecond Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke eſpecially
prouoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Noſe-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine.
Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes
the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
much Drinke may be ſaid to be an Equiuocator with Le-
cherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it ſets him on,
and it takes him off; it perfwades him, and diſ-heartens
him; makes him ſtand too, and not ſtand too: in conclu-
ſion, equiuocates him in a ſleepe, and giuing him the Lye,
leaves him.

Macd. I beleeeue, Drinke gaue thee the Lye laſt Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'th' very Throat on me: but I
requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too ſtrong
for him, though he tooke vp my Legges ſometime, yet I
made a Shift to caſt him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Maſter ſtirring?

Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King ſtirring, worthy *Thane*?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,

I haue almoſt ſlipt the houre.

Ma b. Ile bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:

But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Phyſicks paine:

This is the Doore.

Macd. Ile make ſo bold to call, for 'tis my limited

ſeruiſe. *Exit Macduff.*

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint ſo.

Lenox. The Night ha's been vnruſly:

Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,

And (as they ſay) lamentings heard i'th' Ayre;

Strange Schreemes of Death,

And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,

Of dyre Combution, and confus'd Euent,

New hatch'd toth' wofull time.

The obſcure Bird clamor'd the lue-long Night:

Some ſay, the Earth was ſeuerous,

And did ſhake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot paralell

A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,

Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee.

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Macd. Confuſion now hath made his Maſter-peece:

Moſt ſacrilegious Murder hath broke ope

The Lords anoynted Temple, and ſtole thence

The Life o'th' Building.

Macb. What is't you ſay, the Life?

Lenox. Meane you his Maieſtie?

Macd. Approch the Chamber, and deſtroy your fight

With a new *Gorgon*. Doe not bid me ſpeake:

mm 3

Sec,

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were

Porter of Hell Gate, hee ſhould haue old turning the

Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there

i'th' name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd

himſelfe on th' expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue

Napkins enow about you, here you'll ſwear for't. *Knock.*

Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other Deuils Name?

Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could ſweare in both

the Scales againſt eyther Scale, who committed Treason

enough for Gods ſake, yet could not equiuocate to Hea-

uen: oh come in, Equiuocator. *Knock.* Knock,

Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an Engliſh

Taylor come hither, for ſtealing out of a French Hoſe:

Come in Taylor, here you may roſt your Goole. *Knock.*

Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this

place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further:

I had thought to haue let in ſome of all Profeſſions, that

goe the Primroſe way to th' euerlaſting Bonfire. *Knock.*

Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

See, and then speake your felues: awake, awake,

Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarm Bell: Murder, and Treason,
Banquo, and Donalbaine: Malcolme awake,
Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see
The great Doomes Image; Malcolme, Banquo,
As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Buinesse?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.

Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo, Our Royall Master's murder'd.

Lady. Woe, alas:

What, in our House?

Ban. Too cruell, any where.

Deare Druff, I prythee contradi& thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse?

Macb. You are, and doe not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stoppt, the very Source of it is stoppt.

Macd. Your Royall Father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillows: they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wife, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Loue
Out-run the pawler, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Silver skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murderers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's loue knowne?

Lady. Helpe me hence, ho.

Macd. Looke to the Lady.

Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That most may clayme this argument for ours?

Donal. What should be spoken here,

Where our Fate hid in an augere hole,

May rush, and seize vs? Let's away,

Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow

Vpon the foot of Motion.

Banq. Looke to the Lady:

And when we haue our naked Fraillties hid,

That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,

And question this most bloody piece of worke,

To know it further: Feares and scruples shalke vs;

In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,

Against the vndiul'd pretence, I fight

Of Treasonous Mallice.

Macd. And so doe I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readinesse;

And meet it in Hall together.

All. Well contented.

Exeunt.

Male. What will you doe?

Let's not comfort with them:

To shew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office

Which the false man do's easie.

Ile to England.

Don. To Ireland, I:

Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer:

Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;

The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.

Mal. This murderous Shaft that's shot,

Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,

Is to auoid the ayne. Therefore to Horse,

And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking.

But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,

Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I haue scene
Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this fore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ha, good Father,

Thou seest the Heauens, as troubled with mans A&t,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the trauailing Lampe:
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,
That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,
When liuing Light should kisse it?

Old man. 'Tis vnnaturall,

Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,

A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,

Was by a Mowling Owle hawk't at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncan* Horfes,

(A thing most strange, and certaine)

Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,

Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stails, flog out,

Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would

Make Warre with Mankinde.

Old man. 'Tis said, they eate each other.

Rosse. They did so:

To

To th' amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good Macduffe.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slaine.

Rosse. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were stubborn,

Malcolme, and Donalbaine the Kings two Sonnes

Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them

Suspition of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,

Thriftlesse Ambition, that will rauen vp

Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis most like,

The Soueraignty will fall vpon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

To be inuested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncan* body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,

The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,

And Guardian of their Bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cosin, Ile to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see things wel done there: A dieu

Least our old Robes sit easier then our new.

Rosse. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benyson go with you, and with those

That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou play'd'st most fowly for't: yet it was laide
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As vpon thee Macbeth, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

*Senit sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,
Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Guest.

La. If he had bene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,
And all thing vnbecomming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemne Supper fir,

And Ile request your presence.

Banq. Let your Highnesse

Command vpon me, to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tye

For euer knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should haue else desir'd your good aduice

(Which still hath been both graue, and prosperous)

In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.

Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time

'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,

I must become a borrower of the Night,

For a darke houre, or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd

In England, and in Ireland, not confesing

Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers

With strange inuention. But of that to morrow,

When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,

Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horse:

Adieu, till you returne at Night.

Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.

Macb. I with your Horfes swift, and sure of foot:

And so I doe commend you to their backs.

Farewell.

Exit Banquo.

Let euery man be master of his time,

Till seuen at Night, to make societie

The sweeter welcome:

We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:

While then, God be with you.

Exeunt Lords.

Sirra, a word with you: Attend those men

Our pleasure?

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace

Gate.

Macb. Bring them before vs.

Exit Servant.

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:

Our feares in *Banquo* sticke deepe,

And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that

Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,

And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,

He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,

To act in safetie. There is none but he,

Whose being I doe feare: and vnder him,

My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said

Mark Antonies was by *Cesar*. He chid the Sisters,

When first they put the Name of King vpon me,

And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,

They hay'd him Father to a Line of Kings.

Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,

And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,

Thence to be wrenched with an vnlineall Hand,

No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,

For *Banquo*'s Issue haue I fil'd my Minde,

For them, the gracious *Duncan* haue I murder'd,

Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace

Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell

Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,

To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings:

Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyft,

And champion me to th' vtterance.

Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murderers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.

Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Murth. It was, so please your Highnesse.

Macb. Well then,

Now haue you consider'd of my speeches:

Know,

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so vnder fortune;
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe,
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how cross:
The Instruments: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

1. *Murth*. You made it knowne to vs.

Macb. I did so:

And went further, which is now

Our point of second meeting.

Do you finde your patience so predominant,

In your nature, that you can let this goe?

Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,

And for his Issue, whose heauie hand

Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd

Yours for euer?

1. *Murth*. We are men, my Liege.

Macb. In the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguisht the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, euery one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now, if you haue a station in the file,
Not it's worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth*. I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,
To fight the World.

1. *Murth*. And I another,
So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That euery minute of his being, thrusts
Against my neer't of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,
And bid my will auouch it; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance doe make loue,
Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons.

2. *Murth*. We shall, my Lord,

Performe what you command vs.

1. *Murth*. Though our Liues--

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you,

Within this houre, at most,

I will aduise you where to plant your selues,

Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleane, his Sonne, that keeps him companie,
Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: resolute your selues apart,
Ile come to you anon.

Murth. We are resolu'd, my Lord.

Macb. Ile call vpon you straight: abide within,

It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,

If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night. *Exeunt*.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Macbeths* Lady, and a Seruant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Seruant. I, Madame, but returns againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words.

Seruant. Madame, I will. *Exit*.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,

Then by destruction dwell in doubtful ioy.

Enter *Macbeth*.

How now, my Lord, why do you keepe alone?

Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,

Vsing those Thoughts, which should indeed haue dy'd

With them they thinke on: things without all remedie

Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We haue scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:

Shew'le close, and be her selfe, whilst our poore Mallice

Remaines in danger of her former Tooth,

But let the frame of things dis-ioynt,

Both the Worlds suffer,

Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe

In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,

That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue sent to peace,

Then on the torture of the Minde to lye

In restless extasie.

Duncane is in his Graue:

After Life's fitfull Feuer, he sleepe well,

Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,

Mallice domestique, forraigne Leuie, nothing,

Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:

Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,

Be bright and Iouiall among your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I Loue, and so I pray be you:

Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,

Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:

Vn safe the while, that wee must laue

Our Honors in these flattering streames,

And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,

Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leaue this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:

Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleane* liues.

Lady. But

Scena Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter *Macbeth*, *Lady*, *Rosse*, *Lenox*,
Lords, and *Attendants*.

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:

At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Maiesty.

Macb. Our selfe will mingle with Society,

And play the humble Host:

Our Hostesse keeps her State, but in best time

We will require her welcome.

Ld. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first *Murderer*.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks

Both sides are euen: heere Ile sit i'th' mid't,

Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure

The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo*'s then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.

Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.

Mac. Thou art the best o'th' Cur-throats,

Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleane*:

If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareilli

Mur. Most Royall Sir

Fleane is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:

I had else bene perfect;

Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,

As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:

But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in

To sawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo*'s safe?

Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:

There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled

Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,

No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow

Wee'l heare our selues againe. *Exit Murderer*.

Lady. My Royall Lord,

You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is fold

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:

'Tis giuen, with welcome: to feede were best at home:

From thence, the lawce to meate is Ceremony,

Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of *Banquo*, and sits in *Macbeths* place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:

Now good digestion waite on Appetite,

And health on both.

Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:

Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,

Then pity for Mischance.

Rosse. His absence (Sir)

Lays blame vpon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse

To grace vs with your Royall Company?

Macb.

Macb. The Table's full.

Lenox. Heere is a place reserv'd Sir,

Macb. Where?

Lenox. Heere my good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highnesse?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: neuer shake

Thy goary lockes at me.

Rosse. Gentleman life, his Highnesse is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,

And hath bene from his youth: Pray you keepe Seat,

The fit is momentary, vpon a thought

He will againe be well. If much you note him,

You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that

Which might appall the Diuell.

La. O proper stuffe:

This is the very painting of your feare:

This is the Ayre-drawie Dagger which you said

Led you to Duncan. O, these flawes and starts

(Impostors to your feare) would well become

A womans story, at a Winters fire

Authoriz'd by her Gramdam: shame it selfe,

Why do you make such faces? When all's done

You looke but on a foole:

Macb. Prythee see there:

Behold, looke, loe, how say you:

Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too?

If Charnell houses, and our Graues must send

Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments

Shall be the Mawes of Kyles.

La. What? quite vnmann'd in folly.

Macb. If I stand heere, I saw him.

La. Fie for shame.

Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th'olden time

Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:

I, and since too, Murthers haue bene perform'd

Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,

That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,

And there an end: But now they rise againe!

With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,

And push vs from our stooles. This is more strange

Then such a murder is.

La. My worthy Lord

Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Macb. I do forget:

Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,

I haue a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, loue and health to all,

Then Ile sit downe: Giue me some Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghost.

I drinke to th'generall ioy o' th' whole Table,

And to our deere Friend Banquo, whom we misse:

Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge,

Mac. Auant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:

Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with.

La. Thinke of this good Peeres!

But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other, a sill

Onely it spoiles the pleasure of the time,

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,

The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,

Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerves

Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,

And dare me to the Desert with thy Sword:

If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee

The Baby of a Gille. Hence horrible shadow,

Vnreall mock'ry hence, Why so, being gone

I am a man againe: pray you sit still.

La. You haue displac'd the mirth,

Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,

And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,

Without our speiall wonder? You make me strange

Euen to the disposition that I owe,

When now I thinke you can behold such sights,

And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,

When mine is blanch'd with feare.

Rosse. What sights, my Lord?

La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse

Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.

Stand not vpon the order of your going,

But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health

Attend his Maiesty.

La. A kinde goodnight to all.

Macb. It will haue blood they say:

Blood will haue Blood:

Stones haue bene knowne to moue, & Trees to speake:

Augures, and vnderstood Relations, haue

By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth

The secretst man of Blood. What is the night?

La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou that Macduff denies his person

At our great bidding.

La. Did you send to him Sir?

Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will send:

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow

(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.

More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know

By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,

All causes shall giue way. I am in blood

Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go ore:

Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,

Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.

La. You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.

Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse

Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vse:

We are yet but yong indeed.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1. Why how now Hecate, you looke angrily?
Hec. Haue I not reason (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Traffike with Macbeth,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

And I the Mistrie of your Charmes,

The close contriuer of all harmes,

Was neuer call'd to beare my part,

Or shew the glory of our Art?

And which is worse, all you haue done

Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,

Spight full, and wrathfull, who (as others do)

Loues for his owne ends, not for you.

But make amends now: Get you gon,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he

Will come, to know his Destinie.

Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide,

Your Charmes, and euery thing beside:

I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile spend

Vnto a dismall, and a Parall end.

Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.

Vpon the Corner of the Moone

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,

Ile catch it ere it come to ground:

And that distill'd by Magicke sights,

Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,

As by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his Confusion.

He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare

His hopes 'bout his Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:

And you all know, Security

Is Mortalls cheefest Enemie.

Musicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see

Sits in a Foggy cloud, and staves for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1. Come, let's make haile, thre'l soone be

Backe againe.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,

Haue but hit your Thoughts

Which can interpret farther: Onely I say

Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious Duncan

Was pittied of Macbeth: marry he was dead:

And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late,

Whom you may say (if't please you) Fleance kill'd,

For Fleance fled: Men must not walke too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

It was for Malcolme, and for Donalbane

To kill their gracious Father? Damned Faet,

How it did grieue Macbeth? Did he not straight

In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,

That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralls of sleepe?

Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:

For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue

To heare the men deny't. So that I say,

He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,

That had he Duncans Sonnes vnder his Key,

(As, and't please Heaven he shall not) they should finde

What 'twere to kill a Father: So should Fleance.

But peace; for from broad words, and cause he say'd

His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare

Macduffe liues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of Duncane

(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)

Liues in the English Court, and is recey'd

Of the most Pious Edward, with such grace,

That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing

Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduffe

Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd

To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seyward,

That by the helpe of these (with him aboue)

To ratifie the Worke) we may againe

Giue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:

Free from our Feasts, and Banquers bloody kniues;

Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,

All which we pine for now. And this report

Hath so exasperate their King, that hee

Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to Macduffe?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I

The cloudy Messenger turnes me his backe,

And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time

That clogges me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might

Aduise him to a Caution, t hold what distance

His wisedome can prouide. Some holy Angell

Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold

His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing

May soone returne to this our suffering Country,

Vnder a hand accurs'd.

Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him.

Exeunt.

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Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2. Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
3. Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time,
1. Round about the Caldron go:

In the poyson'd Entrails throw

Toad, that vnder cold stone,

Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:

Sweltred Venom sleeping got,

Boyle thou first i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble;

Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2. Fillet of a Fenny Snake,

In the Cauldron boyle and bake:

Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips :
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Grewell thicke, and slab.
Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
For th'Ingreedience of our Cawdron.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
And euery one shall share i'th'gaines:
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musicks and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.
2 By the pricking of my Thumbers,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockes, who euer knockes.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I coniure you, by that which you Professe,
(How ere you come to know it) answer me:
Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waues
Confound and swallow Navigation vp:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till destruction sicken: Answer me
To what I aske you.

1 Speake.

2 Demand.

3 Wee'l answer.

1 Say, if th'hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters.

Macb. Call'em: let me see'em.

1 Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweeten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:

Thy Selve and Office deaftly show.

Thunder.

1 Apparition, an Armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou yknowne power.

1 He knowes thy thought:

Heare his speech, but say thou nought.

1 Appar. *Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*

Beware Macduffe,

Beware the Thane of Fife: dismisle me. Enough.

He Descends.

Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.

1 He will not be commanded: heere's another

More potent then the first.

Thunder.

2 Apparition, a Bloody Child.

2 Appar. *Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*

Macb. Had I three eares, I'd heare thee.

2 Appar. Be bloody, bold, & resolute:

Laugh to scorne

The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme *Macbeth.*

Mac. Then lue *Macduffe*: what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make assurance: double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not lue,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lyes;
And sleepe in spight of Thunder.

3 Apparition, a Child Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.
What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,
And weares vpon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?

All. Listen, but speake not too't.

3 Appar. Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:
Macbeth shall neuer vanquish'd be, vntill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsmane Hill
Shall come against him.

Macb. That will neuer bee:
Who can impress the Forrest, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:
Rebellious dead, rise neuer till the Wood
Of Byrnam rise, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall lue the Lease of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and merrell Custome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much: Shall *Banquo*'s issue euer
Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know,
Why sinkes that Caldron? & what noife is this? *Hoboyes*

1 Shew.

2 Shew.

3 Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greue his Hart,

Come like shadowes, so depart.

A shew of eight Kings, and *Banquo* last, with a glasse
in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down:
Thy Crowne do's feare mine Eye-balls. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you shew me this? — A fourth? Start eyes!

What will the Line stretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A sequent? Ile see no more:

And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glasse,

Which shewes me many more: and some I see,

That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.

Horrible sight: Now I see'tis true,

For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles vpon me,

And points at them for his. What? is this so?

1 I Sir, all this is so. But why

Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?

Come Sisters, cheere we vp his Sprights,

And shew the best of our delights.

Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a sound,

While you performe your Antique round:

That this great King may kindly say,

Our duties, did his welcome pay.

The Witches Dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?

Let this pernicious hoore,

Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.

Come in, without there.

Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Macb.

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?

Lenox. No my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the Ayre wheteon they ride,

And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare

The galloping of Horie. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. I, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:

The flighty purpose neuer is o're-tooke

Valesse the deed go with it. From this moment,

The very fittlings of my heart shall be

The firtings of my hand. And euen now

To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thought & done:

The Castle of *Macduff*, I will surprize,

Seize vpon Fife; giue to th'edge o'th'Sword

His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules

That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,

This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,

But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?

Come bring me where they are.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Rosse. You must haue patience Madam.

Wife. He had none:

His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make vs Traitors.

Rosse. You know not

Whether it was his wiledome, or his feare.

Wife. Wiledome? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,

His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place

From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not,

He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren

(The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,

Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:

All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue;

As little is the Wiledome, where the flight

So runnes against all reason.

Rosse. My deereest Cooz,

I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,

He is Noble, Wife, Iudicious, and best knowes

The fit o'th'Season. I dare not speake much further,

But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors

And do not know our selues: when we hold Rumor

From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,

But sioare vpon a wilde and violent Sea

Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you:

I shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:

Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe vpward,

To what they were before. My pretty Cosine, bid W

Blessing vpon you.

Wife. Father'd he is,

And yet hee's Father-lesse.

Rosse. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer?

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.

I take my leaue at once.

Exe Rosse

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,

And what will you do now? How will you lue?

Son. As Birds do Mother.

Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?

Son. With what I get I meane, and so do they.

Wife. Poore Bird,

Thou'dst neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,

The Pitfall, nor the Gin.

Son. Why should I Mother?

Poore Birds they are not set for:

My Father is not dead for all your faying.

Wife. Yes, he is dead:

How wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?

Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.

Son. Then you'l by 'em to sell againe.

Wife. Thou speak'st withall thy wit,

And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

Wife. I, that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.

Son. And be all Traitors, that do so.

Wife. Euery one that do's so, is a Traitor,

And must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?

Wife. Euery one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there

are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,

and hang vp them.

Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:

But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weepe for him: if you

would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly

haue a new Father.

Wife. Poore prattler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,

Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;

I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.

If you will take a homely mans aduice,

Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones

To fright you thus. Me thinks I am too sauage:

To do worfe to you, were fell Cruelty,

Which is too nie your person. Heauen preferue you,

I dare abide no longer.

Wife. Whether should I flye?

I haue done no harme. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world: where to do harme

Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)

Do I put vp that womanly defence,

To say I haue done no harme?

What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

Wife. I hope in no place so vnsanctified,

Where such as thou may'st finde him.

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st thou shagge-eard Villaine.

Mur. What you Egge?

Yong fry of Treachery?

Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,

Run away I pray you.

N n

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduffe.

Mal. Let vs seeke out some desolate shade, & there Weepe our sad bosomes empty.

Macd. Let vs rather
Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men,
Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes
Strike heauen on the face, that it refound
As it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I beleue, Ile waile:
What know, beleue; and what I can redresse,
As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil.
What you haue spoke, it may be so perchance.
This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you haue lou'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something
You may discern of him through me, and wisdom
To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T'appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is,
A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I shall craue your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace must still looke so.

Macd. I haue lost my Hopes.
Mal. Perchance euen there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Childe?
Those precious Motiues, those strong knots of Loue,
Without leaue-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Iealousies, be your Dishonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iust,
What euer I shall thinke.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear y thy wrongs,
The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think'st,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speake not as in absolute feare of you:
I thinke our Country shakes beneath the yoke,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands vplifted in my right:
And heere from gracious England haue I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall treade vpon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Swords, yet my poore Country
Shall haue more vices then it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry wayes then euer,
By him that shall succede.

Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,

That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbeth
Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confinelesse harmes.

Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd
In euils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of euery sinne
That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wiues, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Cisterne of my Lust, and my Desire
All continent Impediments would ore-bear
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Then such an one to reigne.

Macd. Boundlesse intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath bene
Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take vpon you what is yours: you may
Conuey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke:
We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to deuoure so many
As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclinde.

Mal. With this, there growes
In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
A stanchlesse Auarice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Desire his Iewels, and this others House,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels vniuert against the Good and Loyall,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Auarice
Sticks deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin
The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foysons, to fill vp your will
Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iustice, Verity, Temperance, Stablenesse,
Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I haue no relish of them, but abound
In the diuision of each feuerall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should
Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vpore the vniuersall peace, confound
All vniuity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake:
I am as I haue spoken.

Mac. Fit to gouerne? No not to liue. O Nation miserable!
With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptr'd,
When shalt thou see thy whollome dayes againe?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction stands accus'd,
And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Saincted King; the Queene that bore thee,
Ofner vpon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'd euer day she liu'd. Fare thee well,

The

These Euils thou repeat'st vpon thy selfe,
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,
Thy hope ends heere.

Mal. Macduffe, this Noble passion
Childe of integrity, hath from my soule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuellish Macbeth,
By many of these traines, hath sought to win me
Into his power: and modest Wifedome pluckes me
From ouer-credulous haft: but God aboue
Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now
I put my selfe to thy Direction, and
Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure
The taints, and blames I laide vpon my selfe,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne,
Scarcely haue couer'd what was mine owne:
A no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking
Was this vpon my selfe. What I am truly
Istine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before they here appoach
Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodnesse
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once
Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
I pray you?

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That stay his Cure: their malady conuinces
The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,
They presently amend. Exit.

Mal. I thanke you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?
Mal. Tis call'd the Euill.

A most myraculous worke in this good King,
Which often since my heere remaine in England,
I haue seeme him do: How he solicites heauen
Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people
All swolne and Vlceroous, pittifull to the eye,
The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding Royalty he leaues
The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,
He hath a heauenly giuft of Prophecie,
And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See who comes heere.

Mal. My Countryman: but yet I know him nor.

Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes that makes vs Strangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas poore Country,
Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once scene to smile:
Where signes, and groines, and shrieks that rent the ayre

Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes
A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens liues
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the newest griefe?

Rosse. That of an houres age, doth hisse the speaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.

Macd. How do's my Wife?

Rosse. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leaue 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How gos't?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my belcefe witnest the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire distresses.

Mal. Bee't their comfort

We are coming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent vs good Seyward, and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Christendome giues out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I haue words
That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to some single brest?

Rosse. No minde that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.

Macd. Tis be mine

Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.

Rosse. Let not your eares dispise my tongue for euer,
Which shall possesse them with the heauiest sound
That euer yet they heard.

Macd. Humh: I guesse at it.

Rosse. Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sauagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of these murder'd Deere
To adde the death of you.

Mal. Mercifull Heauen:

What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:
Giue sorrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

Macd. My Children too?

Ro. Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too?

Rosse. I haue said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly griefe.

Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?

Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?

What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell swoope?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so:

But I must also feele it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me: Did heaven looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull Macduff,
They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Nor for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their soules: Heaven rest them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe
Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,
Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe
Within my Swords length fet him, if he scape
Heaven forgive him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres aboue
Put on their Instruments: Receiue what cheere you may.
The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Wrayting
Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can
perceiue no truth in your report. When was it shee last
walk'd?

Gent. Since his Maiesty went into the Field, I haue
seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vp-
pon her, vnlocke her Closet, take forth paper, folde it,
write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe re-
turne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receiue at
once the benefit of sleepe, and do the effects of watching.
In this slumbrly agitation, besides her walking, and other
actuall performances, what (at any time) haue you heard
her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witnesse
to confirme my speech. *Enter Lady, with a Taper.*

Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and vp-
on my life fast asleepe: obserue her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why it stood by her: she ha's light by her con-
tinually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their sence are shut.

Doct. What is it she do's now?

Looke how she rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme
thus washing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in
this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet heere's a spot.

Doct. Heare, she speaks, I will set downe what comes
from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.

Lad. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why
then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fye,
a Souldier, and afeard? what need we feare? who knowes
it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who

would haue thought the olde man to haue had so much
blood in him.

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now?
What will these hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that
my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this star-
ting.

Doct. Go too, go too:

You haue knowne what you should not.

Gent. She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure
of that: Heauen knowes what she ha's knowne.

Lad. Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the per-
fumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a sigh is there? The hart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not haue such a heart in my bosome,
of that: Heauen knowes what she ha's knowne.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practise: yet I haue
knowne those which haue walkt in their sleepe, who haue
dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne,
looke not so pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo's* buried,
he cannot come out on's graue.

Doct. Euen so?

Lad. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:
Come, come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's
done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whisprings are abroad: vnaturall deeds
Do breed vnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets:
More needs the the Diuine, then the Physitian:
God, God forgive vs all. Looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And still keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,
My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my sight,
I thinke, but dare not speake.

Gent. Good night good Doctor.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Mentesh, Cathnes,
Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.*

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by Malcolm,
His Vnkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Reuenges burne in them: for their deere causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarime
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood

Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.

Carb. Who knowes if *Donalbaine* be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File

Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Sonne,

And many vnurffe youths, that euen now

Protest their first of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Carb. Great Dunfinane he strongly Fortifies:

Some say hee's mad: Others, that lesse hate him,

Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feele

His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,

Now minutely Reuolts vpbraid his Faith-breach:

Those he commands, moue onely in command,

Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title

Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe

Vpon a dwarfish Theefe.

Ment. Who then shall blame

His pester'd Senses to recoyle, and start,

When all that is within him, do's condemne

It selfe, for being there.

Carb. Well, march we on,

To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:

Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,

And with him poure we in our Countries purge,

Each drop of vs.

Lenox. Or so much as it needes,

To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:

Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:

Till Byrnan wood remoue to Dunfinane,

I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme*?

Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know

All mortall Consequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:

Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman

Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then flye false Thanes,

And mingle with the English Epicures,

The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,

Shall neuer fagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

Enter Seruant.

The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:

Where got'st thou that Goose-looke?

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Geefe Villaine?

Ser. Souldiers Sir.

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and over-red thy feare

Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?

Death of thy Soule, those Linnen checkes of thine

Are Counsaillers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am sick at hart,

When I behold: *Seyton*, I say, this push

Will cheere me euer, or dis-eate me now.

I haue liu'd long enough. my way of life

Is false into the Seare, the yellow Lease,

And that which should accompany Old-Age,

As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,

I must not looke to haue: but in their steed,

Curfes, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath

Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.

Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What Newes more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. He fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.

Giue me my Armor.

Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. Ile put it on:

Send out inoe Horfes, skirre the Country round,

Hang those that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor:

How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sicke my Lord,

As she is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies

That keepe her from her rest.

Macb. Cure of that:

Can't thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd,

Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,

And with some sweet Obliuious Antidote

Cleanse the flufft bosome, of that perillous fluffe

Which weighe's vpon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient

Must minister to himselfe.

Macb. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.

Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:

Seyton, lend out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:

Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast

The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristin Health,

I would applaud thee to the very Echo,

That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say,

What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgative drugges

Would scowre these English hence: hea't'st y of them?

Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation

Makes vs heare something.

Macb. Bring it after me:

I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,

Till Birnan Forrest come to Dunfinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away, and cleere,

Profit againe should hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,
Seywards Sonne, Mentesh, Cathnes, Angus,
and Soldiers Marching.*

Malc. Cofins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand

That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Syew. What wood is this before vs?

Ment. The wood of Birnan.

Malc. Let every Souldier hew him downe a Bough,

And beate before him, thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our Host, and make discouery

Erre in report of vs.

Sold. It shall be done.

Syew. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant

Keepes still in Dunfinane, and will indure

Our setting downe before't.

Malc. 'Tis his maine hope:

For where there is aduantage to be giuen,

Both more and lesse haue giuen him the Reuolt,

And none serue with him, but constrained things,

Whose hearts are absent too.

Macb. Let our iust Centures

Attend the true euent, and put we on

nn 3

Industrious

Industrious Souldiership.

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make vs know
What we shall say we haue, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculatiue, their vnſure hopes relate,
But certaine iſſue, ſtroakes muſt arbitrate,
Towards which, aduance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with
Drum and Colours.*

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is ſill, they come: our Caſties ſtrength
Will laugh a Siege to ſcorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might haue met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beate them backward home. What is that noyſe?

A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.
Macb. I haue almoſt forgot the taſte of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my ſences would haue cool'd
To heare a Night-ſhriek, and my Fell of haire
Would at a diſmall Treatiſe rowze, and ſtirre
As life were in't. I haue ſup't full with horrors,
Direneſſe familiar to my ſlaughterous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She ſhould haue dy'd hereafter;
There would haue beene a time for ſuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdaies, haue lighted Fooles
The way to duſty death. Out, out, breake Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That ſtruts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of ſound and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Thou com'ſt to viſe thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Meſ. Gracious my Lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to doo't.

Macb. Well, ſay ſir.

Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch vpon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnanne, and anon me thought
The Wood began to moue.

Macb. Lye, and Slaue.

Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three Mile may you ſee it conſuming.
I ſay, a mouing Grove.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt truth,
Vpon the next Tree ſhall thou hang aliue
Till Famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.

I pull in Reſolution, and begin
To doubt th' Equiuocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnanne Wood
Do come to Dunſinane, and now a Wood

Comes toward Dunſinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he auouches, do's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here,
I'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wiſh th'eſtate o' th' world were now vndon.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At leaſt wee'l dye with Harneſſe on our backe. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

*Drumme and Colours.
Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army,
with Douglas.*

Mal. Now neere enough:

Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,
And ſhew like thoſe you are: You (worthy Vnkle)
Shall with my Coffin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our firſt Battell. Worthy Macduffe, and wee
Shall take vpon's what elſe remaines to do,
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:

Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets ſpeak, giue th' all breath
Thoſe clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt
Alarums continued.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They haue tied me to a ſtake, I cannot flye,
But Beare-like I muſt fight the courſe. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

Y. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.

Y. Sey. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelfe a hotter name
Then any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Y. Sey. The diuell himſelfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.

Macb. No: nor more fearefull.

Y. Sey. Thou ly'eſt abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile proue the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.

Fight, and young Seyward ſlaine.

Macb. Thou waſ't borne of woman;
But Swords I ſmile at, Weapons laugh to ſcorne,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant ſhew thy face,
If thou be'eſt ſlaine, and with no ſtroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghoſts will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched Kernes, whoſe armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou Macbeth,
Or elſe my Sword with an vnbartered edge
I ſheath againe vndeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be,
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note

Seemes

Seemes bruided. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. *Exit.*

Alarums.

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Caſtles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both ſides do fight,
The Noble Thane do brauely in the Warre,
The day almoſt it ſelfe profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.

Macb. We haue met with Foes

That ſtrike beſide vs.

Sey. Enter ſir, the Caſtle. *Exeunt. Alarums*

Macb. Why ſhould I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne ſword? whiles I ſee liues, the gaſhes
Do better vpon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Macb. Of all men elſe I haue auoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my ſoule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I haue no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then tearmes can giue thee out. *Fight: Alarums*

Macb. Thou looſeſt labour,
Aſcatic may'ſt thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impreſſe, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Creſts,
I beare a charmed Life, which muſt not yeeld
To one of woman borne.

Macd. Diſpaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou ſtill haſt ſeru'd
Tell thee, Macduffe was from his Mothers womb
Vntimely ript.

Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tels mee ſo;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe Iugling Fiends no more beleeu'd,
That palter with vs in a double ſence,
That keepe the word of promiſe to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And liue to be the ſhew, and gaze o'th'time.
Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monſters are
Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heere may you ſee the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeeld
To kiſſe the ground before young Malcolmes feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curſe.
Though Byrnanne wood be come to Dunſinane,
And thou oppoſ'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on Macduffe,
And damn'd be him, that firſt cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth ſlaine.

Retreat, and Flouriſh. Enter with Drumme and Colours,
Malcolm, Seyward, Roſſe, Thane, & Souldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we miſſe, were ſafe arriu'd.

Sey. Some muſt go off: and yet by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduffe is miſſing, and your Noble Sonne.

Roſſe. Your ſon my Lord, ha's paid a ſouldiers debt,
He onely liu'd but till he was a man,
The which no ſooner had his Proweſſe confirm'd
In the vnſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Roſſe. I, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Roſſe. I, on the Front.

Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:

Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haires,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. Hee's worth more ſorrow,

And that Ile ſpend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more,

They ſay he parted well, and paid his ſcore,
And ſo God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.

Macd. Haile King, for ſo thou art.

Behold where ſtands

Th' Vſurpers curſed head: the time is free:

I ſee thee compaſt with thy Kingdomes Pearle,

That ſpeake my ſalutation in their minds:

Whoſe voyces I deſire alowd with mine.

Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland.

Flouriſh.

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſeueral loues,
And make vs even with you. My Thanes and Kinſmen
Henceforth be Earles, the firſt that euer Scotland
In ſuch an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Miniſters
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;
Who(as'tis thought) by ſelfe and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This and what needfull elſe
That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in meaſure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we miſite, to ſee vs Crown'd at Scone.

Flouriſh.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.
Ho's there?
Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe.
Bar. Long liue the King.
Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.
Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.
Bar. 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed Francisco.
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Barn. Haue you had quiet Guard?
Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.
Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horatio and
Marcellus, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.
Fran. Giue you good night.
Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?
Fran. Barnardo ha's my place: giue you goodnight.
Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla Barnardo.
Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?
Hor. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.
Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. Horatio saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nightes haue seene.

Hor. Well, fit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.

Barn. Last night of all,
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course illumine that part of Heauen

Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of: Enter the Ghost.
Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it Horatio.
Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it Horatio.
Hor. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder.
Barn. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke

Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.
Mar. It is offended.

Barn. See, it stalkes away.
Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.
Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Barn. How now Horatio? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?

What thinke you on't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue
Without the sensible and true enouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th' Ambitious Norway combatted;
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fledged Pollax on the Ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose fore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweete hant
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

The Tragedie of Hamlet.

At least the whisper goes so: Our last King,
Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by Fortinbras of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant Hamlet,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant
And carriage of the Article designe,
His fell to Hamlet. Now sir, young Fortinbras,
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shar'd vp a List of Landlese Resolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
That hath a stomacke in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And termes Compulsatiue, those foresaid Lands
So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Soule of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghost againe.
But soft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
He crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion:
If thou hast any sound, or vse of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speake to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh speake.
Or, if thou hast vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Barn. 'Tis heere.
Hor. 'Tis heere.

Mar. 'Tis gone.
Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so Maiesticall
To offer it the shew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.
Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extravagant, and erring Spirit, hies
To his Confinde. And of the truth heerein,
This present Obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes
Wherein our Sauours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nightes are wholsome, then no Planets strike,
No Faery talke, nor Witch hath power to Charme:

So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleue it:
But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto yong Hamlet. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall finde him most conueniently. Exit

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister O-
phelia, Lords Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our deere Brothers death
The memory be Greene: and that it vs besitteth
To beare our hearts in Greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our selues.

Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th' Imperiall Ioyntresse of this warlike State,
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,

With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole

Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankses.

Now followes, that you know young Fortinbras,
Holding a weake supposal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be disioynt, and out of Frame,

Colleagu'd with the dreame of his Aduantages,
He hath not say'd to pester vs with Message,
Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his Father: with all Bonds of Law

To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.
Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the businesse is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young Fortinbras,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress
His further gate heerein. In that the Leui-
The Lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect: and we heere dispatch
You good Cornelius, and you Voltemand,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow:

Farewell, and let your hast commend your duty.
Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.
Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now Laertes, what's the newes with you?

You told vs of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
And loofe your voyce. What would't thou beg *Laertes*,
That shall not be my Offer, nor thy Asking?
The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would't thou haue *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your Fathers leaue?
What sayes *Polonius*?

Pol. He hath my Lord;

I do beseech you giue him leaue to go.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:

But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,

And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.

Do not for euer with thy veyled lids

Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;

Thou know't 'tis common, all that liues must dye,

Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be;

Why seemes it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:

'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)

Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,

Nor windy suppiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,

Nor the delected hauiour of the Village,

Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,

That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme;

For they are actions that a man might play;

But I haue that Within, which passeth show;

These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable

In your Nature *Hamlet*,

To giue these mourning duties to your Father:

But you must know, your Father lost a Father,

That Father lost, lost his, and the Suruiuer bound

In filiall Obligation, for some terme

To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer

In obstinate Condolement, is a course

Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis vmanly grieffe,

It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,

A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,

An Vnderstanding simple, and vnchool'd:

For what we know must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,

Why should we in our peeuissh Opposition

Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,

A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,

To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame

Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,

From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,

This must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne,
And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,
Then that which deereft Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefest Courtier Cofin, and our Sonne.

La. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*;
I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best
Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No iocund health that Denmarke drinks to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
And the Kings Rounce, the Heauens shall bruite againe,
Respeaking earthly Thunder, Come away. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet.
Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
Thaw, and resoluue it selfe into a Dew:

Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt

His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!

How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable

Seemes to me all the vses of this world?

Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden

That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature

Posseffe it meereely. That it should come to this:

But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,

So excellent a King, that was to this

Hyperion to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,

That he might not beteeue the windes of heauen

Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth

Must I remember: why she would hang on him,

As if encrease of Appetite had growne

By what it fed on; and yet within a month?

Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman,

A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,

With which she followed my poore Fathers body

Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she,

(O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason

Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,

My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,

Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?

Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares

Had left the flushing of her gawled eyes,

She married. O most wicked speed, to post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets:

It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,

And your poore Seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend,

Ile change that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

Mar.

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you: good euen Sir.

But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not haue your Enemy say so;

Nor shall you doe mine care that violence,

To make it truster of your owne report

Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:

But what is your affaire in *Elfenour*?

We'll teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.

Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)

I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt-meats

Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;

Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,

Ere I had euer seene that day *Horatio*.

My father, me thinks I see my father.

Hor. Oh where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all;

I shall not look vpon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? Who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father,

Ham. The King my Father?

Hor. Seafon your admiration for a while

With an attent care; till I may deliuer

Vpon the witness of these Gentlemen,

This maruell to you.

Ham. For Heauens loue let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen

(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch

In the dead wast and middle of the night

Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,

Arad at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,

Appeares before them, and with sollemne march

Goes flow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,

By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes,

Within his Truncheons lengths whilst they bestid

Almost to Ielly with the Act of feare,

Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me

In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,

And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,

Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,

Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,

The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once me thought

It lifted vp it head, and did addresse

It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:

But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;

And as the foundre shrunk in hast away,

And vanish from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;

And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to Night?

Both. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had bene there.

Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like: staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate hast might tell a hun-

dred. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grisly? no.

Hor. It was, as I haue scene it in his life,

A Sable Silver'd.

Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers person,

Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you haue hitherto conceald this sight;

Let it bee treble in your silence still:

And whatsoeuer els shall hap to night,

Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;

I will requite your loues; so, fare ye well:

Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,

Ile visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.

My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:

I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;

Till then sit still my foule; foule deeds will rise,

Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are imbarck't; Farewell:

And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,

And Conuoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,

But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;

A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;

Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting

The suppliance of a minute? No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more;

For nature cressant does not grow alone,

In thewes and Bulke; but as his Temple waxes,

The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule

Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,

And now no foyle nor cautell doth besmerch

The vertue of his feare: but you must feare

H13

His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnallued persons doe,
Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends
The sanctity and health of the weole State,
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to beleuee it;

As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his saying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall,
Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chaste Treasure open
To his vnmaistred importunity.

Fear it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Sister,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the shot and danger of Desire,
The charest Maid is Prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:

Vertue it selfe escapes not calumnious stroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Oph. I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,
Shew me the sleepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilst like a puffed and recklesse Libertine
Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Polon. Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboard for shame,
The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
And these few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:

Be thou familiar; but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hookes of Steele:

But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnchatch't, vnflieg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bear't that th'oppos'd may beware of thee.

Giue every man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans censure; but reserve thy iudgement:
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;

But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.

And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:

And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This above all; to thine owne selfe be true;

And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell: my Blessing feason this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.

Polon. The time inuities you, goe; your seruants tend.
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue said to you.

Oph. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Polon. What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you? *Exit Laer.*

Oph. So please you, something touching the *L. Hamlet*.
Polon. Marry, well bethought:

Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous.

If it be so, as so tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,

As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

Oph. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a Greene Girle,
Vnsifted in such perillous Circumstance.

Doe you beleue his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.

Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
That you haue rane his tenders for true pay,

Which are not farthing. Tender your selfe more dearely;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,

Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.
Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,

In honourable fashion.
Polon. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.

Oph. And hath giuen countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the voyces of Heauen.

Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule

Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heat; extinct in both,

Even in their promise, as it is a making;
You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,

Be somewhat scarier of your Maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,

Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleue so much in him, that he is young,

And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,

Doe not beleue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inuements show:

But meere implorators of vnholie Sutes,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,

The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,

Haue you so slander any moment leisure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:

Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.
Oph. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hower now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.

Mar. No, it is trooke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What

What does this meane my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keeps wassels and the swagging vpspring reeles,

And as he dreines his draughts of Rensh downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus Bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Hor. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist,
And to my mind, though I am native heere,
And to the manner borne. It is a Custome

More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance,
Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,
Betty euents wicked or charitable,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,

King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell

Why thy Canoniz'd bones Heare'd in death,
Haue burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher

Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,

To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat Steele,

Reuisits thus the glimpse of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,

So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?
Ghost beckens Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire

To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action

It wais: you to a more remoued ground:
But doe not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.

Hor. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why, what should be the feare?

I doe not set my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?

Being a thing immortall as it selfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,

That beetles o're his base into the Sea,
And there assumes some other horrible forme,

Which might deprive your Soueraignty of Reason,
And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?

Ham. It wais me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,

As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I call'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:

By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I lay away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hor. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speake; Ile go no fur-

Cho. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Cho. My hower is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames

Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Cho. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing to

To what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Cho. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Cho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,

Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;

And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,

Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature

Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my Prison-Houise;

I could a Tale vnfold, whose lightest word

Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood;

Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres;

Thy knotty and combined locks to part;

And each particular haire to stand an end;

Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:

But this eternall blason must not be

To eares of flesh and blood; list *Hamlet*, oh list,

If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue,

Ham. Oh Heauen!

Cho. Reuenge his soule and most vnaturall Murder,

Ham. Murder?

Cho. Murder most foule, as in the best it is;

But this most foule, strange, and vnaturall;

Ham. Hail, haile me to know it,

That with wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,

May sweepe to my Reuenge.

Cho. I finde thee apt,

And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede

That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,

Would'st thou not stire in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:

It's giuen out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,

A Serpent stung me: so the whole care of Denmarke,

Is by a forged proceesse of my death

Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,

The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,

Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Prophetick soule: mine Vncle?

Cho. I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast

With witchcraft of his wits, bath Traitorous guifts,

Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power

So to seduce? Won to this shamefull Lust

The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:

Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,

From me, whose loue was of that dignity,

That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow

I made to her in Marriage; and to decline

Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore

To those of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer will be moued,

Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:

So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,

Will sate it selfe in a Celestiall bed, & prey on Garbage.

O o

But

But soft, me thinks I sent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My custome alwayes in the afternoone;
Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of curst Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,
That swift as Quick-silver, it courses through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholsome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatche;
Cut off even in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnnaneld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue
Against thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,
To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme shows the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:
Adue, adue, Hamlet: remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?
And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate
In this distracted-Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triuall fond Records,
All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all preasures past,
That youth and obseruation toppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;
So Vncle there you are: now to my word;
It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me: I haue sworn't.

Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord,

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Heauen secure him,

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How is't my Noble Lord?

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'll reueale it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
But you'll be secret? *(think it)*

Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;

And so, without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:

You, as your busines and desires shall point you:

For every man ha's businesse and desire,

Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,

Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor. There are but wild and hurling words, my Lord,

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:

Yes faith heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is my Lord,

And much offence too, touching this Vision here:

It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:

For your desire to know what is betweene vs,

O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,

As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,

Giue me one poore request.

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but sweare't.

Hor. In faith my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Ham. Vpon my sword.

Marcell. We haue sworn my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, vpon my sword, indeed.

Gho. Sweare, *Ghost cries vnder the Stage.*

Ham. Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-

penny? Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge

Consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene,

Sweare by my sword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. *Hic & vbique?* Then wee'll shift for grownd,

Come hither Gentlemen,

And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:

Sweare by my Sword.

Gho. Sweare.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can't worke i'th' ground so

A worthy Pioneer, once more remoue good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night; but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.

There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio,*

Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come,

Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,

How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;

(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet

To put an Anticke disposition on:)

That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall

With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful Phrase;

As well, we know, or we could and if we would,

Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,

Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,

That

That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:
Sweare.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,

With all my loue I doe commend me to you;

And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,

May doe't expresse his loue and friending to you,

God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,

And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,

The time is out of ioynt: Oh curst spight,

That euer I was borne to set it right,

Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius and Reynoldo.

Polon. Giue him his money, and these notes Reynoldo.

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe maruels wisely: good Reynoldo,

Before you visite him you make inquiry

Of his behaviour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marty, well said;

Very well said. Looke you Sir,

Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;

And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe;

What company, at what expence: and finding

By this encompassement and drift of question,

That they doe know my sonne: Come you more neerer

Then your particular demands will touch it,

Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,

And thus I know his father and his friends,

And in part him. Doe you marke this Reynoldo?

Reynol. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;

But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;

Addicted so and so; and there put on him

What forgeries you please: marry, none so ranke,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,

As are Companions noted and most knowne

To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;

You must not put another scandall on him,

That hee is open to Incontinencie;

That's not my meaning; but breath his faults so quaintly,

That they may seeme the raints of liberty;

The flash and out-broke of a fiery minde,

A sauagenes in vnrclaim'd bloud of generall assault.

Reynol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,

And I beleeue it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,

As 'twere a thing a little foild i'th' working:

(sound)

Marke you your party in conuersion: him you would

Haue euer seene. In the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd

He closes with you in this consequence:

Good fir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.

According to the Phrase and the Addition,

Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this?

He does: what was I about to say?

I was about to say something: where did I leaue?

Reynol. At closes in the consequence:

At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Polon. At closes in the consequence, I marry,

He closes with you thus: I know the Gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or tother day;

Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,

There was he gaming, there o'reooke in's Rouse;

There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of saile;

Videlicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;

Your bait of falsehood, takes this Cape of truth;

And thus doe we of wisdom and of reach

With windleses, and with assaies of Bias,

By indirections finde directions out:

So by my former Lecture and aduice

Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Reynol. My Lord I haue.

Polon. God buy you; fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Reynol. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And let him ply his Musicke.

Reynol. Well, my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:

How now Ophelia, what's the matter?

Oph. Alas my Lord, I haue bene so affrighted,

Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?

Oph. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,

Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbrac'd,

No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd,

Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

And with a looke so pitions in purport,

As if he had been look'd out of hell,

To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Loue?

Oph. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What said he?

Oph. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his armes;

And with his other hand thus o're his brow,

He falls to such perusall of my face,

As he would draw it. Long staid he so,

At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:

And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;

He rais'd a sigh, so pitions and profound,

That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,

And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,

And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd,

He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,

For out aderes he went without their helpe;

And to the last, bended their light on me.

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,

This is the very extasie of Loue,

Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,

And

And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,
As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,
That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorrie that with better speed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but ruse,
And meant to wracke thee: but bestrew my ialousie:
It seemes it is as proper to our Age,
To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,
As it is common for the yonger sort
To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
This must be knowne, & being kept close might moue
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter King, Queene, Rosinocrance, and Guilden-
stjerne Camelijs.*

King. Welcome deere Rosinocrance and Guildenstjerne.
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke
Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard
Of Hamlets transformation: so I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Remembles that it was. What it should bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some little time: so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew vs to much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rosin. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

Gul. We both obey,
And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent,
To lay our Services freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks Rosinocrance, and gentle Guildenstjerne.

Qu. Thanks Guildenstjerne and gentle Rosinocrance.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne.

Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where Hamlet is.
Gul. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

Queene. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.
Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found
The very cause of Hamlets Lunacie.

King. Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.
Pol. Give first admittance to th'Ambassadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.
King. Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and source of all your Sonnes distemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.
King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends:
Say Voltumand, what from our Brother Norway?

Volt. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires,
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppreffe
His Nephewes Leues, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greened,
That for his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was fallie borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On Fortinbras, which he (in breefe) obceyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in time,
Makes Vow before his Vokle, neuer more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with ioy,
Gives him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers
So leiu'd as before, against the Poleak:
With an intreatie herein further shewne,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well:
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together.
Most welcome home. *Exit Ambass.*

Pol. This businesse is very well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time.
Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with lesse Art.
Pol. Madam, I sweare I vse no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,
But farewell it: for I will vse no Art. *Mad*

Mad let vs grant him then: and now remains
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect:
For this effect defective, comes by cause,
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter, whil'st she is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and surmise.

The Letter.

*To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified O-
phelia.*
That's an ill Phrase, a wilde Phrase, beautified is a wilde
Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellent white
bosome, these.

Qu. Came this from Hamlet to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire.

Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue:

Doubt Truth to be a Lier,

But neuer Doubt, I loue.

*O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to
rackon my groines; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best be-
lieue it. Adieu.*

*Thine euer more most deere Lady, whilst this
Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:

And more about hath his soliciting,

As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,

All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I wold faine proue so. But what might you thinke?

When I had scene this hot loue on the wing,

As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that

Before my Daughter told me, what might you

Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere, thinke,

If I had play'd the Deske or Table-booke,

Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,

Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,

What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,

And (my yong Mistress) thus I did bespeake

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy Starre,

This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,

That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,

Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens:

Which done, sheooke the Fruits of my Advice,

And he repuls'd. A short Tale to make,

Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,

Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,

Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension

Into the Madnesse whereon now he rages,

And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I'de faine know that,

That I haue possitively said, 'tis so,

When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwise,

If Circumstances leade me, I will finde

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede

Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes

He walkees foure houres together, heere

In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,
And be not from his reason false thereon;
Let me be no Assisstant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,
He boord him presently. *Exit King & Queen.*

Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee

one man pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,
being a good kissing Carrion—

Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne: Conception is a
blesing, but not as your daughter may conceive, Friend
looke too't.

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daugh-
ter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmon-
ger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth,
I suffred much extremitie for loue: very neere this. Ile
speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slave saies here,
that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrin-
kled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree
Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit,
together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I
most powerfully, and potently beleeue; yet I holde it
not Honestie to haue it thus set downe: For you your
selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could
go backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse,
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre:

How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?

A happinesse,

That often Madnesse hits on,

Which Reason and Sanitie could not

So prosperously be deliuer'd of.

I will leaue him,

And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting

Betweene him, and my daughter.

Pol. You know sometimes

My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly

Take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord Hamlet; there hee is.

Enter Rosincran and Guildenstern.

Rosin. God saue you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rosin. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'st thou Guildenstern? Oh, Rosincran; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rosin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waste, or in the middle of her fauour?

Guild. Faith, her priuates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Rosin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deserued at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither?

Guild. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Rosin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; Denmark being one o'th' worst.

Rosin. We thinke not so my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I haue bad dreames.

Guild. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meere shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Rosin. Truly, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggars bodies; and our Monarchs and out-stretch Heroes the Beggars Shadowes: shall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

Both. Wee'l wait vpon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fortify you with the rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship, What make you at Elsonower?

Rosin. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thanks; but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfe peny; were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,

deale iustly with me: come, come; nay speake.

Guild. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not craft enough to colour, I know the good King & Queene haue sent for you.

Rosin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preferued loue, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Rosin. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not off.

Guild. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discouery of your secretie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my disposition, that this goodly frame the Earth, seems to me a sterill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appears no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moving how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Rosin. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Rosin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receiue from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Maiesty shall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight shal vie his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall not sigh gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th' sere: and the Lady shall say her minde freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for't: what Players are they?

Rosin. Euen those you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chanceth it they traualle? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Rosin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rosin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

Rosin. Nay, their indeauour keeps in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yafes, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the fashion,

fashion, and to be-rattled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are not better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession.

Rosin. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controersie. There was for a while, no money bid for argument, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's bene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Rosin. I that they do my Lord, Hercules & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Vnckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guild. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to Elsonower: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, left my extant to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairly outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours: You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are decei'd.

Guild. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handlaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearle you Guildenstern, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Rosin. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

When Rosinus an Actor in Rome—

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Asse—

Polon. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastorall-Comickall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragickall-Historicall: Tragickall-Comickall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indiuible, or Poem vnlimited. Seneca cannot be too heauy, nor Plautus too light, for the law of Wit, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

Ham. O Iephtha Iudge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more,

The which he loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right old Iephtha?

Polon. If you call me Iephtha my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the *Pons Chanssen* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or fise Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistress? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heauen then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrent Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like French Fauconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a tast of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1. Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cauari* to the Generall: but it was (as I recei'd it, and others, whose iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scenes, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Enias* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus* The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse, Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote Now is he to take Geulles, horribly Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous, and damned light To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire, And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore, With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus* Old Grandfire *Priam* seekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1. Player. Anon he findes him, Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword; Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it fall's Repugnant to command: vnequall match, *Pyrrhus* at *Priam* driues, in Rage strikes wide: But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword, Th'vnnerved Father falls. Then senselesse Illium, Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top Scoopes to his Base, and with a hideous crash Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* care. For loe, his Sword Which was declining on the Milkie head Of Reuerend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' Ayre to sticke:

So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the Heauens, the Racket stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
A to wised Vengeance sets him new a- worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armour, for'd for prooffe Eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall co'th Barbars, with your beard. Pry-
thee say on: He's for a Tigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee
sleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1. Play. But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1. Play. Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Bisson Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th' Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,
'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
(Valeste things mortall moue them not at all)
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and
ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest,
foone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-
stow'd. Doye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are
the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After
your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then
their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their de-
sart.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vse euery man
after his desert, and who should scape whipping: vse
them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they
deserue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
in.

Pol. Come firs.

Exit Polon.

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to mor-
row. Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a
need study a speech of some dosen or sixtene lines, which
I would set downe, and insert in't: Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night
you are welcome to *Elfenower*.

Rosin. Good my Lord.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. I so, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Pefant flauie am I?
Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,
Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peeke
Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whose property, and most deere life,
A dam'd defeat was made. Am I a Coward?

Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-crosse?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th' Nose? giues me the Lye i'th' Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
I should haue fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloody: a Bawdy villaine,
Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeance!

Who? What an Assie am I? I fore, this is most brave;
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered,
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Must (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Curfing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Eye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.

I haue heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Sceney,
Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murder, though it haue no tongue, will speake
With most myraculous Organ. Ile haue these Players,
Play something like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obserue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke: If he but blench
I know my course. The Spirit that I haue seene
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King. *Exit*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Re-
snerance, Guildenstern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.
Rosin. He does confesse he feels himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.

Gul. Nor do we finde him forward to be sounde,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.

Qu. Did he receiue you well?
Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.
Gul. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Qu. Did you assay him to any pastime?
Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties
To heare, and see the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Giue him a further eage, and driue his purpose on
To these delights.
Rosin. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gerrinde* leaue vs too,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espials)
Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vsseene
We may of their encounter frankly iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If he be th'affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he suffers for.

Qu. I shall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.
Pol. *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions visage,
And pious Action, we do surge o're
The diuell himselfe.

King. Oh 'tis true:
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my Conscience?
The Harlots Checke beautied with plai't'ring Art
Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!

Pol. I heare him coming, let's withdraw my Lord. *Exeunt.*
Enter Hamlet.
Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shoocks

That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coile,
Must giue vs pawle. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his *Quintus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscover'd Counrey, from whose Borne
No Traveller returnes, Puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Native hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*? Nymph, in thy Orizons
Be all my finnes remembered.

Oph. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.
Oph. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you now, receiue them.

Ham. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.
Oph. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume lett:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde.
There my Lord.

Ham. Haha: Are you honest?
Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?
Oph. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
Should admit no discourse to your Beautie.
Oph. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Commerce
then your Honesty?

Ham. I trullie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforme Honesty from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
force of Honesty can translaie Beautie into his likeness.
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
prooffe: I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeue so.
Ham. You should not haue beleeued me. For vertue
cannot so innoculate our old Rocke, but we shall, ellishi
of it. I loued you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiued.
Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou
be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were bet-
ter my Mother had not borne me. I am very prou'd, re-
uengefull. Ambitious, with more offences at my becke,
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Fellowes as I do, crawling betwene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, beleue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou dost Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for thy Downrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophe. O heauenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your pratings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you giue, you amble, and you lipe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is here o're-throwne? The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword, Th'expectant and Rose of the faire State, The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme, Th'obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe. Haue I of Ladies most delect and wretched, That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes: Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason, Like sweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harsh, That vnwatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth, Blasted with exasie. Oh woe is me, T'haue scene what I haue scene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend, Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little, Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule? O're which his Melancholly sits on brood, And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclosure Will be some danger, which to preuent I haue in quicke determination Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England For the demand of our neglected Tribute: Haply the Seas and Countreies different With variable Obiects, shall expell This something ferled matter in his heart: Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I beleue The Origin and Commencement of this Greefe Sprung from neglected loue. How now Ophelia? You need not tell vs, what Lord Hamlet saide, We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please, But if you hold it fit after the Play, Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him, And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the care Of all their Conference. If she finde him not, To England send him: Or confine him where Your wisdome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so: Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vse all gently: for in the verie Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion on to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-Herods Herod. Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sure the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature: for any thing so ouer-done, is frō the purpose of Playing, whole end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as'twer the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and presture. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskillfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue: The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue scene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther haue the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosinrance, and Guildenstern.

How now my Lord, Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hast.

Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, Horatio?

Hor. Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art eene as iust a man

As ere my Conuersation coap'd withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:

For what aduancement may I hope from thee,

That no Reuenew hast, but thy good spirits

To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,

And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,

Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,

Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choise,

And could of men distinguish, her election

Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene

As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.

A man that Fortunes buffers, and Rewards

Hath tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,

Whose Blood and Iudgement are so well co-mingled,

That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,

To sound what stop she please. Giue me that man,

That is not Passions Slaue, and I will weare him

In my hearts Core: I in my Heart of heart,

As I do thee. Something too much of this.

There is a Play to night before the King,

One Scene of it comes nere the Circumstance

Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.

I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,

Even with the verie Comment of my Soule

Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occul'd guilt,

Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,

It is a damned Ghost that we haue scene:

And my Imaginations are as foule

As Vulcans Sythe. Giue him needfull note,

For I mine eyes will riuert to his Face:

And after we will both our Iudgements ioine,

To censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well my Lord.

If he Reale ought the whilst this Play is Playing,

And escape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosinrance, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant with his Guard carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cosin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent I faith, of the Camelions dish: I eate

the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this answer Hamlet, these

words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once

ith Vniuersity, you say?

Pol. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good

Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Iulius Caesar, I was kill'd i'th Capitoll:

Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a

Casse there. Be the Players ready?

Rosin. My Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good Hamlet, sit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue,

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely ligge-maker: what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he must builde Churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horsie, whole Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles, and makes shew of Protestation vnto him. He takes her up, and declines his head vpon her neck. Lays him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him a-sleepe, leane vpon him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and powres poison in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returns, findes the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Adverses comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poisoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and vnmwillig awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue. Exeunt.

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malcho, that meanes Mischeefe.

Ophe. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'll tell all.

Ophe. Will they tell vs what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'll shew him. Bee not you asham'd to shew, hee'll not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For vs, and for our Tragedie,

Heere stooping to your Clemencie:

We begge your hearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans loue.

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phcebus Cart gon round, Neptunes salt Wash, and Tellus Orbed ground: And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene, About the World haue times twelue thirties beene, Since loue our hearts, and Hymen did our hands Vnite comutall, in most sacred Bands.

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone

Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.

But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,

So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,

That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,

Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:

For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,

In

In neither ought, or in extremity:

King. Now what my loue is, prooffe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is siz'd, my Feare is so.

King. Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, below'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou—

Bap. Oh confound the rest:
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest:
In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first!

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.
Bapt. The instances that second Marriage moue,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do beleeue you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the slave to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite vniue sticks on the Tree,
But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt:
What to our selues in passion we propole,
Thy passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greeke or Ioy,
Their owne enactors with themselves destroy:
Where Ioy most Reuels, Greeke doth most lament;
Greeke Ioyes, Ioy greets on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.

For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flie,
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Friend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Direly seasons him his Enemie.
But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
Each opposite that blankes the face of Ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy:
Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.

Ham. If she should breake it now,
King. 'Tis deeply sworne:
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, Sleepes
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine, Exit

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?

Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes,

Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Of-
fence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Of-

fence in't world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Moule-trap: Marry how? Tropically:
This Play is the Image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonz-
ago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista: you shall see
anon: 'tis a knauish peece of worke: But what o'that?
Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches
vs not: let the gail d iade winch: our withers are vnring.

Enter Lucianus.
This is one Lucianus nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your Loue:
if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.
Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my
edge.

Ophe. Still better and worse.
Ham. So you mislike Husbands.
Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and
begin. Come, the croaking Rauens doth bellow for Re-
uenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholsome life, vsurpe immediately.

Ham. He poysons him i'th Garden for's estate: His
name's Gonzago: the Story is extant and writ in choyce
Italian. You shall see anon how the Murderer gets the
loue of Gonzago's wife.

Ophe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire,

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue o're the Play.

King. Giue me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Enter Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deere go weepe,

The Hart vngalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleepe;

So runnes the world away.

Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
my Fortunes tume Turke with me; with two Provinciall
Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie
of Players sir.

Hor. Halfe a share,

Ham. A whole one I,

For thou dost know: Oh Damon deere,

This Realme dismantled was of Ioue himselfe,

And now reignes heere.

A verie verie Pajocke.

Hor. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good Horatio, Ile take the Ghosts word for

a thousand pound. Did'st perceiue?

Hor. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysoning?

Hor. I did verie well note him.

Enter Rosinrance and Guildenstern.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come y Recorder

For if the King like not the Comedie,

Why then belike belikes it not perdie.

Come some Musicke.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, maruellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it selfe more ri-
cher, to signifie this: to his Doctor: for for me to put him
to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre
more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some
frame, and start not so wildly from my sayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affli-
ction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of
the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whol-
some answer, I will doe your Mothers commandment:
if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of
my Businesse.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer: my wits dis-
cass'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal com-
mand: or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more
but to the matter. My Mother you say.

Rosin. Then thus she sayes: your behavior hath stroke
her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a
Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mo-
thers admiration?

Rosin. She desires to speake with you in her Closet,
ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother.
Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Rosin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rosin. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distem-
per? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Liber-
tie, if you deny your griefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement.

Rosin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of
the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the grasie growes, the Prouerbe is
something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why
do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you
would drine me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue
is too vomanerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play
vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges
with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your
mouth, and it will discoure most excellent Musicke.

Looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any vtterance
of harmony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing

you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would
seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart
of my Mylerie; you would sound mee from my lowest
Note, to the top of my Compass: and there is much Mu-
sicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot
you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee
plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will,
though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God
blesse you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speak with you,
and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape
like a Camell.

Polon. By'th Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:
They foole me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say so.

Ham. By and by, is easly said. Leau me Friends:

'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breathes out
Contagion to this world, Now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter businesse as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:

Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature: let not euer
The Soule of Nero, enter this firme bosome:

Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall.
I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none:

My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words someter she be shent,
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule consent.

Enter King, Rosinrance, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs,
To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:

The termes of our estate, may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selues provide:
Most holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Rosin. The single
And peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and rests
The liues of many, the cease of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's nere it, with it. It is a masse wheele
Fixt on the Sommet of the highest Mount,
To whose huge Spokes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,
Each small annexment, pettie consequence
Attends the boystrous Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King fighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;
For we will fetters put vpon this feare,

pp

Which

Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste vs.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closet:
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my selfe
To heare the Proceffe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen,
It bath the primall eldest curse vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect; what if this curled hand
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heauens
To wash it white as Snow? Where'to serues mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is past. Byt oh, what forme of Prayer
Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, since I am still possesst
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,
And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What rests?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!
Oh limed soule, that strugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:
Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,
And so am I reueng'd: that would be scann'd,
A Villaine kills my Father, and for that
I his foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
And how his Andit stands, who knows, false Heauen:
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent

When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
That ha's no relish of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother styes,
This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes.
King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go.

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath scree'd, and stood betweene
Much heate, and him. The silence me e'ne heere:
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.
Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him coming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?
Qu. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.
Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.
Qu. Why how now Hamlet?
Ham. Whats the matter now?
Qu. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by the Rood, not so:
You are the Queene, your Husbonds Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.
Qu. Nay, then Ile fet those to you that can speake.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
boudge:
You go not till I set you vp a glasse,
Where you may see the inmost part of you?
Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, ho.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.
Pol. Oh I am slaine.
Qu. Oh me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?
Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King?
Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word,
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe;
If damned Custome haue not braz'd it so,
That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
In noife so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act
That blurs the grace and blush of Modestie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,

As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapscall of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With tristfull visage as against the doome,
Is thought-sicke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what acte, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was sear'd on his Brow.
Hyperions curls, the front of Ioue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New-lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:
A Combination, and a fortune indeed,
Where euery God did seeme to set his Seale,
To giue the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blasting his wholsome breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath confend you at hood-man-blindle?
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebelious Hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Marrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
When the compulsive Aduerse giues the charge,
Since Frost it selfe, as a tiewly doth burne,
As Reason panders Will.

Qu. O Hamlet, speake no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leaue their Tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke sweat of an enfeamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honnying and making loue
Ouer the nasty Sty.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shellie, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of fiers and patches.
Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guerds. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th'important ad'ing of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forget: this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke. Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.

Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?
Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildly peepe,
And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him; look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioyn'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittieous action you conuert:
My sterne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Qu. No, nothing but our selues.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodilesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.
Ham. Extasie?
My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word: which madnesse
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule,
That not your trespass, but my madnesse speaks:
It will but skin and filme the Vicerous place,
Whil'st ranke Corruption minims all within,
Infects vnseene. Confesse your selfe to Heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And do not spred the Compost or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,
For in the fatnesse of this purfite times,
Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
Yea croun, and woe, for leaue to do him good.

Qu. Oh Hamlet,
Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
He blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gaue him: so againe, good night:
I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behinde.

Qu. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,

Or padding in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to rauce all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wife,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide. Who would do so,
No in despite of Sense and Secrecie,
Vnpegge the Basket on the houses top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
What thou hast saide to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This man shall let me packing:

He lugges the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in these sighes.
These profound heaues
You must translate; 'Tis fit we vnderstand them.
Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What Gertrude? How do's Hamlet?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

King. On heauy deed;

It had bin so with vs had we beene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the Owner of a foule disease,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettels base
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh Gertrude, come away:

The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,
We must with all our Maiesty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse. *Enter Ros. & Guild.*

Ho Guildenstern:

Friends both go Ioyne you with some further ayde:
Hamlet in madnesse hath Polonius slaine,
And from his Mother Closett hath he drag'd him.
Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this. *Exit Gent.*
Come Gertrude, wee'll call vp our wisest friends,

To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
My soule is full of discord and difmay. *Exit.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.

Ham. What noise? Who calls on Hamlet?

Oh heere they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildenstern.*

Ros. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Comounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kinne.

Rosin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Rosin. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine

owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spunge, what re-
plication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Spunge, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that fokes vp the Kings Countenance, his

Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King

best serue in the end. He keepe them like an Ape in

the corner of his iaw, first mout'h'd to be last swallowed,

when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but squeez-
ing you, and Spunge you shall be dry againe.

Rosin. I vnderstand you not my Lord,

Ham. I am glad of it: a knauish speech sleepes in a

foolish eare.

Rosin. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,
and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not

with the body. The King is a thing —

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all

after. *Exit.*

Enter King.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:

Yet must not we put the strong Law on him;

Hee's loued of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:

And where 'tis so, th' Offenders scourge is weigh'd
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth, and euen,

This fodaine sending him away, must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are releued,

Or not at all. *Enter Rosinera.*

How now? What hath befallne?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your

pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Rosin. Hoa, Guildenstern? Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer-
taine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm
is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else
to fat vs, and we fat our selfe for Magors. Your fat King,
and your leane Begger is but variable seruice to dishes,
but to one Table that's the end.

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham.

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go
a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heauen, send thither to see. If your Messen-
ger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your

selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you

shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety

Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue

For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,

The Barke is ready, and the winde at helpe,
Th' Associates tend, and euery thing at bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for

England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father Hamlet.

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and

wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come,
for England. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foote,

Tempt him with speed aboard:

Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.

Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done
That else leanes on th' Affaire, pray you make hast.

And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sense,

Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs; thou mai'st not coldly set
Our Soueraigne Proccesse, which imports at full
By Letters coniuiring to that effect
The present death of Hamlet. Do it England,
For like the Hecicke in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,

Tell him that by his license, Fortinbras
Claims the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:

If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doe't, my Lord.

For. Go safely on. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode
will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would she haue?

Hor. She speaks much of her Father; saies she heares
There's trickes i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshap'd vse of it doth moue
The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,
And borch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,

Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may strew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.

To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)
Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse,
So full of Artlesse ielousie is guilt,
It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Ophe. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.

Qu. How now Ophelia?

Ophe. How should I your true loue know from another one?
By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.

He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but Ophelia,

Ophe. Pray you marke.

White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Ophe. Larded with sweet flowers:

Which bewept to the graue did not go,
With true-loue flowers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God did'd you. They say the Owle was
a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but
know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when
they aske you what it meanes, say you this:

To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia,

Ophe. Indeede la? without an oath Ile make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity,

Alacke, and fie for shame:

Yong men wil doe't, if they come too't,

By Cocke they are too blame.

Quoth she before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to Wed:

So would I ha done by yonder Sunc,

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she bin thus?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient,
but I cannot choos'e but weepe, to thinke they should
lay him i'th' cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it,
and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my
Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies:
Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her close,

Giue her good watch I pray you:

Oh this is the poysen of deepe greefe, it springs
All from her Fathers death. Oh Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,
But in Battalies. First, her Father slaine,

Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author
Of his owne iust remoue: the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers
For good Polonius death; and we haue done but greenly
In hugging mugger to interre him. Poore Ophelia
Diuided from her selfe, and her faire Iudgement,

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Without

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Giues me superfluous death. *A Noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?

King. Where are my Switzers?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mef. Saue your selfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his Lift)
Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste
Then young Laertes, in a Riorous head,
Ore-bears your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry choofe we? Laertes shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Qu. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges,

Noise within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.

Al. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

Al. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.

Oh thou wilde King, giue me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Bassard:

Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched brow
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause Laertes,
That thy Rebellion looks so Gyant-like?
Let him go Gertrude: Do not feare our person:
There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
As little of his will. Tell me Laertes,
Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go Gertrude.
Speake man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? He not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd
Most thoroughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.

King. Good Laertes:

If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looer.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then,

La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile open my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake

Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman,
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in greefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

*A noise within. Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.*

Laer. How now? what noife is that?

Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares feuen times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Role of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet Ophelia:
Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It fends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loues.

Oph. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:

And on his graue raines many a teare,

Fare you well my Dove.

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Re-
uenge, it could not moue thus.

Oph. You must sing downe a-downe, and you call
him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? Is
the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.

Laer. This nothings more then matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembrance.
Pray loue remember: and there is Paeonies, that's for
Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remem-
brance fittid.

Oph. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's
Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it
Herbe-Grace a Sundaies; Oh you must weare your Rew
with a difference. There's a Daylie, I would giue you
some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-
ed: They say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:
She turnes to Favour, and to prettinesse.

Oph. And will he not come againe,

And will he not come againe:

No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,

He neuer wil come againe.

His Beard as white as Snow,

All Flaxen was his Pole:

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,

Gramercy on his Soule.

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye.

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. Laertes, I must common with your greefe,

Or you deny me right: go but apart,

Make

Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colateral hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:

His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;
No Trophée, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall:

And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.

I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speake with me?

Ser. Saylors sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God blesse you Sir.

Hor. Let him blesse thee too.

Say. Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter
for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambassadours that was
bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let
to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

*H*Oratio, When thou shalt haue overlook'd this, giue these
Fellows some meanes to the King: They haue Letters
for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very
Warlike appointment came vs Chase. Finding our selues too
slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I
boarded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so
I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with mee, like
Theenes of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe
a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters: I haue
sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldst
flee death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee
dunbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter.
These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosinrance
and Guildenstern, hold their course for England. Of them
I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.

*He that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.*

Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safery, Wise dome, all things else,

You mainly were stirr'd vp?

King. O for two speciall Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnfinow'd,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almost by his lookes: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so coniunctiue to my life and soule;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too slightly timbr'd for so loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a Noble Father lost,

A Sister driuen into desperate tearmes,
Who was (if praises may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that,
You must not thinke

That we are made of stufte, so flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What Newes?

Mef. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your
Majesty: this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?

Mef. Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not:
They were giuen me by Claudio, he receiud them.

King. Laertes you shall heare them:

Leaue vs. *Exit Messenger*

*High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your
Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leaue to see your Kingly
Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) re-
count th'Occasions of my sodaine, and more strange returne.
Hamlet.*

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlets Character; naked and in a Post-
script here he sayes alone: Can you aduise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warms the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I shall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so Laertes, as how should it be so:

How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'l not o'terule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him

To an exploit now ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he shall not choofe but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,
I'ue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant

Had

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he bene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

Kim. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life Lamound.

Kim. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.

Kim. Hee mad confession of you,
And gaue you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cryed out, 't would be a fight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kim. Laertes was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kim. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time qualifys the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' th' Church.

Kim. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good Laertes
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choofe
A Sword vnbaied, and in a paffe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't.

And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

Kim. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'T were better not affaid; therefore this Proiect
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in prooffe: Soft, let me see
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,

I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he calls for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene,

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they'll follow: your Sister's drown'd Laertes.
Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame;
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayies, and long Purples,
That libellall Shepheards giue a grosser name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an eniuous slouer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Native, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our trick, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

Kim. Let's follow, Gertrude.

How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that
wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue
straight, the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Chri-
stian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in
her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clow. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for
heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it ar-
gues an Aet: and an Aet hath three branches. It is an
Aet to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe
wittingly.

Other. Nay but heere you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water, good:
heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this wa-
ter and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes;
marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne
him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not
guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clow. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not
bene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue bene buried
out of Christian Buriall.

Clow. Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that
great folke should haue countenance in this world to
drowne or hang themselves, more then their euen Christi-
an. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen,
but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp
Adams Profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clow. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clow. What, art a Heathen? how dost thou vnder-
stand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes Adam dig'd;
could hee digge without Armes? He put another que-
stion to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, con-
fesse thy selfe.

Other. Go too.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then either the
Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outlives a
thousand Tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes
does well; but how does it well? it does well to those
that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is
built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes
may doe well to thee. To't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Ship-
wright, or a Carpenter?

Clow. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clow. To't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your
dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when
you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the
Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee
to Taugham, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,
me thought it was very sweete:

To contrail O the time for a my behours,

O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that
he sings at Graue-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of ea-
sinesse.

Ham. 'Tis e'en for the hand of little Imployment hath
the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch:

And hath shipped me intill the Land,

as if I had neuer bene such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing
once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it
were Caines Iaw-bone, that did the first murder: It
might be the Part of a Polititian which this Assle o're Of-
fices: one that could circumsent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Mor-
row sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this
might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such
a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en so: and now my Lady Wormes,
Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons
Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to
see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but
to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke
on't.

Clowne sings.

A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade,

for and a shrowding-Sheete:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,

for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the
Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his
Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why
doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about
the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of
his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's
time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recog-
nizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recog-
nizances: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recog-
nizances, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his
Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and dou-
ble ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of
Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will
hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe
haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calues that seek out affu-
rance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's
this Sir?

Clow. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,

for such a Guest is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed; for thou liest in't.

Clow. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours:
for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine:
'tis for the dead, not for the quicke; therefore thou
lyest.

Clow. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me
to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule,
shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake
by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the
Lord Horatio, these three yeares I haue taken note of it,
the Age is growne so pick'd, that the toe of the Pesant
comes so nere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his
Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

Clow. Of all the dayes i' th' yeare, I came too't that day
that our last King Hamlet o'recame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that:
It was the very day, that young Hamlet was borne, hee
that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clow. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his
wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be scene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith e'ne with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin fixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'tch' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarles now adaies, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare, A Tanner will last you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a fore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scull has laine in the earth three & twenty yeares.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was; Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A pcellence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Torick's* Scull, the Kings Ister.

Ham. This?

Clo. E'ne that.

Ham. Let mee see. Alas poore *Torick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite ietti; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I haue kilt I know not how off. VWhere be your liues now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Ror? No one now to mock your own Iecring? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that: prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion 'tch' earth?

Hor. E'ne so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

Hor. E'ne so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base vices we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bung-hole.

Hor. 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* re- turneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (where he was conuer- ted), might they not stopp a Beere-barrell?

Imperiall *Caesar*, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a Wall, & expell the winters flaw.

But soft, but soft, asides; heere comes the King.

Enter King, *Queens*, *Laertes*, and a Coffin,
with Lords attendant.

The *Queens*, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate,
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre enlarg'd,
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-ruales the order,
She should in ground vn sanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be thro wne on her.
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,

And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Miniistring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queens. Sweetest, to the sweet farewell.

I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife;
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
And not 't haue strew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,

Fall ten times trebble, on that curs'd head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
Depru'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the graue.

Now pile your dust vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis? whose phraze of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soule.

Ham. Thou prais't not well,

I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spicenatiue, and rash,
Yet haue I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Qu. *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme,

Vntill my eiels will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theme?

Ham. Thou'd *Ophelia*; for tie thousand Brothers

Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)

Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. Come shew me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?

Woo't drinke vp *Esile*, eate a Crocodile?

He doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;

To outface me with leaping in her Graue?

Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.

And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw

Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground

Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,

Make *Offa* like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,

He rant as well as thou.

Kin. This is meere Madnesse:

And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:

Anon as patient as the female Doue,

When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:

What is the reason that you vse me thus?

I lovd' you euer; but it is no matter:

Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,

The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day.

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,

Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,

We'l put the matter to the present push:

Good *Gertrude* let some watch our your Sonne,

This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument:

An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt.

Enter *Hamlet* and *Horatio*.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,

You doe remember all the Circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,

That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay

Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,

(And praise be rashnesse for it) let vs know,

Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well,

When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,

There's a Diuinity that shapen our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin

My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,

Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,

Finger'd their Packer, and in fine, withdrew

To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,

(My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale

Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,

Oh royall knaury: An exact command,

Larded with many feuerall sorts of reasons;

Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,

With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,

That on the superuize no leasure bated,

No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,

My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:

But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,

Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,

They had begun the Play. I fate me downe,

Deuis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,

I once did hold it as our Statists doe,

A basenesse to write faire; and laboured much

How to forget that learning: but Sir now,

It did me Ycomans seruice: wilt thou know

The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
And stand a Comma 'twene their amities,
And many such like Affis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debatement further, more or lesse,
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
Not shriuing time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gau'th' impression, plac'd it safely,
The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So *Guildenstjerne* and *Rosincrance*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
They are not nere my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Betwene the paffe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Poit in betwene th' election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short,

The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to say one; but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; He count his fauours;
But sure the brauery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young *Osricke*. (marke.)

Os. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-
Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to
know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings
Messe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the pos-
session of dirt.

Os. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure,
I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of spirit; put
your Bonet to his right vse, 'tis for the head.

Os. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is
Northerly.

Os. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very foultry, and hot for my
Complexion.

Osricke.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiefty bad me signifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The fir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, six French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle, Hangers or so: three of the Carriages in faith are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilt, most delicate carriages, and of very liberrall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on six Barbary Horses against six French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberrall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betwene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Ofr. I mean my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Maiefty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, he gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliuer you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauty that I know the droffie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winniewed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the odds: but thou wouldst not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-guine as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey, I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we desire Augury; there's a speciall Providence in the fall of a Sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will bee now: if it

be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue be times?

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gambrells, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

King. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. *Ham.* Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrongs. But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knowes,

And you must needs haue heard how I am punish'd

With fore distraction? What I haue done

That might your nature honour, and exception

Roughly awake, I heere proclaim was madnesse:

Was't Hamlet wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away:

And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it:

Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,

Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,

His madnesse is poore Hamlets Enemy.

Sir, in this Audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,

Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,

That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house,

And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,

Whose motive in this case should stirre me most

To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor

I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,

Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,

I haue a voyce, and president of peace

To keepe my name vnorg'd. But till that time,

I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,

And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,

And will this Brothers wager frankly play.

Give vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,

Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th darkeft night,

Sticke fiery offindeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Give them the Foyles yong *Ofricke*,

Cousen Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,

Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th' weaker side.

King. I do not feare it,

I haue seene you both:

But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heauy,

Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,

These Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*

Ofricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:

If Hamlet giue the first, or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the Bartlements their Ordinance fire,

The King shal drinke to Hamlets better breath,

And in the Cup an vnion shal he throw

Richer then that, which foure successefull Kings

In Denmarks Crowne haue worne. *Enter*

Give me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoner without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinke to Hamlet. Come, begin,
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on fir,

Laer. Come on fir.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well: againe.

King. Stay, giue me drinke.

Hamlet. this Pearle is thine,

Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,

Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.

Come: Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.

King. Our Sonne shall win.

Ofr. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,

The Queene Carowles to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrude, do not drinke.

Qr. I will my Lord;

I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,

By and by.

Qr. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I do not thinke't.

Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third.

Laertes, you but dally,

I pray you passe with your best violence,

I am assur'd you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

In scuffling they change Rapiers.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come, againe.

Ofr. Look to the Queene there hoa.

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

Ofr. How is't *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a Woodcocke

To mine Springe, *Ofricke*,

I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She sounds to see them bleede.

Qr. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.

Oh my deere Hamlet, the drinke, the drinke,

I am poyson'd.

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.

Treacherie, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere Hamlet.

Hamlet, thou art slaine,

No Medicine in the world can do thee good.

In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;

The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,

Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practise

Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Lo, heere I lye,

Neuer to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:

I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too,

Then venome to thy worke.

Hor. *Heere the King.*

All. Treason, Treason.

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murderous,

Damned Dane,

Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?

Follow my Mother.

King Dyes.

Laer. He is iustly seru'd.

It is a poyson temp'ed by himselfe:

Exchange forgiuenesse with me, Noble Hamlet;

Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,

Nor thine on me.

Dyes.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.

I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,

You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,

That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:

Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death

Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.

But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,

Thou liu'st, report me and my causes right

To the vnatisfied.

Hor. Neuer beleue it.

I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:

Heere's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.

Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.

Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,

(Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behind me.

If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicitie awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,

To tell my Storie.

March afarre off, and shout within.

What warlike noyse is this?

Enter Ofricke.

Ofr. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conquest come fro Poland

To th'Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I dye *Horatio*:

The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,

I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England;

But I do prophesie th' election lights

On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,

So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,

Which haue solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o. *Dyes*

Hor. Now cracke a Noble heart:

Goodnight sweet Prince,

And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,

Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador with Drumme,

Colours, and Attendants.

Fortin. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it ye would see;

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,

What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell,

That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,

So bloodily hast strooke.

Amb. The fight is distill,

And our affaires from England come too late,

The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,

That *Rosinrance* and *Guildestenne* are dead:
Where should we haue our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.
But since so Iumpe vpon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued. Giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th' yet vnknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs haue to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,

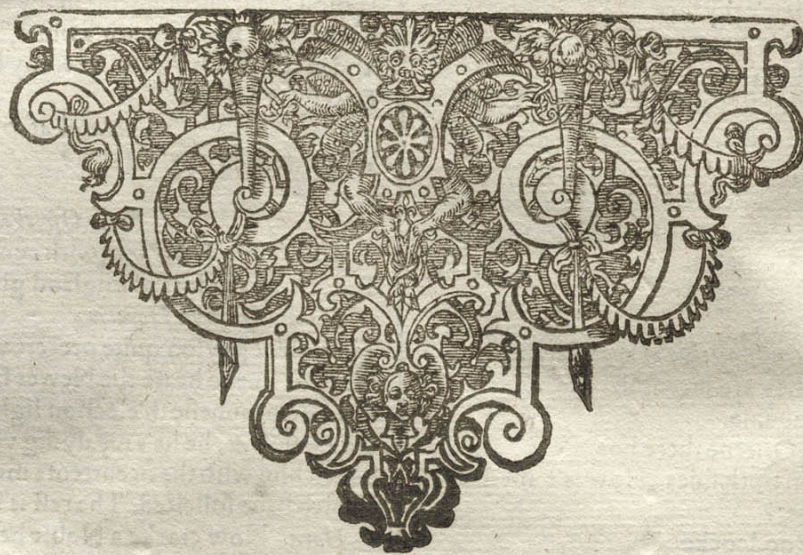
Which are to claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me,

For. Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Left more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he bene put on
To haue prou'd most royally:
And for his passage,
The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

*Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of
Ordnance are shot off.*

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.

Kent.

Thought the King had more affected the
Duke of *Albany*, then *Cornwall*.
Glow. It did alwayes seeme so to vs: But
now in the diuision of the Kingdome, it ap-
peares not which of the Dukes hee vauers
most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in nei-
ther, can make choise of eithers moiety.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glow. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue
so often bluth'd to acknowledge him, that now I am
braz'd too't.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Glow. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; where-
vpon she grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a
Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed.
Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot with the fault vndone, the issue of it,
being so proper.

Glow. But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some
yeere elder then this; who, yet is no deerer in my ac-
count, though this Knaue came something sawcily to the
world before he was sent for: yet was his Mother fayre,
there was good sport at his making, and the horsen must
be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentle-
man, *Edmond*?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glow. My Lord of *Kent*:

Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My seruices to your Lordship.

Kent. I must loue you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deseruing.

Glow. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall
again. The King is comming.

*Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Re-
gan, Cordelia, and attendants.*

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, *Gloster*.
Glow. I shall, my Lord. *Exit.*

Lear. Meane time we shal expresse our darker purpose.
Giue me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided
In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fast intent,
To shake all Cares and Businesse from our Age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Vnburthen'd crawlle toward death: Our son of *Cornwall*,
And you our no lesse louing Sonne of *Albany*,

We haue this houre a constant will to publish
Our daughters feuerall Dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The Princes, *France* & *Burgundy*,
Great Riuals in our yongest daughters loue,
Long in our Court, haue made their amorous sojourn,
And heere are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will diuelt vs both of Rule,
Interest of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you shall we say doth loue vs most,
That we, our largest bountie may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldest borne, speake first.

Gow. Sir, I loue you more then word can weild y matter,
Deerer then eye-sight, space, and libertie,
Beyond what can be vauered, rich or rare,
No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as Child ere lou'd, or Father found.
A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,
Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.

Cor. What shall *Cordelia* speake? Loue, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds euen from this Line, to this,
With shadowie Forrests, and with Champains rich'd
With plenteous Riuers, and wide-skirted Meades
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanys* issues
Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter?
Our dearest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*?

Reg. I am made of that selfe-mettle as my Sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde she names my very deede of loue:
Onely she comes too short, that I professe
My selfe an enemy to all other ioyes,
Which the most precious square of sense professes,
And finde I am alone felicitate
In your deere Highnesse loue.

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*,
And yet not so, since I am sure my loue's
More ponderous then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie euer,
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure
Then that confer'd on *Gonerill*. Now our Ioy,
Although our last and least; to whose yong loue,
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,
Striue to be interest. What can you say, to draw
A third, more opulent then your Sisters? speake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.

Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth, I loue your Maiefty
According to my bond, no more nor lesse.

Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your speech a little,
Least you may marre your Fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,

You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.

I returne thoe duties backe as are right fir,

Obeie you, Loue you, and most Honour you.

Why haue my Sisters Husbands, if they say

They loue you all? Happily when I shall wed,

That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry

Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,

Sure I shall neuer marry like my Sisters.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. I my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so vtender?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:

For by the sacred radiance of the Sunne,

The miseries of *Heccat* and the night:

By all the operation of the O. bes,

From whom we do exist, and cease to be,

Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care,

Propinquity and property of blood,

And as a stranger to my heart and me,

Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous *Scythian*,

Or he that makes his generation messes

To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome

Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releu'd,

As thou my sometime Daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege.

Lear. Peace Kent,

Come not betwene the Dragon and his wrath,

I lou'd her most, and thought to let my rest

On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight:

So be my graue my peace, as here I giue

Her Fathers heart from her; call *France*, who stirs?

Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albanie*,

With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,

Let pride, which she calls plainnesse, marry her:

I doe inuest you ioyntly with my power,

Preheminence, and all the large effects

That troope with Maiesty. Our selve by Monthly course,

With reseruation of an hundred Knights,

By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode

Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine

The name, and all the addition to a King: the Sway,

Reuennew Execution of the rest,

Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,

This Coronet part betwene you.

Kent. Royall Lear,

Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,

Lou'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,

As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.

Lear. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade

The region of my heart, be Kent vnmanly,

When *Lear* is mad, what wouldst thou do old man?

Thinkst thou that dutie shall haue dread to speake,

When power to flattery bowes?

To plainnesse honour's bound,

When Maiesty falls to folly, reuerue thy state,

And in thy best consideration checke

This hideous rashnesse, answere my life, my iudgement:
Thy yongest Daughter do's not loue thee least,
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds
Reuerbe no hollownesse.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne
To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to loose it,
Thy safety being motiue.

Lear. Out of my sight.

Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine

The true blanke of thine eie.

Kear. Now by *Apollo*,

Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King

Thou swearst thy Gods in vaine.

Lear. O Vassall! Miscreant.

Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbear.

Kent. Kill thy Physition, and thy fee bestow

Vpon the foule disease, reuoke thy guift,

Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,

Ile tell thee thou dost euill.

Lear. Heare me recreant, on thine allegiance heare me;

That thou hast fought to make vs breake our vowes,

Which we durst neuer yet; and with strain'd pride,

To come betwixt our sentences, and our power,

Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;

Our potencie made good, take thy reward,

Five dayes we do allot thee for prouision,

To shield thee from disasters of the world,

And on the sixth to turne thy hated backe

Vpon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following,

Thy banisht trunk be found in our Dominions,

The moment is thy death, away. By *Iupiter*,

This shall not be reuok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well King, fith thus thou wilt appeare,

Freedom lues hence, and banishment is here;

The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,

That iustly think it, and hast most rightly said:

And your large speeches, may your deeds approue,

That good effects may spring from words of loue:

Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all adew,

Hee'll shape his old course, in a Country new. Exit.

Flourish. Enter *Gloster* with *France*, and *Burgundy*, Attendants.

Cor. Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*,

We first addresse toward you, who with this King

Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the least

Will you require in present Dowre with her,

Or cease your quest of Loue?

Bur. Most Royall Maiesty,

I craue no more then hath your Highnesse offer'd,

Nor will you tender lesse?

Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,

When she was deare to vs, we did hold her so,

But now her price is fallen: Sir, there she stands,

Ifought within that little seeming substance,

Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,

And nothing more may fully like your Grace,

Shes there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,

Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,

Dow'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,

Take her or leave her. Bur. Par.

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,

Election makes not vp in such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her Sir, for by the powre that made me,

I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,

I would not from your loue make such a stray,

To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you

Tauert your liking a more worthier way,

Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd

Almost to acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is most strange,

That she whom euen but now, was your object,

The argument of your praise, balme of your age,

The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle

So many folds of fauour: sure her offence

Must be of such vnaturall degree,

That monsters it: Or your fore-youcht affection

Fall into taine, which to beleuee of her

Must be a faith that reason without miracle

Should neuer plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Maiesty.

Ifor I want that glib and oylie Art,

To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,

Ile do before I speake, that you make knowe

It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,

No vnchaste action or dishonoured step

That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and fauour,

But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,

A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue,

That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,

Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou hadst

Not bene borne, then not to haue pleas'd me better.

Fra. Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,

Which often leaues the history vnspoke

That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,

What say you to the Lady? Loue's not loue

When it is mingled with regards, that stands

Aloofe from th'intire point, will you haue her?

She is herselfe a Dowrie.

Bur. Royall King,

Giue but that portion which your selfe propos'd,

And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,

Duchesse of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing, I haue sworne, I am firme.

Bur. I am sorry then you haue so lost a Father,

That you must loose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,

Since that respect and Fortunes are his loue,

I shall not be his wife.

Fra. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich being poore,

Most choise forsaken, and most lou'd despis'd,

Thee and thy vertues here I seize vpon,

Beit lawfull I take vp what's cast away.

Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect

My Loue should kinde to enflam'd respect.

Thy dowrelesse Daughter King, throwne to my chance,

Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:

Not all the Dukes of watrish *Burgundy*,

Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.

Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,

Thou loofest here a better where to finde.

Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine, for we

Haue no such Daughter, nor shall euer see

That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,

Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:

Come Noble *Burgundie*. Flourish. Exeunt. He W.

Fra. Bid farewell to your Sisters.

Cor. The Iewels of our Father, with wash'd eies?

Cordelia leaues you, I know you what you are,

And like a Sister am most loth to call

Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:

To your professed bosomes I commit him,

But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,

I would prefer him to a better place,

So farewell to you both.

Regn. Prescribe not vs our dutie.

Gon. Let your study

Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you

At Fortunes almes, you haue obedience scant,

And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.

Cor. Time shall vnfold what plighted cunning hides,

Who couers faults, at last with shame derides:

Well may you prosper.

Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia*. Exit *France* and *Cor*.

Gon. Sister, it is not little I haue to say,

Of what most neerely appertains to vs both,

I thinke our Father will hence to night. (with vs.

Reg. That's most certaine, and with you: next moneth

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the ob-

seruation we haue made of it hath bene little: he alwaies

lou'd our Sister most, and with what poore iudgement he

hath now cast her off, appeares too grossely.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but

slenderly knowne himselfe.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath bin but

rash, then must we looke from his age, to receive not a-

longe the imperfections of long ingraffed condition, but

therewithall the vnculy way-wardnesse, that infirme and

cholericke yeares bring with them.

Reg. Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from

him, as this of *Kent*'s banishment.

Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking be-

twene *France* and him, pray you let vs sit together, if our

Father carry authority with such disposition as he beares,

this last surrender of his will but offend vs.

Reg. We shall further thinke of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'th' heate. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Bastard*.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law

My seruices are bound, wherefore should I

Stand in the plague of custome, and permit

The curioly of Nations, to deprime me?

For that I am some twelue, or fourteene Moonshines

Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?

When my Dimensions are as well compact,

My minde as generous, and my shape as true

As honest Madams issue? Why brand they vs

With Base? With basenes Bastardie? Base, Base?

Who in the lustie stealth of Nature, take

More composition, and fierce qualitie,

Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed

Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops

Gor'tweene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,

Legitimate *Edgar*, I must haue your land,

Our Fathers loue, is to the Bastard *Edmond*,

As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.

Well, my Legitimate, if this Letter speed,
And my inuention thrive, *Edmond* the base
Shall co'th Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:
Now Gods, stand vp for Bastards.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Prescrib'd his powre,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
Vpon the gad? *Edmond*, how now? What newes?

Bast. So please your Lordship, none.

Glo. Why so earnestly seeke you to put vp y^e Letter?

Bast. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glo. What Paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing my Lord.

Glo. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of
it into your Pocker? The quality of nothing, hath not
such neede to hide it selfe. Let's see: come, if it bee no-
thing, I shall not neede Spectacles.

Bast. I beseech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter
from my Brother, that I haue not all ore-read; and for so
much as I haue perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-loo-
king.

Glo. Giue me the Letter, Sir.

Bast. I shall offend, either to detaine, or giue it:
The Contents, as in part I vnderstand them,
Are too blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Bast. I hope for my Brothers iustification, hee wrote
this but as an essay, or taste of my Vertue.

Glo. reads. This policie, and reuerence of Age, makes the
world bitter to the best of our times: keeps our Fortunes from
vs, till our oldnesse cannot rellish them. I begin to finde an idle
and fond bondage, in the oppression of aged tyranny, who swaies
not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of
this I may speake more. If our Father would sleepe till I wak'd
him, you should enioy halfe his Reuennew for euer, and line the
beloued of your Brother. *Edgar.*

Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should
enioy halfe his Reuennew: my Sonne *Edgar*, had hee a
hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in?
When came you to this? Who brought it?

Bast. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the
cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Casement of
my Cloister.

Glo. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Bast. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear
it were his: but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it
were not.

Glo. It is his.

Bast. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is
not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he neuer before founded you in this busines?

Bast. Neuer my Lord. But I haue heard him oft main-
taine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers
declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and
the Sonne manage his Reuennew.

Glo. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Let-
ter. Abhorred Villaine; vnaturall, detested, brutish
Villaine; worse then brutish: Go sirrah, seeke him: He
apprehend him. Abominable Villaine, where is he?

Bast. I do not well know my L. If it shall please you to
suspend your indignation against my Brother, till you can
deriue from him better testimony of his intent, you should
run a certaine course: where, if you violently proceed a-
gainst him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great
gap in your owne Honor, and shake in peeces, the heart of

his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that
he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, &
to no other pietence of danger.

Glo. Thinke you so?

Bast. If your Honor iudge it meete, I will place you
where you shall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Audi-
tary assurance haue your satisfaction, and that without
any further delay, then this very Euening.

Glo. He cannot bee such a Monster. *Edmond* seeke
him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Bu-
sinesse after your owne wisdom. I would visitate my
selfe, to be in a due resolution.

Bast. I will seeke him Sir, presently: conuey the bu-
sinesse as I shall finde means, and acquaint you withall.

Glo. These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone por-
tend no good to vs: though the wisdom of Nature can
reason it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scourg'd
by the sequent effects. Loue cooles, friendship falls off,
Brothers diuide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, dis-
cord; in Pallaces, Treason; and the Bond crack'd, twixt
Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes vnder the
prediction; there's Son against Father, the King falls from
byas of Nature, there's Father against Child. We haue
seene the best of our time. Machinations, hollownesse,
treacherie, and all ruinous disorders follow vs disquietly
to our Graues. Find out this Villain, *Edmond*, it shall lose
thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true-har-
ted Kent banish'd; his offence, honestly. 'Tis strange. *Exit.*

Bast. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that
when we are sicke in fortune, often the furies of our own
behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun, the
Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on necessity,
Fooles by heauenly compulsion, Knaues, Theeues, and
Trachers by Sphercall predominance. Drunkards, Ly-
ars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planetary
influence; and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thrus-
ting on. An admirable euasion of Whore-master-men,
to lay his Goatish disposition on the charge of a Starre.
My father compounded with my mother vnder the Dra-
gons taile, and my Natiuity was vnder *Vrsa Maior*, so
that it followes; I am rough and Lecherous. I should
haue bin that I am, had the maidenleft Starre in the Fir-
mament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie:
my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a sigh like *Tom*
o'Bedlam. — O these Eclipses do portend these diui-
sions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother *Edmond*, what serious con-
templation are you in?

Bast. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this
other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

Edg. Do you busie your selfe with that?

Bast. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succede
vnhappily.

When saw you my Father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Bast. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houres together.

Bast. Parted you in good termes? Found you no dis-
pleasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Bast. Bethink your selfe wherein you may haue offen-
ded him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, vntill
some little time hath qualifi'd the heat of his displeasure,
which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mis-
chief

chief of your person, it would scarcely alay.

Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my feare, I pray you haue a continent
forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower: and as
I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will
sily bring you to heare my Lord speake: pray ye goe,
there's my key: if you do stirre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother?

Edm. Brother, I aduise you to the best, I am no honest
man, if ther be any good meaning toward you: I haue told
you what I haue seene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing
like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon?

Exit.

Edm. I do serue you in this businesse:

A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honesty
My practises ride easie: I see the businesse.
Let me, if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit,

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chi-
ding of his Foole?

Ste. I Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, euery howre
He flashes into one gross crime, or other,
That sets vs all at odds: He not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe vpbraides vs
On euery trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,
If you come slacke of former seruices,
You shall do well, the fault of it lie answer.

Ste. He's comming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your Fellowes: I'de haue it come to question;
If he distaste it, let him to my Sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I haue said.

Ste. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder looks among
you: what growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes
so, he write straight to my Sister to hold my courtesie pre-
pare for dinner.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through it selfe to that full issue
For which I traiz'd my likeness. Now banish't *Kent*,
If thou canst serue where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Master whom thou loust,
Shall finde thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a iot for dinner, go get it rea-
dy: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What dost thou professe? What wouldst thou
with vs?

Kent. I do professe to be no lesse then I seeme; to serue
him truly that will put me in trust, to loue him that is
honest, to conuerse with him that is wise and faies little, to
feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot choole, and to
eate no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as
the King.

Lear. If thou be'st as poore for a subiect, as hee's for a
King, thou art poore enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Seruice.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serue?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance,
which I would faine call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What seruices canst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, marre a
curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message
bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qual-
lified in, and the best of me, is Diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young Sir to loue a woman for finging,
nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I haue yeares on
my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serue me, if I like thee no
worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner
be, dinner, where's my knaue? my Foole? Go you and call
my Foole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Ste. So please you —

Exit.

Lear. What saies the Fellow there? Call the Clot-
pole backe: where's my Foole? Ho, I thinke the world's
asleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knigh. He saies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slaue backe to me when I
call'd him?

Knigh. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he
would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knigh. My Lord, I know not what the matter is,
but to my iudgement your Highnesse is not entertain'd
with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont,
theres a great abatement of kindnesse appeares as well in
the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and
your Daughter.

Lear. Ha? Saist thou so?

Knigh. I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee
mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke
your Highnesse wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of mine owne Con-
ception, I haue perceiued a most faint neglect of late,
which I haue rather blamed as mine owne ialous curio-
sity, then as a very pretence and purpose of vnkindnesse;
I will looke further intoo't: but where's my Foole? I
haue not seene him this two daies.

Knigh. Since my young Ladies going into France
Sir,

Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Ste. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whom son dog, you slaue, you curre.

Ste. I am none of these my Lord, I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you Rascall?

Ste. He not be stricken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base Foot-ball plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.

Thou seru'st me, and Ile loue thee.

Kent. Come sir, arise, away, Ile teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, goe too, haue you wisdom, so.

Lear. Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy seruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay, & thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch colde shortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow ha's banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. If I gaue them all my liuing, I'd keepe my Coxcombes my selfe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truth's a dog must to kennell, hee must bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand by th' fire and flinke.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Foole. Sirrah, Ile teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Nunckle; Haue more then thou showest, Speake lesse then thou knowest, Lend lesse then thou owest, Ride more then thou goest, Learne more then thou trowest, Set lesse then thou throwest; Leauethy drinke and thy whore, And keepe in a dore, And thou shalt haue more, Then two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vse of nothing Nunckle?

Lear. Why no Boy,

Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Do'st thou know the difference my Boy, betwene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

Foole. Nunckle, giue me an egge, and Ile giue thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge i'th' middle and eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when thou clouest thy Crowne i'th' middle, and gau'st away both parts, thou boar'st thine Ass on thy backe o're the durt, thou had'st little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gau'st thy golden one away; if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first findes it so.

Foole. I had nere lesse grace in a yeere,

For wisemen are growne foppish,

And know not how their wits to weare,

Their manners are so apish.

Le. When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirrah?

Foole. I haue vsed it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'st thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'st them the rod, and put'st downe thine owne breeches, then they For fodaine ioy did weepe,

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a King should play bo-peep,

And goe the Foole among.

Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaster that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. And you lie sirrah, wee'l haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for speaking true: thou'lt haue me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th' middle; here comes one o'the parings.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th' frowne.

Foole. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O with-out a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum, he that keeps nor crust, nor crum, Weary of all, shall want some. That's a sheal'd Pefcod.

Gon. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir, I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you, To haue found a safe redresse, but now grow fearefull By what your selfe too late haue spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance, which if you should, the fault Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleepe, Which in the tender of a wholesome weale, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessitie Will call discreet proceeding.

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long, that it's had it head bit off by it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left dark-ling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Gon. I would you would make vse of your good wile. (Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away These dispositions, which of late transport you From what you rightly are.

Foole. May

Foole. May not an Ass know, when the Cart drawes the Horse?

Whoop Iugge I loue thee.

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

This is not Lear:

Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?

Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings

Are lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Foole. Lear's shadow.

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'to' sauiour

O'ther your new pranks. I do beseech you

To vnderstand my purposes aright:

As you are Old, and Reuerend, should be Wise.

Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,

That this our Court infected with their manners,

Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust

Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell,

Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake

For instant remedy. Be then desir'd

By her, that else will take the thing she begges,

A little to disquantity your Traine,

And the remainders that shall still depend,

To be such men as may befort your Age,

Which know themselves, and you.

Lear. Darknesse, and Diuels.

Saddle my horses: call my Traine together.

Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee;

Yet haue I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable, make Seruants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:

Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.

Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,

More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,

Then the Sea-monster.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient.

Lear. Detested Kite, thou lyest.

My Traine are men of choice, and rarest parts,

That all particulars of dutie know,

And in the most exact regard, support

The worship of their name. O most small fault,

How vgly did'st thou in Cordelia shew?

Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature

From the fixt place: drew from my heart all loue,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!

Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,

And thy deere Iudgement out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant

Of what hath moued you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord.

Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare:

Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend

To make this Creature fruitfull:

Into her Wombe conuey sterility,

Drie vp in her the Organs of increafe,

And from her derogate body, neuer spring

A Babe to honor her. If she must teeme,

Create her childe of Spleene, that it may liue

And be a thwarte disinatur'd torment to her.

Let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,

Wish cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,

Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits

To laughter, and contempt: That she may feele,

How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is,

To haue a thanklesse Childe. Away, away.

Alb. Now Gods that we adore,

Whereof comes this?

Gon. Neuer afflict your selfe to know more of it:

But let his disposition haue that scope

As dotage giues it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fittie of my Followers at a clap?

Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee:

Life and death, I am asham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,

That these hot teares, which breake from me perforce

Should make thee worth them.

Blastes and Foggies vpon thee:

Th'vntented woundings of a Fathers curse

Pierce euerie sense about thee. Old fond eyes,

Beweepe this cause againe, Ile plucke ye out,

And cast you with the waters that you loofe

To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be so.

I haue another daughter,

Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable:

When she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes

Shew'l flea thy Woluish vitage. Thou shalt finde,

That Ile resume the shape which thou dost thinke

I haue cast off for euer.

Gon. Do you marke that?

Alb. I cannot be so partiall Gonerill,

To the great loue I beare you.

Gon. Pray you content. What Oswald, hoa?

You Sir, more Knaue then Foole, after your Master.

Foole. Nunckle Lear, Nunckle Lear,

Tarry, take the Foole with thee:

A Fox, when one has caught her,

And such a Daughter,

Should sure to the Slaughter,

If my Cap would buy a Halter,

So the Foole followes after.

Gon. This man hath had good Counsell,

A hundred Knights?

'Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe

At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dreame,

Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powres,

And ho'd our liues in mercy. Oswald, I say.

Alb. Well, you may feare too farre.

Gon. Safer then trust too farre;

Let me still take away the harmes I feare,

Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart,

What he hath vtter'd I haue writ my Sister:

If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights

When I haue shew'd th'vnfitness.

Enter Steward.

How now Oswald?

What haue you writ that Letter to my Sister?

Stew. I Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse,

Informe her full of my particular feare,

And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,

As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And

And hasten your returne; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet vnder pardon
Your are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Then prais'd for harmefull mildnesse.

Alb. How farre your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.

Con. Nay then —

Alb. Well, well, the'uent.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloster* with these Letters;
acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you
know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter,
if your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore
you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered
your Letter. *Exit.*

Foole. If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in
danger of kybes?

Lear. I Boy.

Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go
slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Foole. Shalt see thy other Daughter will vse thee kind-
ly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an
Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can't tell Boy?

Foole. She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a
Crab: thou canst tell why ones nose stands i'th' middle
on's face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's nose,
that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snail ha's
a house.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his
daughters, and leaue his hornes without a case.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be
my Horses ready?

Foole. Thy Affes are gone about 'em; the reason why
the seven Starres are no mo then seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Foole. Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, I'd haue thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou shouldst not haue bin old, till thou hadst
bin wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heaven;
keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are
the Horses ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Foole. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a Maid long, vnlesse things be cut shorter.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Bastard, and Curan, severally.

Bast. Saue thee *Curan*.

Cur. And your Sir, I haue bin
With your Father, and giuen him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Duchesse
Will be here with him this night.

Bast. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes a-
broad, I meane the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but
ear-kissing arguments.

Bast. Not: pray you what are they?

Cur. Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany*?

Bast. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well Sir.

Exit.

Bast. The Duke be here to night? The better best,
This weaues it selfe perforce into my businesse,
My Father hath set guard to take my Brother,
And I haue one thing of a queazie question
Which I must ask, Briefenesse, and Fortune worke,

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, discend; Brother I say,
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;
You haue now the good aduantage of the night,
Haue you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornwall*?
Hee's coming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haste,
And *Regan* with him, haue you nothing said
Vpon his partie 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?
Aduise your selfe.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Bast. I heare my Father coming, pardon me;
In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you:
Draw, see me to defend your selfe,
Now quit you well.

Yeeld, come before my Father, light ho, here,
Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, to farewell.

Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeaour. I haue seene drunkards
Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,
Stop, stop, no helpe?

Enter Gloster, and Seruants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?

Bast. Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moone
To stand auspicious Mistis.

Glo. But where is he?

Bast. Looke Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villaine, *Edmund*?

Bast. Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.

Glo. Pursue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?

Bast. Perswade me to the murder of your Lordship.

But

But that I told him the reuenging Gods,
'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond
The Child was bound to th' Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his vnnaturall purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My vaprouded body, latch'd mine armes;
And when he saw my best alarm'd spirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noyse I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Gloster. Let him fly farre:

Not in this Land shall he remaine vncaught
And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him shall deserue our thanks,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:
He that conceales him death.

Bast. When I disswaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with cutt speech
I threaten'd to discouer him; he replied,
Thou vnpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke,
If I would stand against thee, would the repofall
Of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faich'd? No, what should I denie,
(As this I would, though thou didst produce
My very Character) I'd turne it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and dammed practise:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall spirits
To make thee seeke it.

Tucket with him.

Glo. O strange and fastned Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, said he?
Hark, the Dukes Trumpets; I know not wher he comes;
All Ports Ile barre, the villaine shall not scape,
The Duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome
May haue due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, since I came hither
(Which I can call but now,) I haue heard strangenesse.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th' offender; how dost my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended vpon my Father?

Glo. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Bast. Yes Madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No maruaile then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,

To haue th' expence and wast of his Reuenues:
I haue this present euening from my Sister
Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourne at my house,
Ile not be there.

Cor. Not I assure thee *Regan*;

Edmund. I heare that you haue shewne your Father
A Child-like Office.

Bast. It was my duty Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practise, and receiu'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Cor. Is he pursued?

Glo. I my good Lord.

Cor. If he be taken, he shall neuer more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,
How in my strength you please: for you *Edmund*,
Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,
Nature's of such deepe trust, we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Bast. I shall serue you Sir truly, how euer else.

Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.

Cor. You know not why we came to visit you?

Reg. Thus out of season, chredding darke ey'd night,
Occasions Noble *Gloster* of some prize,

Wherein we must haue vse of your aduise.
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,
Of differences, which I best though it fit
To answer from our home: the seuerall Messengers
From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,
Lay comforts to your bosome, and bestow
Your needfull counsaile to our businesses,
Which craves the instant vse.

Glo. I serue you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome.

Exeunt. Flourish.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this house?

Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'th' myre.

Stew. Prythee, if thou lou'st me, tell me.

Kent. I lone thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipswy* Pinfold, I would reake
thee care for me.

Stew. Why do'st thou vse me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What do'st thou know me for?

Kent. A Knaue, a Rascal, an eater of broken meates, a
base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-suited-hundred
pound, filthy woollsted-stocking knaue, a Lilly-liuered,
action-taking, whorelon glasse-gazing super-seruiceable
finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting slaue, one that
would't be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrell Birch,
one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou
deny'st the least filable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus
to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor
knowes thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny
thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tript vp thy
heelles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue,
for

for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ile make a sop oth Moonshine of you, you whoreson Cullyenly Barber-monger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters against the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, against the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or Ile so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascall, come your waies.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you slaue: stand rogue, stand you neat slaue, strike.

Stew. Helpe ho, murthier, murthier.

Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Servants.

Bast. How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you Goodman Boy, if you please, come, Ile flesh ye, come on yong Master.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Cor. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes againe, what is the matter?

Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Maruell, you haue so bestir'd your valour, you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee: a Taylor made thee.

Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not haue made him so ill, though they had bin but two yeares oth trade.

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient Russian Sir, whose life I haue spar'd at sure of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnneccessary letter: my Lord, if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vn-bubbled villaine into mortar, and daube the wall of a lakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Cor. Peace sirrah,

You beastly knaue, know you no reuerence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.

Cor. Why art thou angrie?

Kent. That such a slaue as this should weare a Sword, Who weares no honesty: such smiling rogues as these, Like Rats oft bite the holy cords: a twaine, Which are t' intrince, t' vnloose: smooth euery passion That in the natures of their Lords rebell, Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes, Reuenge, affime, and turne their Halcion beakes With euery gall, and vary of their Masters, Knowing naught (like dogges) but following: A plague vpon your Epilepticke visage, Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Foole? Goose, if I had you vpon *Sarnum* Plaine, I'd driue ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Cor. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Glo. How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy, Then I, and such a knaue.

Cor. Why do'st thou call him knaue?

What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers:

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine, I haue seene better faces in my time,

Then stands on any shoulder that I see Before me, at this instant.

Cor. This is some Fellow,

Who hauing beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect A saucy roughnes, and constraimes the garb Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he, An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth, And they will take it so, if not, hee's plaine. These kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainnesse Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends, Then twenty filly-ducking obseruants, That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity, Vnder th'allowance of your great aspect, Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire On flicking *Phabus* front.

Cor. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be-guild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me too't.

Cor. What was th' offence you gaue him?

Stew. I neuer gaue him any:

It pleas'd the King his Master very late To strike at me vpon his misconstruction, When he compact, and flattering his displeasure Tript me behind: being downe, insulted, rail'd, And put vpon him such a deale of Man, That worthied him, got praises of the King, For him attempting, who was selfe-subdued, And in the fleshment of this dead exploit, Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards But *Ajax* is there Foole.

Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks?

You stubborn ancient Knaue, you reuerent Bragart, Wee'l teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:

Call not your Stocks for me, I serue the King. On whose employment I was sent to you,

You shall doe small respects, show too bold malice Against the Grace, and Person of my Master, Stocking his Messenger.

Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks;

As I haue life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.

Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog, You should not vse me so.

Reg. Sir, being his Knaue, I will. *Stocks brought out.*

Cor. This is a Fellow of the selfe same colour,

Our Sister speaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so,

The King his Master, needs must take it ill

That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,

Should haue him thus restrained.

Cor. He answered that.

Reg. My Sister may reueue it much more worse,

To haue her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted. *Exit.*

Cor. Come my Lord, away.

Glo. I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke pleasure,

Whose disposition all the world well knowes

Will not be rub'd nor stop't, Ile entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and trauail'd hard,

Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile whistle:

A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:

Give

Giue you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,

'Twill be ill taken. *Exit.*

Kent. Good King, that must approue the common law,

Thou out of Heauens benediction com'st

To the warme Sun.

Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,

That by thy comfortable Beames I may

Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles

But miterie. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,

Who hath most fortunately bene inform'd

Of my obliuious course. And shall finde time

From this enormous State, seeking to giue

Losses their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,

Take vantage heauie eyes, not to behold

This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,

Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd,

And by the happy hollow of a Tree,

Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place

That guard, and most vnusall vigilance

Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape

I will preferre my selfe: and am bethought

To take the basest, and most poorest shape

That euer penury in contempt of man,

Brought neere to beaust; my face Ile grime with filth,

Blanket my loines, else all my haire in knots,

And with presented nakednesse out-face

The Windes, and persecutions of the skie;

The Country giues me prooffe, and president

Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,

Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes,

Pins, Wodden-pricks, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie:

And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes,

Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,

Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometime with Prayers

Inforce their charitie: poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,

That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,

And not send backe my Messengers.

Gent. As I learn'd,

The night before, there was no purpose in them

Of this remoue.

Kent. Haile to thee Noble Master.

Lear. Ha? Mak'st thou this shame aby pastime?

Kent. No my Lord.

Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horfes are

ride by the heads, Dogges and Beares, by th' necke,

Monkies by th' loynes, and Men by th' legs: when a man

ouerlutie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-Stocks.

Lear. What's he,

That hath so much thy place mistooke

To set thee heere?

Kent. It is both he and she,

Your Son, and Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No I say.

Kent. I say yea.

Lear. By *Iupiter* I sweare no.

Kent. By *Iuno*, I sweare I.

Lear. They durst not do't:

They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murther,

To do vpon respect such violent outrage:

Resolue me with all modest haste, which way

Thou might'st deserue, or they impose this vsage,

Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home

I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,

Ere I was risen from the place, that shewed

My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,

Stew'd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, painting forth

From *Gonerill* his Mistres, salutations;

Deliu'd Letters spight of intermission,

Which presently they read; on those contents

They summon'd vp their meiny, straight tooke Horse,

Commanded me to follow, and attend

The leisure of their answer, gaue me cold lookes,

And meeting heere the other Messenger,

Whose welcome I perceiu'd had poison'd mine,

Being the very fellow which of late

Dispiad to sawcily against your Highnesse,

Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;

He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries,

Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespass worth

The shame which heere it suffers. *(way,*

Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geese fly that

Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,

But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.

Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth' poore.

But for all this thou shalt haue as many Dolours for thy

Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.

Lear. Oh how this Mother swels vp toward my heart!

Historica paffio, downe thou climbing sorrow,

Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?

Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within. *Exit.*

Lear. Follow me not, stay here.

Gent. Made you no more offence,

But what you speake of?

Kent. None:

How chance the the King comes with so small a number?

Foole. And thou hadst bene set i'th' Stocks for that

question, thou'd'st well deseru'd it.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Wee'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach

thee ther's no labouring i'th' winter. All that follow their

noses are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's

not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stink-

ing; let go thy hold, when a great wheele runs downe a

hill, least it breake thy necke with following. But the

great one that goes vpward, let him draw thee after:

when a wiseman giues thee better counsell giue me mine

againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a

Foole giues it.

That Sir, which serues and seekes for gaine,

And follo wes but for forme;

Will packe, when it begins to raine,

And leaue thee in the storme.

But I will tarry, the Foole will stay,

And let the wiseman flie:

The knaue turnes Foole that runnes away;

The Foole no knaue perdie.

Enter Lear, and Gloster:

Kent. Where learn'd you this Foole?

Foole. Nor i'th' Stocks Foole,

Lear.

Lear. Deny to speake with me?

They are sicke, they are weary,
They haue traill'd all the night? meere fetches,
The images of reuolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How vnremoueable and fixt he is
In his owne course.

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion:
Fiery? What quality? Why *Gloster, Gloster*,
I'd speake with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

Glo. Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them? Do'st thou vnderstand me man.

Glo. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speake with *Cornwall*,
The deere Father

Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tends, fer-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (uice,
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that

No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Where to our health is bound, we are not our selues,
When Nature being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body; Ile forbear,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,
For the sound man. Death on my state: wherefore

Should he sit heere? This act periwades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her

Is practise only. Giue me my Seruant forth;
Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, I'd speake with them:

Now, presently: bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,

Till it erie sleeps to death.

Glo. I would haue all well betwixt you. *Exit.*

Lear. Oh me my heart! My rising heart! But downe.

Fooles. Cry to it Nunkle, as the Cockney did to the
Eeles, when she put 'em i'th' Pisse aliuie, she knapt 'em

o'th' coxcombs with a stick, and cryed downe wantons,
downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his

Horse buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Haile to your Grace. *Kent here set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your Highnesse.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke you are. I know what reason

I haue to thinke so, if thou should'st not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy Mother Tombe,

Sepulchring an Adulteresse. O are you free?

Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy Sisters naught: oh *Regan*, she hath tied

Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindnesse, like a vulture heere,
I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not belecue

With how depraud a quality. Oh *Regan*.

Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope
You lesse know how to value her desert,

Then she to scant her datie.

Lear. Say? How is that?

Reg. I cannot thinke my Sister in the least
Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance

She haue restrained the Riots of your Followres,
Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,

As cleeres her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old,

Nature in you stands on the very Verge
Of his confine: you should be rul'd, and led

By some discretion, that discernes your state
Better then you your selfe: therefore I pray you,

That to our Sister, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her.

Lear. Aske her forgiuenesse?

Do you but marke how this becomes the house?

Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old;

Age is vnecessary: on my knees I begge,
That you'l vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more: these are vnslightly trickes:
Returne you to my Sister.

Lear. Neuer *Regan*:

She hath abated me of halfe my Traines;

Look'd blacke vpon me, strooke me with her Tongue
Most Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.

All the stor'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall
On her ingratefull top: strike her yong bones

You taking Ayres, with Laineesse.

Corn. Fye sir, fye.

Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,

You Fen-suck'd Foggies, drawne by the powfull Sunne,
To fall, and blister.

Reg. O the blest Gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rath moode is on.

Lear. No *Regan*, thou shalt neuer haue my curse:
Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not giue

Thee o're to harshnesse: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee

To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traines,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,

And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st

The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curtesie, dues of Gratitude;

Thy halfe o'th' Kingdome hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpose. *Tucket within.*

Lear. Who put my man i'th' Stockes?

Corn. What Trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my Sisters: this approues her Letter,
That she would soone be heere. Is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a Slaue, whose easie borrowed pride
Dwells in the sickly grace of her he followes.

Our Varlet, from my sight.

Corn. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who stockt my Seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou did'st not know on't.

Who comes here? O Heauens!

If you do loue old men; if your sweet sway
Allow Obedience; if you your selues are old,

Make it your cause: Send downe, and take my part.
Art not asham'd to looke vpon this Beard?

O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by'th' hand Sir? How haue I offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion findes,
And dotage termes so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold?

How came my man i'th' Stockes?

Corn. I set him there, Sir: but his owne Disorders

Deseru'd much lesse aduancement.

Lear. You? Did you?

Reg. I pray you Father being weake, seeme so:
If still the expiration of your Moneth

You will returne and sojourn with my Sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,

I am now from home, and out of that prouision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.

Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?

No, rather I abjure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity oth' ayre,

To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?

Why the hot-blooded *France*, that dowerlesse tooke
Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought

To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?

Perfwade me rather to be slaue and sumpter
To this detested groom.

Gon. At your choice Sir.

Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child; farewell:

Wee'l no more meete, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter,

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,

A plague sore, or imbossed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shooe,

Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Ioue*.
Mend when thou can'st, be better at thy leisure,

I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so.

I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided
For your fit welcome, giue care Sir to my Sister,

For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you old, and so,

But she knows what she doe's.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare aouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?

Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Yes, or so many? Such that both charge and danger,
Speake gainst so great a number? How in one house

Should many people, vnder two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance
From those that she calls Seruants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my Lord?

If then they chanc'd to slacke ye,

We could comptroll them; if you will come to me,
(For now I spee a danger) I entreate you

To bring but fife and twentie, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.

Lear. I gaue you all.

Reg. And in good time you gaue it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositories,
But kept a reservation to be followed

With such a number? What, must I come to you
With fife and twentie? *Regan*, said you so?

Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked Creatures yet do look wel fauor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst

Stands in some ranke of praise, Ile go with thee,
Thy fiftie yet doth double fife and twentie.

And thou art twice her Loue.

Gon. Heare me my Lord;

What need you fife and twenty? Ten? Or fife?

To follow in a house, where twice so many

Haue a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O reason not the need: our basest Beggers

Are in the poorest thing superfluous.

Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:

Mans life is cheape as Beastes. Thou art a Lady;

If onely so go warme were gorgeous,

Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warme, but for trueness:

You Heauens, giue me that patience, patience I need,

You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,

As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,

If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts

Against their Father, foole me not so much,

To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,

And let not womens weapons, water drops,

Staine my mans cheekes. No you vnnatural Hags,

I will haue such reuenges on you both,

That all the world shall—I will do such things,

What they are yet, I know not, but they shalbe

The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe,

No, Ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping.

Storme and Tempest.

But this heart shal break into a hundred thousand flaws

Or ere Ile weepe; O Fooles, I shall go mad. *Exit.*

Corn. Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.

Reg. This house is little, the old man an'ds people,

Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, Ile receiue him gladly,

But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.

Where is my Lord of *Gloster*?

Enter Gloster.

Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whether is he going?

Glo. He calls to Horse, but will I know not whethet.

Corn. 'Tis best to giue him way, he leads himselfe.

Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.

Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high winde

Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about

There's scarce a Bush.

Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men,

The iniuries that they themselues procure,

Must be their Schoole-Masters: shut vp your doores,

He is attended with a desperate traine,

And what they may incense him too, being apt,

To haue his eare abus'd, wisdom bids feare.

Corn. Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,

My *Regan* counsels well: come out oth' storme. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storme still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.

Kent. Who's there besides foule weather?

Gon. One minded like the weather, most vnquietly.

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Kent.

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretfull Elements;
 Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,
 Or swell the curled Waters 'bout the Maine,
 That things might change, or cease.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the Foole, who labours to out-iest
 His heart-strooke injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you,
 And dare vpon the warrant of my note
 Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuision
 (Although as yet the face of it is couer'd
 With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:
 Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres
 Thron'd and set high; Seruants, who seeme no lesse,
 Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
 Intelligent of our State. What hath bin seene,
 Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
 Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
 Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,
 Whereof (perchance) there are but furnishings.
Gent. I will talke further with you.
Kent. No, do not:
 For confirmation that I am much more
 Then my out-wall; open this Purse, and take
 What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
 (As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring,
 And she will tell you who that Fellow is
 That yet you do not know. Eye on this Storme,
 I will go seeke the King.
Gent. Give me your hand,
 Haue you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
 That when we haue found the King, in which your pain
 That way, Ile this: He that first lightes on him,
 Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Storme still. Enter Lear, and Foole.
Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
 You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,
 Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cackes.
 You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
 Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleaving Thunder-bolts,
 Sidge my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,
 Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th' world,
 Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once
 That makes ingratefull Man.
Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is
 better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle,
 in, aske thy Daughters blessing, heere's a night pitties
 neither Wisemen, nor Fooles.
Lear. Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine;
 Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
 I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindesse.
 I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,
 A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:
 But yet I call you Seruile Ministers,
 That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
 Your high-engender'd Battailles, gainst a head

So old, and white as this. Oho! 'tis foule.
Foole. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good
 Head-peece:
 The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any;
 The Head, and he shall Lowse: so Beggars marry many;
 The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart thold make,
 Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake.
 For there was neuer yet faire woman, but shee made
 mouthes in a glasse.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
 I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Foole. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a
 Wiseman, and a Foole.

Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,
 Loue not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skies
 Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
 And make them keepe their Caues: Since I was man,
 Such sheets of Fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder,
 Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer
 Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
 Th'affliction, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Goddes

That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
 Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
 That hast within thee vndiuidged Crimes
 Vnwhipt of Iustice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;
 Thou Perur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
 That art Incestuous, Caytiffe, to peeces shake
 That vnder couert, and conuenient seeming
 Ha's practis'd on mans life. Close pent-up guiltis,
 Rine your concealing Continents, and cry
 These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
 More sinn'd against, then sinning.

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?

Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the Tempest:
 Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
 (More harder then the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,
 Which euen but now, demanding after you,
 Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
 Their scanted curtisie.

Lear. My wits begin to turne.

Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?
 I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?
 The Art of our Necessities is strange,
 And can make wilde things precious. Come, your Houell;
 Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart
 That's sorry yet for thee.

Foole. He that has and a little-tyne wit,

With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
 Must make content with his Fortunes sit,
 Though the Raine it raineth every day.

Le. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. *Exit.*

Foole. This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:

Ile speake a Prophecie ere I go:

When Priests are more in word, then matter;

When Brewers marre their Malt with water;

When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,

No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;

When euery Cate in Law, is right;

No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;

When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;

Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs;

When Vsurers tell their Gold i'th Field,

And

And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,
 Then shal the Realme of Albion, come to great confusion:
 Then comes the time, who hies to see't,
 That going shalbe vs'd with feet. *(time.)*
 This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for Thise before his
Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this vnaturall
 dealing; when I desired their leave that I might pity him,
 they tooke from me the vse of mine owne house, charg'd
 me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake
 of him, entreat for him, or any way sustaine him.

Bast. Most saunge and vnaturall!

Glo. Go too; say you nothing! There is diuision be-
 twene the Dukes, and a worse matter then that: I haue
 receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken,
 I haue lock'd the Letter in my Closet, these injuries the
 King now beares, will be reuenged home; this is part of
 a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I
 will looke him, and priuily relieue him; goe you and
 maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of
 him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to
 bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatned me) the King
 my old Master must be relieued. There is strange things
 toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

Bast. This Curtisie forbid thee, shall the Duke
 Instantly know, and of that Letter too;
 This seemes a faire deseruing, and must draw me
 That which my Father looses: no lesse then all,
 The yonger rises, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
 The tyranny of the open night's too rough
 For Nature to endure. *Storme still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.

Lear. Wile breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,

Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious
 Inuades vs to the skinfo: 'tis to thee,
 But where the greater malady is fixt,
 The lesse is scarce felt. Thou'lt shun a Beare,
 But if they fight lay toward the roaring Sea,
 Thou'lt meete the Beare i'th' mouth, when the mind's
 The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind,
 Doth from my fencies take all feeling else,
 Saue what beates there, Fittill ingratitude,
 Is it not as this mouth should teate this hand?
 For lifting food too't? But I will punish home.
 No, I will weepe no more; in such a night,

To shut me out? Pour on, I will endure:
 In such a night as this? O *Rogan*, *Gonerill*,
 Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gaue all,
 O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:
 No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.

Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,
 This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder
 On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,
 In Boy, go first: You houselesse pouertie,
 Nay get thee in, Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe.
 Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storme,
 How shall your House-lesse heads, and vnfed sides,
 Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you
 From seasons such as these? O I haue tane
 Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompey,
 Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele:
 That thou maist shake the superflux to them,
 And shew the Heauens more iust.

Enter Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe, poore *Tom*.
Foole. Come not in heere Nunkle, heere's a spirit, helpe
 me, helpe me.

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A spirit, a spirit, he sayes his name's poore
Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'th'
 straw? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the
 sharpe Hawthorne blow the windes. Humby, goe to thy
 bed and warme thee.

Lear. Did'st thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art
 thou come to this?

Edgar. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom
 the foule fiend hath led through Fire, and through Flame,
 through Sword, and Whirle, Poole, o're Bog, and Quag-
 mire, that hath laid Knives vnder his Pillow, and Halvers
 in his Pae, set Rats-bane by his Porredgey, made him
 Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, ouer foure
 mecht Bridges, to course his owne shadow for a Traitor,
 Blisse thy five Wits, *Toms* cold, O do, do, do, do, do,
 blisse thee from Whirle-Windes, Stare-blasting, and ta-
 king, do poore *Tom* some charite, whom the foule Fiend
 vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there
 againe, and there. *Storme still.*

Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this passe?
 Could'st thou saue nothing? Would'st thou giue'em all?

Foole. Nay, he refer'd a Blanket, else we had bin all
 sham'd.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
 Hang fared o're mens fautes, light on thy Daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could haue subdu'd
 To such a lownesse, but his vnkind Daughters. (Nature
 Is it the fashion, that discarded Fathers,
 Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh:
 Iudicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot
 Those Pellicane Daughters.

Edg. Pillicocke fat on Pillicocke hill, alow, alow, loo, loo.

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and
 Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o'th' foule Fiend, obey thy Pa-
 rents, keepe thy words Iustice, sweare not, commit not,
 with

with mans sworne Spouse: let not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's a cold.*

Lear. What hast thou bin?

Edg. A Servingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that curl'd my haire, wore Gloues in my cap; seru'd the Lust of my Mistis heart, and did the acte of darkenesse with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, & broke them in the sweet face of Heauen. One, that slept in the contriving of Lust, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I deere, Dice deere; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. False of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog in madnes, Lyon in prey, Let not the creaking of shooes, Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and desye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hawthorne blowes the cold winde: Sayes summ, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Sesey*: let him trot by. *Storme still.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a Grave, then to answer with thy vncouer'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the Worme no Silke; the Beast, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Wool; the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe; vnaccommodated man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Animal as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vnbutton heere.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Foole. Prythee Nunkle be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body, cold: Looke, heere comes a walking fire. *Edg.* This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at Curfew, and walks at first Cocke: Hee giues the Web and the Pin, squints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

Switbold footed thrice the old,

He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,

And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seeke?

Glou. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eates the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eates Cow-dung for Sallets; swallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinks the green Mantle of the standing Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and stockt, punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath three Suites to his backe, fixe shirts to his body:

Horle to ride, and weapon to weare:

But Mice, and Rats, and such small Deare,

Haue bin Toms food, for seuen long yeare:

Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkenesse is a Gentleman. *Modo*

he's call'd, and *Mabon*.

Glou. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne so

vilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold.

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer

To obey in all your daughters hard commands: Though their Inunction be to barre my doores, And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you. Yet haue I ventured to come seeke you out, And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talke with this Philosopher,

What is the cause of Thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,

Go into th'house.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this same lerned Theban:

What is your study?

Edg. How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord,

His wits begin t'vnsettle.

Glou. Canst thou blame him?

His Daughters seeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,

He said it would be thus: poore banish'd man:

Thou sayest the King growes mad, He tell thee Friends,

I am almost mad my selfe. I had a Sonne,

Now our law'd from my blood: he sought my life,

But lately: very late: I lou'd him (Friend)

No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,

The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?

I do beseech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:

Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold,

Glou. In fellow there, into th' Houel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keepe still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, sooth him:

Let him take the Fellow.

Glou. Take him you on,

Kent. Sirra, come on: go along with vs.

Lear. Come, good Athenian,

Glou. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Childe Rowland to the darke Tower came,

His word was still, fie, foh, and fumme,

I smell the blood of a Brittain man. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge, ere I depart his house.

Bast. How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature

thus giues way to Loyaltie, something feares mee to

thinke of.

Corn. I now perceiue, it was not altogether your

Brothers euill disposition made him seeke his death: but

a prouoking merit let a worke by a reprobable badnesse

in himselfe.

Bast. How malicious is my fortune, that I must

repent to be iust? This is the Letter which hee spake of;

which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduanta-

ges of France. O Heauens! that this Treason were not;

or not I the director.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchesse.

Bast. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you haue

mighy businesse in hand. *Corn.*

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earle of Glou-

cester: seeke out where thy Father is, that hee may bee

ready for our apprehension.

Bast. If I finde him comforting the King, it will stiffe

his suspition more fully. I will perseuer in my course of

Loyalty, though the conflict be fore betweene that, and

my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust vpon thee: and thou shalt finde

a deere Father in my loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Glou. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thank-

fully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I

can: I will not be long from you. *Exit*

Kent. All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his

impatience: the Gods reward your kindnesse.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fraterretto talis me, and tells me *Nero* is an Ang-

ler in the Lake of Darknesse: pray Innocent, and beware

the foule Fiend.

Foole. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be

a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to

his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that sees his Sonne a

Gentleman before him.

Lear. To haue a thousand with red burning spits:

Come hizzing in vpon 'em.

Edg. Blesse thy fine wits.

Kent. O pittie: Sir, where is the patience now

That you so oft haue boasted to retaine?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much,

They marre my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all;

Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: see, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Auant you

Curres, be thy mouth or blacke or white:

Tooth that poysons if it bite:

Mastiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,

Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:

Or Bobtaile right, or Troudle taile,

Tom will make him weepe and waile,

For with throwing this my head;

Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: sefe: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres,

And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry,

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan*: See what

breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in Nature that

make these hard-hearts. You sir, I entertaine for one of

my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your gar-

ments. You will say they are Persian; but let them bee

chang'd.

Enter Gloster.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Cur-

taines: so, so, wee'l go to Supper i'th morning.

Foole. And Ile go to bed at noone.

Glou. Come hither Friend:

Where is the King my Master?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bastard,

and Seruants, on bays and filds.

Corn. Poste speedily to my Lord your husband, shew

him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seeke out

the Traitor Glouster.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leane him to my displeasure. *Edmond*, keepe

you our Sister company: the reuenges wee are bound to

take vpon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your

beholding. Aduice the Duke where you are going, to a

most festiuate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our

Postes shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Fare-

well deere Sister, farewell my Lord of Glouster. *Exit*

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glouster hath conuey'd him hence

Some fute or six and thirty of his Knights

Hot Questiffs after him, met him at gate,

Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants,

Are gone with him toward Douer, where they boast

To haue well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horses for your Mistis.

Gon. Farewell sweet Lord, and Sister. *Exit*

Corn. Edmund farewell: go seek the Traitor Gloster,

Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs:

Though well we may not passe vpon his life

Without the forme of Iustice: yet our power

Shall do a cur'sie to our wrath, which men

May blame, but not comptroll. *Exit*

Enter Gloucester, and Seruants.

Who's there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde fast his corky armes.

Glou. What meanes your Graces?

Good my Friends consider you are my Ghelts:

Do me no foule play, Friends.

Corn. Binde him I say.

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.

Glou. Vnmerefull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

Corn. To this Chaire binde him,

Villaine, thou shalt finde.

Glou. By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor?

Glou. Naughty Ladie,

These haire which thou dost rauish from my chin

Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host,

With Robbers hands, my hospitable fauours

You

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come Sir.

What Letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth,

Corn. And what confederacie haue you with the Trai-

tors, late footed in the Kingdome?

Reg. To whose hands

You haue sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.

Glow. I haue a Letter guessingly set downe

Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,

And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glow. To Douer.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?

Was't thou not charg'd at perill.

Corn. Wherefore to Douer? Let him answer that.

Glow. I am tyed to th'Stake,

And I must stand the Courfe.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?

Glow. Because I would not see thy cruell Nails

Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister,

In his Anointed flesh, sticke boarish phangs.

The Sea, with such a Rorme as his bare head,

In Hell-blacke night indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp

And quench'd the Stelled fires:

Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine,

If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time,

Thou should'st haue said, good Porter turne the Key:

All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see

The winged Vengeance ouertake such Children.

Corn. See't shalt thou neuer, Fellowes hold y' Chaire,

Vpon these eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.

Glow. He that will thinke to liue, till he be old,

Giue me some helpe. — O cruell! O you Gods.

Reg. One side will mocke another: Th'other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance.

Ser. Hold your hand, my Lord:

I haue seru'd you euer since I was a Childe:

But better seruice haue I neuer done you,

Then now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dogge?

Ser. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?

Corn. My Villaine!

Ser. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Giue me thy Sword. A pezant stand vp thus?

Killes him.

Ser. Oh I am slaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left

To see some mischefe on him. Oh!

Corn. Let it see more, preuent it; Out vilde gelly:

Where is thy lustre now?

Glow. All darke and comfortlesse?

Where's my Sonne *Edmond*?

Edmond, enkindle all the sparkes of Nature

To quench this horrid act.

Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,

Thou call'st on him, that hates thee: It was he

That made the conquest of thy Treasons to vs:

Who is too good to pittie thee.

Glow. O my Follicies! then *Edgar* was abus'd,

Kind Gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Douer.

Old. How is't my Lord? How looke you?

Corn. I haue recei'd a hurt: Follow me Lady:

Turne out that eyelesse Villaine: throw this Slaue

Vpon the Dunghill: *Regan*, I bleed apace,

Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,

Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst:

The lowest, and most deiected thing of Fortune,

Stands still in esperance, liues not in feare:

The lamentable change is from the best,

The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,

Thou vnsustaintiall ayre that I embrace:

The Wretch that thou hast blowne vnto the worst,

Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Gloucester, and an Oldman.

But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?

World, World, O world!

But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,

Life would not yeelde to age.

Oldm. O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,

And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yeares.

Glow. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,

Thee, they may hurt.

Oldm. You cannot see your way.

Glow. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis scene,

Our meanes secure vs, and our ouer defects

Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar*,

The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:

Might I but liue to see thee in my touch,

I'd say I had eyes againe.

Oldm. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?

I am worse then ere I was.

Old. 'Tis poore mad Tom.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,

So long as we can say this is the worst.

Oldm. Fellow, where goest?

Glow. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too,

Glow. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I th'last nights storme, I such a fellow saw;

Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne

Came then into my minde, and yet my minde

Was then scarce Friends with him.

I haue heard more since:

As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,

They kill vs for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,

Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.

Glow. Is that the naked Fellow?

Oldm. I my Lord.

Glow. Get thee away: If for my sake

Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine

I th'way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,

And bring some couering for this naked Soule,

Which Ile intreate to leade me.

Old. Alacke sir, he is mad.

Glow. 'Tis the times plague,

When Madmen leade the blinde:

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:

About the rest, be gone.

Oldm. Ile bring him the best Parrell that I haue

Come on't, what will.

Glow. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.

Glow. Come hither fellow.

Edg. And yet I must:

Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleed.

Glow. Know'st thou the way to Douer?

Edg. Both stile, and gate; Horseway, and foot-path:

poore Tom hath bin fear'd out of his good wits. Blesse

thee good mans sonne, from the foule Fiend.

Glow. Here take this purse, y' whom the heau'ns plagues

Haue humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched

Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale so still:

Let the superfluous, and Lust-dieted man,

That slaues your ordinance, that will not see

Because he do's not feelee, feelee your powre quickly:

So distribution should vndoe excess,

And each man haue enough. Dost thou know Douer?

Edg. I Master.

Glow. There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head

Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe:

Bring me but to the very brimme of it,

And Ile repaire the misery thou do'st beare

With something rich about me: from that place,

I shall no leading neede.

Edg. Giue me thy arme;

Poore Tom shall leade thee.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Bassard, and Steward.

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I meruell our mild husband

Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Master?

Stew. Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd:

I told him of the Army that was Landed:

Hesmil'd at it. I told him you were coming,

His answer was, the worse. Of Glosters Treachery,

And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sor,

And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:

What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him;

What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.

It is the Cowish terror of his spirit

That dares not vndertake: Hee'l not feelee wrongs

Which tye him to an answer: our wishes on the way

May proue effects. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,

Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powres.

I must change names at home, and giue the Distaffe

Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Seruant

Shall passe betwene vs: ere long you are like to heare

(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)

A Mistresses command. Weare this; spare speech,

Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake

Would stretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:

Conceiue, and fare thee well.

Bass. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most deere Gloster.

Oh, the difference of man, and man,

To thee a Womans seruices are due,

My Foole vsurpes my body.

Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I haue bene worth the whistle,

Alb. Oh Gonerill,

You are not worth the dust which the rude winde

Blowes in your face.

Gon. Milke-Liuer'd man,

That bear'st a checke for blowes, a head for wrongs,

Who hast not in thy browes an eye-discerning

Thine Honor, from thy suffering.

Alb. See thy selfe diuelt:

Proper deformitie seemes not in the Fiend

So horrid as in woman.

Gon. Oh vaine Foole.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwall* dead,

Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out

The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucesters eyes.

Mes. A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,

Oppos'd against the act: bending his Sword

To his great Master, who, threat-enrag'd

Flew on him, and among'st them fell'd him dead,

But not without that harmefull stroke, which since

Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This shewes you are about

You Iustices, that these our neather crimes

So speedily can venge. But (O poore Gloucester)

Loft he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my Lord.

This Leter Madam, craues a speedy answer:

'Tis from your Sister.

Gon. One way I like this well,

But being widdow, and my Gloucester with her,

May all the building in my fancie plucke

Vpon my hatefull life. Another way

The Newes is not so tart. Ile read, and answer.

Alb. Where was his Sonne,

When they did take his eyes?

Mes. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He is not heere.

Mes. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse?

Mes. I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd against him

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment

Might haue the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I liue

To thanke thee for the loue thou shew'd'st the King,

And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,

Tell me what more thou know'st.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met euen now

As mad as the vext Sea, singing alowd,

Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow Weeds,

With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,

Darnell

Darnell, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining Corne. A Centery send forth;
Search euery Acre in the high-growne field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisdom
In the restoring his bereaued Sense; he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Gent. There is meanes Madam:
Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,
The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him
Are many Simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of Anguish.

Cord. All blest Secrets,
All you vnpublick'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the Goodmans desires: seeke, seeke for him,
Least his vngouern'd rage, dissolve the life
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Newes Madam,
The Brittish Powres are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy business that I go about: Therefore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I hear, and see him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres set forth?
Stew. I Madam,
Reg. Himselfe in person there?
Stew. Madam with much ado:
Your Sister is the better Souldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your Lord at home?
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What night import my Sisters Letter to him?
Stew. I know not, Lady.
Reg. Faith he is posited hence on serious matter:
It was great ignorance, Gloucesters eyes being out
To let him live. Where he arrives, he moues
All hearts against vs: Edmund, I thinke is gone
In pittie of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life: Morcouer to desery
The strength o' th' Enemy.
Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.
Reg. Our troopes set forth to morrow, stay with vs:
The wayes are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madam:
My Lady charg'd my dutie in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund?
Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what: He loue thee much
Let me vncale the Letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather
Reg. I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband,
I am sure of that: and at her late being heere,
She gaue strange Eliads, and most speaking lookes
To Noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosome.
Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speake in vnderstanding: Yare: I know't,
Therefore I do aduise you take this note:
My Lord is dead: Edmund, and I haue talk'd,
And more conuenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this;
And when your Mistis heares thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her,
So fare you well:
If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,
Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.
Stew. Would I could meet Madam, I should shew
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.

Glou. When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor.
Glou. Me thinks the ground is teuen.
Edg. Horrible steepe.
Glou. Hearke, do you heare the Sea?
Edg. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other Senses grow imperfect
By your eyes anguish.
Glou. So may it be indeed.
Me thinks thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter then thou did'st.
Edg. Yare much deceiu'd: I nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.
Glou. Me thinks yare better spoken.
Edg. Come on Sir,
Heere's the place: stand still: how searefull
And dizie'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:
Me thinks he seemes no bigger then his head.
The Fishermen, that walk'd vpon the beach
Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th' vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard so high. He looke no more,
Least may braine turne, and the deficient fight
Topple downe headlong.
Glou. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Giue me your hand:
You are now within a foote of th' extreme Verge:
For all beneath the Moone would I not scape vp sight.
Glou. Let go my hand:
Heere Friend's another purse: in it, a Jewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods
Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.
Glou. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his dispaire,
Is done to cure it.
Glou. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your fights

Shake

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could beare it longer, and not fall:
To quarrell with your great opposelless willer,
My snuffe, and loathed part of Nature should
Burne it selfe out. If Edgar liue, O blest him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well.
Edg. Gone Sir, farewell:
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasury of life, when life it selfe
Yields to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin past: Alitue, or dead?
Hoe, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, speake:
Thus might he passe indeed: yet he reuiues.
What are you Sir?
Glou. Away, and let me dye.
Edg. Had'st thou bene ought
But Gozemore, Fearthers, Ayre,
(So many fashome downe precipitating)
Thou'dst shiner'd like an Egge: but thou do'st breath:
Halt heauy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound,
Ten Maltis at each, make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.
Glou. But haue I false, or no?
Edg. From the dread Sommer of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke vp a height, the shrill-gorg'd Larke so farre
Cannot be seene, or heard: Do but looke vp.
Glou. Alacke, I haue no eyes:
Is wretchednesse depriu'd that benefit
To end it selfe by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the Tyrans rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
Edg. Giue me your arme.
Glou. Vp, so: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You stand,
Edg. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is about all strangenesse,
Vpon the crowne o' th' Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glou. A poore vnfortunate Beggar.
Edg. As I stood heere below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Noses,
Hornes weak'd, and waued like the enraged Sea:
It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinke that the clearest Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens Impossibilities, haue preferred thee.
Glou. I do remember now: henceforth I beare
Affliction, till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man: often 'twould say
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.
Edg. Beare free and patient thoughts.
Enter Lear.
But who comes heere?
The safer sense will ne're accomodate
His Master thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the
King himselfe.
Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!
Lear. Nature's about Art, in that respect: Ther's your
Prestie-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-
keeper: draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a
Moule: peace, peace, this peece of toasted Cheefe will
doe't. There's my Gaunter, He proue it on a Gyant.
Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird: i'th'
clout, i'th' clout: Hewgh. Giue the word.
Edg. Sweet Mariorum.

Lear. Passe.

Glou. I know that voyce.

Lear. Ha! Conerill with a white beard? They flatter'd
me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in
my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To say I, and
no, to euery thing that I said: I, and no too, was no good
Diuinity. When the raine came to wee me once, and the
winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not
peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em
out. Go too, they are not men o' their words; they told
me, I was euery thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-proofe.
Glou. The trick of that voyce, I do well remember:
Is't not the King?

Lear. I, euery inch a King.

When I do stare, see how the Subiect quakes,
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause?
Adultery? thou shalt not dye: dye for Adultery?
No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly
Do's letcher in my sight. Let Copulation thrine:
For Gloucesters bastard Son was kinder to his Father,
Then my Daughters got 'twene the lawfull sheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.
Behold yond limping Dame, whose face betwene her
Forkes prelagges Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's shake
the head to heare of pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor
the soyled Horse goes too't with a more riotous appe-
tite: Downe from the waste they are Centaures, though
Women all about: but to the Girdle do the Gods inhe-
rit, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darke-
nes, there is the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding, stench,
consumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Giue me an Ounce
of Ciuet; good Apothecary sweeten my imagination:
There's money for thee.

Glou. O let me kisse that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first,
It smells of Mortality.
Glou. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world:
Shall so weare out to naught.
Do'st thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou
squiny at me? No, doe thy worst blinde Cupid, He not
loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning
of it.

Glou. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see.

Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What with the Case of eyes?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your
head, nor no mony in your purse? Your eyes are in a hea-
uy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world
goes.

Glou. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world
goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how
yond Iustice railes vpon yond simple theefe. Hearke in
rhine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is
the Iustice, which is the theefe: Thou hast seene a Far-
mers dogge barke at a Beggar?

Glou. I Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou
might'st behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's
obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascall Beadie, hold thy bloody
hand: why dost thou lash that Whore? Strip thy owne
backe, thou hotly lusts to vse her in that kind, for which
thou whip'st her. The Vurer hangs the Cozener, Tho-
rough

rough tatter'd clothes great Vices do appeare: Robes, and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place finnes with Gold, and the strong Lance of Iustice, hurtlesse breakes: Arme it in ragges, a Pigmeies straw do's pierce it. None do's offend, none, I say none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend, who haue the power to scale th'accusers lips. Get thee glasse-eyes, and like a scurvy Politician, seeme to see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes: harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt, Reason in Madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes. I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloucester: Thou must be patient; we came crying hither: Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the Ayre We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.

Glow. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come To this great stage of Fooles. This a good blocke: It were a delicate stratagem, to shoo A Troope of Horse with Felt: Ile put in prooffe, And when I haue stolne vpon these Son in Lawes, Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir, Your most deere Daughter.

Lear. No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am euen The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Vse me well, You shall haue ranfome. Let me haue Surgeons, I am cut to th' Braines.

Gent. You shall haue any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my selfe?

Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt To vse his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die brauely, Like a smugge Bridegroome. What? I will be Iouiall: Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it, You shall get it by running: Sa, sa, sa, sa.

Gent. A sight most pittifull in the meaneft wretch, Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter Who redeemes Nature from the generall curse Which twaine haue brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar:

Every one heares that, which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your fauour:

How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on speedy foot: the maine descry

Stands on the houely thought.

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here Her Army is mou'd on.

Edg. I thanke you Sir.

Glow. You euer gentle Gods, take my breath from me, Let not my worser Spirit tempt me againe To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glow. Now good fir, what are you?

Edg. A most poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling sorrowes, Am pregnant to good pittie. Giue me your hand, Ile leade you to some bidding.

Glow. Heartie thanks:

The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: most happie That eyelesse head of thine, was first fram'd flesh To raise my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor, Breefely thy selfe remember: the Sword is out That must destroy thee.

Glow. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant, Dar'st thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence, Least that th' infection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir, Without vurther cation.

Stew. Let go Slaue, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore volke passe: and 'chud ha' bin zwaggerd out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not neere th' old man: keepe out che vor ye, or ice try whither your Costard, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dughill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor your toyne.

Stew. Slaue thou hast slaine me: Villain, take my purse; if euer thou wilt thrine, bury my bodie, And giue the Letters which thou find'st about me, To Edmund Earle of Gloucester: seeke him out Vpon the English party. Oh vntimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A seruiceable Villaine, As detious to the vices of thy Mistis, As badnesse would desire.

Glow. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: rest you, Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speaks of May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely sorry He had no other Deathman. Let vs see: Leauie gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts, Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocal vowes be remembered. You haue made opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If hee returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his bed my Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliuer me, and supply the place for your Labour.

Thou (Wife, so I would say) affectionate Seruant. Gonerill.

Oh indistinguish'd space of Womans will, A plot vpon her vertuous Husbands life, And the exchange my Brother: heere, in the sands These Ile rake vp, the poste vn sanctified Of murderous Letchers: and in the mature time, With this vngracious paper strike the sight Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well, That of thy death, and businesse, I can tell.

Glow. The King is mad:

How stiffe is my vilde sense

That I stand vp, and haue ingenious feeling

Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distract,

So should my thoughts be seuer'd from my griefes,

Drumme as farre off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations loose

The

The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Giue me your hand:

Farre off methinks I heare the beaten Drumme.

Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend.

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent,

How shall I liue and worke

To match thy goodnesse?

My life will be too short,

And euery measure faile me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-paid,

All my reports go with the modest truth,

Not more, nor chapt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited,

These weedes are memories of those worser houres:

I prythee put them off.

Kent. Pardon deere Madam,

Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,

My boone I make it, that you know me not,

Till time, and I, thinke meet.

Cor. Then be't so my good Lord:

How do's the King?

Gent. Madam sleepes still.

Cor. O you kind Gods!

Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,

Th'vntun'd and iarring senses, O winde vp,

Of this childe, changed Father.

Gent. So please your Maiesty,

That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceede

I th' way of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Seruants

Gent. I Madam: in the heauinesse of sleepe,

We put fresh garments on him.

Be by good Madam when we do awake him,

I doubt of his Temperance.

Cor. O my deere Father, restauration hang

Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse

Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters

Haue in thy Reuerence made.

Kent. Kind and deere Princeesse,

Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes

Did challenge pittie of them. Was this a face

To be oppos'd against the iarring windes?

Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,

Should haue stood that night against my fire,

And was't thou faue (poore Father)

To houell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne,

In short, and musty straw? Alacke, alacke,

'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once

Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Gent. Madam do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my Royall Lord?

How fares your Maiesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' graue,

Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound

Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares

Do scald, like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, farre wide.

Gent. He's scarce awake,

Let him alone a while.

Lear. Where haue I bin?

Where am I? Faire day light?

I am mightily abus'd; I should eu'n dye with pittie

To see another thus. I know not what to say:

I will not sweare these are my hands: let's see,

I feele this pin prick, would I were assur'd

Of my condition.

Cor. O looke vpon me Sir,

And hold your hand in benediction o're me,

You must not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,

Fourscore and vpward,

Not an houre more, nor lesse:

And to deale plainly,

I feare I am not in my perfect mind.

Me thinks I should know you, and know this man,

Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainly ignorant

What place this is, and all the skill I haue

Remembers not these garments: nor I know not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,

For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady

To be my childe Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am: I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet?

Yes faith: I pray weepenot,

If you haue poyson for me, I will drinke it:

I know you do not loue me, for your Sisters

Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.

You haue some cause, they haue not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne kingdom Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage

You see is kill'd in him: desire him to go in,

Trouble him no more till further feeling.

Cor. Wilt please your Highnesse walke?

Lear. You must beare with me:

Pray you now forget, and forgiue,

I am old and foolish.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Souldiers.

Edg. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,

Or whether since he is aduis'd by ought

To change the course, he's full of alteration,

And selfereproouing, bring his constant pleasure,

Reg. Our Sisters man is certainly misca rried.

Edg. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord,

You

You know the goodnesse I intend vpon you:
Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,
Do you not loue my Sister?

Bast. In honour'd Loue.

Reg. But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?

Bast. No by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I neuer shall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.

Bast. Feare not, she and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very louing Sister, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.

Regan. Why is this reasond?

Gone. Combine together 'gainst the Enemie:
For these domestick and particular broiles,
Are not the question heere.

Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister you'll go with vs?

Gone. No.

Reg. 'Tis most conuenient, pray go with vs.

Gone. Oh ho, I know the Riddle. I will goe.

Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heare me one word.

Alb. He ouertake you, speake.

Edg. Before you fight the Battaille, ope this Letter:
If you haue victory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will proue
What is aouched there. If you miscarry,
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loues you.

Alb. Stay till I haue read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it:

When time shall serue, let but the Herald cry,
And he appeare againe.

Alb. Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Bast. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Heere is the guesse of their true strength and Forces,
By diligent discouerie, but your haist
Is now vrg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

Bast. To both these Sisters haue I sworne my loue:
Each ielous of the other, as the flung
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliu: To take the Widdow,
Exasperates, makes mad her Sister *Gonerill*,
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being aliu. Now then, wee'l vse
His countenance for the Battaille, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deuise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The Battaille done, and they within our power,

Shall neuer see his pardon: for my state,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum wit him. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Souldiers, over the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloster.

Edg. Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree
For your good hoast: pray that the right may thrive:
If euer I returne to you againe,
He bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you Sir.

Alarum and Retreat within. Enter Edgar.

Edgar. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his Daughter rane,
Giue me thy hand: Come on.

Glo. No further Sir, a man may not euen heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe?
Men must endure

Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripensse is all come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.

Bast. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Vntill their greater pleasures first be knowne
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who with best meaning haue incur'd the worst:
For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,
My selfe could else out-frowne false Fortunes frowne.

Lear. No, no, no, no: come let's away to prison,
We two alone will sing like Birds i'th' Cage:

When thou dost aske me blessing, he kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiveness: So wee'l liue,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)

Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,
Who looses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take vpon's the mystery of things,
As if we were Gods spies: And wee'l weare out
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by th' Moone.

Bast. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*,
The Gods themselves throw Incense.

Haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heauen,
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,
The good yeares shall deuoure them, flesh and fell,

Ere

Ere they shall make vs weepe?

Weele see 'em staru'd first: come.

Bast. Come hither Captaine, heare.

Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,
One step I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'st
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not beare question: either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. He do't my Lord.

Bast. About it, and write happy, when th'ha'st done,
Marke I say instantly, and carry it so
As I haue let it downe.

Exit Captaine.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant straine

And Fortune led you well; you haue the Captiues
Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:
I do require them of you so to vse them,
As we shall find their merites, and our safety
May equally determine.

Bast. Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,
Whose age had Charms in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common bosome on his side,
And turne our imprest Launces in our eies
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen:
My reason all the same, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, to appeare
Where you shall hold your Session.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subiect of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might haue bin demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacie may well stand vp,
And call it felse your Brother.

Gone. Not so hot:
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me inuested, he compeeres the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Tellers do oft proue Prophets.

Gone. Hola, hola,
That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.

Rega. Lady I am not well, else I should answere
From a full flowing stomach. Generall,
Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:
Winnesse the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord, and Master.

Gone. Meane you to enioy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Bast. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,
This gilded Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.

If you will marry, make your loues to me,
My Lady is bespoke.

Gone. An enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed *Gloster*,
Let the Trmpet sound:

If none appeare to proue vpon thy person,
Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,

There is my pledge: He make it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sicke, O sicke.

Gone. If not, He nere trust medicine.

Bast. There's my exchange, what in the world hes
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Trust to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers
All leui'd in my name, haue in my name
Tooke their discharge.

Regan. My sicknesse growes vpon me.

Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Trumper sound,
And read out this.

A Trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

If any man of qualitie or degree, within the list of the Ar-
my, will maintaine vpon Edmund, supposed Earle of Gloster,
that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third
sound of the Trumpet: he is hold in his defence.

Her. Againe.

Her. Againe.

Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appeares
Vpon this Call o'th' Trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present Summons?

Edg. Know my name is lost
By Treasons tooth: bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Aduerlary

I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Aduerlary?

Edg. What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of Glo-

Bast. Himselfe, what saist thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may do thee Iustice, heere is mine:

Behold it is my priuledge,
The priuledge of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despite thy victor-Sword, and fire new Fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heare, thou art a Traitor:
False to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince;
And from th'extremest vpward of thy head,
To the discent and dust below thy foote,

A most Toad-spotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arme, and my best spirits are bent
To proue vpon thy heart, whereto I speake,
Thou yest.

Bast. In wisdom I should aske thy name,
But since thy out-side lookes so faire and Warlike,
And that thy tongue (some say) of breeding breathes,
What safe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I disdaine and spurne:
Backe do I tosse these Treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruile,
This Sword of mine shall giue them instant way,
Where they shall rest for euer. Trumpets speake.

Alb. Saue him, saue him. *Alarums. Fights.*

Gen. This is practise *Closter*,
By th'law of Warre, thou wast not bound to answer
An vnknowne opposer: thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozend, and beguild.

Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it: hold Sir,
Thou worse then any name, reade thine owne euill:
No tearing Lady, I perceiue you know it.

Gen. Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine,
Who can araigne me for't? *Exit.*

Alb. Most monstrous! O, know'st thou this paper?

Bast. Aske me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, gouerne her.

Bast. What you haue charg'd me with,
That haue I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou
That hast this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no lesse in blood then thou art *Edmond*,
If more, the more th' hast wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar* and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are iust, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague vs:
The darke and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Bast. Th' hast spoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophesie
A Royall Noblenesse: I must embrace thee,
Let sorrow split my heart, if euer I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.
Alb. Where haue you hid your selfe?

How haue you knowne the miseries of your Father?

Edg. By hurting them my Lord. Lift a breefe tale,

And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst.

The bloody proclamation to escape

That follow'd me so neere, (O our liues sweetnesse,

That we the paine of death would hourly dye,

Rather then die at once) taught me to shift

Into a mad-mans rags, to assume a semblance

That very Dogges disdain'd: and in this habit

Met I my Father with his bleeding Ringe,

Their precious Stones new lost: became his guide,

Led him, begg'd for him, saue him from dispaire.

Neuer (O fault) reueal'd my selfe vnto him,

Vntill some halfe houre past when I was arm'd

Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,

I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to support)
Twixt two extremes of passion, ioy and greefe,
Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath mou'd me,
And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,
You looke as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe, helpe: O helpe.

Edg. What kinde of helpe?

Alb. Speake man.

Edg. What meanes this bloody Knife?

Gen. 'Tis hot, it smokes, it came euen from the heart
of—O she's dead.

Alb. Who dead? Speake man.

Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sister
By her is poyson'd: she confesses it.

Bast. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they aliue or dead;

Conerill and Regans bodies brought in.

This iudgement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble,

Touche vs not with pittie: O, is this he?

The time will not allow the complement

Which very manners vrages.

Kent. I am come

To bid my King and Master aye good night.

Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of vs forgot,

Speake *Edmond*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?

Seest thou this obiekt *Kent*?

Kent. Alacke, why thus?

Bast. Yet *Edmond* was belou'd:

The one the other poyson'd for my sake,

And after slew her selfe.

Alb. Euen so: couer their faces.

Bast. I part for life: some good I meane to do

Despight of mine owne Nature. Quickly send,

(Be briefe in it) to'th' Castle, for my Writ

Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia*:

Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run.

Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office?

Send thy token of reprecue.

Bast. Well thought on, take my Sword,

Giue it the Capitaine.

Edg. Hast thee for thy life.

Bast. He hath Commission from thy Wife and me,

To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and

To lay the blame vpon her owne dispaire,

That she for-did her selfe.

Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence awhile.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O your are men of stones,

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd vse them so,

That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer.

I know when one is dead, and when one liues,

She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glasse,

If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
Why then she liues.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror.

Alb. Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather stirs, she liues: if it be so,

It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorowes

That euer I haue felt.

Kent. O my good Master.

Lear. Prythee away.

Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you Murderers, Traitors all,

I might haue sau'd her, now she's gone for euer:

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha:

What is't thou saist? Her voice was euer soft,

Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

I kill'd the Slaue that was a hanging thee.

Gen. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.

Lear. Did I not follow?

I haue seene the day, with my good biting Faulchion

I would haue made him skip: I am old now,

And these same crosses spoile me. Who are you?

Mine eyes are not o'th' best, Ile tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she lou'd and hated,

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight, are you not *Kent*?

Kent. The same: your Seruant *Kent*,

Where is your Seruant *Caius*?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,

He'll strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,

Haue follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. Your are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else:

All's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,

Your eldest Daughters haue fore-done themselues,

And desperately are dead

Lear. I se I thinke.

Alb. He knowes not what he saies, and vaine is it

That we present vs to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootlesse.

Mess. *Edmund* is dead my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle heere:

You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,

What comfort to this great decay may come,

Shall be appl'd. For vs we will resigne,

During the life of this old Maiesty

To him our absolute power, you to your rights,

With boote, and such addition as your Honours

Haue more then merited. All Friends shall

Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes

The cup of their deservings: O see, see.

Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life?

Why should a Dog, a Horfe, a Rat haue life,

And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,

Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.

Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,

Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,

Looke there, looke there. *He dies.*

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke vp my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,

That would vpon the wracke of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gon indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,

He but vsurpt his life.

Alb. Beare them from hence, our present buisnesse

Is generall woe: Friends of my soule, you twaine,

Rule in this Realme, and the god's state sustaine.

Kent. I haue a iourney Sir, shortly to go,

My Master calls me, I must not say no.

Edg. The waight of this sad time we must obey,

Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say:

The oldest hath borne most, we that are yong,

Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

Exeunt with a dead March.

f f 3

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF Othello, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo.
Never tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purse,
As if thy strings were thine, should'st know of this.
Ia. But you'll not heare me. If euer I did dream
Of such a matter, abhorre me.

Rodo. Thou told'st me,
Thou did'st hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
(In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he (as louing his owne pride, and purposes)
Euaues them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
Horribly stufft with epithites of warre,
Non-suites my Mediators. For certes, saies he,
I haue already chose my Officer. And what was he?
For-sooth, a great Arithmatician,
One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
(A Fellow almost damnd in a faire Wife)
That neuer set a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the deuision of a Battaille knowes
More then a Spinster. Vntill the Bookish Theoricke:
Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose
As Masterly as he. Meere prattle (without practise)
Is all his Souldier ship. But he (Sir) had th'election;
And I (of whom his eies had seene the prooffe
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on others grounds
Christen'd, and Heathen) must be be-leed, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,
He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
And I (blessed the marke) his Mooreships Auntient.

Rodo. By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.
Iago. Why, there's no remedie.

'Tis the curse of Seruice;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood Heire to th'first. Now Sir, be iudge your selfe,
Whether I in any iust terme am Affin'd
To loue the Moore?

Rodo. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir content you.

I follow him, to serue my turne vpon him.
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse,
For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Calliced.
Whip me such honest knaues. Others there are
Who trym'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie,
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And throwing but shewes of Seruice on their Lords,
Doe well thriue by them.

And when they haue lin'd their Coates
Doe themselves Homage.

These Fellowes haue some soule,
And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir)

It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:

In following him, I follow but my selfe.
Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate

The native act, and figure of my heart
In Complement exterie, 'tis not long after

But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.

Rodo. What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?

Iago. Call vp her Father:
Rowle him, make after him, poyson his delight,

Proclaime him in the Streets. Incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,

Plague him with Flies: though that his Ioy be Ioy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,

As it may loose some colour.
Rodo. Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.

Iago. Doe, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire

Is spied in populous Citties.
Rodo. What hoa: *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, hoa.

Iago. Awake: what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeues, Theeues,
Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,

Theeues, Theeues.
Bra. Above. What is the reason of this terrible

Summons? What is the matter there?
Rodo. Signior is all your Familie within?

Iago. Are your Doores lock'd?
Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, y'are robd, for shame put on your Gowne,
Your

Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snoring Cittizens with the Bell,
Or else the deuill will make a Grand-fire of you.
Arise I say.

Bra. What haue you lost your wits?

Rodo. Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rodo. My name is *Rodorigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome:

I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honest plainnesse thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse
(Being full of Supper, and dissembling draughtes)
Vpon malicious knauerie, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rodo. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my place haue in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rodo. Patience good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing?

This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.

Rodo. Most graue *Brabantio*,

In simple and pure soule, I come to you.

Ia. Sir you are one of those that will not serue God,
if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice,
and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'll haue your Daugh-

ter couer'd with a Barbary horse, you'll haue your Ne-
phewes neigh to you, you'll haue Couriers for Cozens:

and Gennets for Germanes.
Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Ia. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh-
ter and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villaine.

Iago. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answere. I know thee *Rodorigo*.
Rodo. Sir, I will answere any thing. But I beseech you

If it be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,

At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th'night
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gaudelier,

To the grosse claspes of a Lasciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,

We then haue done you bold, and fauie wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,

We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleene
That from the fence of all Ciuilitie,

I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)

I say againe, hath made a grosse reuolt,
Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes

In an extrauagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where: straight satisfie your selfe.

If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Iustice of the State

For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:

Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,

Beleefe of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say, light.

Iago. Farewell: for I must leaue you.
It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place

To be product, (as if I stay, I shall.)
Against the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may gall him with some checke)
Cannot with safetie cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,
(Which euen now stands in Act) that for their soules
Another of his Fadome, they haue none,
To lead their Businesse. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell apines,
Yet, for necessitie of present life,
I must show out a Flag, and signe of Loue,
(Which is indeed but signe) that you shal surely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter *Brabantio*, with *Servants* and *Torches*.

Bra. It is too true an euill. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is naught but bitterness. Now *Rodorigo*,
Where didst thou see her? (Oh vnhappie Girl)
With the Moore saist thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaues me
Past thought:) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?

Rodo. Truly I thinke they are.
Bra. Oh Heauen: how got she out?

Oh treason of the blood.
Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds

By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,
By which the proprietie of Youth, and Maidhood

May be abus'd? Haue you not read *Rodorigo*,
Of some such thing?

Rodo. Yes Sir: I haue indeed.
Bra. Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.

Some one way, some another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rodo. I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At euery house Ile call,
(I may command at most) get Weapons (hoa)

And raise some speciall Officers of might:
On good *Rodorigo*, I will deferue your paines. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Othello*, *Iago*, *Attendants*, with *Torches*.

Ia. Though in the trade of Warre I haue slaine men,
Yet do I hold it very stiffe o'th'conscience
To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie
Sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times
I had thought 'haue yerkd him here vnder the Ribbes.

Othello. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay but he prated,

And ipoke such scurvy, and prouoking termes
Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue

I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,

That the Magnifico is much belou'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potentiall

As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.
Or put vpon you, what restraint or greuance,

The

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will giue him Cable.

Othel. Let him do his spight;
My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerits
May speake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I haue reach'd. For know *Iago*,
But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my vnhouse'd free condition
Put into Circumscription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio, with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in.

Othel. Not I: I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By *Ianus*, I thinke no.

Othel. The Seruants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the Night vpon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?

Cassio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Enen on the instant.

Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?

Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:
It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies
Haue sent a dozen sequent Messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three leuerall Quests,
To search you out.

Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And goe with you.

Cassio. Aunciant, what makes he heere?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carraet,
If it proue lawfull prize, he' made for euer.

Cassio. I do not vnderstand.

Iago. He's married.

Cassio. To who?

Iago. Marry to — Come Captaine, will you go?

Othel. Haue with you.

Cassio. Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be aduis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Othello. Holla, stand there.

Rodo. Signior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.

Iago. You, *Rodorigo*? Cme Sir, I am for you.

Othel. Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will
rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
yeares, then with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,

Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her

For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
(If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd
The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,
Would euer haue (t'encurre a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardage to the footie bosome,
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Iudge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charms,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. Ile haue't disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the World, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold vpon him, if he do resist
Subdue him, at his perill.

Othel. Hold your hands

Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To Prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

Othel. What if do obey?

How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.

Officer. 'Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? The Duke in Counsell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if such Actions may haue passage free,
Bond-slaves, and Pagans shall our Statefmen be. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this Newes,
That giues them Credite.

1. Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a Hundred and seuen Gallies.

Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.

2. Sena. And mine two Hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iust accompt,
(As in these Cafes where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme
A Turkish Fleet, and bearing vp to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:
I do not so secure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approue
In fearefull sense.

Saylor within. What hoa, what hoa, what hos.

Enter Saylor.

Officer. A

Officer. A Messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now? What's the businesse?

Sailor. The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo*.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1. Sen. This cannot be

By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider
Th'importancie of Cyprus to the Turke;
And let our selues againe but vnderstand,
That as it more concerns the Turke then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question beare it,
For that it stands not in such Warrelike brace,
But altogether lacks th'abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not thinke the Turke is so vnskillfull,
To leaue that latele, which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.

Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. The *Ottomiter*, Reueren'd, and Gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Haue there inioyned them with an after Fleet.

1. Sen. I so I thought: how many, as you guesse?
Mess. Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-tem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior *Montano*,
Your trustie and most Valiant Seruitour,
With his free dutie, recommends you thus,
And prayses you to belecue him.

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:

Marcus Luccicos is nor he in Towne?

1. Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from vs,

To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.

1. Sen. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Valiant Moore.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
Against the generall Enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my perticular griefe
Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it engulps, and swallows other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe.

Duke. Why? What's the matter?

Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. I, to me.

She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature, so preposterously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense),
Sans witch-craft could not.

Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,

And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,
You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne sense: yea, though our proper Sen
Stood in your Action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

All. We are veriesorry for't.

Duke. What in your owne part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Othel. Most Potent, Graue, and Reueren'd Signiors,
My very Noble, and approu'd good Masters;
That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is most true: true I haue married her;
The verie head, and front of my offending,
Hath this exten; no more. Rude am I, in my speech,
And little blest'd with the soft phrase of Peace;
For since these Armes of mine, had seuen yeares pith,
Till now, some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd
Their deereft action, in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Bataile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my selfe. Yet, (by your gracious patience)
I will a round vn-vernish'd Tale deliuer,
Of my whole course of Loue.
What Drugges, what Charms,
What Coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter.

Bra. A Maiden, neuer bold:
Of Spirit so still, and quiet, that her Motion
Bluth'd at her selfe, and she, in spite of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euery thing
To fall in Loue, with what she fear'd to looke on;
It is a iudgement main'd, and most imperfect.
That will confesse Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen
To find out practises of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,
Or with some Dram, (coniu'd to this effect)
He wrought vp on her.

To vouch this, is no prooffe,
Without more wider, and more ouer Test
Then these thin habits, and poore likely-hoods
Of moderne seeming, do prefer against him.

Sen. But *Othello*, speake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
Subdue, and poyson this yong Maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question
As soule, to soule affordeth?

Othel. I do beseech you,

Send for the Lady to the Sagitary.

And let her speake of me before her Father;

If you do finde me foule, in her report,

The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,

Not onely take away, but let your Sentence

Euen fall vpon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Othel. Aunciant, conduct them:

You best know the place.

And tell she come, as truly as to heauen,

I do confesse the vices of my blood,

So iustly to your Graue eares, Ile present

How

How I did thrive in this faire Ladies loue,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it *Othello*.

Othello. Her Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:

Still question'd me the storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battaille, Sieges, Fortune,
That I haue past.
I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,
Toch' very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,
And sold to slavery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauellours historie.
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen,
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Proesse,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The *Antrophagane*, and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline:
But still the house Affaires would draw her hence:
Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come againe, and with a greedie eare
Deuoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,
Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not instructiue: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speake of some distressfull stroke
That my youth suffer'd: My storie being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of kisses:
She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
She wist'd she had not heard it, yet she wist'd
That Heauen had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I spake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lou'd her, that she did pittie them.
This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken Weapons rather vse,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her speake?
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,
Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My Noble Father,
I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learne me,
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;
And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd

To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God be with you: I haue done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore;

I here do giue thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Iewell)
I am glad at foule, I haue no other Child;
For thy escape would teach me Tiranie
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.

Duke. Let me speake like your selfe:

And lay a Sentence,

Which as a grise, or step may helpe these Louers.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended
By feeling the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourne a Mischiefe that is past and gon,
Is the next way to draw new mischiefe on.
What cannot be present'd, when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Iniury a mock'ry makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe.

He robs himselfe, that spends a bootlesse griefe.
Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We loose it not so long as we can smile:
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he beares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equiuocall.
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:
That the bruiz'd heart was pierc'd through the eares.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th' Affaires of State.

Duke. The Turke with a most mighty Preparation
makes for Cyprus: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is
best knowne to you. And though we haue there a Substi-
tute of most allowed sufficiencie; yet opinion, a more
soueraigne Mistris of Effects, throwes a more safer
voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber
the glosse of your new Fortunes, with this more stub-
borne, and boystrous expedition.

Othello. The Tirant Custome, most Graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize
A Naturall and prompt Alacartie,
I finde in hardnesse: and do undertake
This present Warres against the *Ottomites*.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I craue fit disposition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With such Accomodation and befort
As leuels with her breeding.

Duke. Why at her Fathers?

Bra. I will not haue it so.

Othello. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there recide,

To put my Father in impatient thoughts

By being in his eye. Most Graious Duke,

To my vnfoling, lend your prosperous care,

And let me finde a Charter in your voice

To assist my simplenesse.

Duke. What would you *Desdemona*?

Des. That I loue the Moore, to liue with him,

My downe-right violence, and storme of Fortunes,

May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Euen to the very quality of my Lord;

I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my foule and Fortunes consecrate.
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:
And I a heauie interia shall support
By his deere absence. Let me go with him.

Othello. Let her haue your voice.

Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not

To please the palate of my Appetite:

Nor to comply with heat the yong affects

In my defect, and proper satisfaction.

But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:

And Heauen defend your good foules, that you thinke

I will your serious and great businesse scant

When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes

Of feather'd *Cupid*, feeble with wanton dulnesse

My speculative, and offi'd Instrument:

That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse:

Let Houle-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,

And all indigne, and base aduersities,

Make head against my Estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall priuately determine,

Either for her stay, or going: th' Affaires cries halt:

And speed must answer it.

Sen. You must away to night.

Othello. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th morning, here wee'l meete againe.

Othello, leaue some Officer behind

And he shall our Commission bring to you:

And such things else of qualitie and respect

As doth import you.

Othello. So please your Grace, my Ancient,

A man he is of honesty and trust:

To his conueyance I assigne my wife,

With what else needfull, your good Grace shall thinke

To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so:

Good night to euerie one. And Noble Signior,

If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,

Your Son-in-law is faire more Faire then Blacke.

Sen. Adieu brave Moore, v're *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou hast ries to see:

She ha's decei'd her Father, and may thee. *Exit.*

Othello. My life vpon her faith. Honest *Iago*,

My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee:

I prythee let thy wife attend on her,

And bring them after in the best aduantage.

Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre

Of Loue, of worldly matter, and direction

To spend with thee. We must obey the time. *Exit.*

Rod. *Iago*.

Iago. What saist thou Noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why go to bed and sleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iago. If thou do'st, I shall neuer loue thee after. Why

thou silly Gentleman?

Rod. It is sillinesse to liue, when to liue is torment:

and then haue we a prescription to dye, when death is

our Phyfition.

Iago. Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world

for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish

betwixt a Benefit, and an Iniurie: I neuer found man that
knew how to loue himselfe. Ere I would say, I would
drowne my selfe for the loue of a Gynney Hen, I would
change my Humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What should I do? I confesse it is my shame
to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our selues: that we are
thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which
our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Ner-
tels, or sowe Lettice: Set Hope, and weede vp Time:
Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or distract it with
many: eicher to haue it sterill with idlenesse, or manu-
red with Industry, why the power, and Corrigeable au-
thortie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues
had not one Scale of Reason, to poize another of Sensu-
alitie, the blood, and basenesse of our Natures would
conduct vs to most prepostrous Conclusions. But we
haue Reason to coole our raging Motions, our carnall
Strings, or vnbittered Lusts: whereof I take this, that you
call Loue, to be a Sect, or Seyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meely a Lust of the blood, and a permission
of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe? Drown
Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profess'd me thy Friend,
and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with Cables of
perdurable toughnesse. I could neuer better feed thee
then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the
Warres, defeateth thy fauour, with an vsurp'd Beard. I say
put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that *Desdemona*
should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in
thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commence-
ment in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Seque-
stration, put but Money in thy purse. These Moores
are changeable in their wils: fill thy purse with Money.
The Food that to him now is as luscious as Locusts,
shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She
must change for youth: when she is sated with his body
she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Mo-
ney in thy purse: If thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, do
it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Mo-
ney thou canst: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, be-
twixt an erring Barbarian, and super-fuble Venetian be
not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou
shalt enioy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drow-
ning thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou ra-
ther to be hang'd in Compassing thy ioy, then to be
drown'd, and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on
the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Money: I haue
told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I
hate the Moore. My cause is hearted; thine hath no lesse
reason. Let vs be coniuinctive in our reuenge, against
him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a
pleasure, me a sport. There are many Euentis in the
Wombe of Time, which wilbe deliuered. Trauerse, go,
prouide thy Money. We will haue more of this to mor-
row. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meete i'th morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you heare *Roderigo*?

Rod. Ile sell all my Land.

Iago. Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse:

For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane

I if I would time expend with such Snipe.

But

But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
She ha's done my Office. I know not if 't be true,
But I, for mere suspicion in that kinde,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him:
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
In double Knauery. How? How? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse Othello's eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seeme to be so,
And will as tenderly be lead by'th Nose
As Affes are:
I haue't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mont. What from the Cape, can you discerne at Sea?
1. Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,
Descry a Saile.

Mont. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so vpon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Mortices. What shall we heare of this?
2. A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:
For do but stand vpon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clouds,
The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beere,
And quench the Guards of th'euer-fixed Pole:
I neuer did like mollestation view
On the enchafted Flood.

Mont. If that the Turkish Fleete
Be not enshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3. Newes Laddes: our warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,
That their designement halts. A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath scene a greuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mont. How? Is this true?
3. The Ship is heere put in: A Varennesse, Michael Cassio
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, Othello,
Is come on Shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus.

Mont. I am glad on't:

'Tis a worthy Governour:
3. But this same Cassio, though he speake of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe; for they were parted
With foule and violent Tempest, they sawe some
Mont. Pray Heauens he be:

For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (ho!)
As well to see the Vessell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for braue Othello,
Euen till we make the Maine, and th'Eriall blew,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For euery Minute is expectancie
Of more Arriuancie.

Enter Cassio.

Cassio. Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That to approue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
Giue him defence against the Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Mont. Is he well ship'd?

Cassio. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylor
Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not surfett'd to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.

Cassio. What noise?

Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th'Sea
Stand ranks of People, and they cry, a Saile.

Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courtisie,
Our Friends, at least.

Cassio. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd.

Gent. I shall.

Exit.

Mont. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wi'd?
Cassio. Most fortunately: he hath atchieu'd a Maid
That paragons description, and wilde Fame:
One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,
And in the essentiall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who ha's put in?

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, Auncient to the Generall.

Cassio. Ha's had most favourable, and happie speed:
Tempests themselves, high Seas, and howling winde,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to enlogge the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing fence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
The Diuine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she?

Cassio. She that I spake of:

Our great Captaine, Captaine,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,

Whole footing heere anticipates our thoughts,

A Senights speed. Great loue, Othello guard,

And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,

That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,

Make loues quicke pants in Desdemona's Armes,

Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Emilia.

Oh behold,

The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:

You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees:

Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauens,

Before, behind thee, and on euery hand

Enwheele thee round.

Def. I thanke you, Valiant Cassio,

What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Cassio.

Cas. He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly heere.

Def. Oh, but I feare:

How lost you company?

Cassio. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowship. But hearken, a Saile.

Within. A Saile, a Saile.

Gent. They giue this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewise is a Friend.

Cassio. See for the Newes:

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris:

Let it not gaul your patience (good Iago)

That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,

That giues me this bold shew of Courtisie.

Iago. Sir, would she giue you so much of her lippes,

As of her tongue she oft bestowes on me,

You would haue enough.

Def. Alas: she ha's no speech.

Iago. Infait too much:

I finde it still, when I haue leaue to sleepe.

Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

Emil. You haue little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of

doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kit-

chens: Saints in your Injuries: Diuels being offended:

Players in your Huswiferie, and Huswiues in your

Beds.

Def. Oh, she vpon thee, Slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turke,

You rise to play, and go to bed to worke.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Def. What would'st write of me, if thou should'st

praise me?

Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too, t,

For I am nothing, if not Criticall.

Def. Come on, assay.

There's one gone to the Harbour?

Iago. I Madam.

Def. I am not merry: but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes

from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes

out Braines and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she

is deliuer'd.

If she be faire, and wise: fairenesse, and wis,

The ones for vs, the other vseth vs.

Def. Well prais'd:

How if she be Blacke and Witty?

Iago. If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,

She'll find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.

Def. Worse, and worse.

Emil. How if faire, and Foolish?

Iago. She neuer yet was foolish: that was faire,

For euen her folly helps her to an heire.

Def. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles

laugh i'th'Alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou

for her that's Foule, and Foolish?

Iago. There's none so foule and foolish therunto,

But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wise-ones do.

Def. Oh heauy ignorance: thou praisest the worst

best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a defer-

ring woman indeed? One, that in the authorithy of her

merit, did iustly put on the vouch of very malice
selfe.

Iago. She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,

Had Tongue as will, and yet was neuer loud:

Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay,

Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may.

She that being angry, her reuenge being nic,

Had her wrong stay, and her displeasure sic:

She that in wisdom neuer was so fraile,

To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile:

She that could thinke, and ne'r disclose her mind,

See Suitors following, and not looke behind:

She was a wight, (if euer such wights were)

Def. To do what?

Iago. To suckle Fooles, and chronicle small Beere.

Def. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion, Do
not learne of him: Emilia, though he be thy husband,
How say you (Cassio) is he not a most prophane, and li-
berall Counsaile?

Cassio. He speakes home (Madam) you may tellish
him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler.

Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whis-

per. With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great

a Fly as Cassio. I smile vpon her, do: I will giue thee

in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed.

If such tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenant-

trie, it had bene better you had not kil'd your three fin-

gers so oft, which now againe you are most apt to play

the Sir, in. Very good: well kiss'd, and excellent Cur-

sie: 'tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your

lippes? Would they were Clutter-pipes for your

fake.

The Moore I know his Trumpet.

Cassio. 'Tis truely so.

Def. Let's meete him, and recieue him.

Cassio. Loe, where he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my faire Warriour.

Def. My deere Othello.

Oth. It giues me wonder great, as my content

To see you heere before me.

Oh my Soules Ioy:

If after euery Tempest, come such Calmes,

May the winde blow, till they haue waken'd death:

And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas

Olympus high: and duck againe as low,

As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,

'Twere now to be most happy. For I feare,

My Soule hath her content so absolute,

That not another comfort like to this,

Succeedes in yknowne Fate.

Def. The Heauens forbid

But that our Loues

And Comforts should encrease

Euen as our dayes do grow.

Oth. Amen to that (sweet Powers)

I cannot speake enough of this content,

It stoppes me heere: it is too much of ioy.

And this, and this the greatest discords be

That ere our hearts shall make.

Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But Ile set downe

the peggs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am.

Oth.

Oth. Come: let vs to the Castle.
Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
 The Turkes are drown'd.
 How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle?
 (Hony) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
 I haue round great loue among'tt them. Oh my Sweet,
 I prattle out of fashion, and I doate
 In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good *Iago*,
 Go to the Bay, and dismbarke my Coffers:
 Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,
 He is a good one, and his worthynesse
 Do's challenge much respect. Come *Desdemona*,
 Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour.
 Come thither, if thou be'st Valiant, (as they say base men
 being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures,
 more then is native to them) list me; the Lieutenant to
 night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell
 thee this: *Desdemona*, is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy soule be in-
 structed. Marke me with what violence she first lou'd
 the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical
 lies. To loue him still for prating, let not thy discret
 heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight
 shall she haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood
 is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a
 game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a fresh appetite.
 Louelinesse in fauour, sympathy in yeares, Manners,
 and Beauties: all which the Moore is defective in. Now
 for want of these requir'd Conueniences, her delicate
 tendernesse will finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heaue the,
 gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature will
 instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice.
 Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vn-
 forc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of
 this Fortune, as *Cassio* do's: a knaue very voluble: no
 further conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme
 of Ciuill, and Humaine seeming, for the better compasse
 of his salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none,
 why none: A slipper, and suble knaue, a finder of occa-
 sion: that he's an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Ad-
 uantages, though true Advantage neuer present it selfe.
 A diuelli knaue: besides, the knaue is handsome, young:
 and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene
 mindes looke after. A pestilent compleat knaue, and the
 woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleue that in her, she's full of most
 blefs'd condition.

Iago. Blefs'd figges-end. The Wine she drinks is
 made of grapes. If shee had bene blefs'd, shee would
 neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Blefs'd pudding. Didst thou
 not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not
 marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but currensie.

Iago. Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure
 prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts.
 They met so neere with their lippes, that their breathes
 embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Roderigo*, when
 these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand
 comes the Master, and maine exercise, th'incorporate
 conclusion: Pish. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue
 brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for
 the Command, He lay't vpon you. *Cassio* knowes you
 not; He not be farre from you. Do you finde some oc-

casion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or
 tainting his discipline, or from what other course
 you please, which the time shall more fauorably mi-
 nister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller: and
 happely may strike at you, prouoke him that he may: for
 euen out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny.
 Whose qualification shall come into no true taste a-
 gaine, but by the displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you
 haue a shorter iourney to your desires, by the meanes I
 shall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment
 most profitably remoued, without the which there were
 no expectation of our prosperitie.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any oppor-
 tunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the
 Cittadell. I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore, Fare-
 well.

Rod. Adieu.

Iago. That *Cassio* loues her, I do well beleue't:
 That she loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
 The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not)
 Is of a constant, louing, Noble Nature,
 And I dare thinke, he's proue to *Desdemona*
 A most deere husband. Now I do loue her too,
 Not out of absolute Lust, (though peradventure
 I stand accomprant for as great a sin)
 But partly led to dyet my Reuenge,
 For that I do suspect the lustie Moore
 Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
 Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes:
 And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
 Till I am ecuen'd with him, wife, for wif.
 Or sayling so, yet that I put the Moore,
 At least into a Ielouisie so strong
 That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
 If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
 For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
 He haue our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe
 (For I feare *Cassio* with my Night-Cape too)
 Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an Asse,
 And practising vpon his peace, and quiet,
 Euen to madnesse. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
 Knaueries plaine face, is neuer seene, till vs'd.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Vali-
 ant Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriv'd,
 importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleete:
 euery man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce,
 some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and
 Reuels his addition leads him. For besides these bene-
 ficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So
 much was his pleasure should be proclaimed: All offi-
 ces are open, & there is full libertie of Feasting from this

present houre of siue, till the Bell haue told eleuen.
 blese the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othel-
 lo*.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night.
 Let's teach our selues that Honourable stop,
 Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago*, hath direction what to do.
 But notwithstanding with my personall eye
 Will I looke to't.

Oth. *Iago*, is most honest:
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,
 Let me haue speech with you. Come my deere Loue,
 The purchase made, the fruites are to eniue,
 That profit's yet to come 'twene me, and you.
 Goodnight.

Exit Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*: we must to the Watch.
Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten
 o'clocke. Our Generall cast vs thus early for the
 loue of his *Desdemona*: Who, let vs not therefore blame;
 he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and
 she is sport for Ioue.

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh, and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she ha's?

Michael thinks it founds a parley to prouocation.

Cas. An inuicing eye:

And yet me thinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks,

Is it not an Alarm to Loue?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well: happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieu-
 tenant, I haue a scope of Wine, and heere without are a
 brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a mea-
 sure to the health of blacke *Othello*.

Cas. Not to night, good *Iago*, I haue very poore,
 and vnhappy Braines for drinking. I could well wish
 Currensie would inuent some other Custome of enter-
 tainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile
 drinke for you.

Cassio. I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that
 was craftily qualified too: and behold what inouation
 it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and
 dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.

Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gal-
 lants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.

Cas. Ile do't, but it dislikes me.

Iago. If I can fasten but one Cup vpon him

With that which he hath drunke to night already,

He'll be as full of Quarrell, and offence

As my yong Mistris dogge.

Now my sicke Foole *Roderigo*,

Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,

To *Desdemona* hath to night Carrows'd.

Potations, portle-deepe; and he's to watch.

Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites,

(That hold their Honours in a wary distance,

The very Elements of this Warrelike Isle)

Haue I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,

And they Watch too.

Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards
 Am I put to our *Cassio* in some Action
 That may offend the Isle. But here they come.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Consequence do but approue my dreame,
 My Boate sailes freely, both with winde and Streame.

Cas. Fore heauen, they haue giuen me a rowle already.

Mon. Good-faith a little one: not past a pint, as I am a
 Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa.

And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke?

And let me the Cannakin clinke.

A Souldiers a man: Oh, man's life's but a span,

Why then let a Souldier drinke.

Some Wine Boyes.

Cas. Fore Heauen: an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are

most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine,

and your swag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are

nothing to your English.

Cassio. Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drink-
 ing?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facilitie, your Dane

dead drunke. He sweates not to ouerthrow your Al-

maine. He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next

Portle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Iustice:

Iago. Oh sweet England.

King Stephen was and a worthy Peere

His Breeches cost him but a Crowne

He held them Six pence all to deere

With that he call'd the Tailor Lowne

He was a wight of high Renowne

And thou art but of low degree

'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe

And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee

Some Wine hoa.

Cassio. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the o-

ther.

Iago. Will you heare't againe?

Cas. No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place;

that do's those things. Well: heau'ns above all: and

there be soules must be saued, and there be soules must

not be saued.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall,

nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be saued.

Iago. And to do I too Lieutenant.

Cassio. I: (but by your leaue) not before me. The

Lieutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's haue

no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our

sinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our businesse. Do not

thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this

is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke

now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Cas. Why very well then: you must not thinke then,

that I am drunke.

Mont. To th' Platforme (Masters) come, let's set the

Watch.

Iago. You see this Fellow, that is gone before,

He's a Souldier, fit to stand by *Cesar*,

And giue direction. And do but see his vice,

'Tis to his vertue, a iust Equinox,

The

The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pittie of him:
I feare the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odde time of his infirmities
Will shake this Island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe,
He'll watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.

Mont. It were well

The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his euils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now Rodorigo?

I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mon. And 'tis great pittie, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second
With one of an ingraft infirmities,
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moore.

Iago. Not I, for this faire Island,
I do loue Cassio well: and would do much
To cure him of this euill, But hearken what noife?

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue: you Rascall.

Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?

Cas. A Knaue teach me my dutie? He beate the
Knaue into a Twigggen-Bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue?

Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant:

I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Cassio. Let me go (Sir)

Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard.

Mon. Come, come: you're drunke.

Cassio. Drunke?

Iago. Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.

Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:

Helpe ho. Lieutenant. Sir Montano:

Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.

Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, ho:

The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,

You'll be asham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Othe. What is the matter heere?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to th'death. He dies.

Othe. Hold for your liues.

Iag. Hold ho: Lieutenants, Sir Montano, Gentlemen:

Haue you forgot all place of sense and dutie?

Hold: The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame.

Oth. Why how now ho? From whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selues do that

Which Heauen hath forbid the Ottomites.

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle:

He that sits next, to carue for his owne rage,

Holds his soule light: He dies vpon his Motion.

Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,

From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?

Honest Iago, that lookes dead with greewing,

Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?

Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.

In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome

Deuotling them for Bed: and then, but now:

(As if some Planet had vnwitted men)

Swords out, and tilting one at others breaste,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speake

Any beginning to this peeuish odde.

And would, in Action glorious, I had lost

Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Othe. How comes it (Michael) you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Othe. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be ciuill:

The grauitie, and fullnesse of your youth

The world hath noted. And your name is great

In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter

That you vnlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler? Giue me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger,

Your Officer Iago, can informe you,

While I spare speech which something now offends me.

Of all that I do know, nor know I ought

By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,

Vnlesse selfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,

And to defend our selues, it be a sinne

When violence assailes vs.

Othe. Now by Heauen,

My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,

And passion (hauiing my best iudgement collied)

Assaies to leade the way. If I once stir,

Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you

Shall sinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know

How this foule Rout began: Who set it on,

And he that is approu'd in this offence,

Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,

Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,

To Manage priuate, and domestick Quarrell?

In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?

'Tis monstrous: Iago, who began't?

Mon. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,

Thou dost deliuer more, or lesse then Truth.

Thou art no Souldier.

Iago. Touch me not so neere,

I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,

Then it should do offence to Michael Cassio.

Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake the truth

Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:

Montano and my selfe being in speech,

There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,

And Cassio following him with determin'd Sword

To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,

Steppes in to Cassio, and entreates his pause:

My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,

Least by his clamour (as it so fell out)

The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)

Out-ran my purpose: and I return'd then rather

For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,

And Cassio high in oath: Which till to night

I nere might say before. When I came backe

(For this was briefe) I found them close together

At blow, and thrust, euen as againe they were

When you your selfe did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report,

But Men are Men: The best sometimes forget,

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,

As men in rage strike those that with them best,

Yet surely Cassio I beleue receiu'd

From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,

Which patience could not passe.

Othe.

Othe. I know Iago

Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter,

Making it light to Cassio: Cassio, I loue thee,

But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:

Ile make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter (Deere?)

Othe. All's well, Sweeting:

Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,

My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:

Iago, looke with care about the Towne,

And silence those whom this wild brawle distracted.

Come Desdemona, 'tis the Soldiers life,

To haue their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife. Exit.

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Cas. I, past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry Heauen forbid.

Cas. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I haue

lost my Reputation. I haue lost the immortall part of

my selfe, and what remains is bestiall. My Reputation,

Iago, my Reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had

receiu'd some bodily wound; there is more fence in that

then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false

imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without de-

seruing. You haue lost no Reputation at all, vnlesse you

repute your selfe such a loafer. What man, there are

more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are

but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in poli-

cie, then in malice) euen so as one would beate his of-

fencelesse dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to

him againe, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue

so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so

indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrot? And

squabble? Swagger? Swear? And discourse Rustian

with 'ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of

Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let vs call

thee Diuell.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your

Sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing di-

stinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that

men should put an Enemy in their mouthes, to steale a-

way their Braines? that we should with ioy, pleasure,

reuell and applause, transforme our selues into Beasts.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how

came you thus recouered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkenesse, to giue

place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectnesse, shewes me

another to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iago. Come, you are too seuer a Moraller. As the

Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands

I could hartily wish this had not befallne: but since it is, as

it is, mend it for your owne good.

Cas. I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell

me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as Hydra,

such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sen-

sible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh

strange! Every inordinate cup is vnblest, and the Ingre-

diend is a diuell.

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good famili^{ar}
Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more against it.
And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue
you.

Cassio. I haue well approued it, Sir, I drunke?

Iago. You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a

time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our Generall's

Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this respect,

for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himselfe to the

Contemplation; marke: and deuotement of her parts

and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her: Impor-

tune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is

of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition,

she holds it a vice in her goodnessse, not to do more

then she is requested. This broken ioynt betweene

you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my

Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of

your Loue, shall grow stronger, then it was before.

Cassio. You aduise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sinceritie of Loue, and honest

kindnesse.

Cassio. I thinke it freely: and betimes in the morn-

ing, I will beseech the vertuous Desdemona to vndertake

for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I

must to the Watch.

Cassio. Good night, honest Iago.

Exit Cassio.

Iago. And what's he then,

That saies I play the Villaine?

When this aduise is free I giue, and honest,

Proball to thinking, and indeed the course

To win the Moore againe.

For 'tis most easie

Th'inclining Desdemona to subdue

In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitfull

As the free Elements. And then for her

To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptisme,

All Seales, and Symbols of redeemed sin:

His Soule is so enfeet'd to her Loue,

That she may make, vnmake, do what she list,

Euen as her Appetite shall play the God,

With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,

To Counsell Cassio to this paralell course,

Directly to his good? Diuinitie of hell,

When diuels will the blackest sinnes put on,

They do suggest at first with heauenly shewes,

As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole

Plies Desdemona, to repaire his Fortune,

And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,

Ile powre this pestilence into his eare:

That she repeales him, for her bodies Lust

And by how much she strives to do him good,

She shall vndo her Credite with the Moore,

So will I turne her vertue into pitch,

And out of her owne goodnessse make the Net,

That shall en-maish them all.

How now Rodorigo?

Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. I do follow heere in the Chace, not

like a Hound that hunts, but one that fills vp the

Crie. My Money is almost spent; I haue bin to night

exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the issue

et 3

will

will bee, I shall haue so much experience for my paines ; And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, returne againe to Venice.

Iago. How poore are they that haue not Patience? What wound did euer heale but by degrees? Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft And Wit depends on dilatory time : Dos't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee, and thou by that small hurt hath casheer'd *Cassio* : Though other things grow faire against the Sun, Yee Fruites that blossom first, will first be ripe : Content thy selfe, a while. Introth 'tis Morning ; Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short. Retire thee, go where thou art Billited ; Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter : Nay get thee gone.

Two things are to be done : My Wife must moue for *Cassio* to her Mistis : Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde Soliciting his wife : I, that's the way : Dull not Deuice, by coldnesse, and delay. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clowne.

Cassio. Masters, play heere, I will content your paines, Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General.

Clo. Why Masters, haue your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speake it h' Nose thus?

Mus. How Sir? how?

Clo. Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?

Mus. I marry are they sir.

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, heere's money for you: and the General so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loues sake to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any Musicke that may not be heard, too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the General do's not greatly care.

Mus. We haue none such, sir.

Clo. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagges, for Ile away. Go, vanish into ayre, away. *Exit Mus.*

Cassio. Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest Friend: I heare you.

Cassio. Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, ther's a poore peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentiewoman that attends the General be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entertains her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring sir: if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notifie vnto her. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago*.

Iago. You haue not bin a-bed then?

Cassio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted. I haue made bold (*Iago*) to send in to your wife:

My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*

Procure me some access.

Iago. Ile send her to you presently: And Ile deuise a meane to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse May be more free.

Cassio. I humbly thanke you for't: I neuer knew A Florentine more kinde, and honest. *Exit.*

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorry For your displeasure: but all will sure be well. The Generall and his wife are talking of it, And she speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies, That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus, And great Affinitie: and that in wholsome Wifedome He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loues you And needs no other Suitor, but his likings To bring you in againe.

Cassio. Yet I beseech you, If you thinke fit, or that it may be done, Giue me aduantage of some breefe Discourse With *Desdemona* alone.

Emil. Pray you come in: I will bestow you where you shall haue time To speake your bosome freely.

Cassio. I am much bound to you. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These Letters giue (*Iago*) to the Pilot, And by him do my duties to the Senate: That done, I will be walking on the Workes, Repaire there to mee.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doe't.

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see?

Gen. Well waite vpon your Lordship. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd (good *Cassio*) I will do All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Emil. Good Madam do: I warrant it grieues my Husband, As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt *Cassio* But I will haue my Lord, and you againe As friendly as you were.

Cassio. Bounteous Madam, What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*, He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.

Des. I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord: You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd He shall in Arangenesse stand no farther off, Then in a politique distance.

Cassio. I, but Lady, That policie may either last so long, Or feede vpon such nice and waterish diet, Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances, That I being absent, and my place supply'd, My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice.

Des. Do not doubt that: before *Emilia* here,

I giue thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee, If I do vow a friendship, Ile performe it To the last Article. My Lord shall neuer rest, till I watch him tame, and talke him out of patience. His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shift, And I will interpleague euery thing he do's With *Cassio's* suite: Therefore be merry. *Cassio*, blow I For thy Solicitor shall rather dye, Than giue thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Emil. Madam, heere comes my Lord.

Cassio. Madam, Ile take my leaue.

Des. Why stay, and heare me speake?

Cassio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,

Vnto for mine owne purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion.

Iago. Hah? I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if I know not what?

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iago. *Cassio* my Lord? No sure, I cannot thinke it.

That he would steale away so guiltily-like,

Seeing your comming.

Oth. I do beleue 'twas he.

Des. How now my Lord?

I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,

A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you meane?

Des. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*: Good my Lord,

If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,

His present reconciliation take.

For if he be not one, that truly loues you,

That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,

I haue no iudgement in an honest face.

I prythee call him backe.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. I sooth; so humbled,

That he hath left part of his greefe with mee

To suffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.

Oth. Not now (sweet *Desdemona*) some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner (Sweet) for you.

Des. Shall't be to night, at Supper?

Oth. No, not to night.

Des. To morrow Dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:

I meete the Capitaines at the Cittadell.

Des. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,

On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wednesday Morne,

I prythee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three dayes. In faith hee's penitent:

And yet his Treipasse, in our common reason

(Sae that they say the warres must make example)

Out of her best, is not almost a fault

To incurre a priuate checke. When shall he come?

Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule

What you would aske me, that I should deny.

Or stand so maim'ring on? What? *Michael Cassio*,

That came a wooing with you? and so many a time

(When I haue spoke of you disparagingly)

Hath tane your part, to haue so much to do

To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.

Oth. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a Boone:

'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloues, Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme, Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit To your owne person. Nay, when I haue a suite Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed, It shall be full of poize, and difficult waight, And scarce all to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leaue me but a little to my selfe.

Des. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.

Oth. Farewell my *Desdemona*, Ile come to thee straight.

Des. *Emilia* come; be as your Fancies teach you;

What ere you be, I am obedient. *Exit.*

Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule,

But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not,

Chaos is come againe.

Iago. My Noble Lord,

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*

When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?

Oth. He did, from first to last.

Why dost thou aske?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my Thought,

No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with him.

Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? I, Honest.

Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What dost thou thinke?

Iago. Thinke, my Lord?

Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou eccho'st me;

As if there were some Monster in thy thought

Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say euen now, thou lik'st not that,

When *Cassio* left my wife. What did'st not like?

And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile,

Of my whole course of wooing; thou criest 'st, Indeede?

And didd'st contract, and purle thy brow together,

As if thou then hadd'st shut vp in thy Braine

Some horrible Conceite. If thou do'st loue me,

Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I loue you.

Oth. I thinke thou do'st:

And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honestie,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giu'st them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:

For such things in a false disloyall Knaue

Are trickes of Custome: but in a man that's iust,

They're close dilations, working from the heart,

That Passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.

Oth. I thinke so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seeme,

Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

Iago. Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?

I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,

As thou dost ruminate, and giue thy worst of thoughts

The

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to every Act of dutie,
I am not bound to that: All Slaues are free:
Vtter my Thoughts? Why say, they are vild, and false?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breast so pure,
Wherein vnclenly Apprehensions
Keepe Lectes, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit
With meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his care
A stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse
(As I confesse it is my Nature's plague
To spy into Abuses, and of my ialousie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom
From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble
Out of his scattering, and vntrue obseruance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou meane?

Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules;
Who steales my purse, steales trash:
'Tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin slaue to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. He know thy Thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custodie.

Oth. Ha?

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of ialousie,
It is the Greene-eyed Monster, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in blisse,
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes 'els he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suspects, yet soundly loues?

Oth. O miserie.

Iago. Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches finelesse, is as poore as Winter,
To him that euer feares he shall be poore:
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From Ialousie.

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a Life of Ialousie;
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be resolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule
To such exultate, and blow'd Surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Ialous,
To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, these are more vertuous.

Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No *Iago*,
Hee see before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;
And on the prooue, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Loue, or Ialousie.

Ia. I am glad of this: For now I shall haue reason
To shew the Loue and Duty that I beare you
With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receiue it from me: I speake not yet of prooue:
Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassio*,
Weare your eyes, thus: not Ialous, nor Secure:
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of selfe-Bounty, beabus'd: Looke too:
I know our Country disposition well:
In Venice, they do let Heauen see the pranks
They dare not shew their Husbands.

Their best Conscience,
Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why go too then:

Shee that so young could giue out such a Seeming
To feele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirit:

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I feare it has:

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from your Loue.

But I do see 'y're mou'd:

I am to pray you, not to straine my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suspition.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so (my Lord)

My speech should fall into such vild successe,
Which my Thoughts ay'd not.

Cassio's my worthy Friend:

My Lord, I see 'y're mou'd.

Oth. No, not much mou'd:

I do not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long liue she so;

And long liue you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how Nature errs from it selfe.

Iago. I, there's the point:

As (to be bold with you)

Not to affect many proposed Matches

Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,

Whereo we see in all things, Nature tends:

Foh, one may smel in such, a will most ranke,

Foule disproportions, Thoughts vnnatural.

But (pardon me) I do not in position

Distinctly speake of her, though I may feare

Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,

May fall to match you with her Country formes,

And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceiue, let me know more:

Set on thy wife to obserue.

Leaue me *Iago*.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leaue.

Othel. Why did I marry?

This honest Creature (doublelesse)

Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfold.

Iago

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
To scan this thing no farther: Leau it to time,

Although 'tis fit that *Cassio* haue his Place;

For sure he fills it vp with great Ability;

Yet if you please, to him off a-while:

You shall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:

Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment

With any strong, or vehement importunitie,

Much will be seene in that: In the meane time,

Let me be thought too busie in my feares,

(As worthy cause I haue to feare I am)

And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.

Oth. Feare not my gouernment.

Iago. I once more take my leaue. Exit.

Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,

And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit

Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,

Though that her Iesses were my deere heart-strings,

I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the winde

To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,

And haue not those soft parts of Conuersation

That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd

Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)

Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe

Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage!

That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,

And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,

And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,

Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue

For others vses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,

Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the Base,

'Tis destiny vnthuntable, like death:

Even then, this forked plague is Fated vs,

When we do quicken. Looke where she comes:

Enter *Desdemona* and *Emilia*.

If she be false, Heauen mock'd it selfe:
He not beleue't.

Des. How now, my deere *Othello*?

Your dinner, and the generous Islanders

By you inuited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am too blame.

Des. Why do you speake so faintly?

Are you not well?

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.

Des. Why that's with watching. 'twill away againe.

Let me but binde it hard, within this houre

It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is too little:

Let it alone: Come, He go in with you. Exit.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Emil. I am glad I haue found this Napkin:

This was her first remembrance from the Moore,

My wayward Husband hath a hundred times

Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the Token,

(For he coniu'd her, she should euer keepe it)

That she referres it euermore about her,

To kisse, and talke too. He haue the worke tane out,

And giu't *Iago*: what he will do with it

Heauen knowes, not I:

Nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter *Iago*.

Iago. How now? What do you heere alone?

Emil. Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.

Iago. You haue a thing for me?

It is a common thing ———

Emil. Hah?

Iago. To haue a foolish wife.

Emil. Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now

For that same Handkerchiefe?

Iago. What Handkerchiefe?

Emil. What Handkerchiefe?

Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,

That which so often you did bid me steale,

Iago. Ha! stolne it from her?

Emil. No; but she let it drop by negligence,

And to th'advantage, I being heere, took't vp:

Looke, heere 'tis.

Iago. A good wenche, giue it me.

Emil. What will you do with't, that you haue bene

so earnest to haue me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you?

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,

Giue't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad

When she shall lacke it.

Iago. Be not acknowne on't:

I haue vs'd for it. Go, leaue me. Exit *Emil.*

I will in *Cassio's* Lodging loose this Napkin,

And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,

Are to the ialous, confirmations strong,

As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something,

The Moore already changes with my poyson:

Dangerous conceits, are in their Nature's poysons,

Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;

But with a little acte vpon the blood,

Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.

Enter *Othello*.

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,

Nor all the drowie Syrrups of the world,

Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe

Which thou ow'd'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to mee?

Iago. Why how now Generall? No more of that.

Oth. Auant, be gone: Thou hast set me on the Racke:

I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,

Then but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What sence had I, in her stolne houres of Lust?

I saw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me

I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.

I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her Lippes:

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,

Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to heare this:

Oth. I had bene happy, if the generall Campe,

Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweete Body,

So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer

Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;

Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,

That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell

Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,

The Spirit-stirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,

The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,

Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre:

And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates

Th'immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfer,

Farewell: *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't possible, my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a Whore;

Be sure of it: Giue me the Occular prooue,

Or

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'st bin better haue bin borne a Dog,
Then answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this? *Orb.* Make me to see't; or (at the least) so proue it,
That the probation beare no Hindege, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.

Iago. My Noble Lord,
Orb. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse,
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.

Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!
Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Sense?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lou'dst to make thine Honesty a Vice!
Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
He loue no Friend, fith Loue breeds such offence.

Orb. Nay stay: thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for Honesty's a Foole,

And looses that it workes for.

Orb. By the World,

I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not:

I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not:

He haue some prooffe. My name that was as fresh

As *Dians* Visage, is now begrim'd and blacke

As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,

Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating freames,

He not indure it. Would I were satis fied.

Iago. I see you are eaten vp with Passion:

I do repent me, that I put it to you.

You would be satis fied?

Orb. Would? Nay, and I will.

Iago. And may: but how? How satis fied, my Lord?

Would you the super-vision grossely gape on?

Behold her top'd?

Orb. Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,

To bring them to that Prospect: Damm them then,

If euer mortall eyes do see them bouldster

More then their owne. What then? How then?

What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this,

Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,

As salt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as grosse as lead:

As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I say,

If imputation, and strong circumstances, beat

Which lead directly to the doore of Truth,

Will giue you satisfaction, you might haue't.

Orb. Give me a liuing reason she's disloyall.

Iago. I do not like the Office.

But sith I am entred in this cause so farre,

(Prick'd red' by foolish Honesty, and Loue)

I will go on: I lay with *Cassio* lately,

And being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men,

So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter

Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Cassio*:

In sleepe I heard him say, sweet *Desdemona*,

Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,

And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:

Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,

As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And sigh, and kisse, and then cry curst Fate,
That gaue thee to the Moore.

Orb. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.

Orb. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,

'Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other prooffes,

That do demonstrate thinly.

Orb. He teare her all to peeces.

Iago. Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,

She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,

Haue you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe

Spotted with Strawberries, in your wifes hand?

Orb. I gaue her such a one: 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe

(I am sure it was your wifes) did I to day

See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.

Orb. If it be that.

Iago. If it be that, or any, it was hers.

It speakes against her with the other prooffes.

Orb. O that the Slaue had forty thousand liues:

One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.

Now do I see 'tis true. Looke here *Iago*,

All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.

Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,

Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and heared Throne

To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,

For 'tis of Aspickes tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Orb. Oh blood, blood, blood.

Iago. Patience I say: your minde may change.

Orb. Neuer *Iago*. Like to the Ponticke Sea,

Whose teie Current, and compulsiue course,

Neu'r keepe retyring ebbe, but keepe due on

To the Proponticke, and the Hellesponte:

Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace

Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,

Till that a capable, and wide Reuenge

Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,

In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,

I heere engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet:

Witness you euer-burning Lights aboue,

You Elements, that clip vs round about,

Witness that heere *Iago* doth giue vp

The execution of his wit, hands, heart,

To wrong'd *Orbello*'s Seruice. Let him command,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,

What bloody businesse euer.

Orb. I greet thy loue,

Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,

And will vpon the instant put thee too't.

Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,

That *Cassio*'s not aliue.

Iago. My Friend is dead:

'Tis done at your Request.

But let her liue.

Orb. Damm her lewde Minx:

O damne her, damne her.

Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw

To furnish me with some swift meanes of death

For the faire Diuell.

Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio*

lies?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

Clow. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lies,

'tis flabbing.

Des. Go too: where lodges he?

Clow. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where

I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clow. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to de-

scribe a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were

to lye in mine owne throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by re-

port?

Clow. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make

Questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I

haue mou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will

be well.

Clow. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit,

and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit Clow.*

Des. Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, *Em-*

ilia?

Emil. I know not Madam.

Des. Beleue me, I had rather haue lost my purse

Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore

Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse,

As iecalous Creatures are, it were enough

To put him to ill-thinking.

Emil. Is he not iecalous?

Des. Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,

Drew all such humors from him.

Emil. Looke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Des. I will not leaue him now, till *Cassio* be

Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Orb. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble!

How do you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Orb. Giue me your hand.

This hand is moist my Lady.

Des. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Orb. This argues fruitfulnessse, and liberall heart:

Hot, hot, and moyst. This hand of yours requires

A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer,

Much Castigation, Exercise deuout,

For heere's a yong, and sweating Diuell heere

That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,

A franke one.

Des. You may (indeed) say so:

For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Orb. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands:

But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speake of this:

Come, now your promise.

Orb. What promise, Chucke?

Des. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.

Orb. I haue a salt and sorry Rhewme offends me:

Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.

Des. Heere my Lord.

Orb. That which I gaue you.

Des. I haue it not about me.

Orb. Not?

Des. No indeed, my Lord.

Orb. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe

Did an Egyptian to my Mother giue:

She was a Charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,

'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father

Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,

Or made a Gift of it, my Fathers eye

Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt

After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,

And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Win'd)

To giue it her. I did so; and take heede on't,

Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:

To loose't, or giue't away, were such perdition,

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Orb. 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:

A Sybill that had numbred in the world

The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,

In her Prophetick furie sow'd the Worke:

The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,

And it was dyde in Mummy, which the Skilfull

Conferu'd of Maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed? Is't true?

Orb. Most veritable, therefore looke too't well.

Des. Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer seene't?

Orb. Ha? wherefore?

Des. Why do you speake so startlingly, and rash?

Orb. Is't lost? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th' way?

Des. Blesse vs.

Orb. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: but what and if it were?

Orb. How?

Des. I say it is not lost.

Orb. Fetcht, let me see't.

Des. Why so I can: but I will not now:

This is a trick to put me from my suite,

Pray you let *Cassio* be receiu'd againe.

Orb. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,

My minde mis-gines.

Des. Come, come: you I neuer meete a more suffici-

ent man.

Orb. The Handkerchiefe.

Des. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;

Shar'd dangers with you.

Orb. The Handkerchiefe.

Des. Insooth, you are too blame.

Orb. Away. *Exit Othello.*

Emil. Is not this man iecalous?

Des. I neu'r saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchiefe,

I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man:

They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,

They eat vs hungerly, and when they are full

They belch vs.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Looke you, *Cassio* and my Husband.

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis the must doo't:

And loe the happinesse: go, and importune her.

Des.

Des. How now (good *Cassio*) what's the newes with you?

Cassio. Madam, my former suite. I do beseech you, That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe Exist, and be a member of his loue, Whom I, with all the Office of my heart Inirely honour, I would not be delayd. If my offence, be of such mortall kinde, That nor my Seruice past, nor present Sorrowes, Nor purpos'd merit in futurity, Can ransom me into his loue againe, But to know so, must be my benefit: So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content, And shut my selfe vp in some other course To Fortunes Almes.

Des. Alas (thrice-gentle *Cassio*) My Aduocation is not now in Tune; My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him, Were he in Favour, as in Humour alter'd. So helpe me every spirit sanctified, As I haue spoken for you all my best, And stood within the blanke of his displeasure For my free speech. You must awhile be patient: What I can do, I will: and more I will Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now: And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.

Iago. Can he be angry? I haue seene the Cannon When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre, And like the Diuell from his very Arme Pufft his owne Brother: And is he angry? Something of moment then: I will go meet him, There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prythee do so. Something sure of State, Either from Venice, or some vnatch'd practise Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him, Hath puddled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases, Mens Natures wrangle with inferior things, Though great ones are their object. 'Tis euen so. For let our finger ake, and it endues Our other healthfull members, euen to a sense Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods, Nor of them looke for such obseruance As fits the Bridall. Beshrew me much, *Emilia*, I was (vnhandsome Warrior, as I am) Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule: But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witnesse, And he's Indited falsely.

Emil. Pray heauen it bee State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception, Nor no Icalious Toy, concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.

Emil. But Icalious soules will not be answer'd so; They are not euer Icalious for the cause, But Icalious; for they're Icalious. It is a Monster Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Des. Heauen keepe the Monster from *Othello's* mind.

Emil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seeke him. *Cassio*, walke heere about: If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your suite, And seeke to effect it to my vtmost.

Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.
Bian. Saue you (Friend *Cassio*.)

Cassio. What make you from home?

How is't with you, my most faire *Bianca*?

Indeed (sweet Loue) I was comming to your house. *Bian.* And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio*. What? keepe a weeke away? Seven dayes, and Nights? Eight score eight houres? And Louers absent howres More tedious then the Diall, eight score times? Oh weary reck'ning.

Cassio. Pardon me, *Bianca*:

I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene prest, But I shall in a more continuat time Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca* Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this? This is some Token from a newer Friend, To the felt-Absence: now I feelee a Cause: Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cassio. Go too, woman: Throw your vilde gesses in the Diuels teeth, From whence you haue them. You are Icalious now, That this is from some Mistis, some remembrance; No, in good troth *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, who's it?

Cassio. I know not neither:

I found it in my Chamber,

I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded (As like enough it will) I would haue it copied: Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leau' you? Wherefore?

Cassio. I do attend here on the General,

And thinke it no addition, nor my wish

To haue him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cassio. Not that I loue you not.

Bian. But that you do not loue me.

I pray you bring me on the way a little,

And say, if I shall see you soone at night?

Cassio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,

For I attend heere: But Ile see you soone.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumsanc'd,

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke so?

Oth. Thinke so, *Iago*?

Iago. What, to kille in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,

An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme?

It is hypocrisie against the Diuell:

They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,

The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip:

But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,

She may (I thinke) bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is Protectresse of her honor too:

May she giue that?

Iago.

Iago. Her honor is an Essence that's not seene, They haue it very oft, that haue it not. But for the Handkerchiefe:

Oth. By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:

Thou saidst (oh, it comes ore my memorie,

As doth the Raven ore the infectious house:

Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.

Iago. I: what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iag. What if I had said, I had seene him do you wrong?

Or heard him say (as *Knaues* be such abroad,

Who hauing by their owne importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some Mistis,

Conuinc'd or supply'd them, cannot chuse

But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well assur'd,

No more then he'll vn-swear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.

Oth. What? What?

Iago. Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? On her: what you will.

Oth. Lye with her? lye on her? We say lye on her,

when they be lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullsome:

Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To con-

fesse, and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd,

and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not

inuest her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some

lustration. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish)

Noses, Eares, and Lippos: is't possible. Confesse? Hand-

kerchiefe? O diuell. *Falls in a Trance.*

Iago. Worke on,

My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,

And many worthy, and chaste Dames euen thus,

(All guiltlesse) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?

My Lord, I say: *Othello.*

Enter Cassio.

How now *Cassio*?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is false into an Epilepsie,

This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the Temples.

Iago. The Lechargie must haue his quyet course:

If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by

Breakes out to sauage madnesse. Looke, he stirres:

Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,

He will recouer straight: when he is gone,

I would on great occasion, speake with you.

How is it General? Haue you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mocke me?

Iago. I mocke you not, by Heauen:

Would you would beate your Fortune like a Man.

Oth. A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast.

Iago. Ther's many a Beast then in a populous City,

And many a ciuill Monster.

Oth. Did he confesse it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:

Thinke euer bearded fellow that's but yolk'd

May draw with you. Ther's Millions now aliue,

That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,

Which they dare sweare peculiar. Your case is better.

Oh, 'tis the Spight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure Cowch.

And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,

And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise: 'tis certaine.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,

Confine your selfe but in a patient List,

Whil'st you were heere, o're-whelmed with your griefe

(A passion most resulting such a man)

Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,

And layd good scules vpon your Extasie,

Bad him anon returne: and heere speake with me,

The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your selfe,

And marke the Fleeces, the Gybes, and notable Scornes

That dwell in euery Region of his face,

For I will make him tell the Tale anew:

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.

I say, but marke his gesture: marry Patience,

Or I shall say y' are all in all in Spleene,

And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou heare, *Iago*,

I will be found most cunning in my Patience:

But (dost thou heare) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amisse,

But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,

A Huswife that by selling her desires

Buyes her selfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature

That dotes on *Cassio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague

To be-guile many, and be be-guill'd by one)

He, when he heares of her, cannot restraîne

From the excessle of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad:

And his vnbookish ielousie must conferue

Poore *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light behauiours

Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?

Cas. The worse, that you giue me the addition,

Whole want euen kille me.

Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't;

Now, if this Suit lay in *Bianca's* dowre,

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas poore Caitiffe.

Oth. Looke how he laughs already.

Iago. I neuer knew woman loue man so.

Cas. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly: and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you heare *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o're: go too, well said, well said.

Iago. She giues it out, that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry. What? A customer spyth that beare

Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it

So vnwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh, that winnes.

Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Cas. Prythee say true.

Iago. I am a very Villaine else.

Oth. Haue you scoar'd me? Well.

Cas. This is the Monkeys owne giuing out:

She is perswaded I will marry her

Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promise.

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Oth.

Oth. Iago becomes me: now he begins the story.
Cassio. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Seabanke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.
Oth. Crying oh deere *Cassio*, as it were: his iesture imports it.

Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me: So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dogge, I shall throw it to.

Cassio. Well, I must leaue her companie.
Iago. Before me: looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one? What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the diuell, and his dam, haunt you: what did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gaue me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I must take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worke? There, giue it your Hobby-horse, wherefoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Cassio. How now, my sweete *Bianca*?
 How now? How now?

Oth. By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchiefe.
Bian. If you'll come to supper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit*

Iago. After her: after her.

Cas. I must, hee'll rayle in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cassio. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would verie faine speake with you.

Cas. Prythee come: will you?

Iago. Go too: say no more.

Oth. How shall I murther him *Iago*.

Iago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*.

Iago. And did you see the Handkerchiefe?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife: she gaue it him, and he hath giu'n it his whore.

Oth. I would haue him nine yeeres a killing: A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Othello. Let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night, for she shall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter Creature: she might lye by an Emperours side, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is: so delicate with her Needle: an admirable Musitian. Oh she will sing the Savagenesse out of a Beare: of so high and plenteous wit, and invention?

Iago. She's the worfe for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
 And then of so gentle a condition?

Iago. I too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certaine:

But yet the pittie of it, *Iago*: oh *Iago*, the pittie of it

Iago.

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquitie: giue her patten to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into Messes: Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poyson, *Iago*, this night. Ile not expostulate with her: least her body and beautie vnpro-uide my mind againe: this night *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poyson, fit angle her in her bed, Euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:

The iustice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his vnder-taker:
 You shall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that same?

Iago. I warrant something from Venice,

'Tis *Lodouico*, this, comes from the Duke.

See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Saue you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Oth. I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodouico*?

Iago. I am very glad to see you Signior:

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Liues Sir.

Des. Cozen, there's false betweene him, & my Lord,

An vkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord?

Oth. This faile you not to do, as you will

Lod. He did not call: he's busie in the paper,

Is there deuision 'twixt my Lord, and *Cassio*?

Des. A most vnhappy one: I would do much

'T'at one of them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire, and brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wife?

Des. What is he angrie?

Lod. May be th' Letter mou'd him.

For as I thinke, they do command him home,

Deputing *Cassio* in his Government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My Lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweete *Othello*?

Oth. Diuell.

Des. I haue not deseru'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleu'd in Venice,

Though I should sweare I saw't. 'Tis very much,

Make her amends: she weepes.

Oth. Oh diuell, diuell:

If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,

Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocodile:

Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly obedient Lady:

I do beseech your Lordship call her backe.

Oth. Mistris.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who I, my Lord?

Oth. I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:

Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on

And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.

And she's obedient: as you say obedient.

Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.

Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)

I am commanded home: get you away:

Ile send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,

And will returne to Venice. Hence, auant:

Cassio shall haue my Place. And Sir, to night

I do entreat, that we may sup together.

You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.

Goates, and Monkeys. *Exit.*

Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate

Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature

Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue

The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance

Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.

What he might beif what he might, he is not,

I would to heauen he were.

Lod. What? Strike his wife?

Iago. Faith that was not so well: yet would I knew

That stroke would proue the worst.

Lod. Is it his wife?

Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,

And new create his fault?

Iago. Alas, alas:

It is not honestie in me to speake

What I haue seene, and knowne. You shall obserue him,

And his owne courses will deonte him so,

That I may fame my speech: do but go after

And marke how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am decei'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Emilia.

Oth. You haue seene nothing then?

Emil. Nor euer heard: nor euer did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you haue seene *Cassio*, and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harme: and then I heard, Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them.

Oth. What? Did they neuer whisper?

Emil. Neuer my Lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'th' way?

Emil. Neuer.

Oth. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no

Emil. Neuer my Lord. (thing?)

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:

Lay downe my Soule at stake: If you thinke other,

Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:

If any wretch haue put this in your head,

Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curse,

For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
 There's no man happy. The purest of their Wines
 Is foule as Slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither: go. *Exit Emilia.*

She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud

That cannot say as much: This is a subtile Whore:

A Clofset Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets,

And yet she'll kneele, and pray: I haue seene her do't.

Enter Desdemona, and Emilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you Chucke come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes: looke in my face.

Des. What horrible Fancie's this?

Oth. Some of your Function Mistris:

Leaue Procreants alone, and shut the doore:

Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:

Your Mytery, your Mytery: May dispatch, *Exit Amil.*

Des. Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?

I vnderstand a Fury in your words.

Oth. Why? What art thou?

Des. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyal wife.

Othello. Come sweare it: damne thy selfe, least

being like one of Heauen, the diuells themselves should

fear to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd: sweare

thou art honest.

Des. Heauen doth truly know it.

Oth. Heauen truly knowes, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom my Lord?

With whom? How am I false?

Oth. Ah *Desdemona*, away, away, away.

Des. Alas the heavy day: why do you weepe?

Am I the motiue of these teares my Lord?

If happily you my Father do suspect,

An Instrumēt of this your calling backe,

Lay not your blame on me: if you haue lost him,

I haue lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd Heauen,

To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd

All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:

Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes.

Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vniuersall hopes,

I should haue found in some place of my Soule

A drop of patience. But alas, to make me

The fixed Figure for the time of Scome,

To point his slow, and mouing finger at.

Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:

But there where I haue garner'd vp my heart,

Where either I must liue, or beare no life,

The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,

Or else dries vp: to be discarded thence,

Or keepe it as a Cestrie, for foule Toades

To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:

Patience, thou young and Rose-lip'd Cherubin,

I heere looke grim as hell.

Des. I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest.

Oth. Oh, I as Sommer Flies are in the Shambles,

That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed:

Who art so louely faire, and smell'st so sweete,

That the Sense akes at thee,

Would thou had'st neuer bin borne.

Des. Alas, what ignorant t'n haue I committed?

Oth. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke

Made to write Whore vpon? What committed,

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie.
Did I but speake thy goodes. What committed?
Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:
The bawdy winde that kisses all it meeres,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not heare't. What committed?
Def. By Heauen you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a Strumpet?
Def. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preferre this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a Whore?
Def. No, as I shall be fau'd.
Oth. Is't possible?
Def. Oh Heauen forgive vs.
Oth. I cry you mercy then.
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with Othello. You Mistresse,
Enter Emilia.
That haue the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keepe the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We haue done our course: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile. Exit.
Emil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?
Def. Faith, halfe a sleepe.
Emil. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?
Def. With who?
Emil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?
Def. Who is thy Lord?
Emil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.
Def. I haue none: do not talke to me, Emilia,
I cannot weepe: nor answeres haue I none,
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Emil. Heere's a change indeed. Exit.
Def. 'Tis meete I should be vs'd so: very meete.
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion: in my least miserie?

Enter Iago, and Emilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?
How is't with you?
Def. I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.
He might haue chid me so: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.
Iago. What is the matter Lady?
Emil. Alas (Iago) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such dispiht, and heauy termes vpon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.
Def. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, (faire Lady?)
Def. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.
Emil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:
Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Caller.
Iago. Why did he so?
Def. I do not know: I am sure I am none such.
Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.
Emil. Hath she forooke so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?

To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?
Def. It is my wretched Fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for't: my bloudie heart
How comes this Tricke vpon him?
Def. Nay, Heauen doth know.
Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some coggling, cozening Slaue, to get some Office,
Haue not deuiz'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.
Def. If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.
Emil. A halter pardon him:
And hell gnaw his bones.
Why should he call her Whore?
Who keeps her companie?
What Place? What Time?
What Forme? What likely hood?
The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,
Some base notorious Knaue, some scurvy Fellow.
Oh Heuens, that such companions shou'd vnfold,
And put in euery honest hand a whip
To lash the Rascalls naked through the world,
Euen from the East to th' West.
Iago. Speake within doore.
Emil. Oh fie vpon them: some such Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the seamy-side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.
Iago. You are a Foole: go too.
Def. Alas Iago,
What shall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:
If ere my will did trespass gainst his Loue,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them: or any other Portme.
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,
And euer will, (though he do shake me off
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deere,
Comfort forswear me. Vnkindnesse may do much,
And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
But neuer taint my Loue. I cannot say Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,
Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.
Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The businesse of the State do's him offence.
Def. If 'twere no other.
Iago. It is but so, I warrant,
Heare how these Instruments summon to supper:
The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,
Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now Rodorigo?
Rod. I do not finde
That thou deal'st iustly with me.
Iago. What in the contrarie?
Rodorigo. Euery day thou dasts me with some deuise
Iago, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from
me all conueniencie, then suppliest me with the least ad-
uantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor
am I yett perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I
haue foolishly suffred.
Iago. Will you heare me Rodorigo?

Rodorigo. I

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodouico, Desdemona, Emilia,
and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further.
Oth. Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke.
Lodoni. Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your
Ladyship.
Def. Your Honour is most welcome.
Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh Desdemona,
Def. My Lord.
Othello. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be re-
turn'd forthwith: dismisse your Attendant there: look't
be done. Exit.
Def. I will my Lord.
Em. How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did.
Def. He saies he will returne incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismisse you.
Emil. Dismisse me?
Def. It was his bidding: therefore good Emilia,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.
Emil. I would you had neuer seene him.
Def. So would not I: my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,
(Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.
Emil. I haue laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.
Def. All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?
If I do die before, prythee throw'd me
In one of these same Sheetes.
Emil. Come, come: you talke.
Def. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbarie*,
She was in loue: and he she lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,
An old thing 'twas: but it expres'd her Fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That Song to night,
Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poore *Barbarie*: prythee dispatch.
Emil. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?
Def. No, vn-pin me here,
This Lodouico is a proper man.
Emil. A very handsome man.
Def. He speakes well.
Emil. I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd
barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.
Def. The poore Soule sat singing by a Sicamour tree.
Sing all a greene Willough:
Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.
The fresh Streamers ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes
Sing Willough, &c.
Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,
Sing Willough, &c. (Lay by these)
Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee: he'll come anon)
Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorne I approue.
(Nay that's not next, Harke, who is't that knocks?)
Emil. It's the wind.
Def. I call'd my Loue false Loe: but what said he then?
Sing Willough, &c.
If I court mo women, you'lle couch with mo men.

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So

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that boade weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neyther heere, nor there

Des. I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men!
Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Emilia*)
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such grosse kinde?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this Heauenly light.

Emil. Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:
I might doe't as well i'th darke.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world's a huge thing:

It is a great price, for a small vice.

Des. Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.

Emil. Introth I thinke I should, and vndoo't when
I had done: Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a
ioynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes,
Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for
all the whole world: why, who would not make her hus-
band a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should ven-
ture Purgatory for't.

Des. Bestrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world;
and hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not thinke there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th'vantage, as
would store the world they plaid for.

But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults

If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,

And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;

Or else breake out in peeuish Iealousies,

Throwing restraint vpon vs: Or say they strike vs,

Or scant our former hauing in despight)

Why we haue galled: and though we haue some Grace,

Yet haue we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,

Their wiues haue sense like them: They see, and smell,

And haue their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,

As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,

When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?

I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?

I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres?

It is so too. And haue not we Affections?

Desires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue?

Then let them vse vs well: else let them know,

The illes we do, their illes instruct vs so.

Des. Good night, good night:

Heauen me such viles send,

Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

Iago. Heere, stand behinde this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Wear thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quicke, quick, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,
And fixe most firme thy Resolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy stand.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed,

And yet he hath giuen me satisfying Reasons:

'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.

Iago. I haue rub'd this yong Quat almost to the sense,

And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill the sence,

Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,

Euery way makes my gaue. Liue *Rodorigo*,

He calles me to a restitution large

Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,

As Gifts to *Desdemona*.

It must not be: If *Cassio* do remaine,

He hath a dayly beauty in his life,

That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore

May vnfold me to him: there stand I in much perill:

No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest.

Cas. That thrust had bene mine enemy indeed,

But that my Coate is better then thou know'st:

I will make prooffe of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am slaine.

Cassio. I am mayn'd for euer:

Helpe hoa: Murder, murder.

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voyce of *Cassio*, *Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. O Villaine that I am.

Oth. It is euen so.

Cas. Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.

Oth. 'Tis he: O braue *Iago*, honest, and iust,

That hast such Noble sence of thy Friends wrong,

Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,

And your vnblest Fate highes: Strumpet I come:

For of my heart, those Charms thine Eyes, are blotted.

Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts blood be spotted.

Exit Othello.

Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.

Cas. What hoa? no Watch? No passage?

Murder, Murder.

Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.

Cas. Oh helpe.

Lodo. Hearke.

Rod. Oh wretched Villaine.

Lod. Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night;

These may be counterfeits: Let's thinke't vn safe

To come into the cry, without more helpe.

Rod. Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod. Hearke.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and

Weapons.

Iago. Who's there?

Who's noyse is this that cries on murder?

Lodo. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you heare a cry?

Cas. Heere, heere: for heauen sake helpe me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lodo. The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow.

Iago. What are you heere, that cry so greuously?

Cas. *Iago*? Oh I am spoyl'd, vndone by Villaines:

Give me some helpe.

Iago. O mee, Lieutenant!

What Villaines haue done this?

Cas. I thinke that one of them is heereabout,

And

And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:

What are you there? Come in, and giue some helpe.

Rod. O helpe me there.

Cassio. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!

Rod. O damn'd *Iago*! O inhumane Dogge!

Iago. Kill men i'th darke?

Where be these bloody Theeues?

How silent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder.

What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?

Lod. As you shall proue vs, praise vs.

Iago. Signior *Lodouico*?

Lod. He Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by Villaines.

Gra. *Cassio*?

Iago. How is't Brother?

Cas. My Legge is cut in two.

Iago. Marry heauen forbid:

Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my deere *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio*: Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. O notable Strumpet. *Cassio*, may you suspect

Who they should be, that haue thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to finde you thus;

I haue bene to seeke you.

Iago. Lend me a Garter. So:—Oh for a Chaire

To beare him easily hence.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Traist

To be a party in this Inurie.

Patience awhile, good *Cassio*. Come, come;

Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?

Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman

Rodorigo? No: Yes sure: Yes, 'tis *Rodorigo*.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Euen he Sir: Did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you *Cassio*? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.

Gra. *Rodorigo*?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:

Oh that's well said, the Chaire.

Some good man beare him carefully from hence,

Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistress,

Save you your labour. He that lies slaine heere (*Cassio*)

Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world: nor do I know the man?

Iago. What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th' Ayre.

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistress?

Do you perceiue the gastnesse of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.

Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:

Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speake

Though tongues were out of vse.

Emil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, Husband?

Iago. *Cassio* hath heere bin set on in the darke

By *Rodorigo*, and Fellowes that are scap'd:

He's almost slaine, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.

Emil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Cassio*.

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythee *Emilia*,

Go know of *Cassio* where he sapt to night,

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He sapt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.

Emil. Oh sic vpon thee Strumper.

Bian. I am no Strumper, but of life as honest,

As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As? Fie vpon thee.

Iago. Kinde Gentlemen:

Let's go see poore *Cassio* dress'd.

Come Mistress, you must tel's another Tale.

Emilia, run you to the Cittadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:

Will you go on afore? This is the night

That either makes me, or foredoes me quight. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)

Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,

'Tis the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,

Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,

And smooth as Monumentall Alabaster:

Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men:

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,

I can againe thy former light restore,

Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,

Thou cunning'st Patterne of excellling Nature,

I know not where is that *Promethean* heat

That can thy Light re-Lume.

When I haue pluck'd thy Rose,

I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,

It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.

Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade

Iustice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And loue thee after. One more, and that's the last.

So sweet, was ne're so farall. I must weepe,

But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heauenly,

It strikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? *Othello*?

Othel. I *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Haue you pray'd to night, *Desdemona*?

Des. I my Lord.

Oth. If you bebinke your selfe of any Crime

Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,

Solicite for it straight.

Des. Alacke, my Lord,

What may you meane by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:

I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,

No, Heauens fore-fend: I would not kill thy Soule.

Des. Take you of killing?

Oth. I, I do.

Des. Then Heauen haue mercy on mee.

Oth.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Des. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humh.
Des. And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then
 When your eyes rowle so.
*Why I should feare, I know not,
 Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feele I feare.*
Oth. Thinke on thy finnes.
Des. They are Loues I beare to you.
Oth. I, and for that thou dy'st.
Des. That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing.
 Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?
 Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:
 These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
 They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still.
Des. I will so: What's the matter?
Oth. That Handkerchiefe
 Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to *Cassio*.
Des. No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
 And aske him.
Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
 Thou art on thy death-bed.
Des. I, but not yet to dye.
Oth. Presently.
 Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:
 For to deny each Article with Oath,
 Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception
 That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.
Des. O Heauen haue mercy on me.
Oth. I say, Amen.
Des. And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
 Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd *Cassio*,
 But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,
 As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.
Oth. By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
 Operiur'd woman, thou do'st fone my heart,
 And makes me call, what I intend to do,
 A Murder, which I thought a Sacrifice.
 I saw the Handkerchiefe.
Des. He found it then:
 I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:
 Let him confesse a truth.
Oth. He hath confest.
Des. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.
Des. How? vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No: his mouth is stopp'd:
 Honest *Iago* hath'ane order for't.
Des. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haire bin liues, my great Reuenge
 Had stomacke for them all.
Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.
Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe Strumpet.
Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth. Nay, if you striue.
Des. But halfe an houre.
Oth. Being done, there is no pawse.
Des. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. *Smothers her.*
Emilia at the doore.
Emil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?

My Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
 I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
 I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
 So, so.
Emil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Who's there?
Emil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word
 with you.
Oth. Yes: 'Tis *Emilia*: by and by. Shee's dead.
 'Tis like she comes to speake of *Cassio*'s death:
 The noise was high. Hah, no more moouing?
 Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Wert good?
 I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?
 If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:
 My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.
 Oh insupportable! Oh heauy houre!
 Me thinks, it should be now a huge Eclipse
 Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe
 Did yawne at Alteration.
Emil. I do beseech you
 That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in *Emilia*.
 Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
 Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
Enter Emilia.
Emil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers
 done.
Oth. What? now?
Emil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
 She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,
 And makes men mad.
Emil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
 A young Venetian, call'd *Roderigo*.
Oth. *Roderigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?
Emil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
 And sweet Reuenge grows harsh.
Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd.
Emil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? What?
Emil. Out and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
 Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,
 Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistris, speake.
Des. A guiltlesse death, I dye.
Emil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Des. No body: I my selfe, farewell:
 Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas: who knowes?
Oth. You heere her say her selfe, it was not I.
Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
 'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the black-
 er Diuell.
Oth. She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
 That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true.
Oth. *Cassio* did top her: Ask thy husband else.
 O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
 But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
 To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

Emil. My Husband?
Oth. Thy Husband?
Emil. That she was false to Wedlocke?
Oth. I, with *Cassio*: had she bin true,
 If Heauen would make me such another world,
 Of one entyre and perfect Chrysolite,
 I'd not haue sold her for it.
Emil. My Husband?
Oth. 'Twas he that told me on her first.
 An honest man he is, and hates the slime
 That stickes on filthy deede.
Emil. My Husband?
Oth. What needs this utterance, Woman?
 I say, thy Husband.
Emil. Oh Mistris,
 Villany hath made mockes with Ioue:
 My Husband say she was false?
Oth. He, Woman;
 I say thy Husband: Do'st vnderstand the word?
 My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest *Iago*.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious Soule
 Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to th'heart.
 She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.
Oth. Hah?
Emil. Do thy worst:
 This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
 Then thou wast't worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,
 As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
 As ignorant as dirt: thou hast done a deed
 (I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee know,
 Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
 The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther.
Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.
Mon. What is the matter? How now Generall?
Emil. Oh, are you come, *Iago*: you haue done well,
 That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:
 He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
 I know thou did'st not: thou'rt not such a Villain.
 Speake, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought,
 And told no more
 Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.
Emil. But did you euer tell him,
 She was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a Lye, an odious damnd Lye:
 Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
 Shee false with *Cassio*?
 Did you say with *Cassio*?
Iago. With *Cassio*, Mistris?
 Go too, charme your tongue.
Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;
 I am bound to speake,
 My Mistris heere lyes murder'd in her bed.
All. Oh Heauens, forefend.
Emil. And your reports haue set the Murder on.
Othello. Nay Rare not Masters,
 It is true indeede.
Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth.
Mont. O monstrous Acte.

Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
 I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I smel't: O Villany:
 I thought so then: Ile kill my selfe for greefe.
 O villany! villany!
Iago. What, are you mad?
 I charge you get you home.
Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to speake:
 'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
 Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're go home.
Oth. Oh, oh, oh.
Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
 For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
 That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. Oh she was foule!
 I scarce did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
 Whose breath (indeed) these hands haue newly stopp'd:
 I know this acte shewes horrible and grim.
Gra. Poore *Desdemona*:
 I am glad thy Father's dead,
 Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
 Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,
 This sight would make him do a desperate turne:
 Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,
 And fall to Reprobance.
Oth. 'Tis pittifull: but yet *Iago* knowes
 That she with *Cassio*, hath the Act of shame,
 A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it,
 And she did gratifie his amorous workes
 With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
 Which I first gaue her: I saw it in his hand:
 It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
 My Father gaue my Mother.
Emil. Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
 No, I will speake as liberall as the North;
 Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
 All, all, crie shame against me, yet Ile speake.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
Gra. Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.
Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,
 That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of
 I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:
 For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,
 (More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
 He begg'd of me, to steale't.
Iago. Villanous Whore.
Emil. She giue it *Cassio*? No, alas I found it,
 And I did giue't my Husband.
Iago. Filth, thou lyest.
Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
 Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole
 Do with so good a wife?
Oth. Are there no stones in Heauen,
 But what serues for the Thunder?
 Precious Villaine.
Gra. The woman fallies:
 Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.
Emil. I, I: oh lay me by my Mistris side.
Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
 Which I haue recover'd from the Moore:
 Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,
 But kill him rather. Ile after that same villaine,
 For 'tis a damnd Slaue.

Exit.
Oth.

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But every Punie whipster gets my Sword,
But why should Honor out-lie Honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy Song boad Lady?
Hearke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Musicke: *Willough, Willough, Willough.*
Moore, she was chaste: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.

Oth. I haue another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Othel. Behold, I haue a weapon:

A better neuer did it selfe sustaine

Vpon a Soldiers Thigh, I haue seene the day,

That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,

I haue made my way through more impediments

Then twenty times your stop. But (oh vaine boast)

Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not so now.

Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd:

Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt

And verie Sea-marke of my vtmost Saile.

Do you go backe dismay'd? 'Tis a lost feare:

Man but a Rush against *Othello's* brest,

And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?

Now: how dost thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,

Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at comp,

This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,

And Fiends will snarch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?

Euen like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slaue!

Whip me ye Diuels,

From the possession of this Heauenly sight:

Blow me about in windes, roast me in Sulphure,

Wash me in steepe-downe gulfs of Liquid fire.

Oh *Desdemona*! dead *Desdemona*: dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodouico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago,
with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash, and most vnfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: heere I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper?

Bring the Villaine forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet: but that's a Fable,

If that thou bee'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.

Othel. I am not sorry neither, I'd haue thee liue:

For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die.

Lod. Oh thou *Othello*, that was once so good,

Falne in the practise of a cursed Slaue,

What shall be saide to thee.

Oth. Why any thing:

An honourable Murderer, if you will:

For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his Villany:

Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death.

Oth. I.

Cas. Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you cause.

Oth. I do beleue it, and I aske your pardon:

Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soule and Body.

Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know.

From this time forth, I neuer will speake words.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir,

You shall vnderstand what hath befallne;

(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter

Found in the pocket of the slaine *Rodorigo*,

And heere another, the one of them imports

The death of *Cassio*, to be vnderooke

By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. O Villaine!

Cassio. Most Heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now, heere's another discontented paper

Found in his pocket too: and this it seemes

Rodorigo meant 't haue sent this damned villaine:

But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim

Came in, and satisf'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious Caitiffe;

How came you (*Cassio*) by that Handkerchiefe

That was my wiues?

Cassio. I found it in my Chamber:

And he himselfe confest it but euen now,

That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,

Which wrought to his desire.

Othel. O Foole, foole, foole!

Cassio. There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter,

How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him

Braue vpon the Watch: whereon it came

That I was cast: and euen but now he spake

(After long seeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,

Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and go with vs:

Your Power, and your Command is taken off,

And *Cassio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,

If there be any cunning Crueltie,

That can torment him much, and hold him long,

It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,

Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne

To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you: a word on two before you goe:

I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:

No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,

When you shall these vnlike deeds relate,

Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,

Nor set downe ought in malice.

Then must you speake,

Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:

Of one, nor easily Iealous, but being wrought,

Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand

(Like the base Iudean) threw a Pearle away

Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,

Albeit vn-vsed to the melting moode,

Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees

Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:

And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,

Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke

Beate a Venetian, and tradue'd the State,

I tooke by th' throat the circumcised Dogge,

And smote him, thus.

Lod. Oh bloody period.

Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,

Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse.

Dye
Cassio.

Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh Sparton Dogge:

More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:

Looke on the Tragick Loading of this bed:

This is thy worke.

The Obiect poysons Sight,

Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And seize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succede on you. To you, Lord Governour,
Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate.

Exeunt.

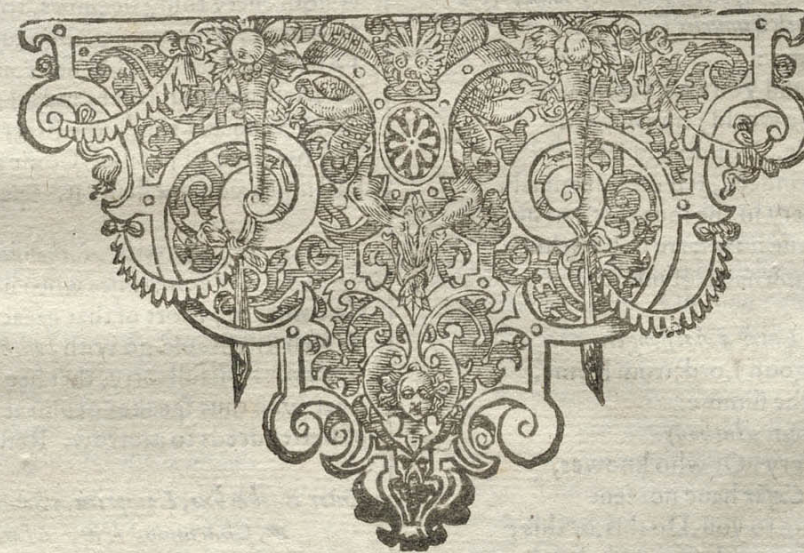
FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

(: * * :)

Othello, the Moore.
Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.
Cassio, an Honourable Lieutenant.
Iago, a Villaine.
Rodorigo, a gull'd Gentleman.
Duke of Venice.

Senators.
Montano, Governour of Cyprus.
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico, and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.
Saylors.
Clowne.
Desdemona, wife to Othello.
Emilia, wife to Iago.
Bianca, a Courtezane.



THE TRAGEDIE OF Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-flows the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Musters of the Warre,
Have glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Deuotion of their view
Vpon a fawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his brest, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To coole a Gyphes Lust.

Flourish. Enter Anthonie, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the
Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd

Cleo. He set a bourn how farre to be belou'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs finde out new Heauen,
new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Grates me, the summe.

Cleo. Nay heare them Anthonie.

Fulvia perchance is angry: Or who knows,
If the scarle-bearded Caesar haue not sent
His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damne thee.

Ant. How, my Loue?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like:

You must not stay heere longer, your dismission
Is come from Caesar, therefore heare it Anthonie.
Where's Fulvia Proceffe? (Caesar I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou blushest Anthonie, and that blood of thine
Is Caesars homager: else so thy cheek payes shame,
When thrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raign'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike

Feeds Beast as Man; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weete
We stand vp Peerelesse.

Cleo. Excellent falshood:

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not loue her?

He leeme the Foole I am not. Anthonie will be himselfe.

Ant. But stir'd by Cleopatra.

Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our liues should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?

Cleo. Heare the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:

Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe: who euery passion fully striues
To make it selfe (in thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
Wee'l wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did desire it. Speake not to vs.

Exit with the Traine.

Dem. Is Caesar with Anthonie priz'd to flight?

Philo. Sir sometimes when he is not Anthonie,

He comes too short of that great Property

Which still should go with Anthonie.

Dem. I am full sorry, that hee approues the common
Liar, who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. Exit.

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Ravius, Lucillus,
us, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch,
and Alexas.

Char. L. Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,
almost most absolute Alexas, where's the Southsayer
that you prais'd so to the Queene? Oh that I knewe this
Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with
Garlands.

Alex. Southsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things?
Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I
can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,
Cleop.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Cleopatra's health to drinke.

Char. Good sir, giue me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet faire fairer then you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

Char. Hush.

Sooth. You shall be more belouing, then beloued.

Char. I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee
be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow
them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom Herode
of Jewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with
Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my Mistis.

Sooth. You shall out-lie the Lady whom you serue.

Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You haue seene and proued a fairer former for-

time, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children shall haue no names:

Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I haue.

Sooth. If euery of your wishes had a wombe, & fore-

tell euery wish, a Million.

Char. Out Foole, I forgie thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your sheets are priuie to

your wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall

be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme presages Chastity, if nothing els.

Char. Ene as the o're-flowing Nylus prelageth Fa-

mine.

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oyle Palme bee not a fruitfull Prog-
nostication, I cannot scratch mine care. Prythee tel her
but a worky day Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how, giue me particulars.

Sooth. I haue said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better

then I: where would you choose it.

Iras. Not in my Husbands nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts Heauens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him
marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee,
and let her dye too, and giue him a worse, and let worfe
follow worfe, till the worst of all follow him laughing to
his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good Isis heare me this
Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight:
good Isis I beseech thee.

Iras. Amen, deere Goddesse, heare that prayer of the
people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome
man loose, Wiu'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a
foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere Isis keep de-
corum, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a
Cuckold, they would make themselues Whores, but
they'd doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Hush, heere comes Anthonie.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Saue you, my Lord.

Enob. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not heere?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine

A Romane thought hath strooke him.

Enobarbus?

Enob. Madam.

Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's Alexas?

Alex. Heere at your seruice.

My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthonie, with a Messenger.

Cleo. We will not looke vpon him:

Go with vs.

Messen. Fulvia thy Wife,

First came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother Lucius?

Messen. I: but foone that Warre had end,

And the times late

Made friends of them, ioynting their force 'gainst Caesar,

Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,

Vpon the first encounter draue them.

Ant. Well, what worst.

Messen. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concerns the Foole or Coward: On

Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,

Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,

I heare him as he flatter'd.

Messen. Labienus (this is stiffe-newes)

Hath with his Parthian Force

Extended Asia: from Euphrates his conquering

Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia,

And to Ionia, whil't

Ant. Anthonie thou would'st say.

Messen. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,

Mince not the generall tongue, name

Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome:

Raile thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults

With such full License, as both Truth and Malice

Haue power to vter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,

When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told vs

Is as our eating: fare thee well awhile.

Messen. At your Noble pleasure.

Exit Messenger.

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From Scicion how the newes? Speake there.

1. Messen. The man from Scicion,

Is there such an one?

2. Messen. He stayes vpon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare:

These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,

Or loofe my selfe in dotage.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3. Messen. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed she.

Messen. In Scicion, her length of sicknesse,

With what else more serious,

Importeth thee to know, this beares.

Ant. Forbeare me

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:

What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,

We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure,
By reuolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it selfe: she's good being gon,
The hand could plucke her backe, that shou'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,
Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know
My idlenesse doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how
mortall an vnkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our de-
parture death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die.
It were pittie to cast them away for nothing, though be-
twene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed
nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noyse of this,
dies instantly: I haue seene her dye twenty times vpon
farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death,
which commits some louing acte vpon her, she hath such
a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought.

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing,
but the finest part of pure Loue. We cannot cal her winds
and waters, sighes and teares: They are greater stormes
and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot
be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a showre of Raine
as well as loue.

Ant. Would I had neuer seene her.

Eno. Oh sir, you had then left vnseene a wonderfull
peece of worke, which not to haue bene blest withall,
would haue discredited your Trauaile.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir,

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why sir, giue the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice:
when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man
from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: com-
forting therein, that when olde Robes are worne out,
there are members to make new. If there were no more
Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeede a cut, and the
case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Conso-
lation, your old Smocke brings forth a new Petticoate,
and indeede the teares lye in an Onion, that should water
this sorrow.

Ant. The businesse she hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the businesse you haue broach'd heere can-
not be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which
wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light Answers:

Let our Officers

Haue notice what we purpose. I shall breake

The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,

And get her loue to part. For not alone

The death of *Fulvia*, with more vrgent touches

Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too

Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,

Petition vs at home. *Sextus Pompeius*

Haue giuen the dare to *Cesar*, and commands

The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,

Whose Loue is neuer link'd to the deseruer,

Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
The sides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Coursers heire, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,
To such whose places vnder vs, require
Our quick remoue from hence.

Enob. I shall doo't.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is,

Whose with him, what he does:

I did not send you. If you finde him sad,

Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report

That I am fodaine sicke. Quickie, and returne.

Char. Madam, me thinks if you did loue him dearly,

You do not hold the method, to enforce

The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Ch. In each thing giue him way, crosse him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbeare,

In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony.

But heere comes *Anthony*.

Cleo. I am sicke, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to giue breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I shall fall,

It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature

Will not sustaine it.

Ant. Now my deereft Queene.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from mee.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye ther's some good news.

What sayes the married woman you may goe?

Would she had neuer giuen you leaue to come.

Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere,

I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know.

Cleo. Oh neuer was there Queene

So mightily betrayed: yet at the first

I saw the Treasons planted.

Ant. *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,

(Though you in swearing shake the Throaned Gods)

Who haue bene false to *Fulvia*?

Riotous madnesse,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,

Which breake themselves in swearing.

Ant. Most sweet Queene.

Cleo. Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and goe:

When you sued staying,

Then was the time for words: No going then,

Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,

Blisse in our browes bent: none our parts so poore,

But was a race of Heauen. They are so still,

Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,

Art turn'd the greatest Liar.

Ant. How now Lady?

Cleo.

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Heare me Queene:

The strong necessity of Time, commands

Our Seruices a-while: but my full heart

Remaines in vs with you. Our Italy,

Shines o're with ciuill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*

Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,

Equality of two Domestike powers,

Breed scrupulous faction: The hated growne to strength

Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd *Pompey*,

Rich in his Fathers Honor, creeps apace

Into the hearts of such, as haue not thrined

Vpon the present state, whose Numbers threaten,

And quietnesse growne sicke of rest, would purge

By any desperate change: My more particular,

And that which most with you should safe my going,

Is *Fulvia's* death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not giue me freedom

It does from childishnesse. Can *Fulvia* dye?

Ant. She's dead my Queene.

Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leysure read

The Garboyles she awak'd: at the last, best,

See when, and where shee died.

Cleo. O most false Loue!

Where be the Sacred Violes thou should'st fill

With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,

In *Fulvia's* death, how mine recei'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know

The purposes I beare: which are, or cease,

As you shall giue th'aduice. By the fire

That quickens Nylus slime, I go from hence

Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warte,

As thou affects.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,

But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,

So *Anthony* loues.

Ant. My precious Queene forbeare,

And giue true euidence to his Loue, which stands

An honourable Trial.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.

I prythee tyme aside, and weepe for her,

Then bid adiew to me, and say the teares

Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene

Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke

Like perfect Honor.

Ant. You'l heat my blood no more?

Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by Sword.

Cleo. And Targer. Still he meads.

But this is not the best. Looke prythee *Charmian*,

How this Herculean Roman do's become

The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. He leaue you Lady.

Cleo. Courtous Lord, one word:

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:

Sir, you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it:

That you know well, something it is I would:

Oh, my Obluion is a very *Anthony*,

And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty

Holds Idlenesse your subiect, I should take you

For Idlenesse it selfe.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour,

To beare such Idlenesse so neere the heart

As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgiue me,

Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my vnpietied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword
Sit Lawrell victory, and smooth successe
Be strew'd before your feete.

Ant. Let vs go.

Come: Our separation so abides and flies,

That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;

And I hence fleeing, heere remaine with thee.

Away.

Exeunt.

*Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus,
and their Traines.*

Ces. You may see *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Casars* Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes: He fishes, drinke, and wastes
The Lampes of night in reuell: Is not more manlike
Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolemy*
More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience
Or vouchsafe to thinke he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is th'abstracts of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not thinke

There are, euils enow to darken all his goodnesse:

His faults in him, seeme as the Spots of Heauen,

More fierie by nights Blacknesse; Hereditarie,

Rather then purchast: what he cannot change,

Then what he chooses.

Ces. You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not

Amisse to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,

To giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to sit

And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slave,

To reele the streets at noone, and stand the Buffer

With knaues that smels of sweate: Say this becoms him

(As his compofure must be rare indeed,

Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must *Anthony*

No way excuse his foyles, when we do beare

So great waight in his lightnesse. If he fill'd

His vacancie with his Voluptuousnesse,

Full surfets, and the drinnesse of his bones,

Call on him for't. But to confound such time,

That drummes him from his sport, and speaks as lowd

As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:

As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,

Pawne their experience to their present pleasure,

And so rebell to iudgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Heere's more newes.

Mes. Thy biddings haue bene done, & euery houre

Most Noble *Cesar*, shalt thou haue report

How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,

And it appeares, he is below'd of those

That only haue feard *Cesar*: to the Ports

The discontents repaire, and mens reports

Giue him much wrong'd.

Ces. I should haue knowne no lesse,

It hath bin taught vs from the primall state

That he which is was wisht, vntill he were:

And the ebb'd man,

Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,

Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,

Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame,

Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde

To rest selfe with motion.

Mes. Caesar I bring thee word,
Menacrates and *Menas* famous Pyrates
 Makes the Sea serue them, which they care and wound
 With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes
 They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
 Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth reuolt,
 No Vessell can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone
 Taken as scene: for *Pompeys* name strikes more
 Then could his Warre resist.

Caesar. Anthony,
 Leane thy lasciuious Vassilles. When thou once
 Was beaten from *Medena*, where thou flew'st
Hirius, and *Pausa* Consuls, at thy heele
 Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
 (Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
 Then Sauages could suffer. Thou did'st drinke
 The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
 Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat the did daine
 The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.
 Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheers,
 The barks of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
 It is reported thou did'st eate strange flesh,
 Which some did dye to looke on: And all this
 (It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)
 Was borne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheek
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pittie of him.
Ces. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
 Did shew our selues it's Field, and to that end
 Assemble me immediate counsell, *Pompey*
 Thrives in our Idleness.

Lep. To morrow *Caesar*,
 I shall be furnish'd to informe you rightly
 Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
 To front this present time.

Ces. Till which encounter, it is my busines too. Farwell.
Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you shal know mean time
 Offittres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir
 To let me be partaker.

Caesar. Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond. *Exeunt*
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,
Char. Madam,
Cleo. Ha, ha, giue me to drinke *Mandragora*.
Char. Why Madam?
Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:
 My *Anthony* is away.

Char. You thinke of him too much.
Cleo. O 'tis Treason.
Char. Madam, I trust not so.
Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?
Mar. What's your Highnesse pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to heare thee sing. I take no pleasure
 In ought an Eunuch ha's: 'Tis well for thee,
 That being vntemerd, thy freer thoughts
 May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?
Mar. Yes gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
 But what in deede is honest to be done:
 Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke
 What *Venus* did with *Mars*.
Cleo. Oh *Charmian*:
 Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?
 Oh happy Horse to beare the weight of *Anthony*!
 Do brauely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mou'st,
 The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
 And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,
 Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nile,
 (For so he calls me:) Now I feede my selfe
 With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me
 That am with *Phoebeus* amorous pinches blacke,
 And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Caesar*,
 When thou was't heere about the ground, I was
 A morfell for a Monarke: and great *Pompey*
 Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
 There would he anchor his Aspect, and dye
 With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Caesar.
Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.
Cleo. How much vnlike art thou *Marke Anthony*?
 Yet coming from him, that great Med'cine hath
 With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my braue *Marke Anthony*?
Alex. Last thing he did (deere *Queen*)
 He kiss the last of many doubled kisses
 This Orient Pearle. His speech sticke in my heart.
Cleo. Mine eare must plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:
 Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends
 This treasure of an Oyster: at whose foote
 To mend the perry present, I will peece
 Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,
 (Say thou) shall call her Mistress. So he nodded,
 And foberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
 Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would haue spoke,
 Was beaftly dumbe by him.

Cleo. What was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o'th' yeare, between extremes
 Of hot and cold, he was not sad nor merrie.

Cleo. Oh well diuided disposition: Note him,
 Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him.
 He was not sad, for he would shine on those
 That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,
 Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
 In Egypt with his ioy, but betwene both.
 Oh heavenly mingle! Bee'st thou sad, or merrie,
 The violence of either thee becomes,
 So do's it no mans else. Met'st thou my Poets?
Alex. I Madam, twenty seuerall Messengers,
 Why do you send so thicke?

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to send
 to *Anthony*, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Charmian*.
 Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, e-
 uer loue *Caesar* so?

Char. Oh that braue *Caesar*!
Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
 Say the braue *Anthony*.

Char. The valiant *Caesar*.
Cleo. By Isis, I will giue thee bloody teeth,
 If thou with *Caesar* Parago againe:
 My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
 I sing but after you.

Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
 When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,
 To say, as I saide then. But come away,
 Get me Inke and Paper,

he shall haue euery day a seuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeo-
 ple Egypt. *Exeunt*

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in
 warlike manner.*

Pom. If the great Gods be iust, they shall assist
 The deeds of iustest men.

Mene. Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do de-
 lay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are sutors to their Throne, decays
 the thing we sue for.

Mene. We ignorant of our selues,
 Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powres
 Deny vs for our good: so finde we profit
 By loosing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
 The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;
 My powers are Cressent, and my Auguring hope
 Sayes it will come to'th' full. *Marke Anthony*
 In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
 No warres without doores. *Caesar* gets money where
 He looses hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,
 Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,
 Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Caesar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
 Amighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where haue you this? 'Tis false.

Mene. From *Silurus*, Sir.

Pom. He dreames: I know they are in Rome together
 Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charmes of Loue,
 Salt *Cleopatra* soften thy wand lip,
 Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Lust with both,
 Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts,
 Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
 Sharpen with cloylesse sawce his Appetite,
 That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
 Euen till a Lethied dulnesse

Enter Varrus.
 How now *Varrus*?

Var. This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer:
Marke Anthony is euery houre in Rome
 Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
 A space for farther Trauaille.

Pom. I could haue giuen lesse matter
 A better care. *Menas*, I did not thinke
 This amorous Surfetters would haue dorth'd his Helme
 For such a petty Warre: His Souldiership
 Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare
 The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
 Can from the lap of Egypt's Widdow, plucke
 The neere Lust-weari'd *Anthony*.

Mene. I cannot hope,
Caesar and *Anthony* shall well greet together;
 His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to *Caesar*,
 His Brother wand vpon him, although I thinke
 Not mou'd by *Anthony*.

Pom. I know not *Menas*,
 How lesser Enmities may giue way to greater,
 Were't not that we stand vp against them all:
 'Twer pregnant they should square between themselves,
 For they haue entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords: but how the feare of vs
 May Ciment their diuisions, and binde vp
 The petty difference, we yet not know:
 Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands
 Our liues vpon, to vse our strongest hands
 Come *Menas*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, to increat your Captaine
 To soft and gentle speech.

Enob. I shall intreat him
 To answer like himselfe: if *Caesar* moue him,
 Let *Anthony* looke ouer *Caesars* head,
 And speake as low as *Mars*. By Iupiter,
 Were I the wearer of *Anthony's* Beard,
 I would not shauet to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for priuate stomacking.
Eno. Euery time serues for the matter that is then
 borne in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must giue way.
Eno. Nor if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you stirre
 No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony*.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.
Eno. And yonder *Caesar*.
Enter Caesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.
Ant. If we compose well heere, to *Parthia*:
 Hearke *Ventidius*.

Caesar. I do not know *Mecenas*, aske *Agrippa*.
Lep. Noble Friends:
 That which combin'd vs was most great, and let not
 A leaner action rend vs. What's amiss,
 May it be gently heard. When we debate
 Our triuiall difference loud, we do commit
 Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
 The rather for I earnestly beseech,
 Touch you the sorest points with sweetest tearmes,
 Nor curtnesse grow to'th' matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
 Were we before our Armies, and to fight,
 I should do thus. *Flourish.*

Ces. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thanke you.

Ces. Sit.

Ant. Sit sir.

Ces. Nay then.

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:
 Or being, concerne you not.

Ces. I must be laugh'd at, if or for nothing, or a little, I
 Should say my selfe offended, and with you
 Chiefely i'th' world. More laugh'd at, that I should
 Once name you derogarely: when to found your name
 It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt *Caesar*, what was't to you?

Ces. No more then my reciding heere at Rome
 Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
 Did practise on my State, your being in Egypt
 Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Ces. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
 By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother
 Made warres vpon me, and their contestation
 Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do mistake your busines, my Brother neuer
 Did vrge me in his Aet: I did inquire it,
 And haue my Learning from some true reports
 That drew their swords with you, did he not rather
 Discredit my authority with yours,
 And make the warres alike against my stomacke,
 Hauing alike your cause. Of this, my Letters
 Before did facisfie you. If you'l patch a quarrell,
 As matter whole you haue to make it with,

It must not be with this.

Cas. You praise your selfe, by laying defects of iudgement to me: but you patche vp your excuses.

Anth. Not so, not so:

I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't, Very necessity of this thought, that I Your Partner in the cause gainst which he fought, Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife, I would you had her spirit, in such another, The third oth' world is yours, which with a Snaffle, You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

Enobar. Would we had all such wiues, that the men might go to Warres with the women.

Anth. So much vncurable, her Garboiles (*Cas.*) Made out of her impatience: which not wanted Shrowdenesse of policie to: I greewing grant, Did you too much disquiet, for that you must, But say I could not helpe it.

Cas. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts Did gibe my Misue out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then: Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want Of what I was i'th' morning: but next day I told him of my selfe, which was as much As to haue askt him pardon. Let this Fellow Be nothing of our strife: if we contend Out of our question wipe him.

Cas. You haue broken the Article of your oath, which you shall neuer haue tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft *Cas.*

Ant. No *Lepidus*, let him speake, The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now, Supposing that I lackt it: but on *Cas.*, The Article of my oath.

Cas. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd them, the which you both denied.

Anth. Neglected rather:

And then when poysoned houres had bound me vp From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may, He play the penitent to you. But mine honesty, Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power Worke without it. Truth is, that *Enluis*, To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere, For which my selfe, the ignorant motiue, do So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour To stoope in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis Noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further The griefes betwene ye: to forget them quite, Were to remember: that the present neede, Speakes to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken *Mecenas*.

Enobar. Or if you borrow one anothers Loue for the instant, you may when you heare no more words of *Pompey* returne it againe: you shall haue time to wrangle in, when you haue nothing else to do.

Anth. Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more.

Enob. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Anth. You wrong this presence, therefore speake no more.

Enob. Go too then: your Considerate Stone.

Cas. I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,

We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew, What Hoop should hold vs staunch from edge to edge Arth' world: I would persue it.

Agri. Giue me leaue *Cas.*

Cas. Speake *Agrippa*.

Agri. Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd *Ostania*: Great *Mark Anthony* is now a widdower. *Cas.* Say not, say *Agrippa*: if *Cleopater* heard you, your prooue were well deserued of rashnesse.

Anth. I am not married *Cas.*: let me heere *Agrippa* further speake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amities, To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts With an vn-slipping knot, take *Anthony*, *Ostania* to his wife: whose beauty claimes No worse a husband then the best of men: whose Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake That which none else can write. By this marriage, All little Ielousies which now seeme great, And all great feares, which now import their dangers, Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales, Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both, Would each to other, and all loues to both Draw after her. Pardon what I haue spoke, For 'tis a studied not a present thought, By duty ruminated.

Anth. Will *Cas.* speake?

Cas. Not till he heares how *Anthony* is toucht, With what is spoke already.

Anth. What power is in *Agrippa*, If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so,

To make this good?

Cas. The power of *Cas.*, And his power, vnto *Ostania*.

Anth. May I neuer

(To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes) Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand Further this act of Grace: and from this houre, The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues, And sway our great Designs.

Cas. There's my hand: A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother Did euer loue so deere. Let her liue To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer Flie off our Loues againe.

Lep. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword gainst *Pompey*, For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great Of late vpon me. I must thanke him onely, Least my remembrance, suffer ill report: At heele of that, desie him.

Lep. Time calls vpon's,

Of vs most *Pompey* presently be sought, Or else he seekes out vs.

Anth. Where lies he?

Cas. About the Mount-*Mesena*.

Anth. What is his strength by land?

Cas. Great, and encreasing:

But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Anth. So is the Fame,

Would we had spoke together. Hast we for it, Yet ere we put our selues in Armes, dispatch we The businesse we haue talkt of.

Cas. With most gladnesse,

And do inuite you to my Sisters view,

Whi-

Whether straight he lead you.

Anth. Let vs *Lepidus* not lacke your companie.

Lep. Noble *Anthony*, not sicknesse should detain me.

Flourish. Exit omnes.

Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt Sir.

Eno. Halfe the heart of *Cas.*, worthy *Mecenas*. My honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mec. We haue cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested: you staid well by't in Egypt.

Enob. I Sir, we did sleepe day out of countenance: and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight Wilde-Boares roasted whole at a breakfast: and but twelue persons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deserued noting.

Mecenas. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square to her.

Enob. When she first met *Mark Anthony*, she purst vp his heart vpon the River of Sidnis.

Agri. There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter deuic'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you, The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne

Burnt on the water: the Poore was beaten Gold, Purple the Sails: and so perfum'd that

The Windes were Loue-sicke.

With them the Owers were Siluer, Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made

The water which they beate, to follow faster; As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person,

It beggerd all description, she did lye In her Pavillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,

O're-picturing that Venns, where we see The fancie out-work Nature. On each side her,

Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids, With diuers colour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,

To gloue the delicate cheekes which they did coole, And what they vndid did.

Agri. Oh rare for *Anthony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides, So many Mer-maides tended her i'th' eyes,

And made their bends adornings. At the Helme. A seeming Mer-maides steeres: The Silken Tackle,

Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands, That yarely frame the office. From the Barge

A strange intuisible perfume hits the sense Of the adiacent Wharfes. The City cast

Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony* Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone,

Whistling to'th' ayre: which but for vacancie, Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,

And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare Egyptian.

Eno. Vpon her landing, *Anthony* sent to her, Inuitd her to Supper: she replied,

It should be better, he became her guest: Which she entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,

Whom nere the word of no woman hard speake, Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast;

And for his ordinary, paises his heart, For what his eyes eate onely.

Agri. Royall Wench:

She made great *Cas.* lay his Sword to bed, He ploughed her, and she crop't.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty Paces through the publicke streete, And hauing lost her breath, she spoke, and panted, That she did make defect, perfection, And breathlesse powre breath forth.

Mec. Now *Anthony*, must leave her vicerly.

Eno. Neuer he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custome stale Her infinite variety: other women cloy

The appetites they feede, but she makes hungry, Where most she satisfies. For vildest things

Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests Blesse her, when she is Riggith.

Mec. If Beauty, Wildome, Modesty, can sett le The heart of *Anthony*: *Ostania* is

A blessed Lottery to him.

Agri. Let vs go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your selfe my guest, whilst you abide heere.

Eno. Humbly Sir I thanke you.

Exeunt

Enter Anthony, Cas., Ostania betwene them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will Sometimes deuide me from your bosome.

Ost. All which time, before the Gods my knee shall bowe my prayers to them for you.

Anth. Goodnight Sir. My *Ostania*

Read not my blemishes in the worlds report: I haue not kept my Square, but that to come

Shall all be done by'th' Rule: good night deesse Lady: Good night Sir.

Cas. Goodnight.

Exit.

Enter Soothsayer.

Anth. Now sirrah: you do with your selfe in Egypt? *Sooth.* Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you thither.

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion: haue it not in my tongue, But yet hee you to Egypt againe.

Anth. Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher *Casars* or mine?

Soot. *Casars*. Therefore (oh *Anthony*) stay not by his side Thy Dæmon that thy spirit which keeps thee, is

Noble, Couragious, high vnmarchable, Where *Casars* is not. But neere him, thy Angell

Becomes a feare: as being o're-powr'd, therefore Make space enough betwene you.

Anth. Speake this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee no more but: when to thee, If thou dost play with him at any game,

Thou art sure to loose: And of that Naturall lucke, He beates thee gainst the oddes. Thy Luster thickens,

When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit Is all afraid to gouerne thee neere him:

But he alway 'tis Noble.

Anth. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventigius* I would speake with him. *Exit.* He shall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,

He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him, And in our sports my better cunning faints,

Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he speeds, His Cocks do winne the Battaille, still of mine,

When it is all to naught: and his Quailles euer Beate mine (in hoop) at odd's. I will to Egypte:

And

And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I th'East my pleasure lies. Oh come *Ventsigius*.

You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready:
Follow me, and recieve't.

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your selues no further: pray you
hasten your Generals after.

Agg. Sir, *Marke Anthony*, will e'ne but kisse *Othania*,
and wee'll follow.

Lepi. Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dresse,
Which will become you both: Farewell.

Mec. We shall: as I conceiue the iourney, be at
Mount before you *Lepidus*.

Lepi. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
much about, you'll win two dayes vpon me.

Both. Sir good successe.

Lepi. Farewell.

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some Musicke: Musicke, moody foode
of vs that trade in Loue.

Omnes. The Musicke, ho.

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billards: come *Charmian*.

Char. My arme is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleo. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as
with a woman. Come you'll play with me Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed,
Though't come to short

The Actor may pleade pardon. He none now,
Give me mine Angle, wee'll to th'Riuer there
My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their slimy iawes: and as I draw them vp,
He think them euery one an *Anthony*,
And say, ah hazy' are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Ang-
ling, when your diuer did hang a salt fish on his hooke
which he with seruencie drew vp.

Cleo. That time? Oh times:

I laught him out of patience: and that night

I laught him into patience, and next morne,

Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed:

Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst

I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Messenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine eares,
That long time haue bin barren.

Mes. Madam, Madam.

Cleo. *Anthony's* dead,

If thou say so Villaine, thou kill'st thy Mistis:

But well and free, if thou so yeild him.

There is Gold, and heere

My blewest vaines to kisse: a hand that Kings

Haue lipst, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold.

But sirrah marke, we vse

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,

The Gold I giue thee, will I melt and powr

Downe thy ill vntiring throat.

Mes. Good Madam heere me.

Cleo. Well, go too I will:

But there's no goodnesse in thy face if *Anthony*

Be free and healthfull: so tart a fauour

To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,

Thou shouldst come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,

Not like a formall man.

Mes. Wilt please you heere me?

Cleo. I haue a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:

Yet if thou say *Anthony* liues, 'tis well,

Or friends with *Cesar*, or not Captiue to him,

He set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile

Rich Pearles vpon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And Friends with *Cesar*.

Cleo. Th'art an honest man.

Mes. *Cesar*, and he, are greater Friends then euer.

Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me.

Mes. But yet Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay

The good precedence, he vpon but yet,

But yet is as a laylor to bring forth

Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,

Powr out the packe of matter to mine eare,

The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cesar*,

In state of heal th thou saist, and thou saist, free.

Mes. Free Madam, no: I made no such report,

He's bound vnto *Othania*.

Cleo. For what good turne?

Mes. For the best turne i'th'bed.

Cleo. I am pale *Charmian*.

Mes. Madam, he's married to *Othania*.

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence vpon thee.

Strikes him downe.

Mes. Good Madam patience.

Cleo. What say you?

Hence horrible Villaine, or he spurne mine eyes

Like balls before me: he vnhaire thy head,

She haies him up and downe.

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stew'd in brine,

Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mes. Gracious Madam,

I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Prouince I will giue thee,

And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st

Shall make thy peace, for mouing me to rage,

And I will boot thee with what guift beside

Thy modestie can begge.

Mes. He's married Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liu'd too long. Draw a knife.

Mes. Nay then he runne.

What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault. *Exit.*

Char. Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe,

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt:

Melt Egypt into Nile: and kindly creatures

Turne all to Serpents. Call the slaue againe,

Though I am mad, I will not byte him: C all?

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,

These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike

A meaner then my selfe: since I my selfe

Haue giuen my selfe the cause. Come hiser Sir.

Enter the Messenger againe.

Though it be honest, it is neuer good

To bring bad newes: giue to a gracious Message

And

An host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I haue done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser then I do.

If thou againe say yes.

Mes. He's married Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee,

Dost thou hold there still?

Mes. Should I ye Madam?

Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst:

So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made

A Cesterne for scald'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,

Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face to me,

Thou would'st appeere most vgly: He is married?

Mes. I craue your Highnesse pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,

To punish me for what you make me do

Seemes much vnequall, he's married to *Othania*.

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knaue of thee,

That art not what th'art sure of. Get thee hence,

The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome

Are all too deere for me:

Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.

Char. Good your Highnesse patience.

Cleo. In praying *Anthony*, I haue disprais'd *Cesar*.

Char. Many times Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,

I faint, oh *Irax*, *Charmian*: 'tis no matter.

Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bid him

Report the feature of *Othania*: her yeares,

Her inclination, let him not leaue out

The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,

Let him for euer go, let him not *Charmian*,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*

Bring me word, how tall she is: pity me *Charmian*,

But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Exit.

Flourish. Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trum-

pet: at another *Cesar*, *Lepidus*, *Anthony*, *Enobarbus*, *Mec-*

enas, *Agrippa*, *Menas* with Souldiers Marching.

Pom. Your Hostages I haue, so haue you mine:

And we shall talke before we fight.

Cesar. Most meete that first we come to words,

And therefore haue we

Our written purposes before vs sent,

Which if thou hast considered, let vs know,

If'twill tye vp thy discontented Sword,

And carry backe to Cicilie much tall youth,

That else must perish heere.

Pom. To you all three,

The Senators alone of this great world,

Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,

Wherefore my Father should reuengers want,

Haueing a Sonne and Friends, since *Julius Cesar*,

Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghosted,

There saw you labouring for him. What was't

That moud pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what

Made all-honor'd, honest, Romaine *Brutus*,

With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beauctious freedome,

To drench the Capitoll, but that they would

Haue one man but a man, and that his it

Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whose burthen,

The anger'd Ocean comes, with which I meant

To scourge th'ingratitude, that despightfull Rome
Cast on my Noble Father.

Cesar. Take your time.

Ant. Thou can'st not feare vs Pompey with thy sailes.

Wee'll speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st

How much we do o're-count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed

Thou dost o'recount me of my Fatherrs house:

But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe,

Remaine in't as thou maist.

Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell vs,

(For this is from the present now you take)

The offers we haue sent you.

Cesar. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated too.

But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd

Cesar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You haue made me offer

Of Cicilie, Sardinia: and I must

Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to send

Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,

To part with vnhackt edges, and beare backe

Our Targes vndinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you heere,

A man prepar'd

To take this offer: But *Marke Anthony*,

Put me to some impatience: though I loose

The praise of it by telling. You must know

When *Cesar* and your Brother were at blowes,

Your Mother came to Cicilie, and did finde

Her welcome Friendly.

Ant. I haue heard it Pompey,

And am well studied for a liberall thanks,

Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me haue your hand:

I did not thinke Sir, to haue met you heere,

Ant. The beds i'th'East are soft, and thanks to you,

That cal'd me timelier then my purpose hither:

For I haue gained by't.

Cesar. Since I saw you last, ther's a change vpon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,

What counts harsh Fortune cast's vpon my face,

But in my bosome shall she neuer come,

To make my heart her vassalle.

Lep. Well met heere.

Pom. I hope so *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:

I craue our composition may be written

And seal'd betweene vs.

Cesar. That's the next to do.

Pom. Wee'll feast each other ere we part, and lett's

Draw lours who shall begin.

Ant. That will I Pompey.

Pompey. No *Anthony* take the lot: but first or last,

your fine Egyptian cookerie shall haue the fame, I haue

heard that *Julius Cesar*, grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You haue heard much.

Pom. I haue faire meaning Sir.

Ant. And faire words to them.

Pom. Then so much haue I heard,

And I haue heard *Appolodorus* carried

Eno. No more that: he did so.

Pom. What I pray you?

Eno. A certaine Queene to *Cesar* in a Mattis:

Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou Souldier?

Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue

Four

Four Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I haue scene thee fight,
When I haue enuied thy behauiour.

Enob. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you haue well deseru'd ten times as much,
As I haue said you did.

Pom. Inioy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.
Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew's the way, sir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt.* *Manet Enob. & Menas*
Menas. Thy Father Pompey would ne'r haue made this
Treaty. You, and I haue knowne sir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinke.

Menas. We haue Sir.

Enob. You haue done well by water.

Menas. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praise any man that will praise me, though
it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

Menas. Nor what I haue done by water.

Enob. Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne
safely: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Menas. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land seruice: but giue mee
your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they
might take two Theeues kissing.

Menas. All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands
are.

Enob. But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true
Face.

Menas. No slander, they steale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Menas. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drink-
ing. Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Menas. Y'haue said Sir, we look'd not for Marke An-
thony heere, pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Enob. Caesar's Sister is call'd *Octavia*.

Menas. True Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Enob. But she is now the wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Menas. Pray ye sir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Menas. Then is Caesar and he, for euer knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold
not Prophecie so.

Menas. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more
in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

Enob. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band
that seemes to tie their friendship together, will bee the
very strangler of their Amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold,
and still conuersation.

Menas. Who would not haue his wife so?

Enob. Not he that himselfe is not so: which is *Marke*
Anthony: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall
the sighes of *Octavia* blow the fire vp in *Caesar*, and (as I
said before) that which is the strength of their Amity,
shall proue the immediate Author of their variance. *An-*
thony will vse his affection where it is. Hee married but
his occasion heere.

Menas. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard?
I haue a health for you.

Enob. I shall take it sir: we haue vs'd our Throats in
Egypt, no more.

Menas. Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

Musicke playes.

Enter two or three Seruants with a Basket.

1 Heere they'l be man: some o'th' their Plants are ill
rooted already, the least winde i'th' world will blow them
downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high Conlord.

1 They haue made him drinke *Almes* drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee
cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatic, and
himselfe to'th' drinke.

1 But it raises the greater warre betweene him & his
discretion.

2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fel-
lowship: I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no
seruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be scene
to moue in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which
pittifully disfigure the cheekes.

A Sennet sounded.

*Enter Caesar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas,
Enobarbus, Menas, with other Capitaines.*

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nile
By certaine scales i'th' Pyramid: they know
By'th' height, the lownesse, or the meane: If dearth
Or Foison follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbes, the Seedman
Vpon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine,
And shortly comes to Haruest.

Lep. Y'haue strange Serpents there?

Ant. I *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit, and some Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:

But I'll ne'r be out.

Enob. Not till you haue slept: I feare me you'l bee in
till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the *Ptolemies* Pyra-
mids are very goodly things: without contradiction I
haue heard that.

Menas. Pompey, a word.

Pom. Say in mine eare, what is't.

Menas. Forlake thy seate I do beseech thee Capitaine,
And heare me speake a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon. *Whispers in's Eare.*

This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd sir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it
hath bredth: It is iust so high as it is, and mooues with its
owne organs. It liues by that which nourisheth it, and
the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its owne colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.

Caes. Will this description satisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that Pompey giues him, else he
is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang sir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Menas. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,

Rise

Rise from thy steele.

Pom. I thinke th'art mad: the matter?

Menas. I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast seru'd me with much faith: what's
else to say? Be iolly Lords.

Ant. These Quicke-sands *Lepidus*,

Keepe off, them for you sinke.

Menas. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What saist thou?

Menas. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?
That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Menas. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me
poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunke well.

Menas. No Pompey, I haue kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Ioue:

What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way?

Menas. These three World-sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:

All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst haue done,
And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good seruice: thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath so betraide thine aile. Being done vnknowne,
I should haue found it afterwards well done,
But must condemne it now: desist, and drinke.

Menas. For this, I'll neuer follow

Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall neuer finde it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Beare him ashore,

He pledge it for him Pompey.

Enob. Heere's to thee *Menas*.

Menas. *Enobarbus* welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Enob. There's a strong Fellow *Menas*.

Menas. Why?

Enob. A beares the third part of the world man: seest
not?

Menas. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were
all, that it might go on wheeles.

Enob. Drinke thou: encrease the Reeles.

Menas. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it: strike the Vessells ho.

Heere's to *Caesar*.

Caesar. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour
when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th' time.

Caesar. Possesse it, I'll make answer: but I had rather
fast from all, foure dayes, then drinke to much in one.

Enob. Ha my braue Emperour, shall we daunce now
the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?

Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Enob. All take hands:

Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,

The while, I'll place you, then the Boy shall sing.
The holding every man shall beate as loud,
As his strong sides can volly.

Musicke Playes. *Enobarbus* places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,

Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke eyne:

In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,

With thy Grapes our haire be Crown'd.

Cup vs till the world go round,

Cup vs till the world go round.

Caesar. What would you more?

Pompey goodnight. Good Brother

Let me request you of our grauer businesse

Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let's part,

You see we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong *Enobarbe*

Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue

Spleet's what it speakes: the wilde disguise hath almost

Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight.

Good *Anthony* your hand.

Pom. He try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall Sir, giues your hand.

Pom. Oh *Anthony*, you haue my Father house.

But what, we are Friends?

Come downe into the Boate.

Enob. Take heed you fall not *Menas*: He not on shore,

No to my Cabin: these Drummes,

These Trumpets, Flutes: what

Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud fare well

To these great fellows, Sound and be hang'd, sound out.

Sound a Flourish with Drummes.

Enob. Hoo saies a there's my Cap.

Menas. Hoa, Noble Capitaine, come. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Paco-
rus borne before him.*

Ven. Now daring Parthya art thou stroke, and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death

Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,

Before our Army thy *Pacorus* Orades,

Paies this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Romaine. Noble *Ventidius*,

Whil't yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,

The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters, whether

The routed flie. So thy grand Capitaine *Anthony*

Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and

Put Garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Sillius*, *Sillius*,

I haue done enough. A lower place note well

May make too great an act. For learne this *Sillius*,

Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed

Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serues away.

Caesar and *Anthony*, haue euer wonne

More in their officer, then person. *Sossius*

One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,

For quicke accumulation of renowne,

Which he archiu'd by'th' minute, lost his fauour.

Who does i'th' Warres more then his Capitaine can,

Becomes his Capitaine's Capitaine: and Ambition

(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choise of losse

Then gaine, which darkens him.

I could do more to do *Antonius* good,

But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,

Should

Should my performance perish.

Rom. Thou hast *Ventidius* that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou wilt write to *Anthony*.

Ven. He humbly signifie what in his name, That magicall word of Warre we haue effected, How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks, The nere-yet beaten Horse of Parthia, We haue iaded out o'th Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast The waight we must conuay with's, will permit: We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They haue dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone, The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weepes To part from *Rome*: *Cesar* is sad, and *Lepidus* Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* saies, is troubled With the Greene-Sicknesse.

Agri. 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loues *Cesar*.

Agri. Nay but how deere he adores *Mark Anthony*.

Eno. *Cesar*? why he's the Iupiter of men.

Ant. What's *Anthony*, the God of Iupiter?

Eno. Spake you of *Cesar*? How, the non-pareill?

Agri. Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!

Eno. Would you praise *Cesar*, say *Casargo* no further.

Agri. Indeed he pried them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loues *Cesar* best, yet he loues *Anthony*:

Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,
Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot

Thinke speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo,

His loue to *Anthony*. But as for *Cesar*,

Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.

Agri. Both he loues.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so:

This is to horse: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cesar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further Sir.

Cesar. You take from me a great part of my selfe: Vse me well in't. Sister, proue such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band Shall passe on thy approofe: most Noble *Anthony*, Let not the peece of Vertue which is set Retwixt vs, as the Cymment of our loue To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter The Fortresse of it: for better might we Haue lou'd without this meane, if on both parts This be not cherisht.

Ant. Make me not offended, in your distrust.

Cesar. I haue said.

Ant. You shall not finde,

Though you be therein curious, the lest cause For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you, And make the hearts of Romanes serue your ends: We will heere part.

Cesar. Farewell my dearest Sister, fare thee well, The Elements be kind to thee, and make Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

Ota. My Noble Brother.

Ant. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues spring, And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerfull.

Ota. Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and *Cesar*. What *Octavia*?

Ota. He tell you in your eare.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can Her heart informe her tougue. The Swannes downe feather That stands vpon the Swell at the full of Tide: And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cesar* weep?

Agri. He ha's a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is he being a man.

Agri. Why *Enobarbus*:

When *Anthony* found *Julius Cesar* dead,

He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,

When at *Phillippi* he found *Brutus* slaine.

Eno. That yearindeed, he was troubled with a rheume, What willingly he did confound, he wail'd, Beleeu'till I weepe too.

Cesar. No sweet *Octavia*, You shall heare from me still: the time shall not Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,

Ile wrastle with you in my strength of loue,

Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go,

And giue you to the Gods.

Cesar. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Starres giue light To thy faire way.

Cesar. Farewell, farewell.

Ant. Farewell. *Trumpets sound.* *Kisses Octavia.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Halfe as dead to come.

Cleo. Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Maiestie: *Herod* of Iury dare not looke vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herod* head, Ile haue: but how? When *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might command it: Come thou nere.

Mes. Most gracious Maiestie.

Cleo. Didst thou behold *Octavia*?

Mes. I dread Queene.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam in *Rome*, I lookt her in the face: and saw her led betwene her Brother, and *Marke Anthony*.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not Madam.

Cleo. Didst heere her speake?

Mes. The shrill tongu'd or low?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? Oh *Isis*: 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I thinke so *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfish

What Maiestie is in her face, remember

If ere thou lookt on Maiestie.

Mes. She creepes: her motion, & her station are as one:

She shewes a body, rather then a life,

A Statue, then a Breacher.

Cleo. Is this certaine?

Mes. Or I haue no obseruance.

Cha. Three in *Egypt* cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiue't,

There's nothing in her yet.

The

The Fellow ha's good iudgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guesse at her yeares, I prythee.

Mes. Madam, she was a widdow.

Cleo. Widdow? *Charmian*, hearken.

Mes. And I do thinke she's thirtie.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Mes. Round, euen to faultinesse.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. Her haire what colour?

Mes. Browne Madam: and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's Gold for thee,

Thou must not take my former sharpnesse ill, I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,

Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much

That so I harried him. Why me think's by him, This Creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing Madam.

Cleo. The man hath scene some Maiestie, and should know.

Char. Hath he scene Maiestie? *Isis* else defend: and seruing you so long.

Cleo. I haue one thing more to aske him yet good *Charmian*: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me where I will write, all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you Madam.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octavia*, not onely that, That were excusable, that and thousands more

Of femblable import, but he hath wag'd New Warres gainst *Pompey*. Made his will, and read it,

To publike eare, spoke scantily of me, When perforce he could not

But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly He vented then most narrow measure: silent me,

When the best hint was giuen him: he not look't, Or did it from his teeth.

Ota. Oh my good Lord, Beleeue not all, or if you must beleeue,

Stomacke not all. A more vnhappy Lady, If this deuision chance, ne're stood betwene

Praying for both parts: The good Gods wil mocke me presently,

When I shall pray: Oh blesse my Lord and Husband, Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,

Oh blesse my Brother. Husband winne Brother, Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, ne midway

'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*, Let your best loue draw to that point which seeks

Best to preferue it: if I loose mine Honour, I loose my selfe: better I were not yours

Then your so branchlesse. But as you requested, Your selfe shall go betwene's, the meane time Lady,

Ile raise the preparation of a Warre Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest hast,

So your desires are yours.

Ota. Thanks to my Lord, The Ioue of power make me most weak, most weak,

You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be, As if the world should cleaue, and that slaine men

Should foader vp the Rift.

Ant. When it appeeres to you where this begins, Turne your displeasure that way, for our fautes

Can neuer be so equall, that your loue

Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,

Chooise your owne company, and command what cost

Your heart he's mind too. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now Friend *Eros*?

Eros. Ther's strange Newes come Sir.

Eno. What man?

Eros. *Cesar* & *Lepidus* haue made wartes vpon *Pompey*.

Eno. This is old, what is the successe?

Eros. *Cesar* hauing made vse of him in the warres gainst *Pompey*: presently denied him riuallry, would not

let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to

Pompey. Vpon his owne appeale seizes him, so the poore third is vp, till death enlarge his Confinde.

Eno. Then would thou hadst a paire of chapsn's more, and throw betwene them all the food thou hast, they'le

grinde the other. Where's *Anthony*?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes

The rust that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*,

And threats the throate of that his Officer,

That murthered *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Nauies rig'd.

Eros. For Italy and *Cesar*, more *Domitius*,

My Lord desires you presently: my Newes

I might haue told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.

Eros. Come Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cesar.

Ces. Contemning *Rome* he ha's done all this, & more

In *Alexandria*: heere's the manner of't:

I'th' Market-place on a Tribunall siluer'd,

Cleopatra and himselfe in Chaires of Gold

Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat

Cesarion whom they call my Fathers Sonne,

And all the vnlawfull issue, that their Lust

Since then hath made betwene them. Vnto her,

He gaue the stablishment of *Egypt*, made her

Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*, absolute Queene.

Mec. This in the publike eye?

Cesar. I'th' common shew place, where they exercise,

His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,

Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*

He gaue to *Alexander*. To *Ptolemy* he assign'd,

Syria, *Silicia*, and *Phoenicia*: she

In th' abillments of the Goddess *Isis*

That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audience,

As 'tis reported so.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

Agri. Who queasie with his insolence already,

Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cesar. The people knowes it,

And haue now receiue'd his accusations.

Agri. Who does he accuse?

Cesar. *Cesar*, and that hauing in *Cicilie*

Sextus Pompeius spoild, we had not rated him

His part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me

Some shipping vnto'th' d. Lastly, he frets

That *Lepidus* of the Triumpherate, should be depos'd,

And being that, we detain all his Reuenue.

Agri. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cesar. 'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone:

I haue told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,

y y

That

That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deferue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like
Mec. Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.

Ces. Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her Traine.

Octa. Haile *Cesar*, and my L. haile most deere *Cesar*.

Cesar. That euer I should call thee Cast-away.

Octa. You haue not call'd me so, nor haue you cause.

Ces. Why haue you stoln vpon vs thus? you come not
Like *Cesar's* Sister, The wife of *Anthony*
Should haue an Army for an *Vsher*, and
The neighes of Horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appeare. The trees by th' way
Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should haue ascended to the Roofs of Heauen,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and haue prevented
The orientation of our loue; which left vnshewne,
Is often left vnshewne: we should haue met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying euery Stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Mark Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greued care withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.

Ces. Which soone he granted,
Being an abstract twene his Lust, and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my Lord.

Ces. I haue eyes vpon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in Athens.

Cesar. No my most wronged Sister, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th' earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
Bochus the King of Lybia, *Archilanus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphus* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
King *Maechus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, *Mithridates* King
Of Comagene, *Polemon* and *Aminius*,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
With a more larger List of Scepters.

Octa. Aye me most wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other. (breaking forth)

Ces. Welcome hither: your Letters did with-holde our
Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which driues
O're your content, these strong necessities,

But let determin'd things to destinie
Hold vnbewayld their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Iustice, makes his Ministers
Of vs, and those that loue you. Best of comfort,
And euer welcom to vs. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.

Mec. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pity you,
Onely th' adulterous *Anthony*, most large

In his abominations, turnes you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyses it against vs.

Octa. Is it so fit?

Ces. Most certaine: Sister welcome: pray you
Be euer knowne to patience. My deere st Sister. *Exit*

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,
And say'st it it not fit.

Eno. Well: is it, is it.

Cleo. If not, denounc'd against vs, why should not
we be therein person,

Eno. Well, I could reply: if wee should serue with
Horse and Mares together, the Horse were meere lyft:
the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your preference needs must puzzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuitie, and 'tis said in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.

Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That speake against vs. A Charge we beare i'th' Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Appere there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.

Enter Anthony and Camidius.

Eno. Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange *Camidius*,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)

Cleo. Celerity is neuer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might haue well becom'd the best of men
To raunt at slacknesse. *Camidius*, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Cam. Why will my Lord, do so?

Ant. For that he dares vs too't.

Eno. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight,
Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharosia,
Where *Cesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers
Which serue not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Marriners are Milites, Reapers, people
Ingroft by swift Impresse. In *Cesar's* Fleet,
Are those, that often haue gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their shippes are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you haue by Land,
Distract your Armie, which doth most consist
Of Warre-mark-footmen, leaue vnexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promises assurance, and
Giue vp your selfe meere to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie.

Ant. He fight at Sea.

Cleo

Cleo. I haue sixty Sailes, *Cesar* none better.

Ant. Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th' head of Aetion
Beate th' approaching *Cesar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is desertied,
Cesar ha's taken *Torynie*.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be. *Camidius*,
Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelue thousand Horse. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis*.

Enter a Soldier.

How now worthy Souldier?

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten plankes: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th' Egyptians
And the Phenicians go a ducking: wee
Haue vs'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. *Exit Ant, Cleo, & Eno.*

Soul. By Hercules I thinke I am i'th' right.

Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse
whole, do you not?

Cam. *Marcus Octanius, Marcus Iulius*,
Publicola, and *Celsus*, are for Sea:
But wee keepe whole by Land. This speede of *Cesar's*
Carries beyond beleefe.

Soul. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,
As beguilde all Spies.

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

Soul. They say, one *Towrus*.

Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Camidius*.

Cam. With Newes the times wit a Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, some. *Exit*

Enter Cesar with his Army, marching.

Ces. *Towrus*?

Tow. My Lord.

Ces. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaille
Till we haue done at Sea. Do not excede
The Prescript of this Seroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this iumpe. *Exit.*

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th' Hill,
In eye of *Cesar's* battaille, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *Exit.*

Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the
stage, and *Towrus* the Lieutenant of *Cesar* the other way:
After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight.

Alarm. *Enter Enobarbus and Scarnus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:

To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarnus.

Scar. Gods, & Goddesses, all the whol synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion.

Scar. The greater Cantele of the world, is lost
With very ignorance, we haue kist away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.

Eno. How appeares the Fight?

Scar. On our side, like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprosie o're-take) i'th' midst o'th' fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne,
Hoists Sailes, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being loofe,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leauing the Fight in height, flies after her:
I neuer saw an Action of such shame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate so it selfe.

Eno. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camidius.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinke most lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,
Most grossely by his owne.

Eno. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight
indeede.

Cam. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easie too't,

And there I will attend what further comes.

Camid. To *Cesar* will I render
My Legions and my Horse, sixe Kings aheadie
Shew me the way of yeelding.

Eno. He yet follow

The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reason
Sits in the winde against me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,
It is asham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Haue lost my way for euer. I haue a shippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,
And make your peace with *Cesar*.

Omnes. Fly? Not wee.

Ant. I haue fled my selfe, and haue instructed cowards
To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
I haue my selfe resolu'd vpon a course,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to looke vpon,
My very haire do mutiny: for the white
Reproue the browne for rashnesse, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall
Haue Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,
Nor make replies of loathnesse, take the hint
Which my dispaire proclaimes. Let them be left
Which leaues it selfe, to the Sea-side straight way:
I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure.

y 2

Leaue

Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: for indeede I haue lost command,
Therefore I pray you, let see you by and by. *Sits downe*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do most deere Queene.

Char. Do, why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit downe: Oh *Luno.*

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you heere, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, oh good Empresse.

Eros. Sir, sir.

Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke
The leane and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had
In the braue squares of Warre: yet now: no matter.

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speake to him,
Hee's vnqualited with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustaine me: Oh.

Eros. Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I haue offended Reputation,
A most vnnoble sweruing.

Eros. Sir, the Queene.

Ant. Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, see
How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I haue left behinde
Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgiue my fearfull sayles, I little thought
You would haue followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by th' strings,
And thou should'st stowe me after. O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.

Cleo. Oh my pardon.

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th' world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates
All that is wonne and lost: Giue me a kisse,
Euen it is repayes me.

We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe?

Loue I am full of Lead: some Wine

Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,

We scorn her most, when most she offers blowes. *Exeunt*

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Dolabella with others.

Caes. Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony*.
Know you him.

Dolla. Caesar, 'tis his Schoolemaster,
An argument that heis plucke, when hither
He sends so poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Anthony.

Caesar. Approach, and speake.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Anthony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morn-dew on the Mertleleaf
To his grand Sea.

Caes. Bee't so, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted
He Lessons his Requests, and to thee lues
To let him breath betwene the Heauens and Earth
A priuate man in Athens: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confesse thy Greatnesse,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyres,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Caes. For *Anthony*,

I haue no eares to his request. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, to thee
From Egypt driue her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if shee performe,
She shall not sue vnheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Caes. Bring him through the Bands:
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra*, promise
And in our Name, what she requires, adde more
From thine inuention, offers. Women are not
In their best Fortunes strong; but want will periure
The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,
Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
Will answer as a Law.

Thid. *Caesar*, I go.

Caesar. Obserue how *Anthony* becomes his slaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In euery power that mooues.

Thid. *Caesar*, I shall.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian & Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eros. Thinke, and dye.

Cleo. Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?

Eros. *Anthony* onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whose feuerall ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?

The itch of his Affection should not then

Haue nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,

When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being

The meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse

Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,

And leaue his Nauy gazing.

Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassador with Anthony.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Ant. The Queene shall then haue courties,

So she will yeeld vs vp.

Am. He sayes so.

Ant. Let her know't. To the Boy *Caesar* send this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
With Principalties.

Cleo. That head my Lord?

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note
Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would preuaile
Vnder the seruice of a Childe, as soone
As it's Command of *Caesar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Comparisons a-part,
And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our felues alone: He write it: Follow me.

Eros. Yes like enough: hie battel'd *Caesar* will
Vstate his happinesse, and be Stag'd to'th' new
Against a Sword. I see mens Iudgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike, that he should deame,
Knowing all measures, the full *Caesar* will
Answer his emptinesse; *Caesar* thou hast subdu'd
His Iudgement too.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. A Messenger from *Caesar*.

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him sir.

Eros. Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square,
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a false Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And eames a place i'th' Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Caesars* will.

Thid. Heare it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends: say boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Anthony*.

Eros. He needs as many (Sir) as *Caesar* ha's,
Or needs not vs. If *Caesar* please, our Master
Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is *Caesar*.
Thid. So thus then thou most renown'd, *Caesar* intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further then heis *Caesar*.

Cleo. Go on, right Royall.

Thid. He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did loue, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh.

Thid. The scarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he
Does pitty, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserued.

Cleo. He is a God,

And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour

Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meere.

Eros. To be sure of that, I will aske *Anthony*.

Sir, sir, thou art so leakie

That we must leaue thee to thy sinking, for

Thy deere'st quit thee. *Exit Eros.*

Thid. Shall I say to *Caesar*?

What you require of him: for he partly begges

To be desir'd to giue. It much would please him,

That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe

To leane vpon. But it would warme his spirits

To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,

And put your seife vnder his throwd, the vniuersal Land-

Cleo. What's your name? (lord.

Thid. My name is *Thidias*.

Cleo. Most kinde Messenger,

Say to great *Caesar* this in disputation,

I kisse his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.

Thid. 'Tis your Noblest course:
Wisdom and Fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Giue me grace to lay
My durie on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Caesars* Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)
Bestow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou
Thid. One that but performs (Fellow?)
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To haue command obey'd.

Eros. You will be whipt.

Ant. Approch there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried ho,
Like Boyes vnto a muffle, Kings would start forth,
And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?

I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him.
Enter a Seruant.

Eros. 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelp,
Then with an old one dying.

Ant. Moone and Starres,
Whip him: we're twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Caesar*, should I finde them
So sawcy with the hand of shee heere, what's her name
Since she was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. *Mark* *Anthony*.

Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt
Bring him againe, the Iacke of *Caesars* shall
Beare vs an arrant to him. *Exeunt with Thidias.*

You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?
Haue I my pillow left vnprest in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a fem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on Feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord.

Ant. You haue beene a boggler euer,
But when we in our vicioussesse grow hard
(Oh misery on't) the wise Gods seele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgements, make vs
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strue
To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morfell, cold vpon
Dead *Caesars* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Gneius Pompey*, besides what hotter houres
Vnregistred in vulgar Fame, you haue
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guesse what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Scale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the hill of *Basan*, to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I haue sauege cause,
And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like

A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Seruant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did aske fauour.

Ant. If that thy Father liue, let him repent

Thou wast not made his daughter, and be thou sorrie

To follow *Cesar* in his Triumph, since

Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth

The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,

Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Cesar*,

Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say

He makes me angry with him. For he seemes

Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,

Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,

And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:

When my good Starres, that were my former guides

Haue empty left their Orbes, and thot their Fires

Into th' Abisme of hell. If he mistike,

My speech, and what is done, tell him he has

Hiparchus, my enfranchised Bondman, whom

He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,

As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:

Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

Exit Thid.

Cleo. Haue you done yet?

And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time?

Ant. To flatter *Cesar*, would you mingle eyes

With one that tyes his points,

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be so,

From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,

And poyson it in the soure, and the first stone

Drop in my necke: as it determines so

Disolue my life, the next *Cæsarian* smile,

Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,

Together with my braue Egyptians all,

By the discandring of this pelleted storme,

Lye grauelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle

Haue buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:

Cesar sets downe in Alexandria, where

I will oppose his Fate. Out force by Land,

Hath Nobly held, our feuer'd Nauie too

Haue knir againe, and Fleete, threatening most Sea-like.

Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?

Yfrom the Field I shall retorne once more

To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,

I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,

There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my braue Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,

And fight maliciously: for when mine houres

Were nice and lucky, men did ranfome liues

Of me for iests: But now, Ile set my teeth,

And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come,

Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me

All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:

Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,

I had thought t' haue held it poore. But since my Lord

Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord,

Ant. Do so, wee'l speake to them,

And to night Ile force

The Wine peepe through their scarrest,

Come on (my Queene)

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight

Ile make death loue me: for I will contend

Euen with his pestilent Syt de.

Exeunt.

Eno. Now hee'l out-fare the Lightning, to be furious

Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode

The Doue will pecke the Estridge; and I see still

A diminution in our Captaines braine,

Restores his heart; when valour prayes in reason,

It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke

Some way to leaue him.

Exeunt.

Enter Cesar, Agrippa, & Mecenas with his Army,

Cesar reading a Letter.

Ces. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power

To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger

He hath whipt with Rods, dates me to personal Combat.

Cesar to *Anthony*: let the old Russian know,

I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time]

Laugh at his Challenge.

Meca. *Cesar* must thinke,

When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted

Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now

Make boote of his distraction: Neuer anger

Made good guard for it selfe.

Ces. Let our best heads know,

That to morrow, the last of many Battailies

We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,

Of those that seru'd *Marke Anthony* but late,

Enough to fetch him in. See it done,

And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo't,

And they haue earn'd the waste, Poore *Anthony*.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,

Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian*?

Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow Soldier,

By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will liue,

Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood

Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno. Ile strike, and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:

Call forth my Household Seruants, lets to night

Enter 3 or 4 Seruants.

Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,

Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,

Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue seru'd me well,

And Kings haue beene your fellowes.

Cleo. What meane this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorow shoots

Out of the minde.

Ant. And thou art honest too:

I wish I could be made so many men,

And all of you clapt vp together, in

An *Anthony*: that I might do you seruice,

So good as you haue done.

Omnes.

Omnes. The Gods forbid.

Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:

Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me:

As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,

And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he meane?

Eno. To make his Followers weepe.

Ant. Tend me to night;

May be, it is the period of your duty,

Haply you shall not see me more, or if,

A tangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,

You'll serue another Master. I looke on you,

As one that takes his leaue. Mine honest Friends,

I turne you not away, but like a Master

Married to your good seruice, stay till death:

Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,

And the Gods yeeld you fort.

Eno. What meane you (Sir)

To giue them this discomfot? Looke they weepe,

And I au Affe, am Onyon-cy'd; for shame,

Transforme vs not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:

Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.

Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)

You take me in too dolorous a sence,

For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you

To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)

I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,

Where rather Ile expect victorious life,

Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,

And drowne consideration.

Exeunt.

Enter a Company of Soldiours.

1. *Sol.* Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.

2. *Sol.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.

1. Nothing: what newes?

2. Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.

1. Well sir, good night.

They meete other Soldiours.

2. Soldiours, haue carefull Watch.

1. And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themselves in euery corner of the Stage.

2. Heere we: and if to morrow

Our Nauie thrise, I haue an absolute hope

Our Landmen will stand vp.

1. 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.

Musicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.

2. Peace, what noise?

1. I list, list.

2. Hearke.

1. Musicke i'th Ayre.

3. Vnder the earth.

4. It signes well, do's it not?

3. No.

1. Peace I say: What should this meane?

2. 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loued,

Now leaues him.

1. Walke, let's see if other Watchmen

Do heare what we do?

2. How now Maisters?

Speak together.

Omnes. How now? how now? do you heare this?

1. I, is't not strange?

3. Do you heare Maisters? Do you heare?

1. Follow the noyse so farre as we haue quarter.

Let's see how it will giue off.

Omnes. Content: 'Tis strange.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armour Eros.

Cleo. Sleepe a little.

Ant. No my Chucke. Eros, come mine Armor Eros.

Enter Eros.

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,

If Fortune be not ours to day, it is

Because we braue her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too, *Anthony*.

What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art

The Armourer of my heart: Falsc, falsc: This, this,

Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrise now.

See't thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences,

Eros. Briefely Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that vnbucksles this, till we do please

To dast for our Repose, shall heare a storme.

Thou fumblest Eros, and my Queenes a Squire

More tight at this, then thou: Dispatch. O Loue,

That thou couldst see my Warres to day, and knew'st

The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see

A Workeman in't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,

Thou look'st like him that knowes a warlike Charge:

To businesse that we loue, we rise betime,

And go too't with delight.

Soul. A thousand Sir, early thought't be, haue on their

Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you.

Shows.

Trumpets Flourish.

Enter Captaines, and Soldiours.

Alex. The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.

All. Good morrow Generall.

Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lads.

This Morning, like the spirit of a youth

That meane to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so: Come giue me that, this way, well-fed.

Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,

This is a Soldiours kisse: rebukeable,

And worthy shamefull checke it were, to stand

On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leaue thee.

Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,

Follow me close, Ile bring you too't: Adieu. *Exeunt.*

Char. Please you retire to your Chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cesar* might

Determine this great Warre in single fight;

Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on. *Exeunt.*

Trumpets sound. Enter Anthony, and Eros.

He shall not heare thee, or from *Casars Campe*,
Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What sayest thou?

Sol. Sir he is with *Cesar*.

Eros. Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has, not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sol. Most certaine.

Ant. Go *Eros*, send his Treasure after, do it,
Detaine no lot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings;
Say, that I wish he neuer finde more cause
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes haue
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch *Enobarbus*. *Exit*

Flourish. Enter *Agrippa*, *Cesar*, with *Enobarbus*,
and *Dollabella*.

Ces. Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke aliue:
Make it so knowne.

Agrip. *Cesar*, I shall.

Cesar. The time of vniuersall peace is neere:
Prooue this a prosperious day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Anthony* is come into the Field.

Ces. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant those that haue revolted in the Vant,
That *Anthony* may seeme to spend his Fury
Vpon himselfe. *Exeunt*

Enob. *Alexas* did reuolt, and went to *Leuij* on
Affaires of *Anthony*, there did dissuade
Great *Herod* to incline himselfe to *Cesar*,
And leaue his Master *Anthony*. For this paines,
Cesar hath hang'd him: *Camidius* and the rest
That fell away, haue entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I haue done ill,
Of which I do accuse my selfe so sorely,
That I will ioy no more.

Enter a Soldier of *Casars*.

Sol. *Enobarbus*, *Anthony*
Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His Bounty ouer-plus. The Messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnloading of his Mules.

Eno. I giue it you.

Sol. Mocke not *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Best you fast the bringer
Out of the host, I must attend mine Office,
Or would haue done it my selfe. Your Emperor
Continues still a Loue. *Exit*

Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am so most. Oh *Anthony*,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'st thou haue payed
My better seruice, when my turpitude
Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,
If swift thought breake it not: a swifter meane
Shall out-strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele
I fight against thee: No I will go seeke
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. *Exit*

Alarum. Drummes and Trumpets.

Enter *Agrippa*.

Agrip. Retire, we haue engag'd our selues too farre:
Cesar himselfe ha's worke, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. *Exit*

Alarum.

Enter *Anthony*, and *Scarrus* wounded.

Scar. O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done so at first, we had drouen them home
With clowts about their heads. *Far off.*

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,

But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. Wee'l beate 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet
Roome for six scotches more.

Enter *Eros*.

Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage serues
For a faire victory.

Scar. Let vs score their backs,
And snatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis sport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee

Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold

For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. Ile halt after. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Enter *Anthony* againe in a March,
Scarrus, with others.

Ant. We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, & let the Queen know of our guests: to morrow
Before the Sun shall see's, wee'l spill the blood
That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,
For doughty handed are you, and haue fought
Not as you seru'd the Cause, but as't had bene
Each mans like mine: you haue shewne all *Hectors*,
Enter the City, clip your Wiues, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whil'st they with ioyfull teares
Wash the congelement from your wounds, and kisse
The Honour'd-gashes whole.

Enter *Cleopatra*.

Giue me thy hand,
To this great Faery, Ile commend thy acts,
Make her thanke thee blest thee. Oh thou day o'th' world,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attire and all
Through proofe of Harneesse to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords,

Oh infinite Vertue, com'st thou smiling from
The worlds great snare vncought.

Ant. Mine Nightingale,

We haue beate them to their Beds,

What Gyrl, though gray

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet haue
A Braine that nourishes our Nerves, and can
Get gale for gale of youth. Behold this man,
Commend vnto his Lipps thy fauouring hand,
Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of Mankind, had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. Ile giue thee friend

An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.

Ant. He has deseru'd it, were it Carbunkled

Like holy Phœbus Carre. Giue me thy hand,

Through Alexandria make a iolly March,

Beare our backe Targets, like the men that owe them,

Had our great Pallace the capacity

To Campe this host, we all would sup together,

And drinke Carowies to the next dayes Fate

Which

Which promises Royall perill, Trumpeters
With brazen dinne blast you the Citties eare,
Make mingle with our rattling Tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt*

Enter a Centurie, and his Company, *Enobarbus* follows.

Cent. If we be not releu'd within this houre,
We must returne to'th' Court of Guard: the night
Is shiue, and they say, we shall embattle
By'th second houre i'th Morne.

Watch. This last day was a shrew'd one too's.

Enob. Oh beate me witnesse night.

2. What man is this?

1. Stand close, and list him.

Enob. Be witnesse to me (O thou blessed Moone)

When men reuolted shall vpon Record
Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. *Enobarbus*?

2. Peace: Hearke further.

Enob. Oh Soueraigne Mistis of true Melancholly,
The poisonous dampe of night dispunge vpon me,
That Life, a very Rebell to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,
Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,
And finis all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,
Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,
Forgiue me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Register
A Master leauer, and a fugitiue:
Oh *Anthony*! Oh *Anthony*!

1. Let's speake to him.

Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he speakes

May concerne *Cesar*.

2. Let's do so, but he sleepe.

Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was neuer yet for sleepe.

1. Go we to him.

2. Awake sir, awake, speake to vs.

1. Heare you sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummes as farre off.

Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers:
Let vs beare him to'th' Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our houre is fully out.

2. Come on then, he may recouer yet. *Exeunt*

Enter *Anthony* and *Scarrus* with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i'th' Fire, or i'th' Ayre,
Wee'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adioyning to the City
Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,
They haue put forth the Hauen:

Where their appointment we may best discouer,
And looke on their endeuour. *Exeunt*

Enter *Cesar*, and his Army.

Ces. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,
Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,

And hold our best aduantage. *Exeunt*

Alarum as farre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter *Anthony*, and *Scarrus*.

Ant. Yet they are not ioyn'd:
Where you'd Pine does stand, I shall discouer all.
Ile bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. *Exit*
Scar. Swallowes haue built
In *Cleopatra*'s Sailes their nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not speake their knowledge. *Anthony*,
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and feare,
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter *Anthony*.

Ant. All is lost:
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Fleete hath yeeld'd to the Foe, and yonder
They cast their Caps vp, and Carowse together
Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this Nouice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,
I haue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy vprise shall I see no more,
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, euen heere
Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue
Their wishes, do dis-Candie, melt their sweets
On blossoming *Cesar*: And this Pine is barkt,
That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme,
Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, & call'd them home:
Whose Bosome was my Crownet, my chiefe end,
Like a right Gypsie, hath at fast and loose
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse.
What *Eros*, *Eros*?

Enter *Cleopatra*.

Ah, thou Spell! Auant.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Loue?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall giue thee thy deserting,
And blemish *Casars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee vp to the shouting Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewne
For poore'st Diminutives, for Dolts, and let
Patient *Othania*, plough thy visage vp
With her prepared nailes. *Exit Cleopatra*
'Tis well th'art gone,

If it be well to liue. But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my furie, for one death
Might haue preuented many. *Eros*, hoa?
The shirt of Nessus is vpon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Lycas* on the hornes o'th' Moone,
And with those hands that graspt the heauiest Club,
Subdue my worthiest selfe: The Witch shall die,
To the young Roman Boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Vnder this plot: She dyes for't. *Eros* hoa? *Exit*

Enter *Cleopatra*, *Charmian*, *Iras*, *Mardian*.

Cleo. Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad
Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Theffaly
Was neuer so imboist.

Char. To'th' Monument, there locke your selfe,
And send him word you are dead:

The

The Soule and Body riue not more in parting.
Then greatnesse going off.

Cleo. To'th Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I haue slaine my selfe:
Say, that the last I spoke was *Anthony*,
And word it (prythee) pittreously. Hence *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my dea'th to'th Monument.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony and Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet beholdest me?

Eros. I Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a clowd that's Dragonish,
A vapour sometime like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Thou hast seene these Signes,
They are blacke Vespers Pageants.

Eros. I my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horse, euen with a thoght
the Racke dislimes, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It does my Lord.

Ant. My good Knaue *Eros*, now thy Captaine is
Euen such a body: Heere I am *Anthony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knaue)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
Which whilst it was mine, had annex vnto't
A Million moe, (now lost) thee *Eros* has
Packt Cards with *Cesar*, and false plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left vs
Our selues to end our selues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword.

Mar. No *Anthony*,

My Mistris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence sawcy Eunuch peace, she hath betraid me,
And shall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one person, can be paid but once,
And that she ha's discharg'd. What thou would'st do
Is done vnto thy hand: the last she spake
Was *Anthony*, most Noble *Anthony*.

Then in the midd't a tearing grone did breake
The name of *Anthony*: it was diuided
Betweene her heart, and lips: she rendred life
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Vntime *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,
And we must sleepe: That thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly: Go.

Exit Mardian.

Off, plucke off,

The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keepe

The battery from my heart. Oh cleaue my sides,

Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,

Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace *Eros*, apace;

No more a Soldier: bruised peeces go,

You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile.

Exit Eros.

I will o'retake thee *Cleopatra*, and

Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now

All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,

Lye downe and stay no farther. Now all labour

Marres what it does: yea, very force enranges
It selfe with strength: Seale then, and all is done.
Eros? I come my Queene. *Eros*? Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:
Dido, and her *Aeneas* shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dyed,
I haue liu'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my basenesse. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're Greene Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde
Then she which by her death, our *Cesar* telles
I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed: When I should see behinde me
Th'ineuitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would'st kill me,
Doo't, the time is come: Thou strik'st not me,
'Tis *Cesar* thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
(Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not.

Ant. *Eros*,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face subdu'd
To penetratiue shame; whilst the wheel'd seate
Of Fortunate *Cesar* drawne before him, branded
His Basenesse that ensued.

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast worne
Most vsfull for thy Country.

Eros. Oh sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Seruices are all
But accidents ynpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worshipping of the whole world lyes.

Ant. Loe thee.

Eros. My sword is drawne.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawne it.

Eros. My deere Master,

My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say

Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now *Eros*.

Killes himselfe.

Eros. Why there then:

Thus I do escape the sorrow of *Anthony*'s death.

Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,

Thou teache'st me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what

I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and *Eros*

Haue by their braue instruction got vpon me

A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee

A Bride-groome in my death, and run into't

As to a Louers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,

Thy Master dies thy Scholler; to do thus

I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?

The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.

Enter

Enter a Guard.

1. *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I haue done my worke ill Friends:

Oh make an end of what I haue begun.

2. The Starre is false.

1. And time is at his Period.

2. Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loues me, strike me dead.

1. Not I.

2. Nor I.

3. Nor any one.

Deuote. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly

This sword but shewne to *Cesar* with this tydings,

Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Anthony*?

Dece. There *Diomed* there.

Dio. Lues he: wilt thou not answer man?

Ant. Art thou there *Diomed*?

Draw thy sword, and giue mee,

Suffring strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute Lord:

My Mistris *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When didst seee thee?

Dio. Now my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

(fear)

Dio. Lockt in her Monument: she had a Propheying

Of what hath come to passe: for when she saw

(Which neuer shall be found) you did suspect

She had dispos'd with *Cesar*, and that your rage

Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:

But fearing since how it might worke, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come

I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prythee.

Dio. What hoa: the Emperours Guard,

The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,

'Tis the last seruice that I shall command you.

1. Woe, woe are we fir, you may not liue to weare

All your true Followers out.

Ant. Most heauy day.

Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome

Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it

Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,

I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,

And haue my thanks for all.

Exit beauiug Anthony

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with

Charmian & Iras.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will neuer go from hence.

Char. Be comforted deere Madam,

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,

But comforts we dispise; our size of sorrow

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's vpon him, but not dead.

Looke out o'th other side your Monument,

His Guard haue brought him thither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh Sunne,
Burne the great Sphere thou mou'st in, darkling stand
The varrying shore o'th world. O *Anthony*, *Anthony*, *Anthony*
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe: helpe Friends
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,

Not *Casars* Valour hath o'rethrowne *Anthony*,

But *Anthony*'s hath Triumpht on it selfe.

Cleo. So it should be,

That none but *Anthony* should conquer *Anthony*,

But woe 'tis so.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying; onely

I heere importune death a-while, vntill

Of many thousand kisses, the poore last

I lay vpon thy lippes.

Cleo. I dare not Deere,

Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,

Least I be taken: nor th'Imperious shew

Of the full-Portun'd *Cesar*, euer shall

Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue

Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe:

Your Wife *Octauia*, with her modest eyes,

And still Conclusion, shall acquire no Honour

Demuring vpon me: but come, come *Anthony*,

Helpe me my women, we must draw thee vp:

Affist good Friends.

Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.

Cleo. Heere's sport indeede:

How heauy weighe's my Lord?

Our strength is all gone into heauinesse,

That makes the waight. Had I great *Iuno*'s power,

The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee vp,

And set thee by *Ioues* side. Yet come a little,

Withers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come, come,

They beaue Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liu'd,

Quicken with kissing: had my lippes that power,

Thus would I weare them out.

Ant. A heauy sight.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.

Giue me some Wine, and let me speake a little.

Cleo. No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hye,

That the false Huswife Fortune, breake her Wheele,

Prouok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (sweet Queene)

Of *Cesar* seeke your Honour, with your safety. Oh,

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle heare me,

None about *Cesar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Resolution, and my hands, Ile trust,

None about *Cesar*.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,

Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts

In feeding them with those my former Fortunes

Wherein I liued. The greatest Prince o'th world,

The Noblest: and do now not basely dye,

Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to

My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman

Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,

I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woe't dye?

Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide

In this dull world, which in thy absence is

No better then a Sty? Oh see my women:

The Crowne o'th earth doth melt. My Lord?

Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,

The

The Souldiers pole is false: young Boyes and Gyrls
Are leuill now with men: The eddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting Moone.

Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.

Iras. She's dead too, our Soueraigne.

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.

Iras. Royall Egypt: Empresse.

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meanest charcs. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the inuiolous Gods,
To tell them that this World did equal theys,
Till they had stolne our Jewell. All's but naught:
Patience is fottish, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?
My Noble Gyrls? Ah Women, women! Looke
Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good firs, take heart,
Wee'l bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,
Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend
But Resolution, and the breest end.

Exeunt, bearing of Antonies body.

*Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Menas, with
his Countess of Warre.*

Caesar. Go to him *Dolabella*, bid him yeeld,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawies that he makes.

Dol. Caesar, I shall.

Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.

Ces. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
Appeare thus to vs?

Dec. I am call'd *Decretas*,

Marke *Anthony* I seru'd, who best was worthie
Best to be seru'd: whil't he stood vp, and spoke

He was my Master, and I wore my life

To spend vpon his haters. If thou please

To take me to thee, as I was to him,

He be to *Caesar*: if pleasest not, I yeild thee vp my life.

Caesar. What is't thou say'st?

Dec. I say (Oh *Caesar*) *Anthony* is dead.

Caesar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,
And Citizens to their denues. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Dec. He is dead *Caesar*,

Nor by a publike minister of Iustice,

Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand

Which writ his Honor in the A&S it did,

Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,

Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,

I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd

With his most Noble blood.

Ces. Looke you sad Friends,

The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And strange it is,

That Nature must compell vs to lament
Our most persifted deeds.

Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.

Dola. A Rarer spirit neuer

Did reere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs

Some faults to make vs men, *Caesar* is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,

He needes must see him selfe.

Caesar. Oh *Anthony*,

I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch

Discaies in our Bodies. I must perforce

Haue shewne to thee such a declining day,

Or looke on thine: we could not stali together,

In the whole world. But yet let me lament

With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,

That thou my Brother, my Competitor,

In top of all designe; my Mate in Empire,

Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,

The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart

Where mine his thoughts did kindly; that our Starres

Vnreconcilable, should diuide our equalnesse to this,

Hear me good Friends,

But I will tell you at some meeter Season,

The businesse of this man looks out of him,

Wee'l hear him what he sayes.

Enter an Egyptian.

Whence are you?

Egyp. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistress

Confin'd in all, she has her Monument

Of thy intents, desires, instruction,

That she preparedly may frame her selfe

To'th way shee's forc'd too.

Caesar. Bid her haue good heart,

She tooone shall know of vs, by some of ours,

How honourable, and how kindly Wee

Determine for her. For *Caesar* cannot leaue to be vngentle

Egyp. So the Gods preferue thee.

Ces. Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and say

We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts

The quality of her passion shall require;

Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke

She do defeat vs. For her life in Rome,

Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,

And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes,

And how you finde of her.

Pro. *Caesar* I shall.

Ces. *Gallus*, go you along: where's *Dolabella*, to se-

cond *Proculeius*?

All. *Dolabella*.

Ces. Let him alone: for I remember now

How hee's employd: he shall in time be ready.

Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see

How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,

How calme and gentle I proceeded still

In all my Writings. Go with me, and see

What I can shew in this.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make

A better life: 'Tis paltry to be *Caesar*:

Nor being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,

A minister of her will: and it is great

To

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts vp change;
Which sleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung,
The beggers Nurse, and *Caesars*.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Caesar* sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,

And bids thee study on what faire demands

Thou mean'st to haue him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Anthony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but

I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd

That haue no vlc for trusting. If your Master

Would haue a Queene his begger, you must tell him,

That Maiesty to keepe decorum, must

No lesse begge then a Kingdome: If he please

To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,

He giues me so much of mine owne, as I

Will kneele to him with thankses.

Pro. Be of good cheere:

'Tare false into a Princely hand, feare nothing,

Make your full reference freely to my Lord,

Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes ouer

On all that neede. Let me report to him

Your sweet dependencie, and you shall finde

A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,

Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I send him

The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly learne

A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly

Looke him i'th Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)

Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied

Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd:

Guard her till *Caesar* come.

Iras. Royall Queene.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands,

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:

Do not your selfe such wrong, who are in this

Releu'd, but not betraid.

Cleo. What of death too that ride our dogs of languish

Pro. *Cleopatra*, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by

Th'vndoing of your selfe: Let the World see

His Noblesse well acted, which your death

Will neuer let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou Death?

Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene

Worth many Babes and Beggers.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke sir,

If idle talke will once be necessary

Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,

Do *Caesar* what he can. Know sir, that I

Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,

Nor once be chaffic'd with the sober eye

Of dull *Othello*. Shall they hoyst me vp,

And shew me to the shewing Varlotarie

Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.

Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus muddle

Lay me sturke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies

Blow me into abhorring; rather make

My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,

And hang me vp in Chaines.

Pro. You do extend

These thoughts of horror further then you shall

Finde cause in *Caesar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. *Proculeius*,

What thou hast done, thy Master *Caesar* knowes,

And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,

Ile take her to my Guard;

Pro. So *Dolabella*,

It shall content me best: Be gentle to her,

To *Caesar* I will speake, what you shall please,

If you'll employ me to him.

Exit Proculeius

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Dol. Most Noble Empresse, you haue heard of me,

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter sir, what I haue heard or knowne:

You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,

Is't not your trick?

Dol. I vnderstand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperor *Anthony*.

Oh such another sleepe, that I might see

But such another man.

Dol. If it might please ye.

Cleo. His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein stucke

A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted

The little o'th'earth.

Dol. Most Soueraigne Creature.

Cleo. His legges bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme

Crested the world: His voyce was propertied

As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:

But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orbe,

He was as rattling Thunder. For his Bounty,

There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,

That grew the more by reaping: His delights

Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his backe about

The Element they liu'd in: In his Liurey

Walk'd Crowns and Crowners: Realms & Islands were

As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Thinke you there was, or might be such a man

As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:

But if there be, nor euer were one such

It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stufte

To vie strange formes with fancie, yet r' imagine

An *Anthony* were Natures peece, 'gainst Fancie,

Condemning shadowes quite.

Dol. Heare me, good Madam:

Your losse is as your selfe, great; and you beare it

As answering to the waight, would I might neuer

Ore-take pursu'd successe: But I do feeble

By the rebound of yours, a greefe that suites

My very heart at roote.

Cleo. I thanke you sir:

Know you what *Caesar* meanes to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay pray you sir,

Dol. Though he be Honourable,

Cleo. Hee'l leade me then in Triumph.

Dol. Madam he will, I know't.

Flourish.

Enter Proculeius, Caesar, Gallus, Mecenas,

and others of his Traine.

All. Make way there *Caesar*.

z z

Caesar

Ces. Which is the Queene of Egypt?

Dol. It is the Emperour Madam.

Cesar. Arise, you shall not kneele:

I pray you rise, rise Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,

My Master and my Lord I must obey,

Cesar. Take to you no hard thoughts,

The Record of what injuries you did vs,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' World,

I cannot protect mine owne cause so well

To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue

Bene laden with like frailties, which before

Haue often sham'd our Sex.

Cesar. *Cleopatra* know,

We will extenuate rather then inforce:

If you apply your selfe to our intents,

Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde

A benefit in this change: but if you seeke

To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking

Antonies course, you shall bereaue your selfe

Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that destruction which Ie guard them from,

If thereon you relye. Ie take my leaue.

Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we

your Seutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall

Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.

Cesar. You shall aduise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. This is the breese: of Money, Plate, & Jewels

I am possit of, tis exactly valowed,

Not petty things admittred. Where's *Selenus*?

Selen. Heere Madam.

Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)

Vpon his perill, that I haue referu'd

To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth *Selenus*.

Selen. Madam, I had rather feele my lippes,

Then to my perill speake that which is not.

Cleo. What haue I kept backe.

Sel. Enough to purchase what you haue made known

Cesar. Nay blush not *Cleopatra*, I approue

Your Wisedome in the dedde.

Cleo. See *Cesar*: Oh behold,

How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,

And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.

The ingratitude of this *Selenus*, does

Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more trust

Then loue that's hy'd? What goest thou backe, & shalt

Go backe I warrant thee: but Ie catch thine eyes

Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-lesse, Villain, Dog,

Or rarely base!

Cesar. Good Queene, let vs intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cesar*, what a wounding shame is this,

That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,

Doing the Honour of thy Lordlinesse

To one so meeke, that mine owne Seruant should

Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by

Addition of his Embly. Say (good *Cesar*)

That I some Lady trifies haue referu'd,

Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie

As we greet moderne Friends withall, and say

Some Nobler token I haue kept apart

For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to indute

Their meditation, must I be vnfolded

With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it smites me

Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,

Cleo. kneeles.

Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits

Through th' Ashes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,

Thou would'st haue mercy on me.

Cesar. Forbeare *Selenus*.

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought

For things that others do: and when we fall,

We answer others merits, in our name

Are therefore to be pittied.

Cesar. *Cleopatra*,

Not what you haue referu'd, nor what acknowledg'd

Put we i'th' Roll of Conquest: still bee't yours,

Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleuee

Cesars no Merchant, to make prize with you

Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,

Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,

For we intend so to dispose you, as

Your selfe shall giue vs counsell: Feede, and sleepe:

Our care and pittie is so much vpon you,

That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.

Cleo. My Master, and my Lord.

Cesar. Not so: Adieu.

Cleo. He words me Gyrls, he words me,

That I should not be Noble to my selfe.

But hearke thee *Charman*.

Ir. Fifth good Lady, the bright day is done,

And we are for the darke.

Cleo. Hye th e againe,

I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,

Go put it to the halfe.

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where's the Queene?

Char. Behold sit.

Cleo. *Dolabella*.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command

(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)

I tell you this: *Cesar* through Syria

Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,

You with your Children will be send before,

Make your best vie of this. I haue perform'd

Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. *Dolabella*, I shall remaine your debter.

Dol. I your Seruant:

Adieu good Queene, I must attend on *Cesar*.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.

Now *Ir.*, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne

In Rome as well as I: Mechanicke Slaues

With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall

Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,

Rankes of grosse dyer, shall we be enclouded,

And fore'd to drinke their vapour.

Ir. The Gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certaine *Ir.*: sawcie Lictors

Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and scald Rimers

Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians

Extemporally will stage vs, and present

Our Alexandrian Reuels: *Anthony*

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

Some squeaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatness

I'th' posture of a Whore.

Ir. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay that's certaine.

Ir. He neuer see't? For I am sure mine Nailes

Are stronger then mine eyes.

Cleo.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
And to conquer their most absurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

Now *Charmian*,

Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch

My best Attires. I am againe for *Cicero*,

To meete *Marke Anthony*. Sirra *Ir.*, go

(Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l dispatch indeede,)

And when thou hast done this chaire, Ie giue thee leaue

To play till Doome'sday: bring our Crowne, and all.

Wherefore's this noise? *A noise within.*

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Heere is a rurall Fellow,

That will not be deny'de your Highnesse presence,

He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in. *Exit Guardsman.*

What poore an Instrument

May do a Noble dedde: he brings me liberty:

My Resolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing

Of woman in me: Now from head to foote

I am Marble constant: now the fleeing Moone

No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman, and Clowne.

Guards. This is the man.

Cleo. Auid, and leaue him. *Exit Guardsman.*

Hast thou the pretty worrne of Nylus there,

That kills and paines not?

Clow. Truly I haue him: but I would not be the par-

tie that should desire you to touch him, for his byting is

immortal: those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or ne-

uer recouer.

Cleo. Remember't thou any that haue dyed on't?

Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of

one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest wo-

man, but something giuen to lye, as a woman should not

do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the by-

ting of it, what paine she felt: Truly, she makes a verie

good report o'th' worrne: but he that will beleuee all that

they say, shall neuer be saued by halfe that they do: but

this is most falliable, the Worrne's an odde Worrne.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow. I wish you all ioy of the Worrne.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clow. You must thinke this (looke you,) that the

Worrne will do his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Clow. Looke you, the Worrne is not to bee trusted,

but in the keeping of wise people: for indeede, there is

no goodnesse in the Worrne.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clow. Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it

is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eate me?

Clow. You must not thinke I am so simple, but I know

the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that

a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her

not. But truly, these same whorion diuels doe the Gods

great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they

make, the diuels marre fiue.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clow. Yes forsooth: I wish you ioy o'th' worm. *Exit*

Cleo. Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue

Immortal longings in me. Now no more

The iuyce of Egypt's Grape shall moist this lip.

Yare, yare, good *Ir.*: quicke: Me thinkes I heare

Anthony call: I see him rowse himselfe

To praise my Noble A&T. I heare him mock

The lucke of *Cesar*, which the Gods giue men

To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:

Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.

I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements

I giue to baser life. So, haue you done?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes.

Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Ir.*, long farewell.

Haue I the Aspicke in my lippes? Dost fall?

If thou, and Nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a Lovers pinch,

Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world

It is not worth leaue-taking.

Char. Dissolue thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may say

The Gods themselves do weepe.

Cleo. This proues me base:

If she first meete the Curled *Anthony*,

Hee'l make demand of her, and spend that kisse

Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch,

With thy sharpe teeth this knot intricate,

Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole,

Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could'st thou speake,

That I might heare thee call great *Cesar* A&T, vnpoliced,

Char. Oh Easterne Starre.

Cleo. Peace, peace:

Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast,

That suckes the Nurse asleepe?

Char. O breake! O breake!

Cleo. As sweet as Balm, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.

O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.

What should I stay? *Dyes.*

Char. In this wilde World? So fare thee well:

Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes

A Last vnparell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,

And golden Phoebe, neuer be beheld

Of eyes againe so Royall: your Crownes away,

Ile mend it, and then play—

Enter the Guards rustling in, and Dolabella.

1. *Guard.* Where's the Queene?

Char. Speake softly, wake her not.

1. *Cesar* hath sent

Char. Too slow a Messenger.

Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feele thee.

1. Approach hoa,

All's not well: *Cesar*'s beguild.

2. There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cesar*: call him.

1. What worke is heere *Charmian*?

Dol. Oh fit, you are too sure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.

Cesar. Brauest as the last,
She leuell'd at our purposes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1. Guard. A simple Countryman, that brought his Figs:
This was his Basket.

Cesar. Poyson'd then.

1. Guard. Oh *Cesar*:
This *Charmian* liu'd but now, she flood and spake:
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
On her dead Mistis tremblingly she stood,
And on the sodaine drop.

Cesar. Oh Noble weaknesse:
If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appeare
By externall swelling: but she looks like sleepe,
As she would catch another *Anthony*
In her strong toyle of Grace.

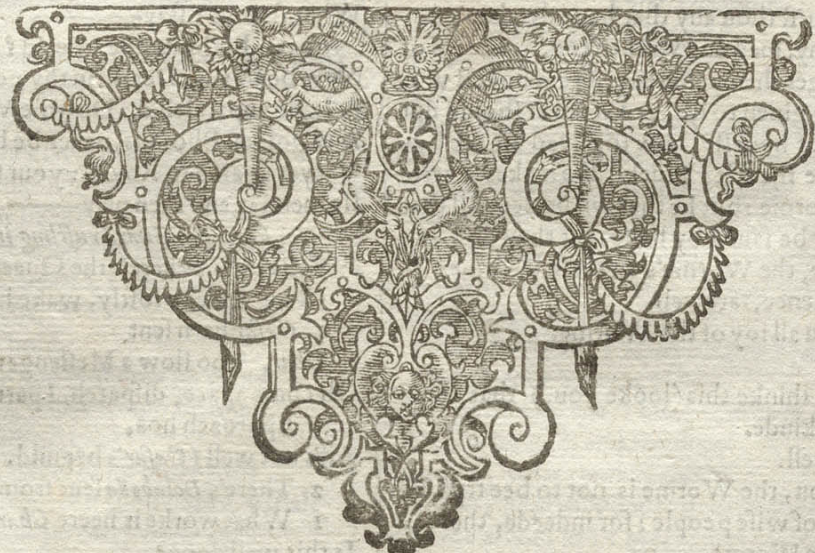
Dol. Heere on her brest,
There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme.

1. Guard. This is an Aspicks traile,
And these Figge-leaues haue slime vpon them, such
As th'Aspicke leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.

Cesar. Most probable

That to she dyed: for her Physitian tels mee
She hath purtu'de Conclusions infinite
Of easie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her *Anthony*.
No Graue vpon the earth shall clip in it
A payre so famous: high euent as these
Strike those that make them: and their Story is
No lesse in pitty, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemne shew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, see
High Order, in this great Sollemnity. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent.

On do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still teeme, as do's the Kings.

2. Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his wifes sole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath refer'd her selfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. None but the King?

1. He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowle at.

2. And why so?

1. He that hath mis'd the Princeesse, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee.

2. You speake him farre.

1. I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then vnfold
His measure duly.

2. What's his name, and Birth?

1. I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd *Stellius*, who did toyne his Honor
Against the Romans, with *Castibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He seru'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th' time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) decaist
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's Spring, became a Haruest: Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
A sample to the yongest: to th' more Mature,
A glasse that feared them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistis,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her electio may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2. I honor him, euen out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is the sole childe to th' King?

1. His onely childe:

He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old
I'th' swathing clothes, the other from their Nursery
Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge
Which way they went.

2. How long is this ago?

1. Some twenty yeares.

2. That a Kings Children should be so conuey'd,
So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them.

1. Howsoere, 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true Sir.

2. I do well beleue you.

1. We must forbear. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princeesse. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Qn. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,
Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keyes

z z 3

That

That locke vp your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,
So soone as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne your Advocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lea'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may informe you.

Post. Please your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day.

Qu. You know the perill:
He fetch a turne about the Garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together. *Exit*

Imo. O dissembling Courtier! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where the wounds? My deere Husband,
I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes refer'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,
But that there is this Iewell in the world,
That I may see againe.

Post. My Queene, my Mistis:
O Lady, weepe no more, least I giue cause
To be suspected of more tendernesse
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one *Filario's*,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, He drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Qu. Be brieue, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet Ile moue him
To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Injuries, to be Friends:
Payes deere for my offences.

Post. Should we be taking leaue
As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,
The loathnesse to depart would grow: Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,
Such parting were too perty. Looke heere (Loue)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And scare vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While sense can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles
I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fayrest Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods!

When shall we see againe?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alacke, the King.

Cym. Thou basest thing, auoyd hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,
Thou'rt poyson to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,

And blisse the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharpe then this is.

Cym. O disloyall thing,
That should't repayre my youth, thou heap'st
A yeares age on mee.

Imo. I beseech you Sir,
Harme not your selfe with your vexation,
I am senselesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

Cym. Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.
Cym. That might't haue had
The sole Sonne of my Queene.

Imo. O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did auoyd a Purrocke.

Cym. Thou took'st a Begger, would't haue made my
Throne, a Seate for basenesse.

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vilde one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I haue lou'd *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buys mee
Almost the summe he payes.

Cym. What art thou mad?

Imo. Almost Sir: Heauen restore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepherds Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were againe together: you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp.

Qu. Beseech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leaue vs to our selues, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best aduice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly. *Exit.*

Enter Pisanio.

Qu. Fye, you must giue way:

Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?

Pisa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

Qu. Hah?

No harme I trust is done?

Pisa. There might haue beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Qu. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?

Pisa. On his command: he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: lest these Notes
Of what commands I should be subiect too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Qu. This hath beene

Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so.

Pisa. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

Qu.

Qu. Pray walke a-while.

Imo. About some halfe houre hence,
Pray you speake with me;
You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leaue me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would aduise you to shift a Shirt: the Vio-
lence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where
ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so
wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Haue I hurt him?

2. No faith: not so much as his patience.

1. Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee
not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2. His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-side the
Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.

2. No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1. Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne:
But he added to your hauing, gaue you some ground.

2. As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betwene vs.
2. So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole
you were vpon the ground.

Clot. And that shee should loue this Fellow, and re-
fute mee.

2. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd:
1. Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine
go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I haue scene
small reflection of her wit.

2. She shines not vpon Fooles, least the reflection
should hurt her.

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had
been some hurt done.

2. I wish not so, vnlesse it had bin the, fall of an Asse,
which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'l go with vs?

1. Ile attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2. Well my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st vnto the shores o'th'Hauen,
And questioned't every Saile: if he should write,
And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam.

Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

Pisa. No Madam: for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchiefe,
Still wauiug, as the fits and stirres of's mind
Could best expresse how slow his Soule say'd on:
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou should'st haue made him,
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisa. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would haue broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:

Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Pisanio*,
When shall we heare from him.

Pisa. Be assur'd Madam,

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leaue of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,

Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,
The Shees of Italy should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him

At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
Tencounter me with Orisons, for then
I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,

Giue him that parting kisse, which I had set
Berwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)

Desires your Highnesse Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queene.

Pisa. Madam, I shall. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutch-
man, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I haue scene him in Britaine; hee
was then of a Cressent note, expected to proue so woor-
thy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I
could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Ad-
miracion, though the Catalogue of his endowments had
bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

Phil. You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd,
then now hee is, with that which makes him both with-
out, and within.

French. I haue scene him in France: wee had very ma-
ny there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as
hee.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter,
wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then
his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the
matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this
lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully
to

to extend him, be it but to fortifie her iudgement, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourne with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I haue bin often bound for no lesse then my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leave to appeare hereafter, rather then story him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir, we haue knowne together in Orleance.

Post. Since when, I haue bin debitor to you for courtesies, which I will be euer to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you it had bene pity you should haue bene put together, with so mortall a purpose, as then each bore, vpon importance of so slight and triuall a nature.

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traueler, rather shun'd to goe euen with what I heard, then in my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to say it is mended) my Quartell was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelyhood haue confounded one the other, or haue false both.

Iach. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference?

French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of vs fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more faire, Vertuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and lesse attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in Fraunce.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentlemans opinion by this, worne out.

Post. She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so farre prouok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparison, had bene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britanie; if she went before others. I haue seene as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I haue beheld, I could not beleue she excelled many: but I haue not seene the most precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you esteeme it at?

Post. More then the world enioyes.

Iach. Either your vnparagon'd Mistis is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or giuen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merite for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and onely the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods haue giuen you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know strange Fowle light vpon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stolne too, so your brace of vnprizeable Estimations, the one is but fraile, and the other Casuall; A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accomplish'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy, contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to conuince the Honour of my Mistis: if in the holding or losse of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you haue store of Theeues, notwithstanding I feare not my Ring.

Phil. Let vs leaue heere, Gentlemen?

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar as first.

Iach. With fife times so much conuersation, I should get ground of your faire Mistis; make her go backe, euen to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence heerein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustaine what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) deserue more; punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too suddenly, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbors on the approbation of what I haue spoke.

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assaile?

Iach. Yours, whom in constancie you thinke stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more aduantage then the opportunitie of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so refer'd.

Posthumus. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wiser: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot pre-seure it from tainting; but I see you haue some Religion in you, that you feare.

Post. This is but a custome in your tongue: you beare a grauer purpose I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my speeches, and would vnder-go what's spoken, I sweare.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Covenants drawne between's. My Mistis exceeds in goodnesse, the hugenesse of your vnworthy thinking, I dare you to this match: heere's my Ring.

Phil. I will haue it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I haue enioy'd the deereft bodily part of your Mistis: my ten thousand Duckets are yours.

so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leaue her in such honour as you haue trust in; Shee your Jewell, this your Jewell, and my Gold are yours: provided, I haue your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let vs haue Articles betwixt vs: onely thus farre you shall answer, if you make your voyage vpon her, and giue me directly to vnderstand, you haue preuayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine vnderdug'd, yet not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th'assault you haue made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your hand, a Covenant: we will haue these things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, least the Bargaine should catch-colder; and keue: I will fetch my Gold, and haue our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.

Pray let vs follow 'em.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, Gather those Flowers,

Make haste. Who ha's the note of them?

Lady. I Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

Now Master Doctor, haue you brought those drugges?

Cor. Please your Highnes, here they are, Madam: But I beseech your Grace, without offence

(My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you haue Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds, Which are the mouers of a languishing death:

But though slow, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a Question: Haue I not bene Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make Perfumes? Dittill? Preferme? Yea so.

That our great King himselfe doth woo me off

For my Confections? Haueing thus farre proceeded,

(Vnlesse thou thinkest me diuellish) is't not meete

That I did amplify my iudgement in

Other Conclusions? I will try the forces

Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as

We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)

To try the vigour of them, and apply

Allayments to their Aet, and by them gather

Their seuerall vertues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highnesse

Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart:

Besides, the feeling these effects will be

Both noysome, and infectious.

Qu. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

Heere comes a flattering Rascall, vpon him

Will I first worke: Hee's for his Masters.

And enemy to my Sonne. How now Pisanio?

Doctor, your seruice for this time is ended,

Take your owne way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam,

But you shall do no harme.

Qu. Hearte thee, a word.

Cor. I do not like her. Shee doth thinke she ha's

Strange ling'ring poysons: I do know her spirit,

And will not trust one of her malice, with

A drugges of such dam'd Nature: Those she ha's,

Will stupifie and dull the Sense a while,

Which first (perchance) shee'l proue on Cats and Dogs,

Then afterward vpon higher: but there is

No danger in what shew of death it makes,

More then the locking vp the spirits a time,

To be more flesh, remuing. Shee is fool'd

With a most false effect: and I, the truer,

So to be false with her.

Qu. No further seruice, Doctor,

Vntill I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leaue.

Qu. Weepes she still (last thou?)

Doit thou thinke in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter

Where Folly now possesse? Do thou worke:

When thou shalt bring me word she loues my Sonne,

He tell thee on the instant, thou art then

As great as is thy Master: Greater, for

His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name

Is at last gaspe, Returne he cannot, nor

Continue where he is: To shift his being,

Is to exchange one misery with another,

And euery day that comes, comes to decay

A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect

To be depende on a thing that leanes?

Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends

So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp

Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,

It is a thing I made, which hath the King

Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know

What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,

It is an earnest of a farther good

That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistis how

The case stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe;

Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke

Thou hast thy Mistis still, to boote, my Sonne,

Who shall take notice of thee. He moue the King

To any shape of thy Preferment, such

As thou'lt desire: and then my selfe, I chiefly,

That set thee on to this desert, am bound

To load thee richly. Call my women. Exit Pisanio.

Thinke on my words. A flye, and constant knaue,

Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master,

And the Remembrancer of her, to hold

The hand-fast to her Lord. I haue giuen him that,

Which if he take, shall quite vnpeople her

Of Leigers for her Sweete: and which, she after

Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd

To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so: Well done, well done:

The Violets, Cowslippes, and the Prime-Roses

Beare to my Closet: Fare thee well, Pisanio.

Thinke on my words. Exit Qu. and Ladies

Pisa. And shall do:

But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,

He choake my selfe: there's all I do for you.

Exit.

Scena

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepmother false,
A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My Supreme Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-stolne,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those
How meane so ere, that haue their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Eye.

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pisa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your Highnesse deere.

Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All other, that is out of doore, most rich:
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare
She is alone th' Arabian Bird; and I
Haue lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend:
Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,
Or like the Parthian I shall flye fight,
Rather directly flye.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.

So farre I reade aloud.
But euen the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' rest, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Haue words to bid you, and shall finde it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks fairest Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fire Orbes above, and the twin'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th' eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th' iudgment:
For Idiots in this case of fauour, would
Be wisely definit: Nor i'th' Appetite.
Sluttish to such neare Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
Nor so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The Cloyed will:

That satiate yet vn-satisfi'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Raucing first the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leaue him:
He's strange and pceuish.

Pisa. I was going Sir,
To giue him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so game some: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller.

Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to sadnesse, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I neuer saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes rauch loues
A Gallian-Girl at home. He furnaces
The thicke fighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughs from his free lungs scies oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne prooffe
What woman is, yea what she cannot choofe
But must be: will's free houres languish:
For assured bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood, with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by

And heare him mocke the Frenchman:

But Heauen's know some men are much too blame.

Imo. Nor he I hope.

Iach. Nor he:

But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents,
Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pittie too.

Imo. What do you pittie Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me
Deferues your pittie?

Iach. Lamentable: what

To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th' Dungeon by a Snuffe.

Imo. I pray you Sir,

Deliuier with more opennesse your answers
To my demands. Why do you pittie me?

Iach. That others do,

(I was about to say) enjoy your — but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,

Not mine to speake on't.

Imo. You do seeme to know

Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more

Then to be sure they do. For Certainties
Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,

The remedy then borne. Discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch,
(Whose euery touch) would force the Feelers soule
To th' oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)

Slaves

S lauer with lippes as common as the flayres
That mount the Capitoll: To yne griptes, with hands
Made hard with houely falshood (falshood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoakie light
That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such redose.

Imo. My Lord, I feare

Has forgot Britaine.

Iach. And himselfe, not I

Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but tis your Graces
That from my mutest Conscience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.

Imo. Let me heare no more.

Iach. O deereft Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart

With pittie, that doth make me flicke. A Lady

So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great King's Honble, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that false exhibition

Which your owne Coffers yeild: with diseas'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold

Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyld stuffe
As well might poyson Poyson? Be reueng'd,

Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reueng'd?

How should I be reueng'd? If this be true,
(As I haue such a Heart, that both mine eares
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,

How should I be reueng'd?

Iach. Should he make me

Like Diana's Priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulking variable Ramps

In your despatch, vpon your pisse: reuenge it.
I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,

More Noble then that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,

Still close, as sure,

Imo. What hoa, Pisanio?

Iach. Let me my seruice tender on your lippes.

Imo. Away: I do condemne mine eares, that haue
So long attended thee: If thou wert Honorable

Thou wouldst haue told this tale for Vertue; not
For such an end thou ser'st: as base, as strange:

Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and

Solicites heere a Lady, that distantes
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, Pisanio?

The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,

A sawy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound

His beastly minde to vs; he hath a Courte
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who

He not respects at all. What hoa, Pisanio?

Iach. O happy Leonatus I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee

Deserues thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse
Her assur'd credit. Blessed be you long,

A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that euer
Country call'd this, and you his Mistress, onely

For the most worthiest fit. Giue me your pardon,
I haue spoke this to know if your Affiance

Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,

That which he is, new o're: And he is one
The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a defended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,

More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie
(Most mighty Princeesse) that I haue aduentur'd

To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great iudgement,

In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,

Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaffelisse. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well Sir:

Take my powre i'th Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks: I had almost forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a small request;

And yet of moment too, for it concerns:
Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends

Are partners in the businesse.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The best Feather of our wing) haue mingled summes

To buy a Present for the Emperor:
Which I (the Factor for the rest) haue done

In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuice, and Jewels
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their vales great,

And I am something curious, being strange
To haue them in safe stowage: May it please you

To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly:

And pawning mine Honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them

In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunke

Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, onely for this night:

I must aboard to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes I beseech: or I shall short my word
By lengthning my returne. From Gallia

I cross the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thanke you for your paines:

But not away to morrow.

Iach. O I must Madam.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, doe't to night;

I haue out-stood my time, which is materiall
To th' tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write:

Send your Trunke to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly ycelled you: you're very welcome. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had such lucke? when I kiss
the lacke vpon an vp-cast, to be hit away? I had a hun-
dred pound on't: and then a whorion latched an Apes

must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. What got he by that? you haue broke his pate with your Bowle.

2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would haue run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to sweare; it is not for any standers by to curtail his oathes. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot. Whorson dog: I gaue him satisfaction? would he had bin one of my Ranke.

2. To haue smell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother: every lacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match.

2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayest thou?

2. It is not fit you Lordship should vnder take eury Companion, that you giue offence too.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiours.

2. It is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clot. Why so I say.

1. Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not.

1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus* Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus*? A banish't Rascall; and he's another, whatsoeuer he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not easily I thinke.

2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I haue lost to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come go.

2. Ile attend your Lordship. *Exit.*

That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother Should yeild the world this Affe: A woman, that Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne, Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leaue eightene. Alas poore Princess, Thou diuine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st, Berwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd, A Mother hourly coynning plots: A Wooer, More hatefull then the foule expulsiō is Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act Of the diuorce, hee'd make the Heauens hold firme The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnsak'd That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand T'entoy thy banish'd Lord; and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: *Helene*?

La. Please you Madam.

Imo. What house is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I haue read three houres then:

Mine eyes are weake,

Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed.

Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:

And if thou canst awake by foure o'clock,

I prythee call me: Sleepe hath seiz'd me wholly.

To your protection I commend me, Gods,

From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,

Guard me beseech yee.

Imo. *from the Truncke.*

Imo. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense

Repaires it selfe by rest: Our *Targuine* thus

Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd

The Chastitie he wounded. *Cytherea*,

How brauely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,

And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,

Burkisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,

How deere they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th Taper

Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids,

To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied

Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd

With Biew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe

To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,

Such, and such pictures: There the window, such

Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,

Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th Story.

Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,

Above ten thousand meaner Moueables

Would testifie, & enrich mine Inuentorie.

O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,

And be her Sense but as a Monument,

Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;

As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard,

'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,

As strongly as the Conscience do's within:

To th'madding of her Lord. On her left breast

Amole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops

I th'bottom of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,

Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret

Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and eane

The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?

Why should I write this downe, that's sūette,

Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,

The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe

Where *Philomela* gaue vp. I haue enough,

To th'Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.

Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning

May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,

Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke strikes

One, two, three: time, time. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that euer turn'd vp Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to losse.

1. But not eury man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship: You are most hot, and furious when you winne.

Clot.

Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should haue Gold enough: it's almost morning, is't not?

1. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musicke would come: I am aduised to giue her Musicke a mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your finger, so: wee'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine: but Ile neuer giue o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

Heere, heere, the Larks at Heauens gate sing;

and Phœbus gins arise,

His Steeds to water at those Springs

on chalic'd Flowres that lyes;

And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes

With eury thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: if this pen-trate, I will consider your Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares which Horse-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of vnpaied Eunuch to boot, can neuer amed.

Enter Cymbeline, and Queens.

2. Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reason I was vp so early: he cannot choose but take this Seruice I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter Will she not forth?

Clot. I haue assay'd her with Musickes, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new, She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must weare the print of his remembrance on't,

And then she's yours.

2. You are most bound to th'King, Who let's go by no vantages, that may

Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe To orderly solicity, and be friended

With aptnesse of the season: make denials Encrease your Seruices: so seeme, as if

You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her,

Saue when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senselesse.

Clot. Senselesse? Not so.

Me. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome; The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;

But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him According to the Honor of his Sender,

And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,

When you haue giuen good morning to your Mistis, Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall haue neede

To employ you towards this Romane. *Exeunt.*

Come our Queene.

Clot. If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leaue hoa,

I know her women are about her: what

If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes *Diana's* Rangers false themselves, yeeld vp Their Deere to th'stand o'th Stealer: and 'tis Gold Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saues the Theefe: Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make One of her women Lawyer to me, for I yet not vnderstand the case my selfe. By your leaue. *Knockes.*

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewoman's Sonne.

La. That's more

Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours,

Can iustly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

Clot. Your Ladies person, is she ready?

La. I, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,

Sell me your good report.

La. How my good name? or to report of you

What I shall thinke is good. The Princeesse.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I giue,

Is telling you that I am poore of thanks,

And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I sweare I loue you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deepe with me:

If you sweare still, your recompence is still

That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent,

I would not speake. I pray you spare me, faith

I shall vnfold equall discourtesie

To your best kindeesse: one of your great knowing

Shall learne (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leaue you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin,

I will not.

Imo. Fooies are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Foole?

Imo. As I am mad I do:

If you'll be patient, Ile no more be mad,

That cures vs both. I am much sorry (Sir)

You put me to forget a Ladies manners

By being so verball: and learne now, for all,

That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce

By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,

And am so neere the lacke of Charitie

To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather

You felt, then make't my boast.

Clot. You sinne against

Obedience, which you owe your Father, for

The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,

One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes,

With scraps o'th Court: It is no Contract, none;

And though it be allowed in meaner parties

(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules

(On whom there is no more dependancie

But Brats and Beggery) in selfe-figur'd knot,

Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by

The consequence o' th' Crowne, and must not foyle
The precious note of it; with a base Slaue,
A Holding for a Liuoric, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow:

Wert thou the Sonne of *Iupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art besides: thou wert too base,
To be his Groom: thou wert dignified enough
Euen to the point of Enuie. If 'twere made
Comparatiue for your Vertues, to be fill'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being prefer'd to well.

Clot. The South-Fog rot him.

Imo. He neuer can meete more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'st Garment
That euer hath but clipt his body; is dearer
In my respect, then all the Heires about thee,
Were they all made such men: How now *Pisania*?

Enter Pisania,

Clot. His Garments? Now the diuell.

Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hee thee presently.

Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angryd worse: Go bid my woman
Search for a Iewell, that too casually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shrew me
If I would loofe it for a Reuenew,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: Confident I am.
Last night 'twas on mine Arme; I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kisse aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search.

Clot. You haue abus'd me:

His meanest Garment?

Imo. I, I said so Sir,

If you will make't an Action, call witnesse to't.

Clot. I will enforme your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too:

She's my good Lady; and will conceiue, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leaue your Sir,
To'th' worst of discontent.

Exit.

Clot. Hee bereueng'd:

His mean'st Garment? Well.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Feare it not Sir: I would I were so sure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remaine her's.

Phil. What meanes do you make to him?

Post. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters stare, and with
That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your loue; they sayling:
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodnesse, and your company,
Ore-pays all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great *Augustus*: *Caius Lucius*,
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think

Hee'll grant the Tribute: send th' Arrerages,
Or looke vpon our Romaines, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their griefe.

Post. I do beleue

(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will proue a Warre; and you shall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britaine, then haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when *Iulius Caesar*
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approuers, they are People, such
That mend vpon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See *Iachimo*.

Post. The swiftest Harts, haue posted you by lands,
And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,
To make your vessell nimble.

Phil. Welcome Sir.

Post. I hope the briefenesse of your answer, made
The speedinesse of your returne.

Iachi. Your Lady,

Is one of the fayrest that I haue look'd vpon

Post. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iachi. Heere are Letters for you.

Post. Their tenure good I trust.

Iachi. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?

Iachi. He was expected then,

But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet,

Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iachi. If I haue lost it,

I should haue lost the worth of it in Gold,
He make a iourney twice as farre, to enioy
A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.

Post. The Stones too hard to come by.

Iachi. Not a whit,

Your Lady being so easy.

Post. Make note Sir

Your losse, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.

Iachi. Good Sir, we must

If you keepe Couenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Professe my selfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you hauing proceeded but
By both your willes.

Post. If you can mak't apparant

That you haue tasted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour, gaires, or looses,
Your Sward, or mine, or Masterlesse leaue both
To who shall finde them.

Iachi. Sir, my Circumstances

Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to beleue; whose strength
I will confirme with oath; which I doubt not

You'll

You'll giue me leaue to spare, when you shall finde
You neede it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iachi. First, her Bed-chamber

(Where I confesse I slept not, but professe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapistry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her Roman,
And *Sidnus* swell'd above the Bankes, or for
The presse of Boates, or Price. A peece of Worke
So brauely done, so rich; that it did striue
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was

Post. This is true:

And this you might haue heard of heere, by me,
Or by some other.

Iachi. More particulars

Must iustifie my knowledge.

Post. So they must

Or doe your Honour injury.

Iachi. The Chimney

Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaste *Dian*, bathing: neuer saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumbe; our-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.

Post. This is a thing

Which you might from Relation likewise reape,
Being as it is, much spoke of.

Iachi. The Roofe o'th' Chamber,

With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foote standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

Post. This is her Honor:

Let it be granted you haue seene all this (and praise
Be giuen to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing faues
The wager you haue laid.

Iachi. Then if you can

Bepale, I begge but leaue to ayre this Iewell: See,
And now 'tis vp againe: it must be married
To that your Diamond, He keepe them.

Post. Ioue

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iachi. Sir (I thanke her) that

She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gaue it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off

To send it me.

Iachi. She writes so to you? doth shee?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Basiliske vnto mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Loue,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, about measure false.

Phil. Haue patience Sir,

And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable the lost it: or

Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stolne it from her.

Post. Very true,

And so I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
Render to me some corporall signe about her
More euident then this: for this was stolne.

Iachi. By *Iupiter*, I had it from her Arme.

Post. Hearke you, he sweares: by *Iupiter* he sweares.

'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring: 'tis true: I am sure
She would not loofe it: her Attendants are
All sworne, and honourable: they induc'd to steale it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enioy'd her,
The Cogniſance of her incontinencie
Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly
There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themselves betweene you.

Phil. Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be beleu'd
Of one periwaded well of.

Post. Neuer talke on't:

She hath bin colted by him.

Iachi. If you seeke

For further satisfying, vnder her Breast
(Worthy her pressing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I kiss't it, and it gaue me present hunger
To feede againe, though full. You do remember
This staine vpon her?

Post. I, and it doth confirme
Another staine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iachi. Will you heare more?

Post. Spare your Arithmaticke,
Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.

Iachi. Hee be sworne.

Post. No swearing:

If you will sweare you haue not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do'st deny
Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Iachi. He deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale:
I will go there and doo't, i'th' Court, before
Her Father. Hee do something.

Exit.

Phil. Quite besides

The gouernment of Patience. You haue wonne:
Let's follow him, and peruert the present wrach
He hath against himselfe.

Iachi. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be halfe-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Toolles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time: so doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudencie so Rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well haue warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaste, as vn-Sun'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?

Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a larmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers:
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For euen to Vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at
one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius,
and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would *Augustus Caesar* with vs?

Luc. When *Iulius Caesar* (whose remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, *Cassibulan* thine Vnkle
(Famous in *Caesars* prayles, no whit lesse
Then in his Feats deseruing it) for him,
And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left vntender'd.

Qu. And to kill the meruaile,
Shall be so euer.

Clot. There be many *Caesars*,
Ere such another *Iulius*: Britaine's a world
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noses.

Qu. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The naturall brauery of your Isle, which stands
As *Neptunes* Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnscaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
But sucke them vp to th' Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest
Caesar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, andouer-came: with shame
(The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-shells mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd
As easily gainst our Rockes. For ioy whereof,
The fam'd *Cassibulan*, who was once at point
(Oh gilet Fortune) to master *Caesars* Sword,
Made *Luds-Towne* with reioycing-Fires bright,

And Britaines strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our
Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I
said) there is no mo such *Caesars*, other of them may haue
crook'd Noses, but to owe such straite Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard
as *Cassibulan*, I doe not say I am one: but I haue a hand.
Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If *Caesar*
can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon
in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir,
no more Tribute pray you now.

Cym. You must know,

Till the iniurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from vs, we were free. *Caesar*: Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' th' World, against all colour heere,
Did put the yoke vpon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our selues to be, we do. Say then to *Caesar*,
Our Ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vse the Sword of *Caesar*
Hath too much mangled; whose repayre, and franchise,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Tho Rome be therfore angry. *Mulmutius* made our lawes
Who was the first of Britaine, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himselfe a King.

Luc. I am sorry *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Augustus Caesar*
(*Caesar*, that hath moe Kings his Seruants, then
Thy selfe Domestike Officers) thine Enemy:
Receyue it from me then. Warre, and Confusion
In *Caesars* name pronounce I'gainst thee: Looke
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus decide,
I thank thee for my selfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome *Caius*,
Thy *Caesar* Knighted me; my youth I spent
Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,
Behoues me keepe at vterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President
Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:
So *Caesar* shall not finde them.

Luc. Let proofe speake.

Clot. His Maiesty biddes you welcome. Make pa-
time with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs af-
terwards in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Salt-
water-Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you
fall in the aduenture, our Crowes shall fare the better for
you: and there's an end.

Luc. So Sir.

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remaine, is welcome. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisania reading of a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accuse? *Leonatus*:
Oh Master, what a strange infection

Is false into thy eare? What false Italian,
(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.
She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
More Goddesse-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults
As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murder her,
Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be so, to do good seruice, neuer
Let me be counted seruiceable. How looke I,
That I should seeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.
That I haue sent her, by her owne command,
Shall giue thee opportunitie. Oh damnd paper,
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,
Art thou a Feederie for this Act; and look'st
So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now *Pisania*?

Pis. Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?

Oh, I learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is heere contain'd, relish of Loue,
Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
That we two are asunder, let that grieue him;
Some griefes are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physicke Loue, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: blest be
You Bees that make these Lockes of countaile. Louers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
Though Forfeytours you cast in prison, yet
You claspe young *Cypids* Tables: good Newes Gods.

*Ifrice, and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his
Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you: (oh the de-
rest of Creatures) would euen renew me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your
owne Loue, will out of this aduise you, follow. So he wishes you
all happinesse, that remaines loyall to his Vow, and your encrea-
sing in Loue. Leonatus Posthumus.*

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou *Pisania*?

He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me

How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires

May plod it in a weeke, why may not I

Glide thither in a day? Then true *Pisania*,

Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st

(Oh let me beate) but not like me: yet long'st

But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:

For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke

(Loues Counsaillor should fill the bores of hearing,

To th' smothering of the Sense) how farre it is

To this same blessed Milford. And by th' way

Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as I

T'inherit such a Hauen. But first of all,

How we may steale from hence: and for the gap

That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,

And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence.

Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?

Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake,

How many Rore of Miles may we well rid

Twixt houre, and houre?

Pis. One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,

Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,
Could neuer go so slow: I haue heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horses haue bin nimbler then the Sands
That run i'th Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolerie,
Go, bid my Woman taigne a Sicknesse, lay
She'll home to her Father; and provide me presently
A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit
A Franklins Huswife.

Pisa. Madam, you're best confider.

Imo. I see before me (Man) nor heere, not heere;

Nor what enues but haue a Fog in them

That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,

Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:

Accessible is none but Milford way. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,
Whose Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
Instructs you how to adore the Heauens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may iet through
And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,
We house i'th Rocke, yet vse thee not so hardly
As prouder liuers do.

Guid. Haile Heauen.

Arvir. Haile Heauen.

Bela. Now for our Mountaine sport, vp to yond hill
Your legges are yong: Ile tread these Flats. Consider,
When you aboue perceiue me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which lessen's, and sets off,
And you may then reuolue what Tales, I haue told you,
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.
This Seruice, is not Seruice; so being done,
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes vs a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort, shall we finde
The sharded-Beetle, in a safer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder, then rustling in vnpayd-for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his Booke vnros'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proofe you speak: we poore vnstedg'd
Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor knowes not
What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you

That haue a sharper knowne. Well corresponding

With your stiffe Age; but vnto vs, it is

A Cell of Ignorance: trauailing a bed,

A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares

To bide a limit.

Arvi. What should we speake of

When we are old as you? When we shall heare

The Raine and winde beate darke December? How

In this our pinching Caue, shall we discourse

The freezing hours away? We have scene nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey;
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we care:
Our Valour is to chase what flies: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak.
Did you but know the Cities Villes,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keepe: whose top to climbe
Is certaine falling: or so slipp'ry, that
The feare's as bad as falling: The toyle o'th' Warre,
A paine that onely seemes to seek out danger
I'th' name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th' search,
And hath as oft a slanderous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deserue, by doing well: what's worfe
Must curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
First, with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lou'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theme, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: pay my Leagues,
And left me bare to weather.

Gai. Vncertaine fauour.
Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes preuayl'd
Before my perfect Honor, swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: so
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and these Demesnes, haue bene my World,
Where I haue liu'd at honest freedom, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to th' Mountaines,
This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' Feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will feare no poison, which attends
In place of greater State.

Exeunt.
How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature?
These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to th' King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are aloue.
They thinke they are mine,
And though train'd vp thus meely
I'th' Caue, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In simple and lowe things, to Princes it, much
Beyond the pick of others. This *Paladour*,
The heire of *Cymbeline* and *Belaine*, who
The King his Father call'd *Gunderius*: Ioue,
When on my three-foot Stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I haue done, his spirits flye out
Into my Story: say thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I set my sonne on's necke, even then.
The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he sweats,
Straines his yong Member, and puts himselfe in posture
That acts my words. The yonger Brother *Cadwall*,
Once *Aruragus*, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more
His owne conceyting. Heateke, the Game is row'd,
Oh *Cymbeline*, Heauen and my Conscience knowes
Thou didst vnjustly banish me: whereon

At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
Thou rests me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou wast their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,
And euery day do honor to her graue:
My selfe *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Pisano* and *Imogen*.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came fro horse, y place
Was nere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother to
To see me first, as I haue now: *Pisano*, Man:
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond selfe-explication. Put thy selfe
Into a hauiour of lesse feare, ere wilt thou
Vanquish my Rayder Senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? Is't the Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st
But keepe that count'nance still. My Husband's hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craued him,
And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extremitie, which to reade
Would be euen mortall to me.

Pis. Please you reade,
And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

Thy Mistress (*Pisano*) hath plac'd the Strumpet in my
Bed: the Testimonies whereof, lies bleeding in me: I speak
not out of weak Surmises, but from proofe as strong as my
griefe, and as certaine as I expect my Reuenge. That part, thou
(*Pisano*) must abbe for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the
breach of hers: let thine owne hands take away her life: I shall
give thee opportunity at Milford Haue. She hath my Letter
for the purpose: where, if thou feare to strike, and to make mee
certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and
equally to me disloyall.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the posting windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue
This viperous slander enters. What cheere, Madam?

Imo. False to his Bed? What is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe 'twixt clock and clock: If sleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a feartull dreame of him,
And cry my selfe awake? That's false to's bed? Is it?

Pis. Alas good Lady,
Imo. I false? Thy Conscience witness: *Iachimo*,
Thou didst accuse him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'd'st like a Villaine: now, me thinke

Thy

Thy fauours good enough. Some Iay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poore I am stale, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th' wallies,
I must beript: To peeces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy reuolt (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't grows,
But worne a Baite for Ladies.

Pis. Good Madam, heare me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Eneas*,
Were in his time thought false: and *Synons* weeping
Did scandall many a holy tear: tooke pity
From most true wretchednesse. So thou, *Posthumus*
Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and periu'd
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witnesse my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart):
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Pis. Hence vile Instrument,
Thou shalt not damne my hand.

Imo. Why, I must dye:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Seruant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,
There is a prohibition so Diuine,
That cravens my weak hand: Come, heere's my heart:
Something's a-foot: Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Seaboard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
Believe false Teachers: Though those that are betraid
Do feele the Treason sharpe, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
That didst set vp my disobedience against the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites
Of Princely Fellowes, shalt heereafter finde
It is no acte of common passage, but
A straine of Rarenesse: and I grieue my selfe,
To thinke, when thou shalt be disc'd by her,
That now thou trest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,
The Lambe entreates the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding
When I desire it too.

Pis. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I recei'd command to do this businesse,
I haue not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.*Pis.* He wake mine eye-balls first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst vnder take it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?
The Time inuiting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being absent? whereunto I neuer
Purpose, erume. Why hast thou gone so farre
To be vn-bent? when thou hast 'tane thy stand,

Th' elected Deere before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To loose so bad employment, in the which
I haue consider'd of a course: good Ladie
Heare me with patience.

Imo. Talke thy tongue weary, speake:
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine care
Therein false strooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bosome that. But speake.

Pis. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither:
But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would proue well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cur'd iniurie.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezian?

Pis. No, on my life:
He giue but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be mist a Court,
And that will well confirme it.

Imo. Why good Fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How lue?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pis. If you'l backe to th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:
That *Clotter*, whose Loue-suite hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Siege.

Pis. If not at Court,

Then not in Britaine must you bide.

Imo. Wherethen?

Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th' worlds Volume
Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Pool, a Swannes-nest, prythee thinke
There's liuers out of Britaine.

Pis. I am most glad

You thinke of other place: Th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman comes to Milford-Hauen
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appare it selfe, must not yet be,
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, nere
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nie (at least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your care,
As truly as hemmooues.

Imo. Oh for such meanes,
Though perill to my modestie, not death on
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, heere's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truly
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, lawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alacke

Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing *Titan*: and forget
Your labourfome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great *Iano* angry.

Imo. Nay be breese?
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make your selfe but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I haue already fit
(Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their seruing,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season) fore Noble *Lucius*
Present your selfe, desire his seruice: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head haue eare in Musicke, doubtlesse
With ioy he will embrace you: for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:
You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will dier me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be consider'd: but wee'l euen
All that good time will giue vs. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.

Pis. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Least being mist, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistis,
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: If you are sicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will driue away distemper. To some shade,
And sit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen: I thanke thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius,
and Lords.*

Cym. Thus farre, and so fare well.

Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir:
My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Masters Enemy.

Cym. Our Subiects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoke; and for our selfe
To shew lesse Soueraignty then they, must needs
Appare vn-Kinglike.

Luc. So Sir: I deliue of you
A Conduct ouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.
Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honor, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Euent

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leauie not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords
Till he haue crost the Seuern. Happines. *Exit Lucius, &c*

Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs
That we haue giuen him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,

Your valiant Britaines haue their wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moues
His warre for Britaine.

Qu. 'Tis not sleepy businesse,
But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue bene too slight in sufferance.

Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. Befeech your Maiesty,
Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is the Sir? How

Can her contempt be answer'd?

Mes. Please you Sir,

Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be giuen to th'lowd of noise, we make.

Qu. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmities,
She should that dutie leaue vnpaid to you
Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this
She with'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.

Cym. Her doores lock'd?

Not leene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
Feare, proue false.

Qu. Sonne, I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisanius*, her old Seruant
I haue not seene these two dayes.

Qu. Go, looke after:

Pisanius, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*,
He hath a Drugg of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by (swallowing that). For he beleues
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her:
Or wing'd with seruour of her loue, she's flowne
To her desir'd *Posthumus*: gone she is,
To death, or to dishonor, and my end
Can make good vse of either. Shee being downe,
I haue the placing of the Brittainish Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?

Clot. 'Tis certaine she is fled:

Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Qu. All the better: may

This night fore-stall him of the coming day. *Exit Qu.*
Clot. I loue, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

Then

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from euery one
The best she hath, and shee of all compounded
Out-selles them all. I loue her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Fauours on
The low *Posthumus*, flanders to her iudgement,
That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reueng'd vpon her. For when Fooles shall—

Enter Pisanius.

Who is heere? What, are you packing firrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my Lord,

Clot. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,
I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,
He haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
From whose so many waight of basenesse, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him? When was she mis'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is the Sir? Come neerer:

No farther halting: satisfie me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord,

Clot. All-worthy Villaine,
Discouer where thy Mistis is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pis. Then Sir:

This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't: I will pursue her
Euen to *Augustus* Throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's farre enough, and what he learns by this,
May proue his trauell, not her danger.

Clot. Humh.

Pis. He write to my Lord she's dead: Oh *Imogen*,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe returne agen.

Clot. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I thinke.

Clot. It is *Posthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a Villain, but do me true seruice: vnder-
go those Employments wherein I should haue cause to vse
thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I
bid thee do to performe it, directly and truly. I would
thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want
my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy prefer-
ment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord,

Clot. Wilt thou serue mee? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that
Begger *Posthumus*, thou canst not in the course of grati-
tude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serue
mee?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Giue mee thy hand, heere's my purse. Hast any
of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?

Pisanius. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie & Mi-
stresse.

Clot. The first seruice thou dost mee, fetch that Suite

hither, let it be thy first seruice, go.

Pis. I shall my Lord.

Exit.

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske
him one thing, he remember't anon:) euen there, thou
villaine *Posthumus* will I kill thee. I would these Gar-
ments were come. She saide vpon a time (the bitteresse
of it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very
Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, then my Noble
and naturall person; together with the adorning of
my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe will I ra-
uish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see
my valour, which wil then be a torment to hir contempt.
He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his
dead bodie, and when my Lust hath din'd (which, as I
say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so
prais'd: to the Court he knock her backe, foot her home
againe. She hath despis'd mee reioycingly, and hee bee
merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Pisanius.

Be those the Garments?

Pis. I, my Noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford-Hauen?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this Apparell to my Chamber, that is
the second thing that I haue commanded thee. The third
is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my designe. Be
but durious, and true preferment shall tender it selfe to
thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings
to follow it. Come, and be true. *Exit*

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my losse: for true to thee,
Were to proue false, which I will neuer bee
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow
You Heauenly blessings on her: This Fooles speede
Be crost with slownesse; Labour be his mercede. *Exit*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. I see a mans life is a tedious one,
I haue tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together
Haue made the ground my bed. I should be sicke,
But that my resolution helpe me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, *Pisanius* shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: such I meane,
Where they should be releu'd. Two Beggers told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse
Is forer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th' false Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but euen before, I was
At point to sinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path too't: 'tis some sauage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardnesse euer
Of Hardnesse is Mother. Ho? who's heere?
If any thing that's ciuill, speake: if sauage,

Take,

Take, or lend. Ho? No answer? Then Ile enter.
Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarcely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heavens.

Exit.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You Polidore haue prou'd best Woodman, and
Are Master of the Feast: Cadwall, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes
Will make what's homely, fauour: Wearinesse
Can more vpon the Flint, when restie Sloth
Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore house, that keep't thy selfe.

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arui. I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'th'Caue, we'l brouz on that
Whil't what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in:
But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke
Heere were a Faery.

Gui. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Iupiter an Angell: or if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuinenesse
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters harme me not:
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth
I haue stolne nought, nor wou'd not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i'th'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would haue left it on the Boord, so foone
As I had made my Meale; and parted
With Pray'r for the Prouider.

Gui. Money? Youth,

Arui. All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship durtie Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Haue dyed, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele Sir: I haue a Kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am false in this offence.

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)
Thinke vs no Churles: nor measure our good mindes
By this rude place we lue in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almost night, you shall haue better cheere
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your Groome in honesty:
I bid you, as I do buy.

Arui. Ile make't my Comfort
He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd giue to him

(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.

Imo. 'Mongst Friends?
If Brothers: would it had bin so, that they
Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin lesse, and so more equall ballasting.

To thee Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distresse.

Gui. Would I could free't.

Arui. Or I, what ere it be,

What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes.

Imo. Great men

That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,
That did attend themselves, and had the vertue
Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: slaying by
That nothing-guist of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere these waine. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my sexe to be Companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boyes we'l go dresse our Hunt. Faire youth come in:
Discourse is heauy, fasting: when we haue supp'd
Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story.
So farre as thou wilt speake it.

Gui. Pray draw neere.

Arui. The Night to'th' Owle,

And Morne to'th' Larke lesse welcome.

Imo. Thanks Sir,

Arui. I pray draw neere.

Exeunt.

Scena Octaua.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1. Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
That since the common men are now in Action
'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to undertake our Warres against
The false-off Brittaines, that we do incite
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leuy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long liue Cesar.

Tri. Is Lucius Generall of the Forces?

2. Sen. I.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. Sen. With those Legions

Which I haue spoke of, whereunto your leuie

Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission

Will tye you to the numbers, and the time

Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clot. I am neere to'th' place where they should meet,
if Pisanio haue mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments
serue me? Why should his Mistress who was made by him
that

that made the Taylor, nor be fit too? The rather (sauiug
reuerence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitnessse
comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare
speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man,
and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane,
the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse
young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, be-
yond him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in
Birth, alike conuerfant in generall seruices, and more re-
markeable in single oppositions: yet this imperfeuerant
Thing loues him in my despight. What Mortalitie is?
Posthumus, thy head (which now is growing vpon thy
shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistress in-
forced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and
all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may
(happily) be a little angry for my so rough vsage: but my
Mother hauing power of his testinesse, shall turne all in-
to my commendations. My Horse is tyed vp safe, out
Sword, and to a fore purpose: Fortune put them into my
hand: This is the very description of their meeting place
and the Fellow dares not deceiue me.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and
Imogen from the Caue.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Caue,
Wee'l come to you after Hunting.

Arui. Brother, stay heere:

Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,

But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke,

Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

Imo. So sicke I am not, yet I am not well:

But not so Citizen a wanton, as

To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leaue me,

Sticke to your Journall course: the breach of Custome,

Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me

Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort

To one not sociable: I am not very sicke,

Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere,

Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye

Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I loue thee: I haue spoke it,

How much the quantity, the waight as much,

As I do loue my Father.

Bel. What? How? how?

Arui. If it be sinne to say so (Sir) I yoake mee

In my good Brothers fault: I know not why

I loue this youth, and I haue heard you say,

Loue's reason's, without reason. The Beere at doore,

And a demand who is't shall dye, I'd say

My Father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble straine!

O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse!

Towards father Cowards, & Base things Syre Bace;

Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.

I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,

Deth myracle it selfe, I w'd before mee.

Tis the ninth houre o'th' Morne.

Arui. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arui. You health. — So please you Sir.

Imo. These are kinde Creatures.

Gods, what lyes I haue heard:

Our Courtiers say, all's sauge, but at Court;

Experience, oh thou disproou'it Report.

Th'empierous Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,

Poore Tributary Riuer, as sweet Fish:

I am sicke still, heart-sicke; Pisanio,

Ile now taste of thy Drugges:

Gui. I could not stirre him:

He said he was gentle, but vnfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arui. Thus did he answer me: yet said hereafter,

I might know more.

Bel. To'th' Field, to'th' Field:

Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arui. Wee'l not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sicke,

For you must be our Hufwife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shal't be euer.

This youth, how ere distressed, appeares he hath had

Good Ancestors.

Arui. How Angell-like he sings?

Gui. But his neate Cookerie?

Arui. He cut our Rootes in Charracters,

And sawc't our Brothes, as Imo had bin sicke,

And he her Dieter.

Arui. Nobly he yoakes

A smiling, with a sigh; as if the sigh

Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:

The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye

From so diuine a Temple, to commix

With windes, that Saylor's raile at.

Gui. I do note,

That greefe and patience rooted in them both,

Mingle their spures together.

Arui. Grow patient,

And let the stinking Elder (Greefe) vntwine

His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine

Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those Runnagates?

Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis

Cloten, the Sonne o'th' Queene. I feare some Ambush:

I saw him not these many yeares, and yet

I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.

Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother search

What Companies are neere: pray you away,

Let me alone with him.

Clot. Soft, what are you

That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?

I haue heard of such. What Slaue art thou?

Gui. A thing!

More slauish did I ne're, then answering

A Slaue without a knocke.

Clot. Thou art a Robber,

A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee These!

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I

An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:

Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not

My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

Why

Why I should yeeld to thee?

Clot. Thou Villaine base,
Knowst thou me not by my Cloathes?

Gwi. No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
Which (as it seemes) make thee.

Clot. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.

Gwi. Hence then, and thanke
The man that gaue them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loath to beate thee.

Clot. Thou iniurious Theefe,
Heare but my name, and tremble.

Gwi. What's thy name?

Clot. *Cloten*, thou Villaine.

Gwi. *Cloten*, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
I would moue me sooner.

Clot. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Sonne to th' Queene.

Gwi. I am sorry for't: not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.

Clot. Art not asfear'd?

Gwi. Those that I reuerence, those I feare: the Wife:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.

Clot. Dye the death:

When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,
He follow those that euen now fled hence:

And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* set your heads:
Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer.

Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?

Arui. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Fauour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arui. In this place we left them;

I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made vp,
Imeane to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement
Is oft the cause of Feare.

Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother.

Gwi. This *Cloten* was a Foole, an empty purse,
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
Could haue knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had boine
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gwi. I am perfect what: cut off one *Clotens* head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his owne single hand hee'd take vs in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And set them on *Luds-Towne*.

Bel. We are all vndone.

Gwi. Why, worthy Father, what haue we to loose,
But that he swore to take, our Liues? the Law
Protects not vs, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat vs?
Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himselfe?

For we do feare the Law. What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soule

Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must haue some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,
Nor absolute madnesse could so farre haue rau'd

To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee
Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,

(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare
Hee'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so vndertaking,

Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.

Arui. Let Ord'nance

Come as the Gods fore-say it: howsoeuer,
My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no minde

To hunt this day: The Boy *Fidels* sicknesse
Did make my way long forth.

Gwi. With his owne Sword,
Which he did waue against my throat, I haue tane
His head from him: He throw't into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, *Cloten*,
Tha's all I reake. *Exit.*

Bel. I feare 'twill be reueng'd:

Would (*Polidore*) thou had'st not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arui. Would I had done't:

So the Reuenge alone pursu'd me: *Polidore*
I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges
That possible strength might meet, wold seek vs through
And put vs to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:

Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger:
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and *Fidels* play the Cookes: He stay
Till hasty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arui. Poore sick *Fidels*.

He willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
He'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise my selfe for charity. *Exit.*

Bel. Oh thou Goddesse,

Thou diuine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon't
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchap'd) as the rud'st winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him stoope to th' Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an inuisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,
Ciuitly not scene from other: valour

That wildly growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had bene sow'd: yet still it's strange
What *Clotens* being heere to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.

Enter Guiderius.

Gwi. Where's my Brother?

I haue sent *Clotens* Clot-pole downe the streame,
In Embasie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage
For his returne.

Solemn Musick.

Bel. My ingenious Instrument,
(Heareke *Polidore*) it sounds: but what occasion
Hath *Cadwal* now to giue it motion? Heareke.

Gwi. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence euen now.

Gwi. What does he meane?

Since death of my deere't Mother

It did not speake before. All solemne things

Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?

Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,

Isollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.

Is *Cadwal* mad?

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Armes.

Bel. Looke, heere he comes,

And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for.

Arui. The Bird is dead

That we haue made so much on. I had rather
Haue skipt from sixteen yeares of Age, to sixty:

To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,

Then haue scene this.

Gwi. Oh sweetest, sayest Lilly:

My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,
As when thou grew'st thy selfe.

Bel. Oh Melancholly,

Who euer yet could sound thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Might'st easilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing,

Ioue knowes what man thou might'st haue made: but I,
Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.

How found you him?

Arui. Starke, as you see:

Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled slumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke
Reposing on a Cushion.

Gwi. Where?

Arui. O th' floore:

His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whose rudenesse
Answer'd my steps too lowd.

Gwi. Why, he but sleeps:

If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arui. With sayrest Flowers

Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I liue heere, *Fidels*,
He sweeten thy sad graue: thou shalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The lease of Eglantine, whom not to slander,

Out-sweetened not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill fore shaming
Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Mousse besides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coarse

Gwi. Prythee haue done,

And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let vs bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To th' graue.

Arui. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gwi. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

Arui. Bee't so:

And let vs (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
Haue got the mannish cracke, sing him to th' ground
As once to our Mother: vs like note, and words,
Saue that *Euriphile*, must be *Fidels*.

Gwi. *Cadwal*,

I cannot sing: He weepe, and word it with thee:
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Then Priests, and Phanes that lye.

Arui. Wee'l speake it then.

Bel. Great greefes I see med'cine the lesse: For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
Together haue one dust, yet Reuerence
(That Angell of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gwi. Pray you fetch him hither,

Ther's body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neyther are aliue.

Arui. If you'll go fetch him,
Wee'l say our Song the whil'st: Brother begin.

Gwi. Nay *Cadwal*, we must lay his head to th' East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arui. 'Tis true.

Gwi. Come on then, and remoue him:
Arui. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. Feare no more the heate o' th' Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast don,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.

Golden Lads, and Girles all must,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.

Arui. Feare no more the frowne o' th' Great,
Thou art past the Tyrants stroke,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:

The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,
All follow this and come to dust.

Guid. Feare no more the Lightning flash,
Arui. Nor th' all-dreaded Thunder-fone.

Gwi. Feare not Slander, Censure also,
Arui. Thou hast finis'd Ioy and mone.

Both. All Louers young, all Louers must,
Consigne to thee and come to dust.

Guid. No Exorcisor harme thee,
Arui. Nor no witch-craft charme thee.

Guid. Ghost vnlaide forbear thee,
Arui. Nothing ill come neere thee.

Both. Quiet consumption haue,
And renowned be thy graue.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gwi. We haue done our obsequies:
Come lay him downe.

Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The hearbes that haue on them cold dew o' th' night
Are strewings fit't for Graues: vpon their Faces,
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euen so
These Herbelets shall, which we vpon you strew.
Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:
The ground that gaue them first, ha's them againe:
Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine. *Exeunt.*

Imogen awakes.
 Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
 I thanke you: by yond bush pray how farre thether?
 'Ods pittikins: can it be six mile yet?
 I haue gone all night: Faith, I lye downe, and sleepe.
 But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!
 These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;
 This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
 For so I thought I was a Caue-keeper,
 And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
 Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith
 I tremble still with feare: but if there be
 Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie
 As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it:
 The Dreame's heere still: euen when I wake it is
 Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
 A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?
 I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
 His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh
 The brawnes of *Hercules*: but his louall face—
 Murther in heauen? How 'tis gone. *Pisano*,
 All Curses madded *Hecuba* gaue the Greekes,
 And mine to boot, be darterd on thee: thou
 Conspir'd with that Irregulous diuell *Cloten*,
 Hath heere cut off my Lord. To wite, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisano*,
 Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisano*)
 From this most brauest vessell of the world,
 Strooke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Pisano might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisano*?
 'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them
 Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The Drugg he gaue me, which hee said was precious
 And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it?
 Murtherous to'th Senses? That confirms it home:
 This is *Pisano*'s deede, and *Cloten*: Oh
 Giue colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid may seeme to thoe
 Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Capitaine, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia
 After your will, haue crost the Sea, attending
 You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:
 They are heere in readinesse.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd vp the Confiners,
 And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
 That promise Noble Service: and they come
 Vnder the Conduet of bold *Lachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th winde.

Luc. This forwardnesse

Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
 Be must'r'd: bid the Capitaines looke too't. Now Sir,
 What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

Sooth. Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision
 (I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
 I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
 From the spungy South, to this part of the West,
 There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
 (Vnlesse my senses abuse my Diuination)

Success to th' Roman host.

Luc. Dreame often so,

And neuer false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?
 Without his top? The ruine speaks, that sometime
 It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
 Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
 For Nature doth abhorre to make his Bed
 With the defunct, or sleepe vpon the dead.
 Let's see the Boyes face.

Cap. Hee's aliue my Lord.

Luc. Hee'll then instruct vs of this body: Young one,
 Inform vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
 They craue to be demand'd: who is this
 Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
 That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
 Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest
 In this sad wracke? How came't? Who is't?
 What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,

Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
 A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
 That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,
 There is no more such Masters: I may wander
 From East to Occident, cry out for Service,
 Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer
 Finde such another Master.

Luc. Lacke, good youth:

Thou mou'st no lesse with thy complaining, then
 Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.
Imo. *Richard du Champ*: If I do lye, and do
 No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
 They'll pardon it. Say you Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir.

Luc. Thou doo'st approue thy selfe the very same:
 Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
 Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
 No lesse belou'd. The Romaine Emperors Letters
 Sent by a Confull to me, should not foote
 Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo. He follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,
 He hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe
 As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
 With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' strew'd his graue
 And on it laid a Century of prayers
 (Such as I can) twice o're, He weepe, and sighe,
 And leauing so his seruice, follow you,
 So please you entertaine mee.

Luc. I good youth,

And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
 The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs
 Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
 And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
 A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's prefer'd
 By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd
 As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
 Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisano.

Cym. Again: and bring me word how 'tis with her,
 A Fealour with the absence of her Sonne;

A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heauens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
 The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene
 Vpon a desperat bed, and in a time
 When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
 So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
 By a sharpe Torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mistis,
 I nothing know where she remains: why gone,
 Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,
 Hold me your loyall Seruant.

Lord. Good my Liege,

The day that she was missing, he was heere;
 I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe
 All parts of his subiection loyally. For *Cloten*,
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome:

Wee'l slip you for a season, but our ieaousie
 Dost yet depend.

Lord. So please your Maiesty,

The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,
 Are landed on your Coast, with a supply
 Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queene,
 I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,

Your preparation can affront no lesse (ready:
 Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
 The want is, but to put those Powres in motion,
 That long to moue.

Cym. I thanke you: let's withdraw
 And meete the Time, as it seeks vs. We feare not
 What can from Italy annoy vs, but
 We greene at chanches heere. Away. *Exeunt*

Pis. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
 I wrote him *Imogen* was slaine. 'Tis strange:
 Nor heare I from my Mistis, who did promise
 To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
 What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine
 Perplex in all. The Heauens still must worke:
 Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.
 These present warres shall finde Houe my Country,
 Euen to the note o'th King, or Ile fall in them:
 All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
 Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Arviragus.

Gui. The noyfe is round about vs.

Bel. Let vs from it.

Arui. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
 From Action, and Adventure.

Gui. Nay, what hope

Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines
 Must, or for Britaines slay vs or receiue vs
 For barbarous and vnaturall Remolts
 During their vse, and slay vs after.

Bel. Sonnes,

Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure v..
 To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse
 Of *Cloten*'s death (we being not knowne, not must'r'd
 Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render
 Where we haue liu'd; and so extort from's that
 Which we haue done, whose answer would be death
 Drawne on with Torture.

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt

In such a time, nothing becoming you,
 Nor satisfying vs.

Arui. It is not likely,

That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,
 Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes
 And eares so cloyd importantly as now,
 That they will waste their time vpon our note,
 To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne

Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
 (Though *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wore him
 From my remembrance. And besides, the King
 Hath not deseru'd my Service, nor your Loues,
 Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding:
 The certainty of this heard life, aye hopelesse
 To haue the courtisie your Cradle promis'd,
 But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and
 The shrinking Slaues of Winter.

Gui. Then be so,

Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th Army:
 I, and my Brother are not knowne; your selfe
 So out of thought, and thereto so ore-growne,
 Cannot be question'd.

Arui. By this Sunne that shines

He thither: What thing is't, that I neuer
 Did see man dye, scarce euer look'd on blood,
 But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?
 Neuer bestrid a Horse saue one, that had
 A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
 Nor Iron on his heele? I am asham'd
 To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to haue
 The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining
 So long a poore vnknowne.

Gui. By heauens Ile go,

If you will blesse me Sir, and giue me leaue,
 Ile take the better care: but if you will not,
 The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
 The hands of Romaines.

Arui. So say I, Amen.

Bel. No reason I (since of your liues you set)

So slight a valeuation) should reuerue
 My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:

If in your Country warres you chance to dye,

That is my Bed roo (Lads) and there Ile lye.

Lead, lead; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn
 Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Posthumus alone.

Post. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wishe
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
 If each of you should take this course, how many
 Must murther Wives much better then themselves

For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*,
 Euery good Seruant do's not all Commands:
 No Bond, but to do iust ones. Gods, if you
 Should haue 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
 Had liu'd to put on this: so had you saued
 The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and strooke
 Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's loue
 To haue them fall no more: you some permit
 To second illes with illes, each elder worse,
 And make them dread it, to the dooers thrust.
 But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willes,
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 Among th' Italian Gentry, and to fight
 Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
 That *Britaine* I haue kill'd thy Mistis: Peace,
 Ile giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
 Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me
 Of these Italian weedes, and suke my selfe
 As do's a *Britaine* Pezant: so Ile fight
 Against the part I come with: so Ile dye
 For thee (*O Imogen*) euen for whom my life
 Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,
 Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill.
 My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, then my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o'th *Leonati* in me:
 To shame the guize o'th world, I will begin,
 The fashion lesse without, and more within.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Lucius*, *Iachimo*, and the *Romane Army* at one doore:
 and the *Britaine Army* at another: *Leonatus Posthumus*
 following like a poore Souldier. They march on, and goe
 out. Then enter againe in Skirmish *Iachimo* and *Posthu-*
mus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth *Iachimo*, and then
 leaues him.

Iac. The heavineffe and guilt within my bosome,
 Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
 The Princeesse of this Country; and the ayre on't
 Reuengingly enfeeble me, or could this Carle,
 A very drudge of Natures, haue subdu'd me
 In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
 As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.
 If that thy Gentry (*Britaine*) go before
 This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
 Is, that we scarse are men, and you are Goddesses. Exit.

The Battaille continues, the *Britaines* fly, *Cymbeline* is
 taken: Then enter to his rescue, *Bellarius*, *Guiderius*,
 and *Arviragus*.

Bel. Stand, stand, we haue th' advantage of the ground,
 The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but
 The villany of our feares.

Gui. *Arui.* Stand, stand, stand fight.

Enter *Posthumus* and seconds the *Britaines*. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and Exit.

Then enter *Lucius*, *Iachimo*, and *Imogen*.
Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and saue thy selfe:
 For friends kil friends, and the disorder's such

As warre were hood-wink'd.
Iac. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
 Let's re-inforce, or fly.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Posthumus*, and a *Britaine Lord*.
Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did.
 Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?
Lo. I did.
Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
 But that the Heauens fought: the King himselfe
 Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
 And but the backes of *Britaines* seene; all flying
 Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: hauing worke
 More plentifull, then Toolles to doo't: strooke downe
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Meerely through feare, that the strait paffe was damnd
 With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing
 To dye with length'ned shame.

Lo. Where was this Lane?
Post. Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
 Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Souldiour
 (An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
 He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
 The Country base, then to commit such slaughter,
 With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
 Then those for preferuation cas'd, or shame)
 Made good the paffe, cryed to those that fled,
 Our *Britaines* hearts dye flying, not our men,
 To darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards; stand,
 Or we are *Romanes*, and will giue you that
 Like beasts, which you shun beafly, and may saue
 But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,
 Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
 For three performers are the File, when all
 The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
 Accomodated by the Place; more Charming
 With their owne Nobleneffe, which could haue turn'd
 A Distaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes;
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
 But by example (Oh a fine in Warre,
 Damnd in the first beginners) gan to looke
 The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
 Vpon the Pikes o'th Hunters. Then beganne
 A stop i'th'Chaser; a Retyre: Anon
 A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye
 Chickens, the way which they flopt Eagles: Slaues
 The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
 Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
 The life o'th'need: hauing found the backe doore open
 Of the vanguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound,
 Some flaine before some dying; some their Friends
 Ore-borne i'th'former waue, ten chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
 The mortall bugs o'th'Field.

Exit.

Lord. This was strange chance:
 A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
 Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,
 And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:
 "Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,
 "Preferu'd the *Britaines*, was the *Romane* bene."
Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.
Post. Lacke, to what end?
 Who dares not stand his Foe, Ile be his Friend:
 For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,
 I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.
 You haue put me into Rime.
Lord. Farewell, you're angry. Exit.
Post. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery
 To be i'th'Field, and aske what newes of me:
 To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours
 To haue sau'd their Carcases? Tooke heele to doo't,
 And yet dyed too. In mine owne woe charm'd
 Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
 Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an vgly Monster,
 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
 Sweet words; or hath moe ministers then we
 That draw his knives i'th'War. Well I will finde him:
 For being now a Favourite to the *Britaine*,
 No more a *Britaine*, I haue resum'd againe
 The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
 But yeeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Heere made by'th'Romane; great the Answer be
Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,
 On eyther side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beate agen,
 But end it by some meanes for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

1 Great *Iupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,
 'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels.
 2 There was a fourth man, in a filly habit,
 That gaue th' Affront with them.
 1 So 'tis reported:
 But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Post. A Roman,
 Who had not now bene drooping heere, if Seconds
 Had answer'd him.
 2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
 A legge of Rome shall not retaine to tell
 What Crows haue peckt them here: he brags his seruice
 As if he were of note: bring him to'th'King.
 Enter *Cymbeline*, *Belarius*, *Guiderius*, *Arviragus*, *Pisanio*, and
Romane Captiues. The Captaines present *Posthumus* to
Cymbeline, who deliuer's him ouer to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Posthumus*, and a Gaoler.

Gao. You shall not now be stolne,
 You haue lockes vpon you:
 So graze, as you finde Pasture.
 2 *Gao.* For a stomacke.
Post. Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way
 (I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better
 Then one that's sicke o'th'Gowt, since he had rather

Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd
 By'th' sure Physician, Death; who is the key
 To vnbarre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art sett'rd
 More then my shanks, & wrists: you good Gods giue me
 The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,
 Then free for cure. Is't enough I am sorry?
 So Children temporall Fathers do appease;
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
 I cannot do it better then in Gyres,
 Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
 If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
 No stricter render of me, then my All.
 I know you are more clement then vilde men,
 Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrine againe
 On their abatement; that's not my desire.
 For *Imogen*'s deere life, take mine, and though
 'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
 'Twene man, and man, they waigh not euery stampe:
 Though light, take Peecces for the figures sake,
 (You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,
 If you will take this Audit, take this life,
 And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen*,
 Ile speake to thee in silence.

Solemne Musicke. Enter (as in an Apparation) *Sicilius Leo-*
natus, Father to *Posthumus*, an old man, attyred like a war-
 rior, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, &
 Mother to *Posthumus*) with Musicke before them. Then
 after other Musicke, followes the two young *Leonati* (Bro-
 thers to *Posthumus*) with wounds as they died in the warre.
 They circle *Posthumus* round as he lies sleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Master
 Shew thy spight, on Mortall Flies:
 With Mars fall out with *Iuno* chide, that thy Adulteries
 Rates, and Reuenges.
 Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
 whose face I neuer saw:
 I dy'de whilst't in the Wombe he staide,
 attending Natures Law.
 Whose Father then (as men report,
 thou Orphanes Father art)
 Thou should'st haue bin, and sheelded him,
 from this earth-vexing smart.
Morb. *Lucina* lent not me her ayde,
 but tooke me in my Throwes,
 That from me was *Posthumus* ript,
 came crying 'mong't his Foes.
 A thing of pittie.

Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestrie,
 moulded the stufte so faire:
 That he d. seru'd the praise o'th' World,
 as great *Sicilius* heyre.
 1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
 in *Britaine* where was hee
 That could stand vp his paralel?
 Or fruitfull obiect bee?
 In eye of *Imogen*, that best could deeme
 his dignitie.
Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
 to be exil'd, and throwne
 From *Leonati* Seate, and cast from her,
 his deereft one:
 Sweete *Imogen*?
Sic. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*, slight thing of Italy,
 bbb 3 To

To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesse cloufy,
And to become the gecke and scorne o'th'others vilany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller Seats we came,
our Parents, and vs twaine,

That striking in our Countries cause,
fell brauely, and were slaine,

Our Fealty, & Tenants right, with Honor to maintaine.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
to Cymbeline perform'd:

Then Iupiter, King of Gods, why hast y thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolours turn'd?

Sicil. Thy Christall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exercise

Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries:
Moth. Since Iupiter your Son is good,
take off his miseries.

Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry

To th' shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.

Brothers. Helpe Iupiter, or we appeale,
and from thy iustice flye.

Iupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting vpon an
Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghostes fall on
their knees.

Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: hush! How dare you Ghostes

Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.

Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest
Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.

Be not with mortall accidents oppress'd,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I loue, I crosse; to make my guift
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,

Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:
His Comforts thrue, his Trials well are spent:

Our Iouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,

He shall be Lord of Lady Imogen.

And happier much by his Affliction made.

This Tablet lay vpon his Brest, wherein
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,

And so away: no farther with your dinne
Expreffe Impatience, least you stirre vp mine:

Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.

Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle

Stroop'd, as to foote vs: his Ascension is
More sweet then our blest Fields: his Royall Bird

Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks Iupiter.

Sic. The Marble Pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be blest

Let vs with care performe his great behest.

Post. Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandfire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou hast created

A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)
Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:

And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
On Greatnesse, Favour; Dreame as I have done,

Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swerne:
Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserue,

And yet are sleep'd in Favours; so am I
That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:

What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Booke! Oh rare one,

Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promise.

Reades.

When as a Lyons whelpes fall to himselfe unknown, with
out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender

Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be leapt branches,
which being dead many yeares, shall after renuee, bee ioyned to

the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his
miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen-

tie.

'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stufte as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,

Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot vntye. Be what it is,

The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
If but for sympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for
that, you are well Cook'd.

Post. So if I proue a good repast to the Spectators, the
dish payes the shot.

Gao. A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort
is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more

Tauerne Bills, which are often the sadnesse of parting, as
the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of

meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: soe that
you haue payed too much, and sorry that you are payed

too much: Purse and Braine, both empty: the Braine the
heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being

drawne of heauinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall
now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes

vp thousands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and
Creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the dis-

charge: your necke (Sir) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; so
the Acquittance followes.

Post. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that sleepe, feelles not the Tooth-
Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a

Hangman to helpe him to bed, I thinke he would change
places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not

which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not
seene him so pictur'd: you must either bee directed by

some that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your
selfe that which I am sure you do not know: for Iump the

after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall
speed in your iournies end, I thinke you'll neuer returne

to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to
direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and

will not vse them.

Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold
haue the best vse of eyes, to see the way of blindness: I

am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to
the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee
made free.

Gao. Ile be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts
for

for the dead.

Gao. Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallows, & be-
get yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prone: yet on my

Conscience, there are verier Knaues desire to liue, for all
he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye

against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would
we were all of one minde, and the minde good: O there

were desolation of Gaolers and Gallows: I speake, a-
gainst my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment

in't.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Aru-
ragus, Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods haue made
Preseruers of my Throne: woe is my heart,

That the poore Souldier that so richly fought,
Whose ragges, sham'd gilded Armes, whose naked brest

Steps before Targes of proofe, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can finde him, if

Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I neuer saw

Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought

But beggery, and poore looks.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pisa. He hath bin search'd among the dead, & liuing;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greefe, I am

The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Liver, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)

By whom I grant the liues. 'Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen;
Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,

Vnlesse I adde, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:

Arise my Knights o'th' Battell, I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you

With Dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,

And not o'th' Court of Britaine.

Corn. Haile great King,

To sowe your happinesse, I must report
The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worse then a Physitian

Would this report become? But I consider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death

Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Corn. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded

Most cruell to her selfe. What she confest,
I will report, so please you. These her Women

Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prythee say.

Corn. First, she confest she neuer lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you:

Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:

Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;

And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to loue

With such integrity, she did confesse

Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life

(But that her sight prevented it) she had
Tane off by poylon.

Cym. O most delicate Fiend!

Who's it can reade a Woman? Is there more?

Corn. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had

For you a mortall Minerall, which being rooke,

Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
Orecome you with her shew; and in time

(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sorne into th' adoption of the Crowne:

But sayling of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despight

Of Heauen and Men) her purposes: repented
The evils she hatch'd, were not effected: so

Dispayring, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

La. We did, so please your Highnesse.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautifull:

Mine eares that heare her flattery, not my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had beene vicious

To haue mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,

And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners,
Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou comm'st not Caius now for Tribute, that
The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the losse

Of many a hold one: whose Kinsmen haue made suite
That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter

Of you their Captiues, which our selfe haue granted,
So thinke of your estate.

Luc. Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,

We should not when the blood was cool, haue threatend
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods

Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues
May be call'd ransome, let it come: Sufficeth,

A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:
Augustus liues to thinke on't: and so much

For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)

Let him be ransom'd: Neuer Master had
A Page so kinde, so duteous, diligent,

So tender ouer his occasions, true,
So feare, so Nurse-like: let his vertue ioyne

With my request, which Ile make bold, your Highnesse
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,

Though he haue seru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I haue surely seene him:

His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,

Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,

To say, lue boy: ne're thanke thy Master, lue;
And aske of Cymbeline what Boone thou wilt,

Fitting my bounty, and thy fate, Ile giue it:

Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner
The Noblest tane.

Imo. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alacke,
There's other worke in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,
Must shuffle for it selfe.

Luc. The Boy disdaines me,
He leaues me, scornes me: briefly dye their ioyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrls, and Boyes.
Why stands he so perplex?

Cym. What would'st thou Boy?
I loue thee more, and more: thinke more and more
What's best to aske. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak
Wilt haue him liue? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo. He is a Romane, no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highnesse, who being born your vassaile
Am something neerer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. He tell you (Sir) in priuate, if you please
To giue me hearing.

Cym. I, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth: my Page
He be thy Master: walke with me: speake freely.

Bel. Is not this Boy reui'd from death?

Arui. One Sand another

Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:

Who dyed, and was *Fidele*: what thinke you?

Gui. The same dead thing aliue.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further: he eyes vs not, for beare
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would haue spoke to vs.

Gui. But we see him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pisa. It is my Mistis:

Since she is liuing, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth,
Giue answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falshood. One speake to him.

Imo. My boone is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond vpon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnspoken, that
Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to vtter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas *Leonatus* Iewell,
Whom thou did'st banish: and which more may greeue
As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liu'd (thee,
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quaile to remember. Giue me leaue, I faint.

Cym. My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy strength

I had rather thou should'st liue, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: strue man, and speake.

Iach. Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke
That strooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurst
The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least
Those which I heau'd to head:) the good *Posthumus*,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Among'st the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing vs praise our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Amerus*,
Postures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loues woman for, besides that hooke of Wiuing,
Fairenesse, which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soone I shall,

Vnlesse thou would'st greeue quickly. This *Posthumus*,
Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Mistis picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crack'd of Kirchin-Trulles, or his description
Prou'd vs vnspaking sortes.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughters Chastity, (there it begins)
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames.

And she alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Peeces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine

In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring

By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)

No lesser of her Honour confident

Then I did truly finde her, stakes this Ring,

And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle

Of Phœbus Wheele; and might so safely, had it

Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine

Poste I in this designe: Well may you (Sir)

Remember me at Court, where I was taught

Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference

'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quenched

Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,

Gan in your duller Britaine operate

Most wildly: for my vantage excellent.

And to be breefe, my practise so preuayl'd

That I return'd with simular prooffe enough,

To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,

By wounding his belcefe in her Renowne,

With Tokens thus, and thus: auerring notes

Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet

(Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes

Of secret on her person, that he could not

But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,

I hauing tane the forfeit. Whereupon,

Me thinks I see him now.

Post. I so thou do'st.

Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,

Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing

That's due to all the Villaines past, in being

To come. Oh giue me Cord, or knife, or poyson,

Some

Some vpright Iusticer. Thou King, send out

For Torturers ingenious: it is I

That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend

By being worse then they. I am *Posthumus*,

That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,

That caus'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,

A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple

Of Vertue was the; yea, and she her selfe.

Spirit, and throw stones, cast myre vpon me, set

The dogges o'th' street to bay me: euery villaine

Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and

Be villany lesse then 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!

My Queene, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,

Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare.

Post. Shall's haue a play of this?

Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.

Pisa. Oh Gentlemen, helpe,

Mine and your Mistis: Oh my Lord *Posthumus*,

You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: helpe, helpe,

Mine honour'd Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How comes these staggers on mee?

Pisa. Wake my Mistis.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me

To death, with mortall toy.

Pisa. How fares my Mistis?

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,

Thou gaust me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,

Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*.

Pisa. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if

That box I gaue you, was not thought by mee

A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It poyson'd me.

Corn. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queene confest,

Which must approue thee honest. If *Pasanio*

Haue (said she) giuen his Mistis that Confection

Which I gaue him for Cordiall, she is seru'd,

As I would serue a Rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me

To temper poysons for her, still pretending

The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely

In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges

Of no esteeme. I dreading, that her purpose

Was of more danger, did compound for her

A certaine stuffe, which being tane, would cease

The present powre of life, but in short time,

All Offices of Nature, should againe

Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boyes, there was our error.

Gui. This is sure *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?

Thinke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now

Throw me againe.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soule,

Till the Tree dye.

Cym. How now, my Flesh? my Childe?

What, mak'st thou me a dardard in this Act?

Wilt thou not speake to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir.

Bel. Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not,

You had a motive for't.

Cym. My teares that fall

Prooue holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,

Thy Mothers dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was

That we meet heere so strangely: but her Sonne

Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pisa. My Lord,

Now feare is from me, He speake troth. Lord *Cloten*

Vpon my Ladies missing, came to me

With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and swore

If I discouer'd not which way she was gone,

It was my instant death. By accident,

I had a feigned Letter of my Masters

Then in my pocket, which directed him

To seeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,

Where in a frenzie, in my Masters Garments

(Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes

With vnchaste purpose, and with oath to violate

My Ladies honor, what became of him,

I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the Story: I flew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.

I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips

Plucke a hard sentence: Prythee valiant youth

Deny't againe.

Gui. I haue spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gui. A most inciuill one. The wrongs he did mee

Were nothing Prince-like; for he did prouoke me)

With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,

If it could so roare to me. I cut off's head,

And am right glad he is not standing heere

To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorrow for thee:

By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must

Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord

Cym. Binde the Offender,

And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King.

This man is better then the man he slew,

As well descended as thy selfe, and hath

More of thee merited, then a Band of *Clotens*

Had euer scarce for. Let his Armes alone,

They were not borne for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier:

Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent

As good as we?

Arui. In that he spake too farre.

Cym. And thou shalt dye for't.

Bel. We will dye all three,

But I will proue that two one's are as good

As I haue giuen out him. My Sonnes, I must

For mine owne part, vnfold a dangerous speech,

Though haply well for you.

Arui. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Haue at it then, by leaue

Thou hadd'st (great King) a Subiect, who

Was call'd *Belarius*.

Cym. What of him? He is a banish'd Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath

Assum'd this age: indeed a banish'd man,

I

I know not how, a Traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be confiscate all, so loone
As I haue recey'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes?
Bel. I am too blunt, and lawcy: heere's my knee:

Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the issue of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my issue.
Bel. So fure as you, your Fathers: I (old *Morgan*)

Am that *Belarius*, whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment
It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares
Haue I train'd vp; those Arts they haue, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highnesse knowes: Their Nurse *Euriphile*
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children
Vpon my Banishment: I mou'd her too't,
Hauiug recey'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,
Excited me to Treason, Their deere losse,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loofe
Two of the sweetest Companions in the World.
The benediction of these couering Heauens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthe
To in-lay Heauen with Starres.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The Service that you three haue done, is more
Vnlike, then this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A payre of worthier Sonnes.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile;
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwallo*, *Arviragus*.
Your younger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
Vpon his necke a Mole, a sanguine Starre,
It was a marke of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
Who hath vpon him still that naturall stampe:
It was wise Natures end, in the donation
To be his euidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
Reioy'd deliuerance more: Blest, pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your Orbes,
You may reigne in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Haue we thus met? Oh neuer fay heereafter

But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,
When we were so indeed.

Cym. Did you ere meete?
Arui. My good Lord.

Gwi. And at first meeting lou'd,
Continew'd so, vntill we thought he dyed.
Corn. By the Queenes Drame she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgement,
Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?
And when came you to serue our Romane Captiue?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three motives to the Battaille? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will serue our long Interrogatories. See,
Posthumus Anchors vpon *Imogen*;
And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each obiekt with a loy: the Counter-change
Is feuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smooke the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so wee'l hold thee euer.

Imo. You are my Father too, and did rescue me:
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All ore-joy'd
Saue these in bonds, let them be ioyfull too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you seruice.
Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that no Nobly fought
He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Post. I am Sir
The Souldier that did company these three
In peere besetting: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake *Iachimo*, I had you downe, and might
Haue made you finishe.

Iach. I am downe againe:
But now my heauie Conscience sinkes my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, besetche you
Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,
And heere the Bracelet of the truest Princesse
That euer swore her Faith.

Post. Kneele not to me:
The powre that I haue on you, is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgiue you. Liue
And deale with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
Wee'l learne our Freeneffe of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all.

Arui. You holpe vs Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Ioy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your Seruant Princes, Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought
Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my bosome; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can

Make

Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. *Philarmenus*.
Sooth. Heere, my good Lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

When as a Lyons whelp, shall to himselfe unknown, with-
out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lapt branches,
which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioynted to
the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall *Posthumus* end his
miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen-
tie.

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelp,
The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We terme it *Mulier*; which *Mulier* I diuine
Is this most constant Wife, who euen now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you vnought, were clapt about
With this most tender Aire.

Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*
Personates thee: And thy lapt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* stolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now reui'd
To the Maiestie Cedar ioynd; whose Issue

Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,
My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we submit to *Cesar*,
And to the Romane Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heauens in Iustice both on her, and hers,
Haue laid most heauy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powres above, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the stroke
Of yet this scarce-cold-Battaille, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o'th Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
Th' Imperiall *Cesar*, should againe vnite
His Faouour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines heere in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods,
And let our crooked Smoakes climb to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Brittish Ensigne waue
Friendly together: so through *Luds-Towne* march,
And in the Temple of great Iupiter
Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did cease
(Ere bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



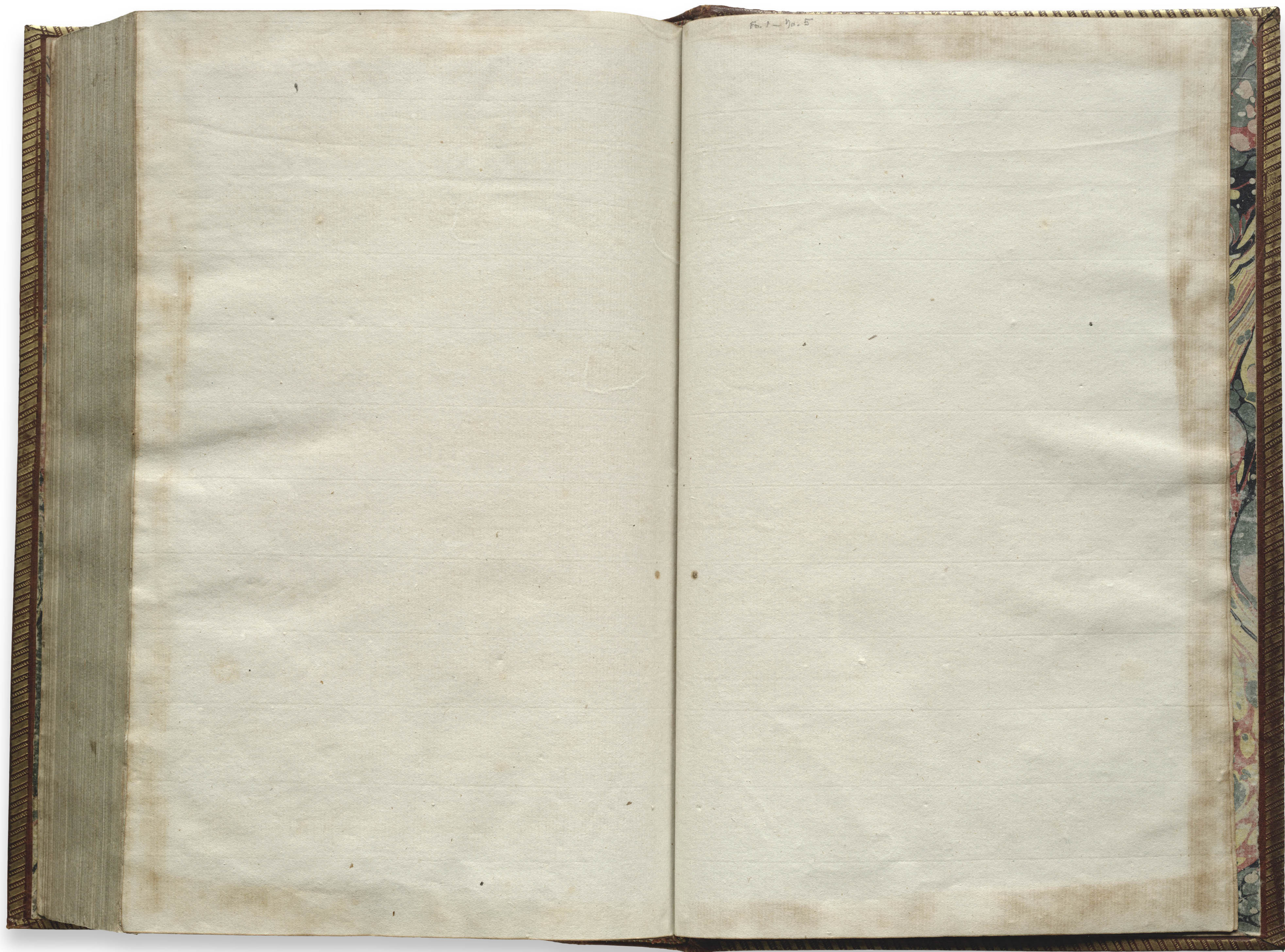
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and W. Aspley, 1623.

THE SONGS OF SAMUEL.
The first of the songs of Samuel.
The second of the songs of Samuel.
The third of the songs of Samuel.
The fourth of the songs of Samuel.
The fifth of the songs of Samuel.
The sixth of the songs of Samuel.
The seventh of the songs of Samuel.
The eighth of the songs of Samuel.
The ninth of the songs of Samuel.
The tenth of the songs of Samuel.
The eleventh of the songs of Samuel.
The twelfth of the songs of Samuel.
The thirteenth of the songs of Samuel.
The fourteenth of the songs of Samuel.
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The sixteenth of the songs of Samuel.
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The twenty-first of the songs of Samuel.
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The thirtieth of the songs of Samuel.
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The fortieth of the songs of Samuel.
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The forty-second of the songs of Samuel.
The forty-third of the songs of Samuel.
The forty-fourth of the songs of Samuel.
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The forty-sixth of the songs of Samuel.
The forty-seventh of the songs of Samuel.
The forty-eighth of the songs of Samuel.
The forty-ninth of the songs of Samuel.
The fiftieth of the songs of Samuel.

FINIS.



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